Assemblies of God Heritage

God’s Plowman
Henry Krause

Clockwise from left: "God’s Plowman" with one of his plows on the factory site about 1950; farm building near Plains, Kansas, where Henry Krause made his first one-way disc plow in 1916; and the early Krause factory about 1940.
Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center Museum

Come Explore Assemblies of God History

The Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center Museum unites past, present, and future Assemblies of God generations through a gallery of exhibits that displays the challenges, blessings, and development that our Fellowship has experienced.

Exhibits of Interest

Replica of a section of Ambassador I, C-46 airplane which houses an exhibit room on foreign missions.

Multimedia C. M. Ward and Revivaltime exhibit.

Five digital kiosks featuring video clips of missionaries, pioneer pastors, old films, and photographs.

The E. N. Bell Chapel, which is a recreated storefront church, complete with an upright piano, pulpit and altar, pot-bellied stove, and a tin tile ceiling right out of the 1890s. Here visitors will see a video about the Assemblies of God past and present.

Museum Hours: Open daily, Monday through Friday 8:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.
Admission: No admission fee. Free parking. Handicap accessible.
Tours: Guided tours are available for interested groups. Please contact us for further information:

Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center
1445 Boonville Avenue - Springfield, Missouri 65802
(417) 862-1447 ext. 4400 - E-mail us at archives@ag.org
HENRY KRAUSE: GOD'S PLOWMAN
Although engineers said it was impossible, Henry Krause invented a one-way plow in 1939 which revolutionized farming. With God's help he established the Krause Corporation. By Glenn Gohr

FOR GOD AND CHINA: ANNA ZIESE
A legend in her own time, Anna Ziese is the only Assembly of God missionary who stayed behind when the Communists gained control of China. By David Bundy

“LORD, GO AMONG US,”
THE COMING OF THE HOLY SPIRIT
The story of a 1922 revival in a Washington, D.C., Methodist Church that changed both congregation and pastor during meetings conducted by Aimee Semple McPherson. By Charles A. Shreve

A GODLY HERITAGE, THE FAMILY OF EARL AND DALIENE JOHNSON
One of the songs that helped shape the life of young Earl Johnson on the Minnesota farm was “What the World Needs Is Jesus.” He and his wife Daliene continue to tell the story through Book of Hope. But now they have four generations to tell the story of the Savior. By M. Earl Johnson

INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER
Twenty years ago John Savage joined the Assembly of God Headquarters team as the corporate pilot. Last May John retired and turned the controls over to Erin Buskirk. Now John can tell a lot of interesting stories about flying and do a lot of things on the ground that he had been putting off since 1980. By Scott Harrap
“Lord, Plant My Feet On Higher Ground”

Has as a missionary human interest story ever gripped you in such a way that you had trouble getting it off your mind? That’s the way I feel after stumbling on to Edwin and Jennie Olsen Bendiksen’s captivating African missionary drama played out early in the 20th century. Although their time in the Belgian Congo was short (1920-25), they suffered much for the Kingdom—with Edwin giving his life to reach others. And unlike today’s instant news, communication by mail on their whereabouts and how they were holding up physically took weeks and even months.

I hope you are challenged in reading my version of these two young pioneer missionaries to the Belgian Congo (Democratic Republic of the Congo) in 1920 as much as I have been challenged in the researching and retelling it.

Nobody had to tell Edwin and Jennie Bendiksen that striking out as pioneer missionaries to the Belgian Congo would be hard. They had heard reports of other missionaries willing to look danger in the face—some had died and some had returned to America broken in body and spirit.

But Edwin and Jennie had their eyes on the Belgian Congo and its masses. These were tribes for whom Jesus died.

Straddling the equator, the country Congo River and along the country’s narrow 25-mile Atlantic shoreline.

Three months after arriving as an Assemblies of God missionary in what was then known as the Belgian Congo, Edwin Bendiksen told of hardships but expressed it with a thankful and determined spirit. Readers of the July 23, 1921, Pentecostal Evangel undoubtedly were touched: “The trials have been fierce since coming here,” Bendiksen wrote from Boma, “but there has never been such thankfulness in our hearts for being counted worthy to be called of the Most High to go forth to proclaim the glad tidings.”

One of several disappointments came, perhaps surprisingly, from another missionary organization operating under the old comity system in the Boma region where the Bendikses had their hearts set on establishing a mission. Known as “denominationalism by geography,” mission agencies already set up in a country usually offered no room for newcomers.

In this case at Boma, the Christian and Missionary Alliance already had a foothold, complained Bendiksen. “Half of the ground is not covered [by the C & MA], but they say that they hope to cover it before the Lord comes.” In light of the closed-door policy, the Bendikses could do nothing but search elsewhere for other needy people, reasoning that the eternal responsibility for the Boma area was in the hands of the C & MA.

The Assemblies of God and its worldwide outreach was but 6 years old when the Bendikses arrived in Africa, but the home office in Springfield undoubtedly prayed earnestly for Bendiksen and his family, as they did for many others just like them.

The Bendikses were one of several immigrant couples to the U. S. who either returned to their own country to minister or who were called to other countries. Born in Norway and coming to the U.S. at a young age, Edwin attended a Baptist seminary and ministered in the Midwest. After becoming a Pentecostal, he applied for missionary appointment with the Assemblies of God, receiving endorsement from the old Eastern District.

Jennie, who was an accomplished gospel composer, had attended public school in Norway and for 6 months at the old Rochester Bible Training School, Rochester, New York.

Rochester, New York.

With their willingness to join the growing missionary force, the Bendikses would leave the comforts of America and launch out to the primitive field of the Belgian Congo. They arrived by way of Norway—where their daughter Lois was born—late in 1920 or early 1921.

Because of the C & MA claim to the Boma region, Bendiksen asked the American Assemblies of God for additional money to help them go into the interior of the country to establish a missionary station. The amount of only $200 requested tells the story of inflation during the past 80 years. “As quickly as possible $200 were gotten together and cabled to these worthy missionaries,” the Evangel news item stated.

Then something happened that the Bendikses felt was the will of God and which encouraged them to stick to their calling despite hardships and rejections.

A missionary from another denomination showed up on their doorstep and told them that he had no way of covering the entire field assigned to him. He had heard of the Bendikses and their search for a place in which to minister. “I have come to ask you to take some of the tribes that we are not able to reach,” he offered. To the Bendikses, it seemed like a wonderful opportunity, one that God had prepared even before they had left America.

But that’s not to say that opportunities are without hardships.

Leaving for their new ministry site, January 16, 1922, the Bendikses were introduced to slow boat travel up the Congo—at 2,900 miles in length, it is the fifth longest river in the world. “We came to Kinshasa the next day at 5:00 p.m.,” Edwin wrote. “We started from Kinshasa, Saturday, Jan. 21st. We have been on the way six days and have ten days more before we get to Diko-Punda [where they apparently set up a temporary home base], and then I hope to get off at once to locate a place for a station.”

Knowing how difficult their assignment was, Bendiksen requested the only help available from people in the homeland: “Please pray as never before as the work before us is great and the climate is hard.”

In September Bendiksen left his pregnant wife and little daughter and
journeyed to Kikwit and then to Lusanga by way of the Congo, Kwa, and Kwili Rivers in western Belgian Congo, searching for a mission station site. He had hoped to locate the station at Lusanga, but a large company owned the land around the area and would not grant permission.

It was Boma all over again.

"So we journeyed across the river Kwili into the Babunda tribe," he wrote in a letter that the Foreign Missions office received more than two months later. Here the missionary came to Lukumba whose friendly chief and people eagerly received them and offered them a place to set up their station. But Bendiksen had heard of a larger settlement called Mukulu. So the

"Little could he realize that he would not see the valley again and that his missionary career would last less than two years."

next morning at sunrise he and his companions were off again. To their surprise they were not alone: the chief and several of his people followed them all the way and introduced them to the Mukulu chief.

It was the place for which Bendiksen had prayed. "Here our eyes grew large," he wrote. "For we could stand on one place and count thirteen villages."

He learned that 3,000 people lived there. "It did not take long," he continued, "to decide where to open the first American Assembly of God Mission in Western Congo."

Because the villages were located in a small valley, Bendiksen could visualize the Babunda people coming from all sides of the valley to hear the Word of God. He later made a chart of the valley and sent it to the governor. "We have hope by the time the rains are over we shall have our permit and then be able to start to build," he wrote to Springfield in what would be his last letter home. And little could he realize that he would not see the valley again and that his missionary career would last less than two years.

Following a weary 11-day trip—in which a bridge collapsed under them, throwing them into a river—Bendiksen arrived home just in time to help deliver his premature baby boy, Burton Bendix, on September 18. "There were neither doctors nor nurses to get and so we had to do the best we could and the Lord wonderfully helped us, praise His name."

The rest of the Bendiksen missionary story continues in the tradition of David Livingstone (1813-73) who had set the standard for sacrifice and exploration in 19th-century Congo and who said, "I place no value on anything I have or possess, except in relation to the kingdom of Christ."

With what few reports we read in the Pentecostal Evangel from the Bendikses, we sense a story of continued commitment laced with heartbreak, loneliness, and disappointment. But always joy in the service of the King.

As far as the American missions office knew, everything was going well following the Bendikses' plans to occupy territory in the interior. Then came the telegram.

On Thanksgiving Day, November 30, 1922, J. Roswell Flower, then missions treasurer, received the sad news via a telegram that Edwin M. Bendiksen had finished his course and was with the Lord.

"Every vacant place on the firing line beckons to our consecrated young men to come up and fill the gap."

—J. Roswell Flower following Edwin Bendiksen's death

"Our hearts go out in loving sympathy to Sister Bendiksen," he wrote for the Pentecostal Evangel, "who is left alone in a strange land."

Flower shared the telegram with the church in Springfield that night, praying that God would give Jennie "great grace and clearly lead her concerning the future." During the following months, Flower continued asking for men to pick up the work that Bendiksen had started. "Who is to take his place?" he asked in the Pentecostal Evangel, January 20, 1923. "Every vacant place on the firing line"

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“Absolutely impossible,” said the engineers. “It’s against all the theories and principles of modern science. But there it was—a plow that could cut a 15-foot swath and plow 100 acres a day. This invention in 1939 far exceeded the results of any plow up to that time. The leading plow could cut only a 10-foot swath and plow 25 to 30 acres a day. Krause and others saw this as a fulfillment of the scripture in Amos 9:13 which says, “Behold the day cometh that the plowman shall overtake the reaper.” It seems that Henry Krause with his keen analytical mind, and his strong commitment to God, was able to accomplish many things which seemed impossible. In every instance, he would give God the credit for his inventions, prosperity in business, and other blessings throughout his life.

THE EARLY YEARS
Born June 7, 1887 in Woodson County, Kansas, Henry J. Krause was the oldest son in a poor Midwestern farm family. When he was just a young boy, he had to shoulder most of the toil and responsibility of the family farm, because his father became sickly and unable to work. Although he had a keen and inquisitive mind and longed for an education, Krause was only able to attend school for a short period in midwinter when there were few farm chores. He only got as far as the fourth grade, when he had to give up school entirely.1 As a youngster he was bashful and did little talking, but that allowed his mind to do a lot of productive thinking. He was mechanically minded and thought along mechanical lines.

Krause’s earliest memories are of work, work, work. He calculated that “work was the most miserable thing that came to a human being” because he had to work so much. He remembered attending church gatherings and social functions where the men would gather and talk about the plowing season. That was what the farmers lived for. In those days all the plowing was done with two or three horses and walking plows. It would take almost all summer to plow a farm. Krause began to think that surely there must be a better way to accomplish plowing, as this was an awful burden that took considerable time and effort.

The steam tractor was a new invention at the time, and it was used to pull a threshing machine.2 Henry Krause told his dad, “Why can’t that thing be made to plow? That thing will plow in a couple of days what it now takes you all summer to do.”

“Oh no,” he said, “That won’t work. That will mash the ground down so hard that we’ll never get it loosened up.”3

Not satisfied by his father’s answer, young Henry Krause made himself a toy tractor and a plow. The plow was much bigger than the tractor, but this set his mind to thinking. He became fascinated by machinery and would go practically anywhere to observe machinery in action.

As a young man, he moved with his family to Corn, Oklahoma, and then he moved to Meade, Kansas, where he started drilling water wells to make a living. At 19 years of age, he heard about a steam tractor that was being used for plowing. He just had to find it and see it for himself. When he found it, the set up was rather primitive. It required two men on the tractor, one on the plow, two to haul water, and another to haul coal, but it really did work. Machinery could plow! This was the momentum Krause needed to attain a goal that welled up inside of him to produce a workable machine-powered plow.

He met his wife, Anna, and they were married on January 12, 1908. While living at Meade, he purchased the first gasoline-powered automobile that ever came to western Kansas. He had

“God’s Plowman” with one of his plows on the factory site about 1950.
to wield off comments like, “Ain’t you afraid that thing’ll explode?” or “God never intended for man to fly through space like that!” (The engine would actually run 20 miles an hour.)

In 1912, Krause moved to nearby Plains, Kansas. There were some people that owned a large piece of land and could not get enough people to farm it. He convinced them to buy a tractor and let him farm the ground. Thus Krause had the first gasoline tractor that ever came to the state of Kansas to plow with. It was called tractor number 334, one of the early ones that was manufactured. In 1914 Krause was farming a thousand acres of wheat and harvested 21,870 bushels. In 1916 he also had the first combine harvester that ever came to the state of Kansas, a big wooden machine built at Stockton, California, which he pulled with a tractor.

THE ONE-WAY PLOW AND MANUFACTURING

That year after harvest, local farmers could not plow over their ground because of continued rain and the large Russian thistles scattered throughout their fields. Existing equipment would not go over them, so the farmers tried anything they could think of to remove the weeds. Krause took apart three Saunders disc plows and rebuilt them, mounting the discs on a shaft and putting wedges in the bearings to make the discs straighten up and to force all the discs to turn at the same time, instead of turning individually as they did before. Having the discs at a straighter angle made Krause’s machine scrape the surface rather than cut deep into the soil. The new plow was successful in purging the thistles, and it was soon discovered that this homemade one-way plow was highly suited for wheat and dryland farming. It did an excellent job of plowing up stubble, preparing a seedbed, killing weeds, and fallowing in the summer. These handcrafted plows marked the beginning of what today is known as the Krause Corporation, one of the largest farm implement firms in the United States. Norman Krause, who currently serves as chairman of the board of directors for the Krause Corporation, stated, “The one-way did a better job of weed control than the farmers of western Kansas had to that point.”

In those days an ordinary farm tractor would plow between 15 and 20 bushels of wheat to the acre. Most farmers farmed about 100 acres, and if a man farmed 300 acres, he was a big farmer. As time progressed, Krause was able to change all this. In later years, Krause credited the Lord with giving him the ideas for new designs in his plows and for other farming implements.

Because 1917, 1918, and 1919 all were dry years, Krause quit farming and moved to Liberal, Kansas, to open up a small shop. He did not like this as well, so he moved to Hutchinson, Kansas in the winter of 1920, and the next spring he moved back to Plains and began selling Saunders disc plows, Hart-Parr tractors, and Allis-Chalmers tractors.

In 1922 he took over the John Deere agency in Meade and once again began to think about one-way plows. That same year, Jerry Gollyer of Plains made himself a one-way plow out of Avery harrow parts, and Charlie Angell, also of Plains, was manufacturing one-ways on his farm. Was Henry Krause the first one to make the one-way plow? Krause’s son, Norman, reflects on this point:

“It depends on which one-way you talk about. If you talk about the clobbered up old disc plows that Dad put together, that is one thing; if you talk about one that could be repeated and manufactured, that is another matter.”

Henry Krause on his Plains, Kansas, farm with his son Adin in 1913.

Norman Krause gave credit for the first manufacture of the one-way to Charlie Angell and the adaptation of the old disc plow into a one-way to his father. Jerry Gollyer also deserves some credit.

In 1924, Krause began to acquire all the Saunders plows he could find around Meade County and rebuild them into one-way plows. That fall, the owner of the Saunders company made a deal with him on a royalty basis. In 1925 and 1926, the Newell-Saunders Plow Company of Chattanooga, Tennessee, made these plows. Saunders died in 1926, and with his death, Saunders and Krause parted ways.

In 1927, at the age of 40, Krause moved to Hutchinson, Kansas, bought a little foundry, the Twin Wheel Windmill Manufacturing Company, with a large mortgage on it, and began to make plows. His new company, which at that time was called Krause Manufacturing Company, produced only the one-way plow, an invention that came out of Krause’s earlier years of farming. During the first two years in Hutchinson, Krause manufactured several hundred plows, most of which were shipped to western Kansas and sold on a time payment basis. This enterprise was just beginning to get off its feet when the Depression hit. He could not make the payments on the foundry, so the mortgage company
KRAUSE HALL

Krause Hall, a men's residence hall at Evangel University, was named in honor of Henry Krause of Hutchinson, Kansas. Henry Krause was a member of the first Evangel College board of directors (1954-1957) and of the Council of Evangel College. Krause and Walther Halls were built at the same time, from the same plans that had been used for Spence Hall. There was a joint groundbreaking for Krause and Walther Halls. The groundbreaking was held in 1968 on the same day that Spence Hall was dedicated. Major financing came from a Housing and Urban Development Loan. Henry and Anna Krause also gave approximately $40,000 to Evangel College for student loans and various building projects throughout the years.

Upon hearing that the residence hall would be named “Krause Hall,” Henry Krause, in behalf of his wife and family, responded by saying, “I feel as though we are unworthy because all we can do is only as the Lord helps us and without him we can do nothing. The children also express their deep appreciation and are very thankful.”

Wayne Kraiss, then director of development for Evangel College, wrote and requested that the Krauses send an oil portrait of themselves to be mounted in the dormitory. He stressed that their contribution to the Kingdom of God had been a beautiful example of a team effort. This would be meaningful to the student body “as an example of a marriage which has been totally committed to the claims of Christ.”

In September of 1969, Henry Krause wrote a very poignant letter to the leaders at Evangel College. It was not addressed to any specific individual, but it expressed his great joy and satisfaction in the work that Evangel was accomplishing: “I cannot help but say that the letters of your accomplishment have lifted me up. I have grown in the Lord, I have grown spiritually and in faith because I have seen what a great accomplishment has been done by all of you and that the Lord has laid you on my heart to help you.” He was pleased to contribute to the school. His prayer was that monies from other sources would come in to meet all the rest of the needs so that more could be accomplished for the Kingdom of God.

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Once the two residence halls were completed, there was a joint dedication service for Krause and Walther Halls. This was on October 16, 1970, during homecoming. The speaker was Dr. Durward G. Hall, U.S. Congressman from the Missouri Seventh District. Henry Krause and Grace Walther were present at the ceremony.

Information supplied by Evangel University Archives.

A SPIRITUAL HUNGER

One day a gospel tent came to town. Out of curiosity, Krause went to hear the speaker and the singing. The evangelist was none other than P. C. Nelson. Nelson related how he would pray for the sick and they would be healed. He told of how the Lord spoke to him and they had come to pass. This sounded just like what was in the Bible. “They sang, prayed, shouted, and preached like people who had a religion they could enjoy,” said Krause.9 His own church taught that miracles were not for today, so he began to seek for the truth. Krause was impressed by how it seemed that the Lord actually talked to these people and the sick were healed when they prayed. At one of the meetings he witnessed a tremendous healing where a woman in a wheelchair was able to walk. He knew that he had found the kind of people with whom he wanted to serve God the rest of his life. From that day forward he committed his life to God.10

One night soon after this, when he was resting in bed, a great darkness came over him. It seemed to him that he was dying. In his testimony he shares about this experience: “I began to ascend. The stars moved out of my way and I beheld the indescribable glories of Heaven. I could see in finest detail the beautiful lakes, gardens, and buildings of almost transparent stone.

He learned that he had received the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

“I could see ... great multitudes of people praising and worshiping the Lord. As I came back, the stars again moved out of my way and I noticed I was talking a language I did not understand—a heavenly language. I was praising God.” Later he learned that he had received the baptism in the Holy Spirit.11

On another occasion Krause reported that he was sitting on the side of his bed and saw the Lord Jesus standing about 50 feet away. Krause was awed by the penetrating compassion and understanding that he saw in Christ. After these two experiences, Krause was a totally changed person. When he shared his experiences with his pastor and other church members, they turned against him and ridiculed his new-found faith in God. Krause saw himself all alone—his mortgage foreclosed, his equipment enclosed saying, “My conscience wouldn’t let me rest until I paid you.” Krause unequivocally stated, “That was a turning point in my life. I learned one of the greatest lessons in the world—that one cannot outgive God.”13

HOW $10 WAS MULTIPLIED INTO MILLIONS

It was 1929, the outset of the Great Depression. Krause went to church on a Sunday night, and all he had was $10. His wife had already allocated the money to buy some thread to patch the children’s clothes and for something to eat. Yet, when a missionary spoke that evening, Krause felt an urging to give all of it in the offering. Realizing what he had done, he could not sleep that night. What would he tell his wife? What were they going to eat? The next morning in the mail was a check for $62.50 from an old account he had long since forgotten. There was a note enclosed saying, “My conscience wouldn’t let me rest until I paid you.” Krause unequivocally stated, “That was a turning point in my life. I learned one of the greatest lessons in the world—that one cannot outgive God.”13
Meanwhile the court ruled that the mortgage company could not take his equipment. They were only entitled to the real estate. At that point, the mortgage company was wanting Krause to take back the company and continue with the payments, but he did not want it as it was not worth the mortgage. The company reduced the amount by several thousand dollars so the payments were easily manageable. So Krause took back the foundry and went to work.

The business began to grow and orders came in with little effort. Within three years he was able to pay off the mortgage. At this point, business was booming, but Krause had it in the back of his mind that he did not want to make too much money. He knew the Bible says that it is harder for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven than for a camel to go through the eye of a needle.

Krause would often tell others how God had given him designs for his product.

He did not want to miss heaven. About this same time, Krause had a dream in which he saw a large multitude of people making money and giving nothing to God. That made him sad. The Lord showed him that He was going to use Krause to earn money in order to reinvest it in the Lord’s work. From that point on, Krause did not care how much money he made. For he would be investing it in the Lord’s work.

Krause related that the Lord showed him the design for a new plow. “He showed me the center line of draft and the center line of suction. I went to the agriculture colleges close by, and I wanted ‘em to help me to design that thing.’” The negative response he received was, “Forget it! It takes so much power to move so much ground, and the horsepower’s only got so many pounds. It’s impossible: It can’t work!” But Krause knew the Lord had showed him the design, so he went home and constructed the plow himself.

Krause was pleasantly surprised when all the parts fit together perfectly. He took the finished product to Spearman, Texas, and demonstrated the new machine to a large group of spectators. He hooked up his new plow to a Model-L Case tractor (commonly called a 4-plow tractor) and began plowing at six and half inches deep with a swath of 15 feet. The tractor and plow together traveled at 4 1/2 miles an hour. Those tall cowboys who witnessed this dramatic show, declared, “It’s impossible, but there it is!”

This big plow defied the known theories and principles of science up to that time. It was so wide the best engineers in the state said it never would work; but it did work, and the orders came in so fast that he could not fill them all during the next 10 years from 1939 until 1948. This plow was capable of tilling 100 acres a day—twice the amount of competitive plows. It completely revolutionized the method of farming. And it seems to be a fulfillment of the Scripture in Amos 9:13 that says, “Behold the day cometh that the plowman shall overtake the reaper.”

The federal government made a special allocation of steel to the company which permitted Krause to manufacture 200-300 one-way plows a year during World War II. The reason for the special allocation was that with this plow wheat production could be increased to meet wartime demands. The sales mounted into millions of dollars. Krause plows became known all over the wheat country because they far exceeded any other plows on the market.

As the sales increased, the work increased. As problems would arise in managing the company and workers, Krause, in his humble way, would try to ascertain all of the facts in a given situation, and then he would pray and trust the Lord for an answer. In many cases, he would wake up in the morning with a solution for a problem.

As labor problems arose, he followed this same course of action. Krause credits God with helping him to be fair, reasonable, and righteous with his hired help. Krause also credits God with helping him to obtain materials when other plants were short on supplies or had to shut down. Krause always had what he needed to continue in business. He gives God the credit for carrying him through in every situation.

GOD DIRECTS THE BUSINESS

During the early years of the Depression and dust storms of 1931-34, Krause had no new production. He spent much of this time repossessing a large number of plows that had been sold on the time payment basis. Krause and his two sons brought the plows back to Hutchinson, rebuilt them and sold them as used implements.

But another big turn of events came about in 1936, when an inventor approached Krause with the idea of manufacturing a basin digger. The basin digger was a machine adapted to the limited rainfall of that period. It basically would dig small potholes throughout a field to catch what little moisture would fall. These machines were not as useful when normal rainfall patterns returned. Hundreds of the diggers were manufactured and sold during the next three years, which provided the profit needed to manufacture and promote the sale of the large 15-foot one-way plow which he developed in 1939.

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The federal government made a special allocation of steel to the company which permitted Krause to manufacture 200-300 one-way plows a year during World War II. The reason for the special allocation was that with this plow wheat production could be increased to meet wartime demands. The sales mounted into millions of dollars. Krause plows became known all over the wheat country because they far exceeded any other plows on the market.

As the sales increased, the work increased. As problems would arise in managing the company and workers, Krause, in his humble way, would try to ascertain all of the facts in a given situation, and then he would pray and trust the Lord for an answer. In many cases, he would wake up in the morning with a solution for a problem.

As labor problems arose, he followed this same course of action. Krause credits God with helping him to be fair, reasonable, and righteous with his hired help. Krause also credits God with helping him to obtain materials when other plants were short on supplies or had to shut down. Krause always had what he needed to continue in business. He gives God the credit for carrying him through in every situation.
THE BUSINESS GROWS

In 1946 production increased dramatically. Seven thousand large one-ways were sold that year. In 1948 the company sold 16,000 plows, which represented 68 percent of the market. Sales that year totaled over $6 million. A feature article in the *Hutchinson News-Herald* stated the company was 2 years behind in its orders. By this time the Krause one-way plow had gained international recognition as it was being sold in fifteen countries and on five continents.

During 1948 the company purchased the Farm-Aid Implement Company of Norwalk, California, and opened its Pacific division. That division was later sold. At this time, Norman Krause was elevated from vice-president and general manager to president. Henry Krause, then past 60 years of age, became chairman of the board.

Until 1951, the company (with the exception of the basin digger) had not sold any other implement but the one-way plow. As the demand for one-way plows began to slacken in the 1950s, Krause was looking for ways to diversify. The drought years of 1952 through 1957 were rather lean in sales. Krause began to manufacture a new generation of tillage tools including the chisel plow which allowed farmers to use stubble-mulch farming rather than clean tillage.

Another way the company diversified was a series of lift-up tools for tractors. These included chisels, disc-plows, offset-harrows, and one-way disc plows. Another farm implement, a self-propelled forage harvester with interchangeable cutting heads for different crops was introduced in 1953.

In October 1953, when Demos Shakarian organized the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International in Los Angeles, Henry Krause was the main speaker at the opening breakfast of that first convention. He was elected Chairman of the Board of Directors for Full Gospel Business Men's and served in that capacity for a number of years.

During the 1960s the firm marketed more of its products in the corn belt, including Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, and other areas outside the
Great Plains. In 1966 the Krause Corporation celebrated its 50th anniversary. During that year the company’s sales once again matched the $6 million mark that had occurred during 1948. During this anniversary, Henry Krause stated the philosophy of the Krause Corporation:

“We like the idea of being a small family corporation, which permits us to be flexible, and to have the unique ability to adapt our products to meet various localized conditions. The ties between the company, the employees, and the dealers, are very close. This is the way we like it—one big family working together for the betterment of farming.”

On November 9, 1969, Pastor J. L. McIntosh and the congregation of First Assembly in Hutchinson, Kansas, set the day aside to honor the Krauses for their long and faithful service to the church. Pulpit guests on Henry and Anna Krause Day were T. F. Zimmerman, general superintendent of the Assemblies of God, J. Robert Ashcroft, president of Evangel College, and Philip Crouch, president of Central Bible College.

“Brother Krause, ‘God’s Plowman,’ has been a great blessing to our local assembly and the various departments of the General Council,” said Pastor McIntosh. “He is known to thousands of people as an outstanding Bible teacher and Christian businessman.”

Anna Krause, beloved wife of Henry Krause passed away with emphysema on February 2, 1970, so she did not get to see the opening of Krause Hall at Evangel College which was named in his honor. Her heart was in God’s work as fully as her husband’s, and the happy couple was a familiar sight at church services, missionary conventions, and General Council meetings for many years. She served in the church as a Sunday school superintendent and teacher. In the early years of the business she worked alongside her husband as secretary and bookkeeper.

On November 9, 1972, at the age of 85, Henry Krause, the founder and chairman of the board of the Krause Corporation, finished his earthly course. He left a shining example for the rest of us who follow. His son, Norman Krause, after starting in the company by sorting good bolts from rusty bolts at the age of 12, took full control of Krause Corporation.

At the time of Krause’s death, the Krause Corporation had been in business for 56 years and employed around 200 workers. The firm was handling 100 tons of material a day, selling around $1,000,000 worth of goods a month. Krause, in a quarterly newsletter, written in June of 1972, said the company had had no financial difficulties since 1945. The company was building a new addition to its warehouse and larger office facilities were planned. Business was booming.

In 1980 sales for Krause Plow peaked at $30 million. The company had 400 dealerships in 33 states. At that time the firm had 37 acres of property with 6 acres under roof. Its main production was disc harrows, chisels, field cultivators, and sweep plows. Despite other implement dealers going out of business in recent years, the Krause Corporation has remained fairly stable due to its conservative financial management. It continues to produce new farming implements and to market its products throughout the central United States where farming is predominant. One sales brochure says, “Our promise to farmers: to meet local and regional needs through special designs, and optional features.”

In 1988 Fortune Magazine listed Krause tillage equipment as among the 100 products that America makes best. In 1996, Krause Corporation celebrated its 80th year of manufacturing. Today Krause’s modern production facility in Hutchinson, Kansas, 35 miles north west of Wichita, covers 40 acres with over 400,000 square feet of manufacturing space under roof.

Krause Corporation, still under close family ownership, with Henry and Anna’s son, Norman L. Krause, as chairman of the board of directors, and grandson Steve Krause as president, produces the largest selection of farm tillage equipment and grain drills of any short line manufacturer in the world. Krause Corporation continues to lead the industry with innovative products that respond to the needs of today’s modern agricultural producer.

Henry Krause, the founder of Krause Corporation, is remembered as one of the pioneering inventors who helped to usher in the age of agricultural technology, which today has made our farms so productive that the U.S. government actually pays...
farmers not to farm their land. From humble beginning in a small farm shop in Meade County, Kansas, he became one of the nation's leading plow and farm implement manufacturers and a spiritual giant among men. Krause was always quick to admit that God was the one who was responsible for the success he enjoyed. As his plow business expanded, he hired more and more employees. He always walked the Christian life in front of his employees, whom he called by name and treated like family. They had great respect for him. Krause was a deeply committed Christian who taught Sunday school, was a deacon in his home church, spoke at church men's meetings, and served as chairman of the board for the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, giving his testimony on numerous occasions. He also served on the first board of directors for Evangel College (now University) and helped to establish the Krause Loan Fund to assist new churches in the Assemblies of God.

PHOTOS COURTESY OF NORMAN L. KRAUSE AND EVANGEL UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES.

Notes
2. Tractors were first used during the 1870s and were called traction engines. They were large four-wheeled machines driven by steam. Smaller machines with internal-combustion engines using kerosene or gasoline replaced these in the early 1900s. Then in the 1920s, the all-purpose tractor was developed.
7. Ibid., 4.
8. Originally a Baptist minister, P. C. Nelson experienced a healing and the baptism of the Holy Spirit in 1920. He spent the next seven years evangelizing throughout the Midwest. By the fall of 1927 Nelson was pastoring the Enid Gospel Tabernacle in Enid, Oklahoma. He also founded Southwestern Bible School that year at Enid. The school is now Southwestern Assemblies of God University in Waxahachie, Texas.
12. Ibid., 5.
17. Sears, 6.
20. Ibid., 7.
22. Sears, 9.
24. Ibid.
25. Ibid.
27. Sears, 11.
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Anna Ziese was a legend in her own time. She was the only missionary initially supported by the US Assemblies of God to China who did not return to the West or seek transfer to another mission field when the People’s Republic of China was established. She stayed in China even through the Japanese invasions and the civil war that saw the defeat of the Western backed Nationalists of Chiang Kai-shek by Mao’s Communists. From that time, she would occasionally send a letter to the Assemblies of God mission in an effort to let people know of her work and well-being. The last one was received in 1965.

“She stayed in China despite the Japanese invasions and the civil war that saw the defeat of the Western-backed Nationalists of Chiang Kai-shek by Mao’s Communists.”

She went to China as a missionary in 1920 and died in China in early summer 1969. The China to which Anna Ziese went had already a long history of relationships with Western governmental, business and missionary interests.

From before the time of the first European contacts with China, the Manchu Dynasty had been less than effective in providing stable government for China. After contacts with the West became dominated by the opium traders, the “unequal” treaties were forced upon China to give preferential treatment to powerful European and American concerns. The European and American governments worked to keep China from establishing a strong government and from reasserting control over its trade and cultural processes. The motivation was certainly related to financial concerns and national pride. Shortly behind these merchants and their military support were the missionaries. The missionaries were a diverse group from hundreds of mission organizations from dozens of countries. Their motivations were also certainly as diverse, as were their relationships to Chinese and foreign imperial and business interests. It is within this context that the achievements of Anna Ziese must be understood.
The last known photo of Anna Ziese, probably taken in the 1960s.
Anna Ziese was born 4 February 1895 at Jagdschitz bei Bromberg, Germany where she was graduated from the public school system. At age thirty-five she remembered her youthful years:

When a little child Mother despaired of my life because I was so frail and delicate. At age sixteen I was wonderfully saved and rejoiced in my Redeemer; but at the age of sixteen I lost my dear mother, the dearest treasure on earth to me. I felt I could not live without her. Then a year later my father died and I was orphaned. I had to brave the storms of life without those loved ones; but how the Lord helped me in the hours of temptation and gave me a desire to follow Him.

She and two of her sisters immigrated to the United States although the chronology is uncertain. During this period, she worked as a nanny for a private family. One sister married E. C. Steinberg and went to Taiyuan in Shanxi Province, China, in 1911. Another sister married Frederick Drake, who served as an Assemblies of God minister. According to family and other sources, she became engaged to marry a dentist, and then experienced a call to serve as a missionary to China. She visited the Elim Bible Training Institute where she confided in another student, Elsie Fearley Blattner, about her dilemma. Elsie Fearley Blattner told her of her own struggles and Anna Ziese enrolled in the Bible School. When the dentist would not share that call, she broke the engagement and prepared for missionary service.

Anna Ziese enrolled at Elim Bible Training Institute in Rochester, New York. She studied there from 1916-1918. The institutional records were not maintained so it is impossible to suggest the quality of experience there, although it is clear that the institution and staff became a home for her. At the end of two years of study and spiritual development, her answer to the question, “Why do you wish to become a foreign missionary?” was laconic and to the point: “Because I want to tell others of His Love.” Why China? “God has called me.”

She later recounted the vision that led her to commit herself to a life of mission:

I had a wonderful vision in dear Elim some years ago, and I can never forget it as long as live. I saw the Lord Jesus standing on a higher plane and in His hands a beautiful white garment (the garment of righteousness) and to His right hand I saw a company already arrayed in this garment and they looked bright and happy. But, Oh, at his left was another company and they were downcast and miserable. I will never forget that sight and in the eyes of Jesus was the most pleading look which I cannot describe in words, for as we know, “He is not willing that any should perish.”

The Early Years as a Missionary in China: 1920-1930

After considerable struggle and numerous disappointments, Ziese received missionary appointment on 17 March 1920 and sailed for China in April 1920, funded primarily by gifts from the Elim Bible School Missionary Convention. Anna Ziese joined her sister and brother-in-law the E. C. Steinbergs in Taiyuan, Shanxi. It is important to
note that Anna Ziese was never an American citizen. She had a German passport and then, after World War II, because of her birthplace, automatically became a citizen of the Deutsches Demokratische Republik (DDR, East Germany). However, her base of support was in the USA. She was sent both by the Elim Faith Work in Rochester, New York, and served as an appointed missionary of the US Assemblies of God without questions being raised about her citizenship.

At the Taiyuan mission, she replaced Max Wood Moorhead, former editor of the important Indian Pentecostal periodical, Cloud of Witnesses, who was leaving for England after six months’ work at the mission. Her first letter to be (partially) published in the Pentecostal Evangel reported on the desperate horrors of famine. The second letter was more hopeful in which she told of one of her assistants being called of God to establish a mission in his home village and her encouragement of his fulfilling that call. That letter reveals that her work was especially among the women: “...I hope to go out there in a few days to visit the women.” She was content in the ministry. There was also an active prison ministry. Another letter reported on Chinese funeral practices and on the Chinese New Year celebration. At this point, ministry seemed to be going well given the lack of effective government and the accompanying poverty and recurring famine. She wrote of an eight day “little convention” that brought Christians together from a number of “stations.” The “enemy was raging” but “toward the close of the meeting there were nine souls who followed the Lord in water baptism. Then one man and one woman received the Baptism of the Spirit and others were wonderfully blessed nearly coming through speaking in tongues.” Another letter celebrated the healing of a sick woman received after the prayers of a “native worker” who had been working in cooperation with Ziese but in another village.

By 1924, the political situation began to take its toll even in Shanxi Province. She noted that the “Chinese students are only against the English and the Japanese.... So far we have been kept for which we praise the Lord....”

Ziese regretted that the city sent police to guard her home, but noted that the Chinese believers were frightened by the crowds that roamed the streets. Ziese wrote of spiritual awakening in the midst of the difficulties. She reflected, in 1927:

It is needless to tell you that poor China is in a pitiful condition and has been for a long time. There has been war for over two years now and the loss of life and the suffering is terrible and we never know what another day may bring forth. But it is blessed to know that we are in the hands of our God, who has promised never to forsake us, and I am glad to say that the missionaries around here are more in harmony than ever to uphold the Gospel of the Cross of Christ.

Ziese was dismayed at the violence of the War and the spread of that violence through the society as people attempted to deal with the invasion and uncertain as to whether she should take a furlough and return to the USA to raise money and gain perspective on her work. She wrote: “I somehow did not feel that it was my time to come home this year, but circumstances and troubles came up this spring so that many thought that I might as well take my furlough.”

Anna Ziese returned to the USA on furlough in August 1928 and remained until July 1930. She returned to Rochester, New York, and the Elim Bible Training Institute where she spent most of the two years. No information has been found with regard to her speaking schedule or the reason for the almost two year long furlough. We do have her
As I again turn my face towards China, my heart is filled with praise and thanksgiving to God for His great love and faithfulness. As a parting message the Lord gave me his word “Where there is no vision, the people perish.” Prov. 29:18. And how true that is, we see people perishing on every side, not only in the foreign fields, but at our very doors. People just living little thinking of what they came into the world for, and what the future holds, thus, without a vision the people perish.

Missionary in Times of Trouble: 1930-1951

Anna Ziese sailed again for China on 12 July 1930. To that news, the writer for the Pentecostal Evangel appended the prayer: “May God graciously protect this dear missionary who goes forth in the face of much danger, in order that the suffering people of China may receive the Word of Life.”

The next letters published spoke of spiritual victories and deprivations for the Chinese as the Japanese armies moved closer. She wrote:

It certainly looks sad in China just now and conditions are terrible. Our Governor is seemingly defeated and that looks bad for our Province and the enemy is never far away so we never know what another day may bring. Yet in spite of it all, is the blessed assurance that whether we live or die, we belong to Him.

She told (1931) of baptisms by missionary “Brother Hansen” and of the fruitfulness of the prison ministry begun “eleven years ago” (1920) by BrotheE. C. Steinberg, with the full participation of Ziese. This work, obviously carried on by her in the prisons of Taiyuan among the women, was discussed in an essay submitted about a year later. Once again it was necessary to import a male missionary to officiate at the baptism of the converts, this time “Brother [B. T.] Bard” from Peking (Beijing).

During 1933, four letters or fragments of letters were published. The first one reported on the War against the Japanese invaders and the rise of Communist sympathies and then reflected on the urgency of the task of mission:

As you no doubt see from the papers, the war clouds are hanging very low once again. The people are quite disturbed and live in great fear.

The other published fragments of that year ask for prayer for traditional missional concerns: prison ministry, a reclaimed Christian, and a “wayward boy.” This was the case for the published letters for the next decade. There was minimal reference to either her personal problems or the terrible things done to China and the Chinese by the Japanese military and military administration. It is of course impossible to know whether her letters were censored or if they were written but for her protection not published in the USA.

A letter written in 1936 suggests the fear and social turmoil wracking China in the face of the Japanese occupation, but also the expectant faith of Anna Ziese:

Conditions are very bad here now, and the war clouds are hanging low, so we never know what another day may bring forth. People’s hearts are failing them for fear and they don’t know which way to turn. They are afraid of the enemy’s airplanes and, of course, one cannot blame them.

Many of the rich people have taken their belongings and left the city; others have made cellars and hiding places in the earth, but I am afraid these won’t do much good when real danger comes. I am glad that we as children of God know and feel that He is our refuge and strength, yea a present help in need, and I feel sure that He is able to protect us, but should He see fit to take us home this way, then it is all right, too, for this world is not our home anyway.

From this period come memories of Anna Ziese provided by another Assemblies of God missionary, Ruth Melching, who also served in North China and later in Taiwan. In an interview with Adele Flower Dalton, she recalled meeting Ziese at a conference of Assemblies of God missionaries to China and Manchuria held in Peking (Beijing) in either 1935 or 1936. She described her encounter:

Relatives believe this portrait of Anna Ziese was taken before she left for China in 1920. Vincent-Mitchell Studios, Baltimore
Instead of taking a siesta like the other missionaries, she would spend time in the kitchen, making jellies for the B. T. Bards, who had several children. Her hair was white (probably prematurely). She was tall, a little angular, rather fleshy. She was a homebody, motherly, everybody's friend. The children and many missionaries called her "Auntie Anna."

Melching also described her ministry:

She always worked alone in Tai Yuan... her relations with other missionaries was always good.... She had a large church in Tai Yuan Fu, as well as a smaller church and several outstations. She had... Chinese workers who ministered with her. They, as well as all the Chinese loved her. Whenever any of them came she would stop whatever she was doing to talk with them.... She was one with the Chinese, dressed Chinese, ate Chinese food.

There was one discouraging note from another missionary, Alice Stewart, who wrote on 14 May 1938 that Anna Ziese was critically ill. The Pentecostal Evangel made a muted appeal for funds to pay for a furlough. This was a tacit admission that there were no funds in her mission account for that purpose, and one wonders, given the economic problems in the USA during this period, whether she was receiving even a regular living allowance. It is uncertain as to whether the money was raised, but in any case she refused to leave Taiyuan. Ruth Melching remembered that in 1940 B. T. Bard got her as far as Peking (Beijing) with the intent of sending her on furlough. She returned to Taiyuan ostensibly to pick up some forgotten items and would not return to Peking (Beijing).

In 1939 the anomalous situation with regard to Ziese's nationality came to benefit her. When the Japanese imprisoned most foreign missionaries in the areas of China controlled by the Japanese armies, the fortunate ones were used as pawns in prisoner exchanges. Ziese, however, did not have either an American passport (she was never a US citizen) or a valid German passport. She was required by the Japanese to renew her expired German passport. A letter to the German Consulate in Tientsin dated 1 June 1939 indicated that she had complied with the demand. In light of subsequent events, the passport renewal was probably granted. Because of her status as an alien citizen of Japan's ally, she was able to stay with her Chinese Christian colleagues.

The next published letters come in a group dated 1948-1951. She was forced to leave Taiyuan for three and one-half months in Beijing. When she was able to return, she spoke of the enthusiastic welcome of her congregation and neighbors. She apparently remained in Taiyuan when the city was shelled and then taken by the Communists in 1949. She did not evacuate to Shanghai with the other missionaries. Finally a letter was received in which she made a multi-level comment about the situation: "We have not had much rain this summer, and it has not been as hot as former summers, but the atmosphere has seemed most oppressive." This clearly spoke of more than the weather!
She lauded the Chinese fidelity to their faith ["...pray for the dear Chinese. Some of them have given us good examples. Some day I hope to be able to send you some real testimonies."] but insisted "we have been treated very well." She wrote again to ask for prayer for conversions. 

**Missionary to the End: 1951-1969**

When the People's Republic of China established control over the Chinese mainland most if not all of the missionaries chose and/or were forced to leave. Anna Ziese, under instructions from B. T. Bard in Peking (Beijing), packed her trunk and prepared to join the exodus from Shanghai. At the last minute she decided she should return to Taiyuan and serve Christ and the Chinese there. The trunk made it to the USA. She remained the missionary.

Over the next twelve years or so of her life, there are only three letters preserved, although there may have been more. On 20 April 1955 she wrote "I am still among the living, all my needs are supplied and I am also well treated by all the dear Chinese; oh the wonderful grace of God!" Her last letter to her family was written on 11 February 1957, at age sixty-two. She lamented her absence from the family but affirmed, "The Government, and in fact all the dear Chinese, have been very kind to me and all my needs are met." The last two letters were concerned only to signal her well being and solicit ongoing prayer. At age seventy she wrote as she celebrated forty years in Taiyuan. Her final letter that has been preserved recited the song, "The Lord has done so much for me throughout the passing years, I can not tell it all, I can not tell it all." This was without doubt an apology for not writing more details given censorship practices as well as an affirmation of God's grace.

The years 1951-1969 remain shrouded in the quietness that came with the establishment of what was called the "Bamboo Curtain." The curiosity and concern of her family and mission colleagues continued. Finally in 1985, a first crack in the information gap arrived at Hong Kong in the form of a letter from a now unknown Chinese Christian who was responding to a request for information directed to Peter Guan, former Assistant General Superintendent of the China Assemblies of God. This letter reported on Anna Ziese: "She has gone to be with the Lord. Her lifestyle was the same as ours when she lived among us." The letter continued: "We Chinese will gratefully remember forever those missionaries who left their homelands and came to China to preach the Gospel. They endured great hardships and even gave their lives." The most recent information came from interviews made by a Chinese Christian in China at the request of David Plymire and reported by him in a letter to a nephew of Anna Ziese, David Drake. The researcher interviewed the "block-watcher" where Ziese lived. She reported: "She knew Anna and spoke of the nobility of her character, and frugal lifestyle. It appears she lived in a one-room adobe type structure common in China at that time." The same letter tells that she raised goats for a living and for food, that she received a monthly stipend from the Chinese Communist government of $3 (the average wage at the time). The East German (DDR) consular had visited her in 1967. She died during the summer of 1969 in the care of her Chinese associate who brought her food and fed her the night of her death. As is normal in China, her body was cremated and her remains
placed in a local crematorium.\textsuperscript{51} She was completely at one with the people to whom she had consecrated her life that they might know the love of God.

\textbf{Conclusion}

Anna Ziese remains a profile of creativity and courage in mission. In a period when it was difficult (but still possible!) for a single woman to be appointed as a missionary she fulfilled her calling. During a period when most women missionaries were required to be subservient to the ordained male missionaries, she went her own way. She lived and worked as the Chinese. She adapted to and loved their culture. She trusted her converts and established them as clergy in the area surrounding Taiyuan. Significant research including interviews must eventually be made in the Taiyuan area before one can accurately access the legacy of this remarkable woman. However, the fact that she continued to live and minister in China, supported even by the Chinese government, suggests that she had retained the love of her Chinese friends and neighbors during a period of understandable xenophobic reaction in China.

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\textbf{PHOTOS COURTESY OF FRANCES CUNNINGHAM}

\textbf{Notes}

\footnotesize
\textsuperscript{1} Application for Endorsement as Missionary. Foreign Missions Committee of the General Council of the Assemblies of God (undated document, early 1920), 1. After World War I, this area was transferred to Poland. German citizens of the area were given German passports. After World War II, persons from this area who remained in the DDR (East Germany) or had passports under this arrangement were given DDR passports.

\textsuperscript{2} Anna Ziese, "Returning to China," \textit{Trust} (July-August 1930), 19-22. An extract of this text was published in Anna Ziese, "Farewell Message," \textit{Pentecostal Evangel} (2 August 1930), 10-11.

\textsuperscript{3} Ibid., 2.


\textsuperscript{5} Elsie Fearce Blattner, Autobiographical Statement, Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center, Springfield, MO, undated (ca. 1950). Blattner became an Assemblies of God missionary to Venezuela.

\textsuperscript{6} Adele Flower Dalton, Oral History Interview with Hardy Steinberg and David Drake, 5 November 1984, Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center. This was picked up by J. Philip Hogan, "Dust of Shansi," \textit{Pentecostal Evangel} (24 July 1984), 21.

\textsuperscript{7} Application for Endorsement as Missionary, 2-4.

\textsuperscript{8} Ziese, "Returning to China," 20.

\textsuperscript{9} "Editorial," \textit{Trust} (March 1920), 13.

\textsuperscript{10} Edgar C. and Ida Ziese Steinberg were also graduated from Elim Bible Training Institute in Rochester, NY, but there is no record of the date. Adele Flower Dalton reported in oral history interviews with Hardy Steinberg and David Drake [Typed summary, Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center, Springfield, MO, dated 5 November 1984], that Steinbergs went to China as missionaries in 1911. Ida Ziese Steinberg received the "Baptism of the Holy Spirit" in the home of H. L. Lawler in Shanghai. In 1914 they moved to mission work in Taiyuan. They applied for and received missionary status with the Assemblies of God in 1916. The family returned to the USA in 1923.

\textsuperscript{11} News item, \textit{Trust} (May 1920), 6; \textit{Pentecostal Evangel} (24 July 1920), 12. "She sends greetings to Evangel readers and says her heart is burning to give the Gospel to the Chinese." See the letter of her brother-in-law, Edgar C. Steinberg, "China," \textit{Trust} (Nov. 1920), 10-11 and the excerpt from Ziese's letter printed in \textit{Trust} (Nov. 1920), 2, and 15.

\textsuperscript{12} \textit{Pentecostal Evangel} (9 July 1921). 28. The Elim Bible Training School sent money to be used in famine relief, \textit{Trust} (April 1921), 16 and also, "Missionary Report," \textit{Trust} (June-July 1921), 10. See especially the letter published as Anna Ziese, "China," \textit{Trust} (August 1921), 16, which describes the efforts at famine relief efforts of Ziese and Steinberg.

\textsuperscript{13} \textit{Pentecostal Evangel} (27 May 1922), 12. Women missionaries were generally restricted, by cultural convention and gathered missionary policy to working primarily with the women.

\textsuperscript{14} See the summary of a letter in \textit{Trust} (September 1922), 16 column 2.

\textsuperscript{15} "Other Fields and Workers," \textit{Trust} (March 1923), 16: "We go to the prison every week and they usually meet us with smiles, and they love to sing with us and we are trusting God to touch their hearts that they may be saved."

\textsuperscript{16} \textit{Pentecostal Evangel} (5 May 1923), 12. See also the discussion of funerary practices and the response to them in the letter of Edgar C. Steinberg, "China," \textit{Trust} (June-July 1923), 13.

\textsuperscript{17} \textit{Pentecostal Evangel} (11 August 1923), 12.

\textsuperscript{18} Ibid.

\textsuperscript{19} \textit{Pentecostal Evangel} (18 July 1925), 11.

\textsuperscript{20} \textit{Pentecostal Evangel} (26 July 1925), 10.

\textsuperscript{21} \textit{Pentecostal Evangel} (5 March 1927), 19. For another description of missionary life, see Anna Ziese to S. A. Duncan, published as "Tai, Yuan, fu [sic], China," \textit{Trust} (May-June 1927), 23.


\textsuperscript{23} Editorial notes: \textit{Trust} (Jan.-Feb. 1929), 12-13 [her sister and brother-in-law F. D. Drake were pastors of the Elim Tabernacle in Rochester]; \textit{Trust} (July-August 1930), 19.

\textsuperscript{24} Ziese, "Returning to China," \textit{Trust} (July-Aug. 1930), 19.


\textsuperscript{26} \textit{Pentecostal Evangel} (26 July 1930), 10.

\textsuperscript{27} Anna Ziese, "A Letter from Taiyuanfu, China," \textit{Pentecostal Evangel} (10 January 1931), 9.


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"Lord, Go Among Us,"
The Coming of the Holy Spirit to a Washington, D. C. Methodist Church

By Charles A. Shreve

"And by the hands of the apostles were many signs and wonders wrought among the people; (and they were all with one accord in Solomon's porch)" (Acts 5:12).

I am to tell you the story of how a Holy Ghost revival came to the McKendree Methodist Episcopal church in Washington, D. C., and what the consequences were. I take this text to start with because this was the prayer we were praying, and this was the prayer God answered when He sent the revival; and I want to say to everyone who is praying for a revival in his church or in his home, if you want a good prayer to use as a model, I recommend this one.

McKendree church is located in almost the exact central spot of Washington, D. C., on Massachusetts, N. W., between Ninth and Tenth streets. I was the pastor here for five and one-half years. I am not now the pastor of it, or of any other Church, having left the Methodist conference to devote my entire time to evangelistic work.

When I was appointed to this church, now about seven years ago, I saw immediately the only thing that could do us the good we needed there was a real revival. The church, in former days, had had old-time religion in it; but for many years it had been in a pretty bad condition, as many churches are today. The congregations were very small. The finances were eking out, the spirit of the people was one of discouragement instead of victory. They had contemplated the sale of the church, and were about to sell it before I went there, but the sale did not go through. They had had no revival for some ten or fifteen years. Now we saw that we must have a revival, and we began to pray the Lord to send us one.

One Thursday night I was preparing to go to prayer meeting, and I knelt down in the parsonage, and asked the Lord for a message. He brought this prayer to my mind—the prayer that Moses had prayed in Exodus 34:9.

"That is the very thing," I said to myself. "If we can pray that prayer, and God answers it, I believe we will have the revival we need."

I took that as my text that night, and went over to the church and proposed to the people that we all agree to pray this prayer of Moses. I left out the first part where it says, "If we have found favor in thy sight," for I did not know how much favor we had found in the sight of the Lord. We also left out the
last part, and prayed simply, “Lord, go among us.” When I suggested that we adopt that for our prayer, and pray it until the Lord did go among us, they took to the idea, all the praying people of the church began to pray that prayer, and we kept it up for a good many months.

We agreed with one another that we would not tell God what to do when He came. We took it for granted that He would know what we needed. Some of us had a feeling that it would

“We saw that we must have a revival, and we began to pray the Lord to send us one.”

have to be an unusual revival to do any good; so we encouraged one another that when the Lord did answer, if He should come in a way that we had never seen before, we must not run away, but stay and face the music and let God go through in His own way.

Time went on. In about three months after that we had a meeting which was a pretty good meeting—an extra good meeting for that church. There were a good many converts, and we were encouraged. A few months after that, having continued to pray, we had another meeting, and had a good many converts in that meeting also. When the people would come to the altar and kneel to seek salvation, I would look at them, and I would be very glad; but I felt this was not the beginning of the thing God wanted to do in answer to this prayer. We decided to keep on praying, and believed that God would send the kind of a revival we really needed in this place where the need was so great. So we continued to pray.

Suddenly, I found myself praying for the Lord to stir up somebody in the capital city of the United States who would preach upon divine healing. I don’t know if we had as many different kinds of religion there as you have here in Los Angeles; but in the city of Washington there were people who were running off from the churches to all sorts of things; and some of these people were going to join these things because there was no stress put upon the ministry of Christianity to the body. There are so many people who feel there certainly should be in Christianity of today something at least of the healing power of God that was in Christianity in the beginning.

About this time, while I was praying for the Lord to raise up some preacher to preach on divine healing, and some church to open its doors for the people to pray, the Lord said:

“What’s the matter with you? You are a preacher, and you have a church. Why doesn’t your church do something?”

“That is so,” I said. “I guess I am the very one if I am so much interested. I don’t know about the church, but I will preach it.”

I knew already that the Lord could heal sick people. He had healed me shortly after I was converted. I knew He had done it, and that was about all there was to it. I had not been thinking of a Methodist preacher preaching divine healing. I had been praying with the idea that the Lord would stir up some Baptist or Presbyterian preacher; but when He spoke to me I said.

“All right, Lord, I will do it.”

I thought I would preach on that subject the next Sunday. It is easy to preach on, for it is one of the plainest things in the whole Bible. Then this thought came: I did not want to preach on the subject unless I could get results. If I was to preach on divine healing, I must invite the people to come to be healed just exactly with the same confidence that I invited sinners to be saved. I did not feel I was able to do that. I did not have faith enough. I knew I could preach on it; but I did not feel I could guarantee the people that they would get results. So I hesitated.

Then I began to pray God to stir up my faith so I would be able to take hold of this thing as I should. While I was doing that, a young Swede, a member of my church (and I would not be surprised if there won’t be more Swedes in Heaven than anybody else), a splendid young man, like a rock of Gibraltar strength and character, came to me with a paper. He had heard of Sister somewhere, and he handed me a little paper in which was an account of a revival held by Aimee Semple McPherson somewhere in Canada. It said that in this meeting many people had been healed, and it went on to give the names and addresses of the people and the disease from which they had been healed. Reading it with much interest, I saw that this woman was coming to Baltimore, Maryland, to hold meetings.

That settled it. I would wait until this woman came, get in on one of those healing services, and see what she did and how the services were carried, and see what the Lord would do. Then maybe that would be the thing I was looking for. Maybe that would encourage my faith to enter into this kind of work, too.

When she came to Baltimore, I went over. She was holding meetings in the Lyric theater there. She said she wanted everybody to come to the platform and help sing.

I decided to go up. I always wanted to help a good cause along, and then I wanted to get a good seat where I could see what was taking place; and I thought I could pave my way by singing. So I sang and watched and prayed; for I immediately got interested in the meeting. There were some two or three hundred people there, and we had a great time.

The first thing that impressed me was that I liked the way she came out and preached. I was afraid she would come out and claim to be a healer who could heal the people in some kind of a way, and that would be all there would be to it. I thought: If she does that, that is very good as far as it goes, for those who are healed, at any rate; but if she should drop dead somewhere, what good would that do me or anybody else? It would be all over then.

I was a little fearful that was what she would do, but she didn’t do that at all. She came out and said:

“Now, friends, I hope nobody expects me to heal anybody, for I can’t heal anyone or anything; but I know somebody who can. Jesus can heal everybody, and I will help you to pray if you want me to, and we will join our faith together, and Jesus will heal you if you have faith to believe.”

“That’s fine!” I said to myself. “Anybody can do that. That is pointing the people to Jesus. Now, if she was to drop dead,
Evangelist Charles Shreve, second from right, while conducting meetings in Fresno, California, in about 1925. The host pastor, Arthur Osterberg, is on Shreve’s right. The other two are Shreve’s team members. Osterberg’s son Dean, Mesa, Arizona, remembers that the man on the right was the song leader and went by “Happy Joe.” Benjamin Baur is on the left. Photo courtesy of Dean Osterberg

Jesus is just the same, and the people know where to find healing whether the preacher continues to live or not.”

A large number of people were healed. People who had been treated by doctors for years were prayed for and healed there when the doctors had given them up, and went on their way rejoicing.

As I said before, I liked the way this woman preached. I said to myself: “This is a new thing, and I like it powerful well.”

I had not taken much stock in women preaching up to that time. They tell us honest confession is good for the soul and I better confess that now, for there is no telling how many

“As soon as I heard Aimee Semple McPherson] open her mouth—not especially by the way she talked—but I could see the Spirit was with her.”

women preachers there are here today. Here was a brand new thing. I knew God was in the matter as soon as I heard her open her mouth—not especially by the way she talked; but I could see the Spirit was with her.

“I am going to study and listen,” I said; so I stayed on night after night, and went to hear her preach on the baptism of the Holy Ghost with Bible evidences.

I thought I had the baptism of the Holy Ghost all right. I had had a blessed experience shortly after I was converted in Tennessee, and I thought it was the infilling of the Spirit. It was a glorious and wonderful experience that I have never discounted, and I thank God for it; but it was not what I got later on.

Deciding that there was no time like the present, and no place better than where I was, at Mrs. McPherson’s meetings in Baltimore, I made up my mind that I would start the next morning at the tarrying meeting in the top of the theater building; so I went down. There were so many seeking the baptism that I could not get to the altar at all; so I found a place in the aisle, and knelt there for two hours and a half, and prayed for baptism. The Lord did everything but baptize me with the Holy Ghost that day. He blessed me abundantly. It seemed I had blessing enough for the whole city of Baltimore. Over and over the waves of blessing would come over my soul, and I had a glorious time.

Mrs. McPherson went away from Baltimore, then came back and held a meeting in the Franklin Memorial United Brethren church, at which a friend of mine is the pastor. Great numbers of my people went over to attend those meetings, and I went over and encouraged them to go, so we could see what was taking place. The pastor of the church, Brother Leech, was baptized with the Holy Ghost. He was baptized while he was lying in bed. I began to think it was good to belong to the United Brethren church; because here I was, a Methodist minister, and I couldn’t get baptized in bed or out of it.

The power of God fell in those meetings, and many more saved, healed, and baptized; and it was there that I spoke to Sister McPherson, and asked her if she would hold a meeting with us, and she said she would.

In the meantime, one or two of our people had been over there and received the baptism; but in general most of us were just hungry, and nobody had it.

Sister McPherson came to our church, arriving on Saturday. There was no meeting that night. We went into the church to have a little prayer, and show her around so she would not feel strange when she entered the pulpit the next day. About a dozen of us were there. We had not been praying three minutes
Pentecost. Yes, sir! They began with that glorious experience, and they haven’t stopped yet. You know when you get a Methodist started he never knows when to stop. You never can tell when one of them is going to do it again. When the power came upon them they spoke in tongues. The heavenly winds blew among them as in the early days. The fire fell just as John the Baptist said it would, and as Jesus sent it down upon the people on the Day of Pentecost, the old-time Pentecostal power came in the midst of them, and it was a glorious revival.

From that hour to this, religion has become more pleasure, and Jesus Christ has been more real than ever before. Faith has been more simple, love has been sweeter and there has been a thrill in Christianity I did not know before. There has been an enlargement of my sympathies and of my desire to win everybody for Jesus Christ. There has been a white heat put to that fire for the salvation of souls. I had some of it in the beginning; but it seemed that the Spirit of the Lord brought it into a white hot flame.

I have never regretted for one single moment that I got into the midst of this Holy Ghost movement, and I thank God for His handmaiden whom He sent to bring it. You can’t wonder that I am glad to come to Angelus Temple. You can’t wonder that I am glad to mix with the people who have sat under the same ministry under which I found this glorious baptism. You can’t wonder that I look back upon those days when I was standing at the crossroads, choosing whether I would go the way God wanted me to go, or take the easy way with popularity and everything sweet and beautiful; whether I would take a new way that I did not know, or follow along in the same old rut.

Thank God! The way God wanted me to go has led better than I ever thought; led me into greater fellowship and friendship. I had one pulpit then, and now I have thousands of them. I had a good many friends then, and now I have more friends. Thank God! Jesus is sweeter and dearer than He ever was before.

I recommend that you pray that prayer for your own individual life and then that you welcome the Holy Ghost into your midst.

“What is all this about in Angelus Temple?” you ask.

It is in the midst of a great revival that the Holy Ghost is bringing to pass on the world wherever people will welcome Him. I thank God for the great showers of rain He has sent here. If you haven’t gotten wet yet, get wet today. I want to see every deacon, every elder, every saint, every sinner, every backslider, everybody who feels his need of the infilling with the Spirit—to get in and get wet. God is on the giving hand. It is the same old power and will fill you just as it filled the people in the early days; and Jesus is able and willing to give it to you.
A Godly Heritage

The Family of Earl and Darliene Johnson

By M. Earl Johnson

Occasionally Heritage publishes features on several generations that have made an impact for the Kingdom—some as ministers and others as lay persons. One family that has had an extraordinarily large number of members enter the ministry is the Johnson family, originally from Minnesota, now of Redding, California. Earl and Darliene Johnson are the fourth of six generations that have been or are in the ministry. A retired pastor and assistant superintendent of the Northern California/Nevada District, Earl and his wife live in Redding, but remain active with Book of Hope, an Assemblies of God ministry. The Redding Record Searchlight published “Family Calling,” a Sunday feature on the Johnsons in their March 7, 1999, edition.

The earliest memory of my father goes back to a scene in the old farm house, south of Willmar, Minnesota. I must have been 4, possibly 5 years old. The setting is so vivid in my mind, almost like the replay of an event captured on a camcorder.

This was such a common occurrence that it must have happened hundreds of times during my childhood: the day of hard work in the fields had ended (no mechanized machinery in that day); the evening chores were finished; supper time was over.

Now the event. My father would sit at the upright piano and accompany himself as he began to sing, with that deep bass voice, the songs that his mother and father had taught him. Some of those songs were in the Swedish language and other songs I could understand, for they were in English—my mother tongue.

Perhaps the song that shaped my life more than any other was, “What the World Needs is Jesus.” That voice, those words, they helped to contribute to my life’s purpose. They still ring in my mind and heart today:

What the world needs is Jesus, just a glimpse of Him;
What the world needs is Jesus, just a glimpse of Him.
He will bring joy and gladness, Take away sin and sadness;
What the world needs is Jesus, just a glimpse of Him.

It is amazing to me how my father’s singing of that simple chorus would contribute to the shaping of a young life for full-time Christian service. Granted, there were others who had influence in my life: a godly, praying mother; a church that prayed for their pastor’s son. But the impact of my father’s everyday, simple influence has never left me.

I was nine years when my parents, Alvin and Rose
Johnson, were called of the Lord, into full-time ministry, pioneering three churches in the Minnesota District of the
Assemblies of God. Mother was the preacher and dad was the
song leader and a strong supporter in prayer. But most of all, he
was a father who loved his son, helping to establish a young life
on the right course. Apart from that simple, old chorus, he gave
to me so many godly principles that have now been passed on to
our four children and eleven grandchildren. That is what a godly
heritage is all about!

Looking back at our family history has had an impact on
our household. One must remember that a godly heritage
always has a beginning point, for it must begin at Calvary.
While this is true for every individual, so it is for the
beginning of a godly family heritage. For our family there is
a rich history. However, for other Heritage readers, that
“legacy” may have just begun.

Recently, I have done some research on my family tree. Excluding one, all of my grandparents and great-
grandparents on both sides of the family, were godly people.

“Our children are
fifth generation
ministers, and two of
my grandchildren,
sixth generation
ministers.”

One grandparent and his father
(my great-grandfather), were
credentialed ministers in the
Swedish Mission Covenant
Church. That makes me a fourth
generation minister. Our
children are fifth generation
ministers, and two of my
grandchildren, sixth generation
ministers. That influence has
been passed down to each
succeeding generation—and to our family. What a special
heritage!

My wife’s parents, William and Inga Morken, and her
grandparents were all converted at the turn of the last century
during a powerful revival in Northwestern Minnesota. They
were all baptized in the Holy Spirit in 1902 during that revival,
and years later her father was credentialed with the Assemblies
of God, pastoring several churches in the Minnesota District.

This heritage lives on in our family. Of course, it must
always be credited to the grace and mercy of God, to whom all
praise and honor is due.

Now here is where this heritage continues to live.
Bill, our oldest son, and his wife, Brenda, have been the
pastors of Bethel Church, Redding, California, since 1995.
(This is the church Darliene and I pastored for nearly 14 years
before elected to serve as Assistant District Superintendent
of the Northern California/Nevada District.) Bill is a gifted
teacher and revivalist, and is in constant demand across the
nation and around the world. They have three children: Eric, a
youth pastor; Brian, a minister of music; and Leah, a worship
leader at Bethel Church.

Jacque, our oldest daughter, and her husband, Jim Grubbs,
are a vital part of the Redding Bethel Church family. Jacque
pastors the worship ministry at Bethel, besides being a gifted
teacher. Her husband is a
professor at Simpson College in
Redding. They have three
children: Chari, Nathan, and
Nicole, who are an active part
of Bethel’s worship ministry
team.

Bob, our youngest son, and
his wife, Casey, are establishing
the Dream Center Ministry in
San Francisco. They are
conducting Sidewalk Sunday
Schools in the most dangerous
areas of the city, as well as
ministering the love of Jesus to
the homeless, the druggies,
pimps and prostitutes on the
streets of the city. Hundreds of
children and adults have been
converted since the ministry
began. Their two sons, Brock
and Nash, are already involved
with the Sidewalk Sunday
School ministry.

Wendi, our youngest
daughter, and her husband,
Greg Simas, planted a Decade
of Harvest church (March
1996) in Newark/Fremont, a
bay-area community of
California. The church has
grown to over 250 people. They have a church facility on five
acres of land in the city of Fremont. Wendi is part of the
worship team at Harvest House Church and is also committed to
her calling in intercessory prayer. They have three children:
Hannah Joy, Jordan Earl, and Lydia Grace, who are already
involved in the children’s church ministry.

In recent days, many have said to Darliene and me, “You
must be proud of your children!” Our response has always
been, “We are grateful to the Lord for His grace.” And also,
we are so grateful to the Lord for a godly heritage that was
passed down to us and now to our family.
Over the past 20 years, Corporate Pilot John Savage has flown three general superintendents of the Assemblies of God in five Beechcraft King Airs. Rain, snow or shine, he has always offered dedicated service with a smile.

Into the Wild Blue Yonder

JOHN SAVAGE RETIRES AS CORPORATE PILOT

By Scott Harrup

This article is a reprint from the May 2000 OnWord, the Assemblies of God Headquarters paper, and published by the Office of Public Relations. Scott Harrup, who was the general editor, is now news editor for the Pentecostal Evangel.

When the general superintendent of the Assemblies of God has to speak at a district council in one state and at a college in another, on the same day, there is no way a commercial airline will get him to his multiple destinations. Twenty years ago, General Superintendent Thomas Zimmerman had the foresight to purchase a corporate plane and retain the services of a corporate pilot. Over the years, the plane has been replaced four times. Pilot John Savage is irreplaceable, but he will be retiring this month and turning over the controls to Pilot Erin Buskirk.

John has a wealth of wonderful memories of the General Council officers he has served over the years, of his good friend and co-pilot George Davis, and of the countless friends he has made on the ground and in the air.

In 1980, when Brother and Sister Zimmerman took to the skies in the first A/G Beechcraft King Air, a few bugs needed to be worked out.

“The first airplane had old technology heating on it,” John remembers. “We had gone to Chicago, I think. The heating system went out and we still had to go over to Florida. It was around February. We couldn’t stay too low because the turbulence would use up too much fuel. So Brother and Sister Zimmerman were wrapped up in blankets, since I had to stay up fairly high. Once I got past Atlanta I got clearance for a gradual descent to warmer air.”

Turbulence was not always avoidable even by gaining altitude.

“We were taking Juleen Turnage and Brother Zimmerman to St. Louis once for a meeting and it really got rough,” John says. “The airplane was bouncing and cups were flying. Poor Juleen, she doesn’t much like to fly
small planes anyway, and she’s hanging on with white knuckles. Brother Z. leans up and hollers up to me, ‘John, if you can fly it, we can ride it.’ And Juleen said, ‘That’s OK for you to say, Chief, but if it’s like this on the way back, I’m taking a Greyhound.’”

“Chief” was John’s nickname for Brother Zimmerman as well. Brother Carlson became “General,” and Brother Trask is currently known as the “Boss.”

John remembers when Brother Carlson’s moniker unexpectedly came handy in Washington, D.C.

“Brother Carlson was invited to Washington to a conference of denominational leaders by the president. Sort of a policy ‘parlez vous.’ We had parked the airplane at Washington National Airport. Brother Carlson always wanted to help me put what I call the ‘pajamas’ on the plane—the hold down strap. And I said, ‘Oh no, General, you’ve got to be up on the hill in half an hour.’ And I was talking about the Sheraton, where Brother Carlson had to be for the meeting with the president.

“Well, this young man who had directed our plane to our hangar with a service van thought Brother Carlson was a real general who needed to get to Congress on Capital Hill. He got him into his van, turned on the yellow light, got on his radio, and sped Brother Carlson across the airport to a waiting limo. Brother Carlson told me later, ‘That’s the fastest ride I’ve ever had into Washington, D.C.’”

During Brother Trask’s administration, the current King Air has received increased usage, which has sometimes been a challenge for John. One of the things he appreciates about Brother Trask is his flexibility.

“I once had to drop him off at one town in Arkansas and fly the plane to another where I could shelter it from oncoming hail. You know, if a plane gets hail damage, it depreciates just like a car. He never even blinked when I explained it to him. ‘Okay, fine,’ was all he said. That was that. I keep an eye on the weather, and he understands when I’ve had to change our flight schedule. He travels a lot, probably more than Brother Zimmerman or Brother Carlson did. We’ve hit multiple states in the same day.”

John is not alone in the cockpit. For the last number of years his good friend Missionary Pilot George Davis has been beside him.

“He’s a good brother,” John says with a smile. “He’s always got a good story, often about missions. He’d go up in a single-engine airplane around the Andes Mountains in South America. Take it right up to 13,000 feet. One story I like to tell about him is how he and a new missionary were flying in some rough weather. It was in Ecuador down towards Peru and the fog was coming in. George was getting concerned. Then they saw a red dot on their chart and realized it was a small grass airstrip belonging to an oil company. So they landed there and settled down to sleep in the plane overnight. A little later they heard someone knocking on the plane. It was the watchman. They explained why they were there. Then this new missionary asked George if he could witness to the man and if George would translate since he didn’t know Spanish. Yet. And this little guard, the tears just started coming down his face and he gave his life to Christ. I think Miguel was his name.”

John and George co-own a classic Beechcraft Bonanza that they use for ministry. They fly to rural Assemblies of God churches, give a missions presentation, and then offer short flights to Royal Rangers and Missionettes. They also try to be a blessing to the local pastor and his wife.

“We like to take the pastor and his wife to dinner,” John says. “They’re out there, in the middle of nowhere ministering year after year just for Jesus. They’re poor as church mice with maybe a couple of pickles floating around in a jar in their refrigerator.”

John’s generosity has also shown itself on the job. Each year at School of Missions, he gives quick flights to anywhere from 80-95 missionary kids.

“One year we had this 6- or 7-year-old boy on board,” he recalls. “As we were taking off, this little guy says, ‘Houston, we have liftoff.’ So we flew around a bit and on our way back down, I was not going to be outdone. As we touched down, I said, ‘Houston, the Eagle has landed.’”

The company plane has been authorized for several mercy flights. One that sticks out in John’s mind was for Missionary Bob Smith who returned from Belgium with a brain tumor.

“Phil Hogan called me and asked
When President George Bush came to Springfield in 1992, John was unable to get into the airport. "Secret Service guys were basically telling me they'd have to kill me if they let me in," John says with a grin. But a friend of John's who had managed to get earlier clearance took this photo with a "little Wal-Mart camera" as Air Force One took off.

what it would cost to fly Bob from Atlanta to Florida after he arrived. A medical company was wanting $6,000 just for that small flight. We picked him up and his family. Bob had a brain tumor and later died from it. Anyway, they were flying in on Sabina, and Atlanta didn't even have a Sabina section at their terminal. But God worked it out, and several people from Eastern Airlines who learned about the situation helped us.”

And then there was Jessica, a girl that John and George flew to Memphis in their own plane.

“We took her to St. Jude’s Children’s Hospital. She was dying of cancer. She was too weak to drive there, so George and I flew her. When we dropped her off, I laid my hands on her and prayed for her. Two weeks later, I heard she was really improving and had gone to church, gotten saved, and her mother came to church with her and got saved too. A couple of years later, I went over to Camp Quality near Joplin where kids with cancer can go. I flew a bunch of them. And one of them was Jessica. I think she had had another bout with the cancer and was in remission at the time.”

John has not been able to keep up with Jessica. He doesn’t know if her victory over cancer was complete. But he is thrilled she committed her life to Christ. Getting other people to make the same decision has been his lifelong burden.

“You know what amazes me when I travel around?” he asks pointedly. “The people who aren't ready to meet God. Eternity is a long time. I was talking to a waitress just the other day. She was going through some tough times. I asked her if she went to church, and she said she used to. I told her she needed to get back in church and start serving Jesus. She started to cry.

Erin Buskirk is the new corporate pilot. A former pilot for Northwest Airlines, he and his wife, Nadine, have moved to Springfield with "Ralphie," their dog, and a number of cats which Human Resources could not name.

“I've got to be doing something to tell people to go to heaven ... Go to heaven! Doesn't matter whether it's people in hotels or restaurants or other corporate pilots for big companies, they all need Jesus.”

John bids Headquarters goodbye. We all wish him God’s best in whatever skies he travels in the years ahead.
Readers of Heritage for any length of time will know the name of Lawrence R. Larson as an author, missionary, and pastor. His first two books are The Spirit in Paradise, the history of the revival in Fiji and other South Pacific islands; and Excesses that Hinder Revival.

His latest book is The Revealing, which is designed to boost one's self image. Larson, who now lives in Corpus Christi, Texas, believes that too many Christians have no idea what they have in Christ. "I want to help them see as a Christian that they are really somebody in Christ ... so they will want to accept the Lord's instructions as to how they should live in the light of who they really are."

He adds that once they realize who they are in Christ, their self image will improve. Throughout the 300-page book he urges believers to forget failures that have been confessed. "Concentrate upon the positives," he writes, "of who you are now, pursuing a righteous and loving life here, what you will inherit over there, and the glories of God's favor toward you for eternity."

The Revealing is available from the author at 114 Castlewood Dr., New Braunfels, Texas 78130 ($13.99 postpaid).

(Continued from page 3)

beckons to our consecrated young men to come up and fill the gap.” Then he asked a penetrating question: “Is God talking to you about this? Listen to His voice and see.”

In that same article, Jennie Bendiksen told of her husband’s last month after becoming sick with black water fever on October 31. “He suffered terribly, We seemed to get the victory over it; then he got the group which almost choked him.”

All was not sadness, as can be seen as she continued her report. “He was so happy all the time. Just half an hour before he went, I took the guitar and sang, ‘I must have the Saviour with me for I dare not walk alone.’ And to my surprise he joined in the chorus, singing bass, and kept it up until forced to stop by lack of breath.”

Then my soul shall fear no ill, fear no ill, Let Him lead me where He will, where He will, I will go without a murmur, And His footsteps follow still.*

She added that at his burial many nationals came because they loved him so. “The loss is so great that it seems unbearable...But Jesus doeth all things well and His will must be done.”**

Many questions surface when an apparent tragedy happens to good people. But Jennie Bendiksen’s answer was that she was in God’s hand. She kept asking for help during the next 2 years, never losing sight of her husband’s vision in the little valley with 3,000 souls. Within two years Jennie, with the help of a Christiansen couple, were at Mukulu trying to put up houses before the rains came. Their vision also included a chapel, schoolhouse, and children’s home.***

Jennie Bendiksen returned to New York with Lois and Burton in January 1925. Later she married Raymond Johnson and gave birth to another child who was named after his father. She continued active in the ministry until her death in 1939.

Naomi Larsen, 79, who is Jennie’s niece and who lives at Maranatha Village, Springfield, Missouri, will never forget the day her aunt joined Edwin in death. “Just before she died,” Naomi recalled, “she began to sing the old song, ‘Higher Ground.’ And she sang all four verses.”

When she got to the last verse, those around her could think back to a missionary commitment Edwin and Jennie made more than 20 years earlier.

I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glory bright; But still I’ll pray till heaven I’ve found, “Lord, lead me on to higher ground.”

The loved ones gathered around the bed could have also been reminded of another song the couple sang in faraway Belgian Congo. That’s when Edwin joined Jennie to sing, “I must have the Saviour with me, and His eye the way must guide, Till I reach the vale of Jordan, Till I gain the other side.”

Now you can understand why Edwin and Jennie’s story continues to capture my interest.

**The Saviour With Me.” lyrics by Lizzie Edwards; music by John R. Sweeney.

**Jennie’s sister Hilda Olsen, 90—remains in South Africa where she served as a missionary—recently added to the story. Jennie built a coffin for her husband, an unfamiliar method for burying the dead in that area. When the coffin fell sideways during the burial, Jennie jumped into the grave and straightened it.

Lois, Burton, and Raymond are deceased. Burton’s descendants who live in West Virginia filled in some of the details for this column. Also helping were Naomi Larsen and her cousin Lawrence “Bud” Larsen, Springfield, Missouri.

***Apparent no other Assemblies of God missionaries ministered in the area, although there are national churches there. Most of the American missionaries served in the interior and the north. Other missionaries who died while serving in this country included Fred Leander and Mary Walker (Mrs. Alva), 1930; Ernest Lindholm, 1940; Agnes Hammarberg, 1944; Verna Pennington (Mrs. Harry), 1946; and J. W. Tucker, 1964.

Wayne Warner is director of the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center 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.
Testimony Time

Serving in Alaska for More than 55 Years

I can well remember coming to Alaska as a young missionary, June 1, 1945, after graduating from North Central Bible Institute (now University). While training for Christian ministry I had been seeking the Lord as to what He wanted me to do with my life.

My home church was the Assembly at Detroit Lakes, Minnesota. Little did I realize as a child that the Lord would call me to live in a log cabin in Alaska. I grew up in a nice farm house. But I thank God for my childhood. My family [family name was Nelson] loved Jesus and our home was always open for the church and preachers and gospel workers.

As a member of the NCBI Missionary Prayer Band, I prayed for Alaska [which would not become a state until 1959]. I corresponded with missionaries, and I researched and wrote a paper on Alaska. Then a missionary to Fairbanks, Emma Hirschy, spoke in chapel. She and her husband had just built a log church with the logs placed upright rather than horizontally. It was quite a conversational piece. Mrs. Hirschy was looking for a young couple or single person to work with the youth and children in Fairbanks.

The Lord seemed to say to me, “Go and talk with Sister Hirschy at noon.” I did and she was ready to tell me about the need. However, I told her I was interested but had no money because I owed school bills. Emma said, “Well, let’s pray about it; He can prepare the way.”

Emma was also visiting the churches in Minnesota, including Detroit Lakes Assembly. My folks heard her at the church and then I learned that the church provided my fare to Fairbanks. I went to the Minnesota District and told them that the Hirschys wanted me to come to Alaska. That was 55 years ago, and I’m still here.

God was good, and another young missionary, Kenneth Andrus, came up from Oregon and went to Fort Yukon. A year and a half later we were married.

It was 50 degrees below zero outside the church and planes could not fly until it warmed up to 30 degrees below zero. The cabin we were to call our house, which was connected to the church, had to be warmed up a day before so we could sleep in it. This kind of living was all new to me.

God gave Kenneth and me four sons, then twins came premature but went to heaven on the second day. We buried them in the Birchhill Cemetery in a single casket. They looked so sweet in the casket covered with rose buds.

Our sons serve the Lord. Duane, the oldest, lives with me. Ed is our adult Sunday school teacher and also the music director in Talkeetna Assembly. Dennis lives in Talkeetna now since becoming the postmaster there. Brian and his family live in Anchorage.

I am so thankful for my grandchildren. I only pray that they will love Jesus. My ministry now is mostly prayer related.

Ethel Andrus
Willow, Alaska

Kenneth and Ethel Andrus began their long service as missionaries to Alaska in 1945 and were married the next year. Later Kenneth became a commercial pilot along with his missionary work. He was the founder of Far North Bible College, Anchorage. Because of poor flying visibility, Kenneth lost his life, November 11, 1983, while trying to land at Nutgut, Alaska, where he pastored. Ethel, now 79, still makes her home in Alaska.

Missionary pilot Kenneth Andrus, second from right, is receiving a check for a Speed the Light vehicle in this 1976 Division of Home Missions meeting. The others are, from the left, Ed Brothers, John Maracle, and Melvin Erickson.

Ethel Nelson Andrus
Photos from our Past

Happy Birthday? No, Pan American Airways is honoring Maynard Ketcham with this cake on his 17th flight around the world just before takeoff from John F. Kennedy International Airport for Iceland. Ketcham (1905-1993) began his missionary career in India in 1926 and later served as Far East field secretary for the Division of Foreign Missions. Pan American Airways Photo

A Forerunner to Valley Forge Christian College

How many of these 1933 Green Lane, Pennsylvania, students and faculty can you identify? Jane Stephens, Youngstown, Ohio, identifies school founders J. Roswell and Alice Reynolds Flower seated in the second row center; their daughter Suzanne is in the second row, fourth from the left; Esther Jenkins, school cook and Jane’s mother, is standing behind Suzanne. Charles Greenaway, later a foreign missions leader, is seated in the first row center, left of the little girls—Jane’s sisters; two Flower sons are on the ends of the first row: David on the left and Roswell on the right. Vernon Gortner is in the second row, third from the right.
Correction in Summer Issue

Just a note to let you know, that on page 26, summer issue, the chaplain in the top picture, who is second from the left, is John Pope, not John Tope. John is both a retired Air Force Reserve chaplain and a retired professor from Northwest College. He and his wife Peggy reside in Kirkland, Wash. At the time of the picture [General Council, 1953], John was serving on active duty with the US Air Force.

John W. Simpson
Chaplain (Col) USA, retired

John Pope received a Ph.D. in church history from the University of St. Andrews, Scotland, in 1974; an M. Div from Fuller Theological Seminary, 1951; an A. B. from Wheaton College, 1948; and a diploma from Central Bible Institute (now College) in 1945. He and his wife have been active in Romanian ministry in Washington and in Europe.

Chaplain John M. Pope

All Ministers Should Visit A/G Headquarters

I wish to again thank you for all the help everyone has been at the A/G headquarters. From the first step in the door and throughout the tour we were very amazed at the response and actions everyone had during our visit. My wife and I had a great time there and are already planning on another trip to Springfield to learn more about the history and present condition of our church. We believe that every person in A/G ministry should make it a point to visit the A/G headquarters in Springfield, MO. We found out that there are a lot of things we could be a part of in prayer and support and that we would be a great benefit to the kingdom of God through the A/G ministry.

Thank you very much.

Mike and Theresa Wells, Sr.
Holliday, Texas

Researching Paul and Lura Johnson Grubb

Thank you for your letter of Sept. 11 in which you so ably satisfied my quest for information on Paul and Lura Grubb. The copy of the Heritage article (Fall 1987) was most helpful and welcome on the Latter Rain Movement.

Thank you for the inspiration these figures of the past are to us today. What a time of rejoicing when we meet them and hear their stories firsthand, and they will all show forth the wonders of His glory and grace.

Gail Anderson
Zion, Illinois

Origins of A/G Name

Editor’s note. The letter below to Glenn Gohr, assistant archivist, was prompted by the theory that T. K. Leonard—an original executive presbyter and pastor of the Findlay, Ohio, church—began using the term “Assembly of God” as early as 1909 because he had seen it in The Worrell New Testament (1903, now published by Gospel Publishing House). Writer Dwight Snyder grew up in the Findlay church and owns a collection of materials on the early period.

The Bible I have with Rev. Leonard’s name in the back could not possibly have been his as it doesn’t show the wear and tear his would have. His was in constant use. The one I have is “International Series” published by International Bible Press, The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia.

The recollection I have of the term Assembly of God is the many sermons Rev. Leonard preached on the subject. He stated that the word “church” was a heathen term. The proper translation of the Greek word “ecclesia” was “called out Assembly.” The earliest this name was used, according to the papers that I have collected, was in 1909 when a meeting of The Assembly of God was held in Findlay. I have provided you a copy of the handbill announcing this meeting.

I will continue searching for Rev. Leonard’s Bible, and will certainly share it with you if found. We sincerely appreciate the fine work you and the staff are doing. God richly bless you.

Dwight Snyder
Findlay, Ohio

Appreciation for Latter Rain Research

Thank you [Glenn Gohr] for all of the "Latter Rain" materials that you sent my way. I will benefit greatly from it and so will the members of our Pentecostal Issues Seminar (President Anderson, about 15 North Central profs, and two Pentecostal profs from Bethel College, St. Paul). I will also see it that eventually this material is added to our library's special collection of Pentecostal material.

So far we have found our study of Latter Rain to be an interesting prism through which to consider many of the contemporary issues which face the Pentecostal movement. Certain themes which were present in the earliest days of Pentecost reemerged in Latter Rain, and some of them have reappeared today. It is a challenge to determine which aspects of Latter Rain teaching should be affirmed as
authentically Pentecostal, and which parts should be condemned. These issues are relevant not only to issues of present-day church life in the Assemblies, but also the issue of how the Assemblies of God ought to relate to the Charismatic movement, which I believe was greatly affected by Latter Rain teaching.

You know how highly I regard what you are doing at the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center. Once again I have been blessed by your hard and careful work. I appreciate it very much.

Glen Menzies, Professor
North Central University
Minneapolis, Minnesota

GPH Hymnals Donated to
Charles Wesley Heritage Centre

We gratefully acknowledge your kind gift of Assemblies of God hymnals to the Charles Wesley Heritage Centre. They are now part of the permanent Resource Library located here at Charles Wesley's House. As such, they will be made available to visiting scholars from around the world. These Pentecostal hymnals are amongst the first of many which will comprise our special collection dedicated to global Methodism. Eventually, we hope to collect a wide variety of hymnals reflecting the Wesleyan tradition, of which Pentecostalism is a most significant representative. Thank you once again for your generous contribution.

Daniel F. Flores, Director of Studies
Charles Wesley Heritage Centre
Bristol, United Kingdom

Kentucky Mountain Mission

One afternoon during the School of Missions I saw some copies of the Heritage magazine in the Headquarters building. Because I work out of the country, it was the first issue I had seen.

The article about Florence Blossom Beck (Summer 1999) caught my eye. Well, actually, the photo at the top of page 24 is what caught my eye because the woman on the left is my mother. Because Florence Blossom Beck was Mother’s friend, Mother named my oldest sister Florence. When I was born, I was named for Wilma Humphries, the woman standing in the background of the photo. (“Aunt” Wilma’s husband was James J. Humphries and was Kentucky District Superintendent in the 1940s.) [Wilma has offered photos and other materials on the Kentucky Mountain Mission from the 1940s.]

Thank you for keeping track of and letting us know about our Assemblies of God heritage.

Wilma Hoenes
Dallas, Texas

Musical quartet in the Kentucky Mountains, 1930s. L-r: Irene Chatterton Hoenes, Wilma Humphries, Elizabeth Cox, and Florence Blossom Beck.

A Tribute to Paul and Myrtle Hild

I read with deep interest the article, “There Is No Place Like Home,” by Patti Lindsay and published in the Spring issue.

We are close friends to the incomparable Hilds. They ministered numerous times in my church here in Lake Station (then East Gary). My tenures as pastor was from 1949-77. Workers and children during those crusades numbered 400 each night, give or take a few.

The Hilds are worthy of our deepest love and respect. They remain faithful to the cause for which Jesus died.

Denver L. Baker
Lake Station, Indiana

P.S. I was ordained in 1942 and have been in the Assemblies of God in Indiana since 1938.

Recognizes Value of Museum

I am writing to thank you [Wayne Warner] for the personally guide tour of the Assemblies of God Archives and Museum. I found it most impressive and clearly something of great value for the entire Assemblies of God denomination. I have already begun discussions with colleagues here at St. John’s to explore ways we might do a better job of providing a visible access to the rich history and heritage of this organization.

Thank you again for your openness and personal attention.

Paul Reinert, Executive Director
St. John’s Foundation
St. John’s Health System
Springfield, Missouri


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Stone's Mansion in Topeka, built in the 1880s, served as Bethel Bible School in 1901. (Inset) Agnes Ozman LaBerge, first confirmed person in the 20th century to speak in tongues.