



A BRIEF HISTORY OF

THE EARLY YEARS

OF THE

SABBATH REST ADVENT CHURCH

F. T. WRIGHT

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Foreword

THIS manuscript was written in 1997, the year of Fred Wright's death. It was unfinished, and ends with a description of events that took place in 1973.

Even so, it covers some important history that took place in the formation of *The Sabbath Rest Advent Church*, from the late 1950's to the early 1970's.

Since there are probably no witnesses of those times alive today, it is important for this history to be preserved, even in its incomplete state.

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Introduction

THE following history of *The Sabbath Rest Advent Church* is an attempt to honestly and accurately recall and record the history of the church. At the outset I will lay down some limitations.

One will be that while I will of necessity at times be presenting information about the actions of others, I will be endeavoring to present these records of human behavior as to protect the characters of the people concerned as much as possible.

Another will be that my approach to this task will be purely objective, for to attack the character of another, is to cast a cloud over the story which will destroy its righteous objectives.

The following account will report some very significant events, which, it would seem, could be exploited to our advantage by presenting them with such a bias that these pages will not render a strictly truthful account of what actually transpired in places far and near, between people great and small.

As far as possible, I wish to minimize this, although at the same time I must concede it is completely impossible for human beings to render a truly unbiased account of significant events. One reason for this is the fact that even the most comprehensive of human records leaves many events and words unstated, and even omits many of this class of records.

Obviously, when all the possibilities which might be considered are gathered together, an infinite number of possibilities may emerge, ranging from one extreme to the other. What hope then do we have in arriving at a correct understanding of the position and work of *The Sabbath Rest Advent Church*?

This will depend on our faithfully and honestly following where God has been leading and where He has bidden us to follow where He has gone on ahead.

The title of this book could just as well have been: *A History of Gods Leadership in the Progressive Development of the Fourth Angel's Movement*. As the Lord's pathway is the straight and narrow one, we have but to follow that one in the light streaming from that Source in order to successfully walk on the right path, the only one leading to a place in the eternal kingdom.

And so, the following constitutes a brief account of the history of the *Sabbath Rest Advent Church*, as requested by some who have but lately manifested an interest in its teaching and mission. Obviously it would require a great deal more space and time than is available here to cover the story in depth and detail. In fact several volumes would be needed.

My Childhood

I WILL select for my starting point a segment of time before I was born. In fact, it was before my Mother was born in the district of Mackay, North Queensland, Australia. It was at this time that a Seventh-day Adventist colporteur came canvassing through the district from door to door, and was given a good welcome by my mother's parents. They purchased from him a copy of *The Great Controversy*, *Bible Readings for the Home Circle*, and *Daniel and the Revelation*.

Some time later, my mother was born (about 85 years ago from today), and grew up with a great love of reading and of learning. She was an only child, who in that scattered community lived a lonely life. But life was not entirely bare of opportunities for the acquirement of book learning.

There were, for instance, those books sold to her parents and waiting only for her to reach the age where she would have the capacity to read them. Before she could even read the ponderous volumes, she was busy puzzling over the great image of *Daniel 2*, the strange beasts of *Daniel 7*, and of *Revelation*, and of the other mysterious illustrations from the Scriptures. As she learned to read, many were the hours which found her absorbed in such study. Especially did she take a very great interest in the sanctuary and its wonderful services.

She married at a fairly early age and became the mother of three boys of whom I was the eldest. By the time she married, her interest in the books had waned very much indeed. Her interest had become centered around her life as a mother and wife. Life was somewhat primitive back in those days, and labor-saving devices were yet to provide any significant relief from the arduous work required of a housewife each day. Worse still, she shared the house in which we lived with another family.

My father was a Roman Catholic. This variance in background did little if anything to lighten life's burdens, and at the end of each long day, there was no energy left for study. At that time, my mother had never heard of the Adventist Church, and the books rested on their shelves in my mother's parent's home.

It all appeared to be a seed wasted by the wayside, which though it sprang up to begin with, failed to follow up on the good beginning and appeared ready to die. But it did not die, but only awaited the day when the next step could be taken, and forward progress again be made.

It was November 15, 1925, that I was born in the Mackay District Hospital North Queensland, Australia. After a few days, I was taken to live in the little town of Mirani, about 30 kilometers due west from Mackay where I spent the first eighteen years of my life.

When I was about seven, my father died of Typhoid fever and my mother and two younger brothers were left to fend for ourselves. That was a very difficult time for us all. To survive, my mother worked at housekeeping, but found it a sad, tough life.

She saw the Second World War approaching, and realized the time would soon come when her three boys would be conscripted to fight for their country. Day after day, the prospects became more and more gloomy. Finally, she decided that we as a family had nothing more to live for, and that she would end it all for us.

This decision was reached at the height of the rainy season. There was a cyclone passing through, torrential was falling, and the river was in full flood. She did not tell any of us what her intentions were (until many years later). Soon, she reached the spot she had selected. I still have the picture in my mind. We huddled together in a tight little group on the edge of an embankment. This fell away in a vertical drop of about three meters to the water below.

The flood waters had washed away the embankment to create a dangerous situation indeed. At the base of the face, a boiling pool of unknown depth had been gouged out, and it was into this cauldron of dirty brown water my mother planned to cast all of us and thus escape this sinful world. The moment of great crisis had arrived. Another second and our lives would have been extinguished.

And then it was that she remembered the books still sitting on her mother's bookshelf busily gathering dust and mold. Right then and there she came to the conviction that before she died she had to achieve an understanding of such Bible truths as were explained in the books which had been a part of her life up to that point. Always a person to act promptly, she immediately turned her back on the boiling, dark-brown flood, and led us back to home and safety.

No sooner did she obtain the opportunity to send for the books than she did so. I remember that day too. It was clear and bright and, better than we realized, it was the first day of the rest of our lives.

My mother read and re-read those books until she became thoroughly conversant with the great Second Advent message. She understood and accepted the seventh-day as the Sabbath of the Lord, and wholly rejected Sunday as the day of worship. She kept the Sabbath as best she knew how to do.

I can still see her toiling far into Friday night, while she made sure that she did not cross the midnight boundary line which she believed separated sacred from common time. If any more work was to be done, it was not commenced no matter how urgent it might be, before midnight on Saturday night. In short, she kept Sabbath from midnight to midnight.

But how faithfully she kept it! How she guarded the sacred edges, instructing me and my brothers, from those books and the Bible. A goodly portion of each Sabbath was spent out in nature where we found considerable blessing week by week. So life

flowed on, giving little indication if any of the momentous events which awaited us in the future.

Eventually, there came another Seventh-day Adventist colporteur to our doorstep, a man named Arthur Jacobson, and he began his presentation canvass of a much more modern edition of *Bible Readings for the Home Circle*. For only a few minutes she listened as colporteur Jacobson proceeded with his presentation.

As the first pages were turned, she realized she was being taken on a familiar journey which she had been able to share with no one up until that time. There before her was the great image of *Daniel 2*, the fearful, ten-horned beast of *Daniel 7*, the ram and the he-goat, the seventy week prophecy, the 2300 days, of the message of Sabbath reform, and the second coming of Jesus, and much, much more.

She did not see all this in those few minutes, but she absolutely saw that this colporteur was talking Bible language exactly as she understood it, and that they were one in belief and therefore one in spirit. Then it was, that, before he had covered very much at all, she looked directly into his face and admonished him with these words:

“Sir, the seventh day is the Sabbath of God, and you should be keeping it.”

It was a colporteur’s dream come true—to find, in such a backwoods lot a person so thoroughly versed in the third angel’s message without ever having come in contact with Adventists at all! This is what every Adventist colporteur longs to achieve. In the language of the gold miner it is the equivalent of striking it rich.

On that fateful day, Arthur Jacobson was astonished to say the least. It took him a short while to recover himself whereafter he responded:

“But I do. I keep the Sabbath of the Lord.”

My mother, it must be remembered, had never had any contact with any people of the Adventist movement. To the best of her knowledge, she was the only person alive who understood and lived these teachings. She thought that the books which had brought her these understandings, were the beliefs of one man who had long since passed to his rest and that she was the only person in the world who believed them. Nonetheless, she had pledged her undying loyalty to every truth enunciated therein though she was, as she thought, the only faithful one left.

On learning of their common interest in the truth for this time, she invited him in after which he answered many questions which needed clarification. One such question concerned the observance of the Sabbath from sunset to sunset, instead of from midnight to midnight. The moment she was shown this point, she instantly accepted it along with many other points in the message.

The reason for Arthur Jacobson's presence in her area was because he had been appointed to be a member of an evangelistic mission team whose task was to win members to the great Second Advent movement. The strategy employed was to visit as many homes in the district as was possible, followed by a series of meetings conducted in a large tent erected on a vacant lot. Alternatively, a public hall might be rented if the audience promised to be large enough.

One man, the evangelist, would present all the lectures. He would strive to make the message as interesting, and urgent as possible, while sounding forth the warning of the soon-coming judgment and the sure and certain ending of the world. The evangelist appointed to conduct the particular campaign during which my mother was introduced to the advent people was Pastor Tom Kent. He and his family were stationed in Mackay for a period of time following the mission, to further confirm the members in the faith. He had two sons and a daughter. They were from the eldest down, Melvyn, Raymond, and Rhoda.

Now a whole new world opened up to us. We found ourselves members of a great, worldwide family. Every man was our brother and every woman was our sister with whom so many of us were all going to heaven together.

For our part, we were quickly invited to move into a small spare house of a certain German farmer who had been an Adventist for some time. It simply meant shifting to Finch Hatton a few kilometers further west up the same valley in which we already resided. It also meant changing schools.

Camp-meetings were considered to be essential for our social, spiritual, and general good, so the believers looked forward to them with great intensity. My mother certainly would not miss one.

Youth and Marriage

I AM told that I was a wild young lad possessed of boundless energies, tough, and shoe-less until I was eighteen. I used to roam the rugged mountain ranges, bringing home the cattle, riding the horses barebacked, and generally being the worry of my poor mother's life.

Were I to take the time and invest the effort at this stage of these records from the past, I could paint quite a picture and tell many stories of high adventure, but, there is a different approach which I wish to tell at this time.

As my boyhood passed into oblivion, and I became a young man, I entered into that period where youth, aglow with surging rebellion, are ready to go forth and challenge the world. Confident of their abilities, and sure of themselves, they plunge into places where angels dare not tread. Few escape the deadly snare. That I did is no credit to me but to two very spiritual and dedicated people.

The first of these was my Mother. I can only say with the deepest conviction that she literally prayed me through the deadly danger zone of adolescence. So powerful were her pleadings with God above, that I could literally feel their restraint being exercised upon me. Now there was a quietening of my wild spirits and the beginnings of a great new day.

I doubt whether any of my contemporaries sensed it but to me it was very real. I am also deeply convinced that she gained that power through those long hours spent studying those books, and in beseeching God to fill her life with His life. With the silence of a growing plant, or of a little baby, being nourished with the best of food, so God's power accumulated in her, and was transmitted through her to me. Then when she prayed for me, her prayers were effective in building a barrier against evil, and in directing my life in the pathway in which I had to go.

Thus to merely say a prayer for a person is not enough. Instead, there must be a background of importunate communing with the Lord until Christ's life has become a very spiritual presence within the life of the one seeking to absorb God's power into himself.

To enter into such an experience is uncommon even among mature Christians, as is evidenced by the failure of Christ's disciples to cast out the demon from within the boy at the foot of the Mount of Transfiguration:

The Desire of Ages, p. 430, 431:

The nine disciples were yet pondering upon the bitter fact of their own failure; and when Jesus was once more alone with them, they questioned, "Why could not we cast him out?" Jesus answered them,

Matthew 17

²⁰ Because of your unbelief: for verily I say unto you, If you have faith as a grain of mustard seed, you shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you.

²¹ Howbeit this kind goes not out but by prayer and fasting.

Their unbelief, that shut them out from deeper sympathy with Christ, and the carelessness with which they regarded the sacred work committed to them, had caused their failure in the conflict with the powers of darkness.

My mother was not consciously seeking for power as such. Instead, she had been hungering and thirsting for eternal righteousness and she was being abundantly satisfied.

The other person in particular who greatly influenced me for the good, was the son of the German farmer for whom I worked. The farmer's name was Alec Zahmel, and his son was named Earnest, though we all called him Ernie for short.

I did not feel that he prayed me through the adolescence years as my mother did, but he provided me with a companionship through my giving four years of my life in service to him. You see, he was totally blind but nevertheless was able to do a great

deal of the work around the farm, such as milking the cows, feeding the horses, gathering the eggs, servicing the farm machinery, and many other activities.

My duties involved working with him, filling in the gaps where one had to be able to see, such as reading letters and dictating replies. He was a committed believer in the advent message, so it was that it fell to my lot to read the Sabbath School Lesson each evening in preparation for the coming Sabbath exercises.

He never went anywhere except I went with him and it was I who was his constant companion. At times we journeyed far from home, the longest journey being South through Brisbane to Toowoomba. He generated in me an appreciation for good music, but more importantly, he greatly strengthened the spiritual influences established in me by my mother. For four years we constantly lived and worked together each one of us shaping and strengthening the character of the other.

In 1943, at the age of 18, I was baptized into the Seventh-day Adventist Church by Pastor Barrett in the crystal clear waters of Cattle Creek. It was a most beautiful setting which left an indelible impression on my mind.

At the end of 1943, while the Second World War was still raging, I left my home forever, and journeyed south to enroll in what was then *The Australasian Missionary College*, and later became known as *Avondale College*. It was located about 100 kilometers north from Sydney, the largest city in Australia.

There, I commenced study of the ministerial course with the objective of devoting my life to the gospel ministry. The recruiting officer whose duty it was to gather in every available, potential soldier, visited the college for that purpose. However, though I was subjected to a physical test which I easily passed, I heard from him no more. I was not called up for military service nor was I ever told why. Neither was I required to lodge a protest of conscientious objection against going to war. The whole matter

was lost track of somewhere along the line for which I am entirely grateful.

After the war was over, yet another colporteur entered my life. This was Keith deVille, the man whose task it was to organize a team of book evangelists to sell Seventh-day Adventist publications throughout North Queensland. While he himself seemed to have reasonable success, I certainly returned very poor figures. Soon I found myself running up a debt, a factor which led me to give up the colporteur ministry forever. It also forced me to abandon my studies at the college, though with the intention of returning to them at the first opportunity.

That day has never come, for I found myself being maneuvered in different and unplanned directions. The most attractive was to join a Sydney-based Construction Investment Company which was operating under the management of Lindsay George Petherbridge. I was offered the position of student manager. It was as attractive a position as life could have offered me. I actually spent the best part of a year getting a taste for money power which, it was hoped, would cause me to turn my back on a life of dedicated service to God.

It was about this time that I married Margaret Ellen Engelbrecht, the eldest of three daughters of a returned Seventh-day Adventist missionary to the South Sea Islands of New Hebrides, Papua and New Guinea. The wedding took place on November 28, 1949 in the Townsville Seventh-day Adventist Church. Altogether we had four children in the family. All of them are now married and have families of their own.

Instead of going back to the College as a student, I took up building construction and worked for the college for a year. In the meantime, the position of Woodwork and Building Construction Teacher at the *New Zealand Missionary College* had become vacant and I was offered the position which I accepted. About six months later, we departed by ship from Sydney, and after a fairly good crossing, arrived in Wellington Harbour, New Zealand some

days later. That was January 1953. Life would never be the same again. A new day was about to dawn.

We understand that God called the Advent people to carry the last warning message to a perishing world, and that this work should have been completed shortly after 1844. Unfortunately, the Advent people sank into the Laodicean condition, and this unfitted them for their divinely appointed mission.

In 1888, God attempted to revive in His people the capacity to receive the latter rain and finish the work. Elders Waggoner and Jones were divinely appointed to proclaim the third angel's message in verity at the General Conference in Minneapolis, Minnesota, between 1888 and 1893. But that wonderful offer was refused, and so the coming of Christ was again delayed.

So effectively was the light shut away from the people, that almost no records of it were to be found among Adventists until around 1950 when two men, Elders Wieland and Short, in deepest concern for the future of God's work, called upon the brethren of the General Conference to re-institute a detailed study of the message God offered His people at Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The church leaders showed an interest in this proposition and directed that Wieland and Short present the proposal in writing. Accordingly, in a surprisingly short time, they produced a document entitled *1888 Re-examined*. The response to this was decidedly negative in character, the leaders rejecting the appeal contained therein to publish abroad the messages given by God to the church through Elders Waggoner and Jones. They also requested that the manuscript of *1888 Re-examined* would not be distributed.

While all this was going on in Washington D. C., events were taking place in Australia at *Avondale College*, Cooranbong, New South Wales, where a strong interest in the writings of Waggoner and Jones had developed among the ministerial students. Their books were being eagerly sought for and read.

Apparently the writings of Elders Waggoner and Jones had been deleted from the shelves of the college library decades before. There came the day eventually when the librarian assigned to his student helpers the task of cleaning up the library storage room. They were instructed to sort their findings into books which were of no more value and those whose days of usefulness had passed.

So they set to work and very soon their piles of valueless books grew along with those they judged as having some worth. In the course of these proceedings, they came across some books by Waggoner and Jones, and began to read here and there to determine into which category they should be sorted. However, the more they read, the more their interest was captivated until they decided that they had to have copies of their own.

So instead of assigning those books to the rubbish collection, they took them to their rooms and began the laborious work of typing them on old mechanical typewriters and reproducing them on stencil duplicators. That was hard, messy work, the end result of which was a poor quality reproduction. Some of the words were almost unreadable. No one complained however. The message was getting out and that was what mattered!

While at first the church seemed caught by surprise, on becoming aware of what was going on, it soon rose up to denounce and oppose the new movement.

Conversion

FROM Australia, the living message spread to New Zealand where I was introduced to it. The apostle John states,

1 John 1

³ That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that you also may have fellowship with us.

Those who can help their fellow men the best are those who can witness from their own personal experience. They can tell what they know, not a mere theory of what could be.

Accordingly, I wish to tell how this worked in my life as an assurance to others that this is a tried and proven path to success. There are many others around the world who have since heard the same presentation and they can tell the same success stories for this message.

Back in 1953, I joined the staff of a missionary college as a teacher. In the following year I was elected a church elder. I loved the church, and I became actively absorbed in its activities. I understood and loved the doctrines and preached the message with earnestness and enthusiasm. I believed that I was as sure of salvation as anyone could be and rested day by day in the hope of eternal life.

I enjoyed a good reputation and lived a “good” life, but inwardly I had problems over which I could not gain the victory. I was a teacher of woodwork and it seemed that boys who could not do well in the theoretical subjects were assigned to this class. Some of these boys developed a strong resistance to learning until the classroom became the scene of daily battles between my efforts to teach them and their efforts to resist learning.

I found my patience tried beyond its limits so that my fury was generated against them. There were times when I could cheerfully have banged their heads against the wall. But there was a con-

straining influence which kept me from doing that. I had a good reputation to preserve. I did not want the censure of the principal or the board, so I suppressed my rage and kept it under so that it hardly showed on the outside.

If you take a steam boiler and light a vigorous fire beneath it, with the outlets all sealed off, it is true that it will hold for a time. But the pressure will mount and mount. Should the fire be put out for a time the pressure will drop without there being the outburst of an explosion, but as the fire is again heated and maintained the time will come when the boiler will blow. The longer it holds against the mounting pressure, the greater the explosion in the end.

So it was with me. As the pressure of temptation upon me during the week heated my anger day by day, I shut off all the outlets so that the wrath within could not escape. But it was there, nonetheless, so that the time had to come when it would explode. The longer I held out, the worse was the outburst when it finally came. Usually it came during the weekend when I was home. Then my undeserving wife and children were the recipients of the wrath that others had generated.

When all the harsh words had been spoken, and all the pent-up pressure spent, I would then feel guilty and remorseful. I would go to the Lord and beg His forgiveness and promise ever so earnestly that I would never do it again. With firm, courageous determination I would return to the classroom, to find the whole procedure repeated. Again, the attitude of the boys would stir my wrath. Again, I would close off all the outlets. Again, there would be the build-up and the explosion. Again, there would be the repentance and the plea for forgiveness. Then again there would be another failure.

I was trying and failing, sinning and repenting, sinning and repenting over and over again. It was a *Romans 7* experience without a doubt. I could not understand myself and the book of *Romans* seemed the hardest book in the Bible to understand. I

searched for the answers. I listened to other preachers to see what they could say about the matter, but everywhere it was apparent that even the most leading men in the church were experiencing the same frustration as I myself was.

So I settled down to a protective philosophy which rationalized my experience into an experience of the saved. I reasoned that I was earnest and sincere, that I was doing the very best I could and that in the great judgment day the Savior would say,

“This man did his best even though he did live a sinful life upon the earth. So we will forgive him and will give him a place in the kingdom.”

Then came the day when I met a young man who was really filled with the glow of a new experience in deliverance. There was nothing he desired to speak of more than this. At first his conversation with me seemed like a foreign language for he was talking of an experience and of a life of which I knew nothing. Quite suddenly, he addressed me in a most direct manner.

“Do you know what it means to have the victory over every known sin, every day?”

I laughed back at that, and said to him incredulously,

“Why I have sought for ten solid years for that kind of experience. There is no one who has prayed more earnestly or tried harder than I have to obtain it. I have yet to meet another person who has it. Look, I try my best every day. At the end of the day I plead forgiveness for my sins. I believe that God pardons me, and in the resurrection day God will accept my best as the best possible from me, and I believe I will be saved.”

I shall never forget his response. It was not in word but in look. The expression on his face clearly said,

“Brother you need help, and you need it badly and quickly!”

That unspoken message made a profound impression on me so that when he asked if he could come and give me a Bible study on the subject I was quick to arrange it.

I suppose that I have never been given a stranger study than that one. He would read to me a Scripture text. Then he would make an effort to comment on it and give an explanation of it, but he seemed to be lost for words and would then turn to the next text to save himself. Thus the study progressed so that it amounted to nothing more than the reading of one Bible text after another. I faithfully copied them all down on a piece of paper.

At the end I advanced the arguments of unbelief and then I watched him leave. I am sure that he went as a discouraged man fully persuaded that I was a poor subject upon whom to work with his message of deliverance.

Several days went by during which the power of those Scriptures worked on my mind. There was nothing definite or well-defined. It reminded me of the blind man who began to see. And he looked up, and said,

Mark 8

²⁴ I see men as trees, walking.

Four days passed. It was a Wednesday afternoon. I came home for a short while during a work break and sat down with the list of Scriptures. One by one I began to read them again:

Romans 6

¹⁴ Sin shall not have dominion over you...

1 Corinthians 15

⁵⁷ But thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Jude 1

²⁴ Now unto Him who is able to keep you from falling...

As I read each text I did so very thoughtfully and slowly, letting the meaning sink into my mind. I now know that the Holy Spirit

was there to illuminate the Word of Truth. So I progressed down one-third of the texts on the list when there suddenly came over me a tremendous conviction.

Up until that point I had believed that I could not live without sin. Suddenly the fearful implications of this belief came home to my mind with striking force. I saw that if I believed that I would sin every day, then this was to believe that Satan was stronger than Christ, and that sin was stronger than righteousness.

The moment I understood this fact, I saw that my life had not been a witness to the power of God but to the power of Satan. What made that witness so much the more telling for Satan was the fact that I held the position and maintained the profession I did.

Now the Spirit of God was really able to work. Suddenly, I saw all in which I had ever trusted as an evidence that I was a child of God, swept away from me—my knowledge, my zeal, my position, my love for the truth as I had understood it. All this now meant nothing so far as assurance was concerned. I saw myself as God saw me—hopeless, lost, eternally condemned.

There rolled over me the blackness of a terrible despair, the darkness of the awful realization that I would not come up in the resurrection of the just. I have never known a blacker or more terrible moment in my whole life and can understand just how the wicked will feel when they stand around the city of God and know that they are eternally lost.

Somehow, and I do not know how, the Lord gave me the naked honesty to admit that this was all too true. I did not back off and argue that I was a church elder, a college teacher, a man well versed in the Scriptures, a preacher, a man of good reputation and of earnest sacrificing zeal for the cause of truth.

I thank the Lord for this, and plead with each reader that when your awful moment of truth comes, that you face it and accept it as it is, for, if you stifle the convictions which the Holy Spirit has

brought to you, you will close the door against any further work of grace being done for you. That would be eternally disastrous.

The Lord never wounds but to heal. In that self-same moment that I saw myself as the hopelessly-lost sinner and accepted the truth of it, the Lord opened before my eyes the promises as I had never seen them before. They were as if they had been written for me personally. Living faith sprang up in my heart as I possessed the power in the living Word. I dropped by the chair and prayed the new prayer for the first time in my life:

“Lord, I see now that the trouble is not what I have done, but it is what I am. This evil life in me is the source of the problem. Like a disease, it is the master of my body so that I cannot do the things which I want to do and know I should do. Here is this old life; take it away and give me your new life in place of the old. Lord, I thank You for it in Jesus saving name, Amen.”

I arose from my knees. Throughout my entire being was a consciousness that I had been born again. It was not a feeling. I did not feel any different. It was a conviction. It was the witness of faith based upon the word of God.

It was the same consciousness which led the nobleman to take a very leisurely return trip home, for he knew his son was healed. There was no need to hurry home to see if it was so. He knew it already. So I knew it, too. Seeing the effects would come later, as it did for the nobleman.

A New Day

IN THOSE days we owned a temperamental Model A Ford. My wife drove it to the city quite often, but she did not always make it back again. There would be times when I would get a phone call from her to the effect that she was in trouble. To leave my work and help her was most inconvenient at times, and before the days of my deliverance, I would get very annoyed about it. In angry and impatient words I would tell her so, too.

Through all of these problems, our marriage was headed for destruction. I would feel very badly about my behavior after it was all over and I would confess it and determine that it would not happen again.

I recall the day when the call came again and I reminded myself that I had determined to behave patiently and sweetly. All went well for a few minutes. Then the wrench slipped. I skinned my knuckles. A blast of pain surged through skin and bone. Anger rose, and a sad feeling of “What’s the use?” came over me. I drove home, silent and defeated and unable to understand myself.

When the day of deliverance came, I did not feel any differently inside myself. There were no particular pressures upon me at that moment. The boiler fire was out, it being vacation time and I just lived happily from day to day.

Then there came a Friday afternoon when once again my wife had taken the car out and there came the call of distress from the township some four kilometers distant. Without giving a second thought as to how I should behave, I got to her as quickly as possible, worked on the car, and when unable to start it, sent her home ahead with a neighbor who happened by. I finally had to have the car towed back. Then I went home to supper. After that we attended an evening service in the chapel, and then came home to rest for the night.

I was almost asleep. My wife had been lying very quietly beside me as if in thought. I paid little attention to it until suddenly she said to me,

“What has happened to you?”

I did not have the least notion as to what she was referring and asked for an explanation. In reply, she said,

“Something has happened to you and I want to know what it is.”

Again I told her that I did not know what she was talking about and requested an explanation. She replied,

“This afternoon I waited at the car, all braced for the usual angry accusations when you arrived. But instead, you simply did what you could and then sent me home to complete our Sabbath preparations without making any furious expressions of being inconvenienced by the way.

“So I told myself that when you got home I would catch it then. But when you arrived, you still said nothing.

“So I thought, when supper is over then it will come! But again you went on your peaceful, undisturbed way.

“I finally concluded that you had it well bottled up this time, but surely when you came home wearily at the end of the meeting and we got to bed, then at last it would come. But it has not, even now.

“Something has happened to you and I want to know what it is.”

It was then that the visible evidence was before me of the great change which had taken place within. I suddenly realized that during the whole performance I had acted out the person I now was, just as previously I had acted out the person I then had been. Whereas before that, my natural reaction was one of impatience and anger, now it was one of peace and patience. The wonder of it all so overwhelmed me that I found myself unable to answer, while in my heart there arose the testimony of my soul,

Psalm 118

²³ This is the Lord's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes.

Dear Reader, when you come to that place where you know within yourself this marvelous inner transformation and see the outworking of it in an altogether new and different reaction to the pressures of life, then you will know and understand how I felt at that moment. It was wonderful and blessed, to say the very least indeed.

Many years have passed since then. I am glad they have, for those have been years in which the power of this truth has been tested in the battlegrounds of life. I regret that I cannot testify that I never sinned in that time, but I can rejoice to witness to the precious fact that the message still works exactly as it did back there. When I have sinned it has always been my fault. I have lacked faith, have been careless in maintaining my connection with the power of God, or such like. It has never been the fault of the truth of God.

But life has been so different since those days of defeat. Then, it was a continual repeating of the same struggles against the same sins without ever getting out of the circle of sinning and confessing over the same problem year after year. Now those things have been left behind while the work of victory has moved into new areas as more and more light comes through. The book of *Romans* is no longer a mystery. It is a delight to read now, for I can understand what Paul is saying.

Separation

ABOUT the same time, further developments were taking place in the SDA church organization. The church leaders were approached by leading evangelicals, Walter R. Martin and Donald Barnhouse, who planned to write a book entitled *The Truth About Seventh-day Adventists*. This was to be one of a series of exposures of what they considered to be non-Christian churches, such as Jehovah's Witnesses and Mormons.

Though they approached the task deeply prejudiced against Adventism, they wished to make certain that there was no misrepresentation on their part, so they invited the Adventist leaders to answer a series of questions on basic Adventism, such as our interpretation of the prophecies of the third angel's message, the 2300 years, the law, and the gospel, and so on. These questions and the answers given to them by the Adventist leaders are published in the book, *Questions on Doctrine*.

The timing of this visit by the evangelicals (whom true Adventists recognize as spiritual Babylon), was significant. No sooner had the Advent leaders rejected the appeal by Wieland and Short, to proclaim the third angel's message in verity which had previously presented to the Adventist people in 1888, than the Evangelical Protestants appeared on their doorstep.

As must be expected, having cast away the third angel's message in verity, which is the true advent message, they could not defend that message as a living truth and experience. The result of the meetings was that the Adventists compromised their position very decidedly. In turn, the Evangelical Protestant leaders announced that they no longer considered Adventists as being a cult, but that they were instead to be accepted as true Christians.

A final day of apostasy had begun for Adventism, but which had dawned for the average Adventist so unobtrusively, that he had no idea of what was transpiring. Those of us who had gained

a personal, living experience in true Adventism were able to detect the spreading presence of the new teachings which we knew to be Babylonian teachings through and through. What else could we believe them to be when those Evangelical Christians...

- rejected the Sabbath and replaced it with Sunday-keeping;
- denied that Christ came in the same flesh and blood as the fallen children of Adam;
- made it clear that, in their view, the law of God could not be obeyed to perfection;
- found no place for the investigative judgment being in progress in the second apartment of the heavenly sanctuary since 1844;
- preached the natural immortality of the soul;

–and when the messenger of God declared:

Evangelism, p. 365:

The fallen denominational churches are Babylon. Babylon has been fostering poisonous doctrines, the wine of error. This wine of error is made up of false doctrines, such as the natural immortality of the soul, the eternal torment of the wicked, the denial of the pre-existence of Christ prior to His birth in Bethlehem, and advocating and exalting the first day of the week above God's holy, sanctified day. These and kindred errors are presented to the world by the various churches.

While the church leaders in Washington D.C. were compromising the third angel's message, at the same time they were spreading their influence in Australia and New Zealand through the church leaders down there. A battle soon took place in which I, and others loyal to the third angel's message in verity, defended these great truths against those who were determined to establish the new-look Adventism.

Those were fascinating times. I had no intention of getting involved in the mounting controversy, nor even of telling others of my new experience. But there were those who, in their longing for deliverance, sensed that I had found what they needed, and,

accordingly, came to me with questions, which I dared not refuse to answer. I soon became known as the one who believed in “living righteously,” while the church leaders declared that perfection was impossible.

At this time, which was around 1958, I was still teaching manual arts subjects at the *New Zealand Missionary College*.

In Australia, two brothers, Robert and John Brinsmead were involved in a very active campaign calling the people to accept the messages of Waggoner and Jones. Feelings became intense, and the church disfellowshipped a number of people, myself included. The church became divided over the issues involved.

Called to the Work

AT THE end of 1960, I resigned my position as manual teacher at the College and went to live and work on a cattle and sheep farm, owned by Phil Maurice. I chose this arrangement because it afforded me the time to travel and preach the message without being under the control of the church, which was so implacably opposed to present truth.

It was about this time that Bob Brinsmead sent me a carefully worded letter in which he invited me to proclaim the message on a full-time basis. He declared that I had proved my calling and should give my time and influence to the spreading of it.

My reply to him was kind and respectful, but it was nonetheless firm. I would not even consider his offer. To this day I am grateful to God that He directed me to reply as I did. I say this because it is absolutely imperative that anyone called to proclaim God's message to the world must know that he is called directly by God. He must be truly called by God and not just by man.

Later, while engaged in sharing the message that I had received, God did directly call me to full time ministry. It came about as follows:

As we progressed through 1961, the interest in the message grew considerably, and I found that the demands on my time were reaching the limit. I had a problem, and naturally sought a solution from the Lord.

One day, in September 1961, I was completely alone, high in the mountains checking over the sheep. It was a beautiful day, but my mind was preoccupied only with the problem of how to handle the mounting workload involved in the meeting of the calls constantly coming in to explain the saving truth. I thought of several solutions, none of which contained any idea of my going forward

full-time preaching the message. Mostly, I hoped that others would rise up to preach the truth with me.

Then, in that lonely spot, where I was far away from anyone who could have been heard by me, I heard a voice saying as clearly as it could be said:

“You are to preach the message full time.”

I replied,

“But that is impossible.”

The Voice questioned,

“What do you mean, that is impossible?”

I had made certain commitments to my employer from which I could be released only when a replacement could be found who would meet certain very difficult conditions. The man I worked for was not easily satisfied. He would not employ just anyone. Several “impossible” conditions formed in my mind as follows:

1. He must be young and single because of the lack of available accommodation for a family;
2. He had to be a believer in the message;
3. He had to be experienced in caring for sheep and cattle;
4. He had to be willing to come;
5. And the farmer would have to be willing to accept him.

The first four conditions, I felt, could be met, but I saw no hope of the farmer cooperating, even though he had an interest in the message.

On my presentation of these objections, the Voice instructed me to write a letter to a certain person in Australia, and thus ended the conversation.

That night, after telling no one about the conversation on the mountain top, I sat down at my typewriter to obey the instructions given to me. As I did so, a very clear picture of what the fu-

ture held for me rose before my mind. I saw myself persecuted, misjudged, robbed, misrepresented, falsely accused, and so forth, and decided that was not the life for me.

I started to rise from my position before the typewriter, when another picture presented itself. This time I viewed the fate of Hazen Foss and William Foy. Each of them, after being commissioned to sound the message God gave them, because of various difficulties refused to deliver the special truths they had been shown. In doing so, each in turn, lost their eternal life *and knew that they had*.¹

Realizing that I too would die eternally should I refuse to sound the message full time, I decided that was not the fate for me either! I sat back down and decided to write the letter as instructed.

About two weeks later a reply came from a young man who, without being aware of it, filled every specification with an exactitude which really impressed me at the time, *and still does*. I was most reluctant however to accept this responsibility and viewed with alarm, that each of my specifications was being met, one by one. But I was still confident that the farmer would not even consider the plan.

However, I had to tell him, which I did. He listened in silence without the slightest indication of approval or disapproval until I had finished my proposal to hand over my position to the young

¹ Editor's note: recent research on William Foy indicates that he did not pass away shortly after 1844, and did not give any testimony about having lost God's favor. He was present in a meeting where Ellen White presented some of her first visions, after the disappointment in 1844, and enthusiastically identified them as the same he had received. After the disappointment, he also published a booklet containing the visions he had received. Although he had stopped ministering for a few months earlier in 1844, in order to work and support his family, he did continue the work he was given afterwards, up until October 22. Although we have no record of what connection he may have had with Adventists after that time, he continued his work as an ordained minister (to Baptist and Methodist congregations) until the time of his death in 1893. Fred based his knowledge of Foy on Loughborough's history, *The Great Second Advent Movement*, which was the only research available in his time, although Loughborough's history incorporates some mistakes.

man who was willing to come. Then, in the same unemotional fashion, he said:

“This is an answer to prayer. For some time I have been praying for the Lord to release you for full-time ministry. Have him come at once.”

I was shocked, for this was the last thing I expected from him. I felt too that the Lord had left me no room for argument, and that I had no choice but to obey. So, I went aside to my quiet place for prayer, where I personally accepted my appointment in words like these:

My Dear Heavenly Father,

You have made it very clear that You have called me to proclaim the fourth angel’s message. I understand that my responsibilities are to go only where and to whom You shall send me, and to teach only that which You give me to teach. The work being yours, You must finance and plan it. I will therefore make no money appeal of any kind, nor make plans of my own for the prosecution of the work. In that day when the finances dry up, I will consider that my work has ended.

That was back in 1961. Since then 32 years have passed, during which time I have faithfully maintained my side of that covenant even as God has kept His.

Having made the contract to work together in that way, I found the calls to preach the message coming in at a frequency which kept me traveling throughout the North Island of New Zealand. This went on until about the following March, in 1962. Then things began happening rapidly.

First, I was in constant contact with the believers in Australia, through Ray Martin who was the full-time worker for Bob and John Brinsmead. At that time they were campaigning throughout the United States where they were drawing fairly large crowds of people from the SDA Church. Through letters received from

them, we were able to keep pace with what was going on over there

Their sponsor was Al Hudson, of Baker, Oregon, who maintained a small printshop in that town by which he earned his living. He produced a number of publications supporting the “Awakening,” as it came to be called. He appealed to the General Conference to fully investigate and support the movement. His was a powerful presentation, though it, along with the Brinsmead position, was flawed with certain errors. We found that we could justifiably join with them on the following common beliefs:

1. It was time to call all believers to gather at the door to the Most Holy Place, for deep searching of heart, and the putting away of all sin and sinning;
2. The loud cry will be the ministry of the fourth angel;
3. Christ came to this earth in the same fallen, mortal, sinful, flesh and blood as His brethren.
4. They believed in all the fundamentals of Adventism, or at least, we assumed they did.

We were all so caught up in the inspiration of the hour, that we were quite confident that all was well at home base. That feeling of security was to prove to be without a sure foundation in the sad cases of many.

For a time we worked with the Brinsmead brothers, but later in 1962, we split from them due to their clinging to errors which had developed among them, such as:

- Their theory that the judgment of the living takes place before the latter rain can fall, and
- Their rejection of the message of deliverance from all sin.

They had come to teach that *Romans 7* described the experience of a converted man, and more and more advocated a return to membership in the SDA church where the same theory was taught.

But in the meantime, we were vigorously promoting the message called *From Bondage to Freedom* up and down the length and breadth of the North Island of New Zealand with special emphasis on successfully leading the listener into a very definite personal experience of deliverance from bondage.

A great deal of hard work had gone into establishing the believers into a united movement, so far as the New Zealand group was concerned, with the expectation of our working in that country well into the remaining years of our lives.

However, Ray Martin had different ideas. Australia was a much bigger country with a much greater concentration of followers, and he felt that we should return to Australia and work the two countries from the one. Accordingly when he sent a news tape of the developments in the United States, he included an argument to this effect.

I, however, did not feel much interest in this. I was busy and happy where I was and saw no point in multiplying workers in Australia. These thoughts I mentioned in a disinterested manner in my reply to him.

A second letter from him brought the same response from me. I felt that the matter was closed and plunged into the work with greater zeal than ever. I had no intention of going back to Australia while there was more than enough to do in New Zealand.

As usual, I passed the letter on to Phil Maurice to read. In doing so, I had no special design in view, for I was but repeating what I had always done. It was but one more news letter for his blessing and inspiration.

When the next morning came, I was working alone in our garden, and Phil Maurice came down and joined me. Unsmiling he said that he had listened to the news tape and that it was his definite conviction that we should return to Australia. He said that he thought that we should both go inside to where my wife, Mar-

garet, was working on her house-keeping, and pray about the matter.

I could not argue against that so inside we went and announced to her what Phil Maurice was proposing. I shall never forget the look of shock which came over her face when she heard what he said. Neither Margaret nor I could take the matter seriously once we had recovered from our initial shock.

However, the matter would not die, and so a few days later we were in the office of the shipping company inquiring about the availability of berths from Wellington to Brisbane. We found that there were just enough left for our family.

We walked out into the park and pleaded for divine guidance. We decided that if those berths were still there when next we came to Palmerston North, we would book them. Sure enough, they were waiting.

Quite suddenly, everybody and everything was falling into place. The solemn conviction fixed upon us that God was in command and that it was He whose will was being fulfilled in our being brought back to Australia at this time.

The Early Years

UPON our arrival there, we took up residence in North New South Wales, near the town, Murwillumbah. The news that we were coming back was spread from Victoria in the south, to Queensland in the north. People congregated from this area to give us a welcome and to hear what I had to say. To these ends, about seventy members of the “Awakening” assembled at the home place of Bob Brinsmead’s parents on a Sabbath afternoon in March or April 1962. The interest was keen, and much was expected of me and I had much to give.

I knew that the Australian believers were not conversant with the deliverance message as we were in the New Zealand field. I knew this because of the absence of what they should have been saying in their letters to me. They dwelt mainly on doctrinal issues such as the theory that the cleansing of the sanctuary is the erasure of the memory.

I saw that what they needed was the cleansing of their souls from the spirit of rebellion and that this cleansing was prerequisite to the cleansing of the heavenly sanctuary. I knew that in Bob Brinsmead’s own book, *God’s Eternal Purpose*, the deliverance message was spelled out as clearly as any presentation I had ever made.

I naturally began with a study on the problem of bondage to the sin master and the divine promise to eradicate it there and then. I pointed out that the man of *Romans 7* was unsaved. He had merely passed from being a willing sinner to being an unwilling sinner, but he was a sinner still. He had not passed from death unto life.

I never finished the presentation, for the principles laid down that afternoon were as totally unacceptable to those who professed to be of the “Awakening” as ever they could be. A storm of questions and objections terminated my presentation before I was

halfway through with it. I countered by quoting from Bob Brinsmead's book, *Gods Eternal Purpose*, in which is to be found the exact same message, supported by the same evidences from the same Scriptures, argued in the same way.

Thus protected in this entirely unexpected way, my position could not be refuted. The meeting broke up with the problem unresolved. There was no suggestion of parting over this issue but it was clear that relations were being strained to a considerable degree.

There was one man present, whom I must not forget to mention, who rejoiced in what I believed and taught. His name was Gordon Redacliff. His wife Ida was equally happy with the truth. They remained totally loyal to the message until they each died in turn many years later. Many were the occasions of lovely fellowship which we have enjoyed together in the meantime.

At the time when I returned to Australia, there were two concentrations of believers there. One was in Brisbane under the leadership of Hope Taylor and her husband Lionel. She was the sister in the Brinsmead family and exerted a powerful influence in the movement.

The other group was in the Murwillumbah District and was led by Brother Bill Race. He was quite a good student of the Scriptures and was by no means limited to the Brinsmead positions.

As a family we had settled in a small house in a tiny town, called Tumbulgum, just south of Murwillumbah. This meant that we naturally attended the group meetings in our own area from Sabbath to Sabbath and during the week for prayer-meetings. I was usually away from home most of the time giving studies at locations near and far.

Occasionally, or if there was a special cause, we all combined, though it meant a considerable journey for some.

All that was to change quite dramatically, after which the “Awakening” was never to be the same again. It all happened as follows:

As already mentioned, Brother Bill Race of Murwillumbah was an excellent student. He saw in particular, that type must meet antitype and in this area he did a considerable amount of study. He saw that the first, second, and third angels’ messages had to be repeated, both in the message to be given and the resulting effect upon the people.

Thus the first angel, who brings the everlasting gospel, therefore comes with the unlimited power of God. His message is the power of God unto salvation from sin. Once that message reaches the heart of an individual, that person will never be the same again, for the gospel either softens or it hardens.

Rightly received, it separates the soul from sin and from the fellowship of sinners who remain in the camp of the enemy. So it was that the second angel inevitably followed the first.

In turn, the third angel followed the first and the second by showing the world the full development of their rejection of the gospel.

No true awakening could ever be generated without the everlasting gospel being present in resurrection power to put life where there had been only death.

As we studied these principles in the Murwillumbah group, our hearts and spirits warmed within us, and we knew we were moving in the right direction. We were able to match the present-day developments with their divine prophetic predictions.

We concluded that Bob Brinsmead, in his powerful appeals to the Adventist world to repent and be converted so that they could be fit to face the judgment in peace, was preaching the first angels’ message. His message, and the message of deliverance from the bondage to sin, were complementary to each other.

That being so, we could be sure that the second angel would follow the first. Therefore we could be certain that another message would follow the first even though it was not visible as yet.

We of the Murwillumbah group had no difficulty in understanding these great truths and began to pray for their appearance. We did not commence an agitation with the purpose of convincing all the believers everywhere that here was great new light, with the urge for them all to accept it. As a matter of fact, the Murwillumbah group did not enjoy the closest fellowship with the Brisbane group. There was an unfortunate degree of rivalry which tended to produce a separation, but for the wrong reasons.

A few weeks passed by without any great change taking place in the relationships among the various believers. Then it was that a certain believer in the “Awakening” message, who lived in Sydney, Reg Bladwell by name, decided to drive north to pay us a visit. When he arrived, he found me at home that day and not just anywhere up and down the coast.

We enjoyed a good fellowship together in which I told him what was happening in the United States, and also that which was happening in New Zealand, and in the local territory. Seeing neither harm nor danger in doing so, I explained to him our thoughts in regard to a succession of messengers of which the Brinsmeads were one of several. They had been the initiators, but there would be at least another messenger or more to carry the truth from one stage to the next.

I do not think that Reg Bladwell truly understood these principles and their application to our situation. He went his way disbelieving at least to a point. Thus it was that the main burden on his mind when he reached Hope Taylor was this very question. Hope Taylor, as I mentioned earlier in this narrative, is Bob Brinsmead’s sister. As well, she was the driving force in the movement. She was a person of great forcefulness and feared no one.

When she heard through Reg Bladwell of the views being developed in the Murwillumbah group, she was hotly indignant, and rose up in defense of her brothers, whom she believed were becoming the victims of a conspiracy to discredit the family and separate the group into two rival factions.

That which added fuel to the fire was the rumor which got into circulation at this point of time, that Al Hudson, who it was generally believed had separated from the Adventist Church, had suddenly reversed his thinking and was leading the believers to return to the church. In Hope Taylor's mind, such a course could only destroy the "Awakening". Tensions were running high, anything could happen, and the unexpected did.

A general meeting was called for on a Sabbath afternoon to be held at Terranora Public Hall, which is located in the extreme NE corner of New South Wales, or the SE corner of Queensland, Australia. The main issue had become the question of loyalty to the church, or loyalty to the truth. It was impossible to be loyal to both.

The entire movement had become separated, especially in respect to its generally adopted principles of operation. For instance, the members had withdrawn their financial support from the Adventist church, held separate meetings in which that church was represented as being in very grave error, and paid full-time workers to spread what was considered as being present truth. People were baptized, and, in short, the "Awakening" movement behaved as a separate church entity.

As we gathered together on that fateful Sabbath afternoon, I felt that the entire future of the "Awakening" was at stake. But I had this confidence that I knew what I believed, and I knew where the "Awakening" stood, so far as its relationship to the Adventist church was concerned.

I also knew that the Brinsmead family were unpredictable. Once again, I was called upon to present the case in support of separation from the church. This time, the people present listened

calmly and attentively as I went over the same material we had all considered to support the position of separation, and I expected that the meeting would clarify and confirm that position.

I came to the end of my presentation, when Hope Taylor pressed right into my place, and took the opposite point of view. What amazed me was the fact that, in the most spirited manner, and authoritative vehemence, she took the exact opposite view from that which she had previously taught with equal vigor.

Nothing was resolved that day as there were too many people present with different views. The best which could be done, it seemed, was for all to go home, and there spend time in prayer and study. Then another meeting could be appointed through which a further attempt could be made to settle the questions facing us.

So we all went home wondering just what the future might hold for us. I was happy to abide by these conditions, but they turned out to be too short to be effective. Before Hope Taylor even reached Brisbane, she drafted a letter in which she denounced the same points all over again. She warned the people that I was a most dangerous man whom no one should support.

That marked the end of our working with the Brinsmeads. They turned back to the church with the argument that separation would mean cutting ourselves off from all access to souls in the fallen churches. Thus, they argued, we would be depriving thousands of the truth which they needed so badly.

We countered their argument by stating that it was the Lord who had directed that we separate and that while it might appear that it was a mistake to do so, obedience to God was never a mistake, and our separation from the fallen churches would prove that.

So we departed from the Brinsmead members of the “Awakening,” never to work with them again.

Hope Taylor's directive to those from whom we had been receiving our financial support took immediate effect. The money stopped coming in, and we were surprised how quickly it dried up. I refused to let this influence me. I remembered the covenant I had made with the Lord that I would continue in full time service just so long as He financed that ministry. He could continue to rely on my being His messenger. I would faithfully continue that work, but should the money dry up completely, I would immediately interpret it to mean that God was telling me that my ministry was finished and that another would take my place.

In the weeks which followed the Terranora meeting, there was a shrinkage of financial support, but it never reached the stage where we found ourselves unable to pay the bills at the end of the month, though sometimes we had just enough. In fact after a very short while, things began to improve, and soon we found ourselves three months ahead of the bills.

This financial stability was achieved by virtue of an influx of new members who had been watching developments without committing themselves to the acceptance of the message, or the support of the movement. Now, seeing the character of the message which we bore as a true resurrection and continuation of the message of the fourth angel as God gave it to Elders Waggoner and Jones, they were interested to investigate our position more closely and comprehensively.

The first of these was Ellis Hunter of Grafton, New South Wales, Australia who came to see us with many questions. He came also on behalf of some families living in Queensland and studying under the leadership of Charley Morgan who was a citrus orchardist in Palmwoods. That is, he made his living growing citrus fruits, such as oranges and lemons.

These people were able to accept my presentation on deliverance from sin. They actually had more difficulty in understanding the application of the same message to the severance from the

church which, by their utter rejection of the third angel's message, had lost their place as the mouthpiece of the Lord.

It took a considerable amount of study and the powerful influence of several camp meetings before the truth of separation became fully re-established among us. But, in the meantime, the light on the separation question was not rejected. It was simply left, more or less, until clearer light should be given.

After this preliminary probe designed to reveal how much common ground we shared, it was decided that we should have a weekend together. So I drove up to Charley Morgan's place in Queensland where our meetings began guardedly on both sides. Neither they nor I were prepared to compromise our stand for the living truth, but then neither of the two of us really knew what the other really believed.

However, the longer we talked, the more willing they were to listen to a Bible study, and the more they were prepared to accept what they heard. The weekend was a good success, ending up with our all being in general agreement. I in turn introduced the Murwillumbah believers to them.

A general gathering time followed which reached interested people known to Charley and his wife Kath, all the way from Townsville, North Queensland, through New South Wales, and Victoria, into South Australia. The main density of the population in Australia is found concentrated near to the coast, and that is where almost all the believers were to be found at this time.

As the movement advanced through 1962, and into 1963, the pattern of progress and development took the following form. I would set out to visit all the established believers in the message, throughout Australia and New Zealand, as well as to study with any new contacts who had surfaced since my having completed the previous circuit. Those were the virtually trouble-free days of the movement as I remember them. Not having received the outpouring of the latter rain, we were not a threat to the church.

The Brinsmead movement had fallen back into the SDA Church once more, and had lost all interest in us, especially as they had themselves become scattered and divided. They believed that we would soon fade away for ever.

But like the mustard seed of Christ's parable, our message possessed in itself the living power of God's truth, which is the guarantee of vigorous growth, and advancement into greater light and strength. Once again, the quiet time was but the short while before the bursting of the next storm.

Into America

IN THE very early part of 1964, we received a letter each from two young men, one whose name was Doyle. He lived in Canada. The other man was Robert McCurdy of California, USA. These men were still members of the Brinsmead movement, and were deeply concerned over the spiritual state of its members. Especially were they troubled over the fact that there had been a reversal over the separation message, that the movement no longer knew where it was, and had no idea where it was going.

These two young men had spent much time in study and prayer over these problems, and when they compared notes, they found they were of one mind in their assessment of the problems confronting the movement.

They wrote letters to various members of the Awakening movement which they still felt were walking in the right direction. One of their letters found its way into the hands of Frank Simenauer, in far away New Zealand. Frank is a brother who received the message from me personally back in the very late nineteen fifties, and has never once loosened his grip on it since. Though retired, he is very active and very much alive physically, mentally, and spiritually. He was never a member of the Awakening movement but joined the fourth angel's movement without reservations.

It was into his hands that one of Doyle's or McCurdy's letters was placed. They soon established a valuable correspondence with him, and they found that they stood together on these crucial issues.

Frank then sent me a report on this interesting encounter together with the addresses of both McCurdy and Doyle. My letter to them, brought a quick and positive response. They were very glad to hear from us away down under.

In reply to their questions, I presented the light we had received on both the deliverance and the separation messages. Actually they are the same messages, for separation from sin in the individual is succeeded by separation from sinners in the church.

We began as we must always do, by preaching the everlasting gospel, which has the capacity to separate the sinner from his sins. This is naturally followed by the separation of the sinner from the body of those who, having rejected present truth, have become Babylon, out of whom God's people are called in order to escape the destructive plagues which shall utterly destroy Babylon.

In addition to the unfolding of these principles of truth, we had come to a knowledge of the great prophetic outlines which revealed where we stood at this time. I referred them to these prophetic outlines, which had names such as *The Two Days of Opportunity* as shown in *Daniel 8 & 9*; *The Parable of the Wedding*; *of the Two Calls to the Marriage*; *The Parable of the Good Samaritan*; *of the Net*, *the Shaking*, *the Seven Angels*, *Seven Movements*, *Hosea 5:15-6:3*, *Egypt to Canaan*, and *1 Kings 3:16-28* (also called *Matthew 22 and 25 as Revealed in the Old Testament*).

As soon as they became aware of these truths, they saw in them the answers to the situation which had developed in the "Awakening," which they still loved, and in which they held highest hopes for the finishing of God's work in this world. Feeling that there was an effective answer to the developments which had caused them so much sorrow of heart, they sent me an invitation to come to the United States to present these views.

We were assembled at Murwillumbah at the time, and for the moment, none of our believers at that time and place supported such an undertaking. As a matter fact, I felt no interest in responding to such a call either. So the plea went unheeded. But we maintained the contact, and gradually the idea became less objectionable and actually it changed to being acceptable. Finally, some

time fairly early in the year when it was springtime in America, the time had come when a decision had to be made.

Still unwilling to make such a crucial decision, I decided after committing all to the Lord to visit each of the believers to see what they thought. So I decided to make a journey through the Australian field, not in any degree to influence the members, but to honestly know what each person thought in regard to these developments. I had them tell me their view before I revealed where I stood. I found quite a striking unanimity of position, with every one among them firmly convinced that I should go as soon as possible. We were very thorough in making certain that this proposed trip, at this time, was a vital part of God's plan, and this proved to be extremely important later on.

The next few days were occupied in organizing the journey, obtaining my first ever passport, buying the ticket, and making the bookings out of the country into the USA. Everything went quite smoothly the money being provided by a family who had kept the right amount in reserve in anticipation of such a need arising.

I do not remember the exact day of my departure but I believe it would have been in July, 1964. My route took me south to Sydney, then to Auckland, where I stopped over the weekend. We viewed the future with high hopes and happy expectations.

To establish my being sent by the church, I was formally ordained to the gospel ministry under the terms of the instruction given in *Early Writings* p. 99-101, and for the same reason.

Early in the following week, I continued my journey across the broad Pacific and arrived at San Francisco in the late afternoon. Bob McCurdy was there to meet me and I marveled at his instant recognition of me. I had sent no photograph of myself, nor had we ever previously met, nor had I sent a description of myself, yet he gave me one look and that was all that he needed. It had to have been the guiding hand of the angels bringing us together.

Before I left Australia, we had made a clear plan to follow. Upon arriving in San Francisco, we would not gather members of the “Awakening” together, but would confine ourselves to studying the message together alone until it was thoroughly understood by McCurdy. Then we would travel to Canada and repeat the procedure with Doyle. Then we would tell it to whomsoever was prepared to listen. It was a good plan which I feel certain originated in the mind of the Infinite.

On arrival in San Francisco, I was informed that this plan was no longer operative. Instead, I would be taken north along Hwy 101 to the town of Willits wherein dwelt a certain Doctor Welch, who was a member of the “Awakening”. He had gladly loaned his home to us. We were welcome to use it for the purpose of discussing the message so long as we needed it.

Present to examine the message I bore was a very small group of totally hand-picked followers of Bob Brinsmead whom he could utterly rely on to support his cause. Bob himself would be there in person to ensure I would be eliminated. The others were to be Jim and Ethelyn Hill, Tom Durst, Bob McCurdy’s father and Doctor Welch, in between patients from time to time.

I listened with serious apprehension to the revised plan, knowing full well, that the morrow would bring a terrible battle. And so it proved to be. Firstly, I was not in any kind of decent fit state physically, having just come off that seemingly endless flight from New Zealand, and having an encounter with jet lag which left me walking up and down the road past the house a large part of the night. Add to that the three hours it took to clear the airport and then to be driven up to Willits.

About 8:30 on the following morning, Bob and his team arrived. That would have been Thursday morning. We gathered together in the living room of the house with the opposition quite obviously eager for the proceedings to be gotten on with. Accordingly, he directed that I present a Bible Study setting forth my po-

sition. He and his friends would just ask questions as we went along when they needed clarification on any point.

Here was a proposition I could not accept for I understood those unfriendly tactics. The questions were designed to confuse and entangle, not to clarify. I knew my only hope now was to present one unencumbered study with the remote prospect of gaining the conviction of truth in the heart of one person. It might be anyone of them. I did not know, but I had to try.

So I told Bob Brinsmead I would present the Bible study uninterrupted. No questions could be asked until the study was complete. I was so emphatic that he yielded, or maybe he was so confident of his followers that he and they would be unyielding anyway. Whichever way, he was quite confident of the outcome and acted accordingly. So the study proceeded to its predicted end.

It was, of course, the study from *Romans 7 & 8* which explains how to obtain deliverance from the bondage of sin. No sooner was it finished than the questioning began. A person on the left hand side of the room would fire a question which I would begin to answer. Before I could do so, a person in the rear would advance a question. So it went on until late in the morning, by which time all were in a state of considerable exhaustion.

Some one suggested that we pause for a while. No one objected. Thus released from the entanglement of argument and counter-argument, I thought that I needed relief more than anyone and accordingly stepped outside to obtain it. But no such thing awaited me, for, the moment I stepped outside, Jim and Ethelyn Hill stepped outside with me pressing questions and arguments on me all the time. It was about the last thing I either needed or wanted at that time. But with each of them, the one on the one side, and the other on the other side, no respite was possible.

We paused again for lunch which was taken about 2:30 in the afternoon. By 5:00 the questioning came to hand whereupon there followed a remarkable experience. Bob launched a personal attack on me, or at least set out to do so. He began by directing a

stream of angry accusations at me no doubt with the objective of intimidating me when my energies had reached their low point on that day. But instead of waxing eloquent, his voice waned and waned until it faded completely, and he just sat there staring at me in silence. I stared back not knowing what was happening excepting that I felt filled with a beautiful peace which likewise flooded the whole room with its radiance. I saw that none of the others were aware of the light of that presence, so that there was no repentance manifested there on that day, nor was there any yearning for the glorious deliverance from the bondage of sin which the Lord offered there in Willits, California, July 1964. As so often happens, God's waiting ones did not know the time of their visitation.

For a time, Bob Brinsmead continued to stare across the room at me, until he quite abruptly turned his back on me and, while treating me as though I did not exist, gathered his followers around himself, and chatted with his hand-picked team. I quietly withdrew upstairs to my sleeping quarters where I slept very soundly and peacefully through the night.

The End of the “Awakening”

THROUGHOUT the entire drama it was clear that Bob McCurdy had returned to the Brinsmead position on separation from the fallen church and therefore accordingly made little if any major contribution to the discussion. However, he had painted himself into the corner, so to speak, and did not know what to do. On the one side, Bob Brinsmead was warning him of the terrible danger of entertaining persons such as myself, while on the other side, I was calling on him to honor his commitment to give me time with him alone.

The guiding Spirit of the Lord was in command that day, for, after some intense arguing, Bob McCurdy agreed to take me down to his grandmother’s place in Loma Linda in the south of California. I would have expected them to have driven me back to San Francisco Airport, and have put me on a flight back to Australia. Of course, they could never have forced me to go although they could have tried to achieve this by using persuasive arguments.

It is a long way from Willits to Loma Linda and the journey took a full day to encompass. So, no study was possible on that Friday. The next day being the Sabbath, neither of us were disposed to sorting out theological controversies on God’s holy day, so we spent instead a peaceful day together free from weighty issues that would divide, rather than unite us.

That made Sunday the first on which we could go to work on the task of harmonizing the differences which were dividing us. Even so, once Sunday became available to us for this purpose, Bob was still slow in getting down to business, so slow in fact that it was 2:00 in the afternoon before we began.

To make our working conditions as comfortable as possible for him, I asked him to teach me, with my promise that I would not bombard him with questions designed to discomfort him and con-

fuse the issues. I had him stand at the blackboard so he would not feel dominated, but would hold the leading position. In short, I gave him every advantage I could think of.

I feel confident that he was reasonably relaxed by my efforts. I felt kindly disposed toward him for I could see that he was undoubtedly passing through the greatest spiritual and religious crisis of his entire lifetime. Were he to reject the truth being offered him on that fateful afternoon, he would find it very difficult if not impossible to come by such another day of opportunity. Sensing how great was his need, I sought to lead him as gently as possible through his testing time.

I thought that the first session went well enough to encourage me to believe that the message would speedily take root in the United States and from there would richly bear fruit until it would fill the entire world with the glory of God's everlasting righteousness.

It was the manifestation of the kind of ambitious faith in God which the message of the fourth angel is worthy, and which our heavenly Father delights to reward.

We were well into the afternoon study period, when Bob Brinsmead himself turned up at the front door of the house. His appearance there, while it bode no good for the cause of light and truth, when viewed in the light of God's infallible leadership was a source of great encouragement, for, if Bob Brinsmead, now the avowed enemy of the message of Christ and His righteousness, was prepared to anxiously go four or five days out of his way to confront me at every possible opportunity to turn aside the effectiveness of that most precious light, it must have been a force so pregnant with power that it had to be reckoned with.

Bob Brinsmead came right to the point of his having come to this particular house, at this moment in time. He was there on a rescue mission; he had come to deliver Bob McCurdy from the power of the spiritualist, as he thought he had correctly judged me to be ever since he had failed to stare me down at Willits.

There were yet several more occasions when I would be charged with being a spiritualist, but I ignored them, and they were quite quickly forgotten, even by Bob Brinsmead himself.

But it was not forgotten on that Sunday afternoon once Bob Brinsmead arrived. With considerable determination he set to work to convince both Bob McCurdy and his grandmother that they were harboring a very dangerous person, and that it was their duty to expel me from their home. They believed him and decided to refuse me any further hospitality. I respected their decision and after thanking them for their kindness thus far, I packed my suitcase, and walked with Bob McCurdy the short distance to the front gate where I bade him goodbye.

I have never seen him or Bob Brinsmead again, nor have I had any communication with either of them, except that several years later I heard from Bob Brinsmead personally to the effect that all that he taught back there “was for the birds,” that he believed and taught none of it anymore.

As on that fateful day I reached the front garden gate, Bob McCurdy offered to drive me over to the Greyhound bus station, with the idea that I could take another bus to San Francisco, and a flight from there to Australia. I declined the offer, for I saw that this would place me at their mercy and I very well would end up back in Australia with my mission unaccomplished.

I believed all too ardently in the integrity, the power, and the divine purpose to be fulfilled in my visit to the USA, for me to leave without a measure of these things being achieved at least in part before returning to Australia.

Without pressing the matter, he let me go, while Bob Brinsmead silently watched from the front door unaware that a mightier than he was in command of proceedings. They had just made the mistake of their lives so far as the prosperity of their cause was concerned. They should have insisted that I stay, have a good meal, take a hot shower, be shown around a bit, and enjoy a good refreshing night of sleep. Then they might have been successful in

keeping me out of the country. At least it would have entangled the nicely formulated plans God had for me that very night and for the remainder of the week at least. We will follow them through step by step.

Upon reaching and passing through the gateway, I turned immediately to the right so as to put me walking along the footpath, though I had no idea where to go, or who I might try to find. That single step put me directly face to face with the setting sun which, at that moment, was just about to sink below the western horizon. It seemed so huge as both the sun and the moon do when they are about to set or to rise. Furthermore, the sun which was at the very point of setting that night was fiery red in color, a phenomenon caused by the excessive concentration of exhaust gases from cars, trucks, buses, and so forth. I really was impressed by how red it really was.

But the real message of the hour was that just as the sun had set over Loma Linda that day, so Bob Brinsmead's repeated rejections of present truth had marked the end of the Brinsmead era, upon which the sun was therefore setting. That which was the last act in the drama was the final, twice repeated rejections of present truth. The forerunner for this, the last showdown, were the rejections in the meetings in Australia. Thus ended the day of the "Awakening" and in turn the setting of its sun.

An Opening Door in America

AS I STEPPED out and turned to my right, I swung my lone suitcase up onto my shoulder and set off in a westerly direction though I really had no idea where I was going or where I would spend the night. I had very little money with me and no access to further funds to replenish my supplies when they were exhausted.

But, I was not dismayed. With calm resolution I walked to the first cross-street ahead and turned again to the right, still without knowing where I was going. Almost immediately a nice young man pulled up beside me in a bright red convertible and asked me if I would like a ride. Upon assuring him that I certainly would, he then asked me where I wished to go. Without a moments hesitation I said:

“To the Loma Linda Shopping Center.”

I have long since learned that in the United States, where you find a food market, you will almost certainly find pay phones (that is card, or coin operated phones). But I did not know that back then. So he drove me up the hill to the shopping complex, dropped me off, and drove off into the night, which by this time was coming on quickly.

I could think of only one person in Loma Linda whom I could call, provided I found out how to operate the phone under the night light. That one man was the leader of an organization known as *The True Medical Missionary Association*. He was opposed to Bob Brinsmead’s position and I was able to find his number in the phone book. However, I learned that he had gone away for a week, which was not a plan I could work with.

I continued to trust in God until another name came to my mind. This man was Sherman Nagel. He was a very elderly but strong and vigorous man with a wonderful, full head of the

snowiest white hair. He and his wife had spent many years as missionaries in China. When they returned for their retirement, they were broken-hearted with the degree to which worldliness and apostasy had successfully invaded the Seventh-day Adventist Church and he determined to raise his voice against it.

He set about doing this, not by hurling accusations against the church, but by compiling little booklets of Spirit of Prophecy statements on every aspect of life included in our duty to God and our fellowman. These he had printed and then posted to church leaders throughout the English speaking world. A copy therefore had been mailed to Pastor Alfred F. J. Kranz, the principal of the New Zealand Missionary College, Longburn, New Zealand, where I was the Manual Arts Teacher.

One of these booklets, the one which was a compilation of statements detailing what will happen during the time of Jacob's trouble and what it will require to successfully endure it, arrived on his desk just as he was sorting his mail. Providentially, I came into his office at that very moment. He gave the booklet a quick glance and handed it across his desk to me with the remark, "This will interest you!" It did, and very much so. I took it home, read it through, and wrote for the other booklets on his list.

I think I am correct in saying that my reception of that book that day, marked the beginning of the light of the fourth angel in me. Now here I was in Loma Linda, trying to contact Sherman Nagel, himself. And I was successful! I told him of my plight, why I was in the United States, and asked him who would be best for me to contact. He quickly worked out where I was, and after commanding me to stay right there, drove around to where I was waiting, picked me up, and took me to his place.

I then explained more clearly how that I had come to USA. He listened sympathetically and shared my interest in the fourth angel's message. He was very blessed when he learned of the role his little books were playing in the battle of the ages. He seemed very pleased with the divine Providences which had brought us

together and advised me that I was welcome to stay at his place until I could make contact with one more family whose address I had. Their name was Cunningham, and they lived south of San Francisco, close to the coast of the Pacific Ocean. We planned to telephone them the next day.

Brother Nagel remarked that it was fortunate that his own wife was away for over a week as she did not care to entertain strangers of my kind. On hearing this, I quietly noted within myself that here was another in the lengthening Providences which eventually led to the opening of a door into the United States.

After breakfast in the morning, we tried to raise the Cunningham's by telephone, but though we tried every possible procedure to follow in order to secure their number, we failed to do so. No doubt they had an unlisted number, one which was not printed in the Telephone Directory.

That left me with one last possibility—I would have to write to them and then wait for them to answer. In the meantime I talked with Brother Nagel, went with him to the market and the book stores, and visited with some of the Adventists in the general area, who though they were interested in a great reformation taking place within the church, were very, very loyal to it.

There was one brother there, however, who really captured my attention—Elder Meade McGuire. He was one of the very few who really grasped the light which came through the open portals of heaven in the messages which were unfolded through the ministries of Elders Waggoner and Jones between 1888 and 1893.

At the time I met him, he was becoming nearer and nearer to one hundred.² Meade McGuire wrote those three fine little books, *Lambs Among Wolves*, *His Cross and Mine*, and *The Life of Victory*. As I came away from his place I felt a sense of one era in the history of the Church being replaced by the next. I believe that the full significance of what took place between us there, will not be

² Meade was born in 1875. In 1964 he would have been about 89 years old.

truly understood until, in heaven, the books of records shall be opened by us.

It was also significant that Sherman Nagel invited me to attend the weekly prayer meeting in the Loma Linda church. It was to be a special occasion for Elder Tucker, who ran the radio program, *The Quiet Hour*, was in town and he had been invited to conduct the meeting. He decided that he would preach a sermon, and the subject would be the “Second Coming of Jesus.”

Before his audience he did his absolute best to raise in them an enthusiastic response to which end he painted brilliant word pictures portraying the glories of that incredible event. But they had heard it all before so many, many times, without seeing the promise fulfilled. Again and again their emotions had been stirred up into feverish excitement leaving them drained and in a worse state than before.

How glad I was that the truth as it is in Jesus needs no emotional stimulus in order to get the people stirred up into a state of excitement, before it can fit human lives to become living vessels flooded with the righteousness which brings life to all who will receive it.

Contacts in America

THE next morning, which was Thursday, I at last made contact with the Cunninghams. Before, I came to the United States, my wife Margaret and I had written numerous letters to these people and had received as many in turn. As we discovered new gems of truth we shared these with this family if we did with anybody. We truly had good fellowship together and I expected to be made very welcome.

Imagine my total surprise when they refused to have me at their place at all. The reason they gave was that they had been warned against me. They declined to explain upon what evidence they were prepared to believe the warning to be true and not false. So it seemed that every possible door had been closed against me in the United States.

But God was in command. A sifting process was going on. Souls were being tested to show where they really stood. Those who would prove an encumbrance to the cause were losing their place, while the few who were genuine material would join forces with us to go forth conquering and to conquer.

Brother Cunningham did the strangest thing. Having diverted me away from his own personal family, he informed me that there was a camp meeting concluding on Sabbath evening in the home of Mack and Blanche McCoy at Oakhurst, California, just about 40 miles north of Fresno, the “Raisin Capital of the World.” That, he told me, was the congregation of Seventh-day Adventists who, for one reason or another, had left the fallen church and had joined together to worship God as they felt He should be worshiped. He was most certain I would find myself among kindred spirits over there.

I was immediately interested and began a quick search of the map of California to locate where I was and where I would need to travel to, in order to reach the McCoy residence.

This time there was no phone at the McCoy's which was most extraordinary, but a critical element in the divine plan for establishing the message in the United States. Had there been a phone, I would have called them and would very quickly have learned that there was no camp meeting scheduled to begin at McCoy's place or any other person's place in that area.

As we follow further into this story, we will see that my going to Oakhurst was very critical. At Oakhurst was to be found the open door through which entry into the United States would take place.

So, there being no phone at the McCoy's, I was left with only one hope of being at the camp, and that was to go there in person. It would take a little longer, but, if I hurried I would make it in time.

Brother Nagel drove me to the bus station in Los Angeles where I purchased a Greyhound bus ticket to Fresno. I boarded the bus with only minutes to spare. There I bade farewell to Sherman Nagel, a truly lovely man who was there, where and when he was needed to complete God's plan. For this reason the plan was an unqualified success, and I am eternally grateful to him, and the God who sent him, for the vital part he unwittingly played. I have never seen him again and without a doubt he will be resting in his tomb until Jesus comes again. I hope to meet him then.

As I rode the bus northwards, I did so with the sweet anticipation of at last finding an assemblage of a few believers just waiting to be delivered from their bondage to sin.

In the meantime, the bus trip was long and tiresome, and I was glad to have arrived in Fresno when I got that far. There was still between forty and fifty miles to go and the sun was sitting very low on the western horizon. All too soon it would be dark.

The most urgent need was to find a way up to the McCoy's place. It seemed to me that if I did not arrive that very evening, it

would be too late to arrive at all. So I made inquiries about bus and train possibilities and learned that the only way to go was by car. But I had no car, nor did I have the resources to rent one on that lonely night. There were no bus or train services to Oakhurst. Either you have a car and drive up or you walk. I had only one choice that night—it was to walk.

So I took a Taxi to the northern edge of town from where I began my walk to Oakhurst. It was an empty road and I prayed hopefully that someone would stop and pick me up. Someone did. Once again, the car was a red convertible, but it only took me a bit more than halfway, and set me down at O'Neils Turnoff. Where that place was I knew not and I cared not, for my sights and determinations were fixed on reaching Oakhurst.

After having been set down by the young man in the red convertible, I continued my efforts at hitching a ride. It was an utterly desolate region, so much so that though a few cars passed me on their way up into the mountains surrounding Oakhurst, no one even slowed down for me.

All the while, I steadfastly trudged along the way until after midnight when I became too weary to carry on without at least taking a rest. At that time I was walking a long downward straight stretch at the end of which the road curved left and began to climb again. Furthermore, this straight stretch cut through a ridge so that on either side the level of the land was higher than the carriageway. The layout of the land provided for a person to rest by the road without being seen by those using the road in their cars.

The traffic by this time had pretty well ceased altogether, and no other sounds punctuated the silence of the night. I distinctly remember that it was a beautiful full moon, and that it was a spotlessly cloudless sky. Not even was there to be heard the slithering of a desert wild creature, nor the rattles of the rattlesnake. I quickly chose a place upon which to rest using a bundle of clothing from my suitcase for a pillow. The suitcase itself I stood on it's

edge in such a position as to provide a shade from the intensely bright moonlight.

Then it was that an assessment of my situation passed over me. I realized that there was not a soul, be he friend or enemy, who had a truly accurate knowledge of my whereabouts. Should I perish in this dreary desert waste land, only the carrion birds of prey would assemble for their feast and by so doing would announce where my body might be found. But, who troubles to investigate every dead human body, when what is seen from a reasonable distance might be the corpse of some beast or another, and not that of a missing human. There would be a search of course. There would eventually be a coroner's report, but might it not render the following report as truthfully as any other: "*Disappeared without Trace*".

For a few moments the sheer desolation of my situation threatened to overwhelm me, and I was tempted to charge God with having brought me to the United States on a futile mission. It appeared that God did not know what He was doing, but then there were those nice young men in their red convertibles who had each appeared at the right time and place. They were too obviously sent of God as parts in a coordinated plan which was in the process of being put into effect. Added to this was the happy, comforting thought that on the morrow, I would be at the camp meeting where I would be welcome to present the message declaring how to live righteously.

With this consolation providing me with fresh inspiration, renewed courage, and strengthened faith, I fell into a sound sleep though not for long. The angel accompanying me performed that service, after which I was so refreshed that I could not go back to sleep again.

So, I set off down the sloping road and when I reached the bottom, to my amazement, right beside the highway, was this nice clean motel. It was called "The Black Hawk Motel," and offered

rooms for \$5.00 per night. I pondered whether or not I should fill one of their vacancies.

Quickly I decided to press on and it being after midnight, I preferred to permit the motel proprietor to enjoy an unbroken sleep. I felt it did not matter about mine, for it was broken already. So I walked on past the building, my decision being to press on, especially as I noticed there was a stream bed traversing the road, and hope quickened within me that I might find a much needed drink of water.

The watercourse however was desert dry. I hesitated again over the question as to whether I should spend the balance of the night in that cozy little motel, or press on up the road toward my destination. At that point of time, the silence of the night was broken by what sounded to me like the cry of a not very distant mountain lion.

That was all that I needed. I spent the rest of the night sleeping very soundly between clean, dry, motel sheets. I expected that in the morning I would be served a breakfast, but I was advised that this is not done in the cheaper, smaller motels in the United States generally speaking.

I then asked the motel owner if he would telephone for a taxi to come down from Oakhurst and take me back there. He kindly answered that there were no taxis in Oakhurst.

I walked out on to the road with the renewed purpose of hitching a ride, but this seemed so discouragingly fruitless that I gave up the idea in favor of asking the motel owner if he would drive me there if I paid him. In a few minutes I was on my way and soon arrived in the town itself.

Oakhurst then and now is a thriving mountain community, its business center consisting of a bank, school, supermarket, builder's supply store, a number of small businesses, and a scattering of homes through the hills of folk who have retired in this beautiful mountain area. One of those homes was the property of

Mack and Blanche McCoy and now the task was to find the trail which led to their residence.

The motel owner did not merely set me down in Main Street and drive off home again, but showed a determination to see that I was properly located at my destination. He seemed to know who were the right people to ask, and soon we were driving over a narrow, winding, dusty road which carried me higher into the mountains. I shall ever be grateful to that motel-man for his willingness to patiently search until he knew just where to go in order to find the McCoys for me.

There are definitely men and women who have noble characters. These God can use to forward His work, protect His servants, and provide for their needs. We can be sure that the Lord will not let them go unrewarded.

So it was that my benefactor, the motel-man, drove me unerringly to the home of Mack and Blanche McCoy. When I arrived there I found a small house neither in nor surrounding which was there the slightest sign of any activity. Obviously, there was no camp meeting going on at this address, but it was possible that there might be one somewhere in the Oakhurst area.

But the question now was to find out if indeed there was one. But how would I go about finding it? My motel-taxi man, once he had dropped me, seemed so anxious to be away, that I was soon left alone once more.

Imagine, if you can, the wave of desolation which swept over me! What was God doing to me? Every step I had taken in what I thought was the pathway of strict obedience to my great Leader, had pointed to this moment, when I would find a camp meeting full of people waiting to receive the message of deliverance. But the camp-meeting appeared to be non-existent.

Where I had been assured by McCurdy that he would meet me and give me time, he led me into a face to face encounter with my strongest antagonist. The Cunninghams likewise gave me false

information which ended up with my being stranded in the Californian wilderness, though I would never charge them as doing this deliberately. Now here I was at the McCoy place, but the people were all away somewhere else at camp meeting.

The time of day was now late morning, and over all the land a stillness lay. No man, or bird, or beast was on the move, leaving only a landscape empty of life, and me rapidly becoming desolate and dispirited. I felt the keenest disappointment I had never known in the entire history of my life.

As I stood there trying to absorb the shock and wondering what to do next, I detected the faint though not far distant sound of movement about ten meters up the hill to my right where the slope flattened to the width of a roadway, before again sloping upwards for some distance. Some living creature, be it a savage dog, or devouring demon, man or beast, was out of sight on that ledge. I braced myself in the hope that it was nothing more than the gentle McCoy's, or that it was at least someone friendly. I called out,

“Is anybody there?”

Back came the cheery answer,

“Hello! Who’s there? Who do you want?”

I replied,

“I am looking for the McCoy's. Can you tell me where they are.”

“Just a moment,” came his rejoinder, “until I put my clothes on, and I will come on down and meet you. I am up here taking a total sun bath.”

He was the brother of Doctor Zwemer who was in turn a firm believer in the Brinsmead cause and teachings. In a few minutes, after dressing himself, he came down the hillside and stood before me. A fairly brief question and answer session clarified where I was, and where Mack and Blanche were, and where they planned to spend the weekend.

But my latest helper was unable to help me very much in regard to their being a camp meeting at Oakhurst. He seemed to be confusing camp meeting with camping. As I was trying to put it all together, he further informed that Jim and Ethelyn Hill were also planning to be there. They would spend the time resting, hiking, and studying the Brinsmead message. But he was confused on whether they were going to camp meeting, or whether it meant that they were merely going camping for the weekend.

That point left me in the same sad state of being. All that he could tell me was that McCoys had gone to the supermarket to buy food for the weekend away and that they should be home soon.

Sure enough, in a few minutes, even as I was talking with Brother Zwemer, a Grey Pontiac station wagon pulled up, and out stepped an elderly couple who were introduced to me as Mack and Blanche McCoy, and I to them as Fred Wright. When Blanche was introduced to me, she exclaimed in her thoughts, "Not *the* Fred Wright!"

So it was that my fame had gone before me. The very same Jim and Ethelyn Hill who had been present at Willits where they had fully supported Bob Brinsmead, in the flush of their supposed victory, were face to face with me once again. One more time, I had to face them again. One more time the numbers on the human side were against me.

In the week and a little more between the encounter at Willits and Oakhurst, I had been subjected to grueling physical stresses, and to cruel opposition intended to rob the strongest of his strength to withstand temptation. I had experienced what seemed to me like a large portion of the soon coming time of trouble.

From the very beginning of the many experiences we spent together, the McCoys were lovely Christians. When I was an out-cast they took me in, and never thereafter did they cast me out. So it was that when they found me dejectedly seated on the dusty

doorstep of their house, not one word of anything short of the finest hospitality did they provide me.

That blessed gift, and what turned out to be salvation to them both, was demonstrated in a short time after we met for the first time at Oakhurst. To help me out, Mack was prepared to drive me all the way down to the Greyhound bus station in Fresno and wait with me until I was safely on my way to wherever I decided to go. That would intrude an additional close to one hundred miles on his departure for the mountains where he planned to spend the time camping from the opening of the Sabbath until the end of Sunday. Being retired, of course, left them free to come and go just as freely as they wished.

The second option Mack and Blanche proposed was that I spend the weekend with them camping in the mountains. They had a spare sleeping bag, ground sheets, plenty of food, and mountain-fresh air. Furthermore, they made it clear that I was most welcome.

In any other context it would have been a most attractive proposition, but I knew that if I went with them, I would suffer a most miserable weekend. It would have been impossible for me to have participated in their Bible studies, nor would their expressions of gratitude to God have lifted me out of my misery.

But I turned my thoughts in their direction and considered what their carefully-laid plans would suffer by way of disruption. I saw how much easier it would be for the McCoys to have me go up with them into the higher mountains first, that is for the weekend, and return on Sunday afternoon.

That which balanced the decision in favor of my staying with the McCoys, was my being informed that another family were also to join up with Mack and Blanche in the middle of Oakhurst, after which they would all proceed to their chosen camping spot high up in the mountains.

However, in the end, this other family failed to make the connection, and despite considerable effort expended in doing so, we never met at any time over that weekend, nor ever after for that matter.

Jim and Ethelyn Hill were very late in arriving, so late in fact that they did not arrive until after 1 PM on Sabbath morning. For them that was no problem, for they knew exactly where they would find us, as they certainly did.

For a few minutes I considered Mack's and Blanche's offer, before deciding in favor of going to the mountains with them. Once the decisions were made, each of us got busy with his part of the preparations. Blanche combined the food preparation for both lunch and for the trip, while Mack and I serviced the car, and packed the baggage.

In a short while, my work was done, and then I found myself at the most dangerous point of time and place of the entire history of this mighty movement. I had come to the awful dark pit of misery, and of despair. I felt forsaken, abandoned, and unwanted, a sad failure in life, a lonely dreamer, and an incurable loser. All the while, an airline ticket back to Australia resided in my pocket. All I had to do was to take a bus to San Francisco, and I would be on my way home.

And Satan was there to press his powerful temptations on me in the worst possible terms. He represented me to myself as being the messenger of Satan, and Bob Brinsmead as the voice of God,—the light bearer to the world. The struggle was intense, and was increasing by the minute. So great did the mental agony become that I honestly feared I would go out of my mind, and I actually felt my sanity slipping away from me.

To save myself from such a terrible fate, in desperation I had to write out a portion of the message. So I grabbed a ballpoint and a sheet of paper, and began to write as fast as possible. At the same time, I silently prayed for victory and deliverance from this terrible torment. While I thus concentrated my thoughts on the gospel

as God's power to save His messengers from Satan's malice, the storm clouds began to lift and beams of light began to filter through.

I remembered that I had not come to the United States by my own choice. It was true that thus far, I had not won a single soul to this glorious message. But individual opportunities had been provided, that all who would might enter. Very importantly, quite a list of enemies of the truth, and obstructers against the gospel had been cleared away, until only one elderly couple remained.

As is usual, I could not see all this at the time as it is so plain to me now, but my faith rested in hope, and peace began to return to my tormented soul. By the time the midday meal had been prepared, I was ready to partake of food once more.

I do not recall anything much being said during that meal. All of us were concentrated on getting away for the weekend. Soon we were packed and on our way back into Oakhurst where we waited and waited for the second car to join us. As noted above it never did, even though we missed them in the end by only fifteen minutes.

During the waiting period, Blanche began to ask me questions about the message which I taught. This irritated me greatly. All that I wanted after the repeated frustrating experiences of the past week, was to bear my suffering alone. So I answered every question in such a way as to convey the thought that I was to be absolutely left alone.

But somehow, she just did not or would not get this. I shuddered at the thought of having another Willits to contend with, but it seemed as if I had. It looked as if Brinsmead himself had tracked me with unerring accuracy all the way from that first meeting in California to this beautiful place in the mountains, called as best I remember it, "Keltey Meadows". While Bob Brinsmead would be far, far away on this particular weekend, I could not but feel his influence brooding over the assembly, and that Blanche McCoy was now his mouthpiece sent to confuse any

truth which at that time in that place might seek to find utterance.

But I was mistaken. For quite a number of years, Blanche had played hostess to every new message which had sprung from Adventist sources, but none of them had given her the peace which passes understanding. While she could not point out where and why they were carriers of error mixed with some truth, at the same time she felt within herself, that none of these were what she really needed. So, while she was prepared to offer her hospitality to every passing preacher, she and Mack went no further than that.

But they sensed something different in the message I carried, and therefore they would not let me go except they received the blessing which they had sought for so long. Whereas, before the various messages in their homes had offered theoretical religion, here was the living truth of salvation itself. Eagerly, they reached out and grasped the proffered gift.

So it was that before leaving Oakhurst for Keltey Meadows, the arrangements made for study were completely changed. All the studies were given to me. They would listen, I would teach. There would be one teacher, and two students, or if a family unit of husband and wife is counted for one unit, then the one preacher taught one student. How fitting is the parable of the mustard seed. From the tiniest of seeds, it would develop into the largest of shrubs.

Traveling through America

UPON arrival at the camp site, we busied ourselves with setting up camp so as to be ready to open the Sabbath on time. After that we talked about the message until late in the night undisturbed by the dark shadows of the evil forces which had trailed my footsteps ever since my arrival in San Francisco. The little company standing in the light were only three in number, but sweet indeed was the fellowship which bound our hearts as one. I did not care that the assembly of the saints of God numbered only three souls at that time. We were complete in Christ and we were together.

I see now how that God had shaken the various individuals and groups along the way in preparation for the presentation of truth, free from controversy, separated from human speculation, and withdrawn from the foolishness of prejudice and opinion. Such an environment as this can only produce peace and unity.

At the end of that long day, I was glad to retire for what was left of the night. I slept so soundly that I did not hear the Hills arrive. In the morning there they were, the selfsame couple which had confronted me at Willits. Now it was their turn to be surprised. Nevertheless, they were pleasant and friendly and once breakfast was over were ready for a hike before settling down to study the message.

Without hesitation, Mack declared that I would be the one to present the studies and he used his authority to waive aside any and all opposition. What he and his wife Blanche had heard the previous evening had gripped their interest, and they were eager to hear more. The door into the United States had been opened and it would never again be closed.

But it would be if Jim and Ethelyn Hill could only close it again. Accordingly, they employed the same tactics which they thought had been successful at Willits to try and cut off the work of God

at Keltey Meadows, but their failure at the former site was only matched by their failure at the second. Every time that Jim or Ethelyn would cut in with an objection, Mack would demand quietness on their part until they finally gave up in despair, and I could proceed without interruption.

As the study hours passed, it was an inspiration to see the joy on the faces of Mack and Blanche. It was clear that the light for which they had waited so long had at last arrived. There were no doubts—only glad acceptance. But it was not for long that they eagerly listened, for very soon there arose in them a strong desire that their friends must hear the good news too.

So there and then among the mountains, they planned a camp meeting to be held starting the next Friday evening at the McCoy's house. There was not a great deal of space, but there was enough to park a caravan here and there, plus using several rooms in the house itself, or even erecting a tent.

Once this had been decided, Blanche in particular could not get home quickly enough in order to write letters of testimony about the message, and of invitation to hear the studies for themselves. She called some by using the pay phone at the market on the way home. Then we waited to see how many or how few would respond.

During the waiting period, Blanche related a dream to me. Although I am very careful about giving any credence to dreams, that is, I do not assign to them the high level of credibility that is quite correctly given to the dreams of the prophets of old, yet this one was so truly fulfilled as to warrant its being related here. Here is the dream as it was related to me:

I dreamed that Mack and I were standing together here in the mountains of Oakhurst in our front garden. But we were not standing on firm ground but rather in a miry pit into which we were slowly sinking up to our waists and going deeper by the minute. I could plainly see that, unless something was done to lift us out of that pit we were most certainly doomed. I cried out in

mortal fear being quite sure my end had arrived. What frightened me the most was the lack of any assurance that I had personal salvation. We both felt unready to die.

That cry of deadly fear was “Lord! Save us!” Immediately, there appeared at our feet, a spring of the most wonderful, pure, fresh water. It was small at first but grew rapidly as it flowed out in every direction until the entire country was immersed by it. The streams were like waterways of sparkling diamonds. It was a scene most glorious to behold, and it took away all fear of death.

The interpretation is fairly obvious. The miry pit is the pit of death in the form of false religious beliefs in which so many sink to their deaths. The stream of crystal, clear water is the River of Life, its most recent spiritual location being the McCoy residence in Oakhurst, California. To them had been granted the high honor of being the pioneers of this glorious message. Though they have both gone to their rest to await the resurrection morning, their names will shine as stars forever and forever in the history of this movement in the United States of America.

It is not surprising that only a small number of about twenty actually came to the camp meeting. One does not gather a large group on so short a notice. But I was well content knowing at least one or two would see the light, and they would bring it to still others. Thus the truth would spread, and nothing would stop it.

From that moment on the Friday afternoon when I realized that Blanche was a truly earnest seeker for truth, my spirits had lifted, my gloom had vanished, and a truly wonderful new day had dawned.

The airline ticket residing in my pocket would remain there until the work for the remainder of that year, 1964, was completed. Then it would be the time to go back to children and home. How often as I traveled hither and thither, did my thoughts wander to my homeland and I found myself counting the days until I did return to Australia once more.

In the meantime, the camp meeting at Oakhurst was going ahead quite smoothly even though there were men present with theories of their own. Among others there were two brothers, Les Friend and his brother, D. L. Friend. The first of these carried the burden of preaching that all the great time prophecies were again to be fulfilled, only this time in literal and not symbolic time.

D. L. Friend taught that there was an exact time parallel between the days of Noah and the period following 1844. He therefore taught that Christ would return to earth on October 22, 1964. He believed that as Noah preached for 120 years, so the last-day warning of the world's approaching doom would likewise sound forth for exactly 120 years.

Another man taught that the law of God had been done away with and so Christians do not need to keep the Sabbath, nor concern themselves about a day of Judgment. All these voices indulged the opportunity to speak out what were, and in some cases still are, popular errors of the day.

All of them had a reform emphasis which was his or her specialty. Mostly these were connected with dress or health reform. These in themselves contained much good, but because they located the law in the wrong place, they produced a lifeless religion.

I entered into no controversy with any one of them. Instead I preached the message as I was afforded the opportunity and left all the others to teach whatever they might. I trusted the power in the message to be all that was needed to establish itself from the roots upwards.

So it was that as the week progressed, less and less was heard from those who had but a legal religion, and more and more from the real message of living righteously. Although the actual conversions to the message were very limited, the week ended on a strong spiritual tone. There was little if any hostility against me in particular and it was a wonderful week compared to the one which preceded it.

There was one person there who took a firm grip on the message and never thereafter, until the day of her death, did she loosen that hold. Her name was Vera Williams, a woman of powerful personal convictions. From the beginning of the very first meeting she knew she had found that for which she had waited so long. Her husband regretfully was not able to testify as positively to the truth as she could, though no one can read the heart of another, nor know what transactions, if any, a soul has made with God at the end of life.

So it was that so far there were three who aligned themselves with the message by the time that the Oakhurst camp meeting was over. The question now was, "Where to now?"

The answer came in the form of an invitation. Al Friend had planned for some time to cross the United States from West to East and return to Los Angeles. It would be a missionary journey with the objective of warning the Seventh-day Adventist people that the 120 years from 1844 had all but ended, and it was time to make ready for the coming of the Lord.

For a number of years, he had broadcast messages from various radio stations, and had supported this work with a monthly paper. As a result of this work, he had built up a large mailing list. He had been so impressed with the message of living righteously, that he wished for me to accompany him and preach that message along with his.

We would visit people on his list and he saw it as a great opportunity to quickly establish the truth across the length and breadth of the United States.

He did not withdraw the invitation when I made it clear that I could not accept his application of the 120 years of Noah's as parallel to our time and place. At the same time, I could agree that there was a valid parallel, for Jesus declared that as it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be at the coming of the Son of man. What was overlooked was that Christ listed the parallels, but

among them He did not include a fixed time period as common to both.

There are many parallels in the experience of God's church on earth which enable us to understand the future by reading the past, but there is only one of which I am aware wherein God matches the time allotted as being the same for both periods. That was when He said:

Matthew 12

⁴⁰ For as Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly; so shall the Son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth.

Every other parallel of which I am aware differs when it comes to the lengths of the time periods involved. For instance, Noah preached for 120 years, but today we have already spent 153 years sounding forth the warning with more yet to come.

Another excellent example is the bondage of the Jews in Babylon for 70 years and the parallel period when God's people suffered their terrible captivity for 1260 years. Verification that this is a true parallel is provided in the following paragraph:

Prophets and Kings, p. 714

Today the church of God is free to carry forward to completion the divine plan for the salvation of a lost race. For many centuries God's people suffered a restriction of their liberties. The preaching of the gospel in its purity was prohibited, and the severest of penalties were visited upon those who dared disobey the mandates of men. As a consequence, the Lord's great moral vineyard was almost wholly unoccupied. The people were deprived of the light of God's word. The darkness of error and superstition threatened to blot out a knowledge of true religion. God's church on earth was as verily in captivity during this long period of relentless persecution as were the children of Israel held captive in Babylon during the period of the exile.

Here once more, the basic period was only 70 years, but its counterpart, was a staggering 1260 years.

Al Friend certainly understood my position, and because I had already met and rejected this argument in Australia, I also had a clear understanding of his positions. I could see that there would be some embarrassing moments, and at times, I would have some explaining to do, but I felt there was much more to be gained than lost. As a final assurance, he told me that I would be the one who would be giving virtually all the studies. So far as this was concerned, he spoke the truth.

One may ask why I knowingly permitted truth and error to share the same preacher's desk. The main reason was my inexperience in the work of carrying forward and building up a movement. Back then, we had such a great deal to learn that I found that I could rationalize and thus justify a compromise. Another reason for accepting his offer, lay in my abounding confidence in the living power of the message God had given to me.

So it was that on the Sunday morning after the camp meeting was over, he and I journeyed back to Los Angeles, the city in which he lived. There followed some days of preparation, after which we headed east by north. This would navigate a course across the northern states before it got really wintry, and enabled us to plot a course back across the warmer southern states.

I do not remember anything of any note happening on that long journey except that when we got to Andrews University, he had several hundred handbills printed with which he and I went to most homes poking them in the letter boxes. I was only thankful he chose to do it in the dark. The worst part was that he advertised me as a preacher well-versed in the power of living righteously.

He booked a hall and stepped back, and I had no choice but to present the study of the hour. There is one thing of which you can be sure, the subject was not on Noah and the final 120 years.

I was thankful also to have left Michigan far behind. Several years later I was to return to this same place, but this time it was by invitation. This time there were no handbills, but a lovely in-

interview with a very high ranking Professor and author at Andrews University. There was no visible sign of his accepting the message, yet he may well do so when great men take a stand for the living truth. One thing I remember very distinctly was that he was very deeply impressed by what he heard that afternoon in his study at Andrews University. He made also some very favorable comments about the message.

After three or four months of traveling and preaching, we were glad to have arrived back in Buena Park, Los Angeles. It had been a long journey with seemingly little to show for all the effort expended. We traveled all the way in Brother Friend's camper, a mode of travel very popular in the United States for its economy and convenience. Five people could eat, travel, and sleep in one as well as carry books and personal effects in them.

On that first journey there were but the two of us, so there was plenty of room for us both. We did not eat in restaurants. Instead we visited the Super Markets where we bought fruit, vegetables, canned foods, bread, breakfast cereals, and salad greens. The vegetables we cooked, but not very often, nor in large quantities. We used the Laundromats for keeping our clothes clean.

For those unfamiliar with Laundromats the follow description may prove helpful. They are buildings in which are to be found a number of automatic clothes washing machines. Each machine is just like the ones found in the average home. Apart from design differences, the only difference between them is in the manner in which the service they render is paid for. The one at the Laundromat is coin operated. The one at home is not.

More often than otherwise, we were invited to stay for one or more days to study the message. It depended on how interested they were and on their availability at the time. At no time did we stay long, however.

Finally, we were back and the long journey was over. It definitely seemed an unfruitful enterprise to have spent so much time and energy on a message so unpopular as to win so few support-

ers. All told, we knew of the McCoys and Vera Williams who had actively accepted the light which is to lighten the whole earth with its glory.

But it was not for me to attempt to number Israel. I could not see the silent growth of the seeds which had germinated during 1964, which when I returned in 1965 would already have appeared growing visibly and strongly.

With the termination of the visitation across the United States and back, the time had come for a final visit with the McCoys and with Vera to further confirm them all in the faith of Jesus.

However, I did not travel West, but East. I had a good reason for this. I had addresses in England and South Africa which I thought would be fruitful. There was no impediment to the extending of my ticket if I converted it to a round-the-world-fare, there would be no extra charge so I decided to do this.

Accordingly, after I reached New York, I took a flight to Glasgow in Scotland. Then after looking around a bit, I traveled down to Sheffield where I made contact with a sister who had a number of friends who were interested enough to listen. They did listen very politely, but they were ultra conservative, and no fruit was ever gathered from that seed sowing. They were very nice people though.

Thereafter, I resumed my journey again by train on down to Victoria Station, London. There I took a cheerless little hotel room not far from Trafalgar Square which accommodated me long enough to spend a little time sight-seeing and while my onward travel was being organized by the airlines concerned.

Soon I was on my way once more. The first stop would be Frankfurt where I experienced quite a few hours delay due to fog coming in from the North Sea.

The next stop would be Johannesburg. There I was met by a black man at a time when apartheid in South Africa was in full force, but our being together did not embarrass me in the least.

And it remains the same today. I can work together with other races of people no matter where they come from without any embarrassment whatsoever. I am very pleased to say that it is the same with all those who receive the message of the fourth angel in spirit and in truth.

However, while those strict laws are in force we respect and obey them. Consequently, I did not sleep in his house, nor did he expect me to. Instead, he drove me over to the house of a brother who belonged to the Brinsmead group, and asked me to wait there until he returned for me. He thought that would be about four or five days later.

Those were exceedingly trying days for me. I had been absent from home for close to five months. These had been months of busy activity at the end of which there awaited me my home, sweet home. In the meantime however, I had been off-loaded on to a person who did not share my religion, my spirit, my mission, or my country, so much so that I was probably a burden to him. The more I thought about my waiting for the black man whose name I have forgotten, the more there seemed only futility in doing so. With that came ever increasing pressure to leave without waiting for him to return.

Finally, I cracked. I came to the point where I could not bear the burden any longer. I called the Australian Airline, Qantas, and left on the next plane to Australia.

I have remembered that experience a number of times since then, and it never has been without a sad sense of guilt. I have felt that I failed His people, His cause, and His character. For the sake of a few days I could have endured the temptation, borne the burden, and suffered the cross. I should have looked to the incredible sufferings through which our Savior passed, and then my sufferings would have been as nothing in comparison. I would have passed the test which I so sadly failed.

I confess that I wronged that brother by walking out on him. I ask his forgiveness, and pray that all goes well with him.

The flight home from Johannesburg to Sydney seemed eternity long, but we finally reached beyond to Brisbane by train.

I would have to say that from start to finish it was one of the most eventful years for the message in its history so far. We know of course that there will be great and mighty years yet to be experienced when the storm of persecution finally breaks upon the saints of God. What we have been through so far is nothing compared with what we have yet to pass through.

The Work in Australia Grows

THE first event of 1965 was the first Australian camp meeting which was held in the local fair grounds of Grafton, New South Wales. The conditions were very primitive.

The meeting room for instance, was an unlined, corrugated iron structure which had never known insulation, nor air conditioning in any shape or form whatsoever. The location was not very far from the ocean, the factor which caused the humidity to be very high together with the temperatures. Furthermore, these factors were just right for the build up of thunderstorms of which we had several.

The worst one came about the middle of the week. There had been a powerful forming up of towering thunderheads from mid-morning on through the day, until about late afternoon, when it burst upon us in unleashed fury.

Sleeping accommodation had been shared around according to availability. Some occupied corrugated iron sheds. They weathered the outrage of nature, but there was a 4x4 meter tent which did not do so well. In no time at all, it was flattened, and both its contents and its occupants were saturated. It was all over in half an hour. The tent was spread out to dry, and life returned at least to some semblance of normalcy.

There were only a very few present, for not all the Australian believers were able to attend for one reason or another. As best I can remember now, there would have been a few less than fifteen in attendance. Those who were there, were greatly blessed and were glad to have been present.

It was on a Friday night close to mid-December, at the height of the summer that the camp meetings began. That first meeting was a report in detail of all the developments of the events which had occurred since last we had met. Actually, it required more than

one meeting to tell it all. We therefore took up the extra time needed to complete the report of what the Lord had done for His people.

During this week we found a common conviction which became fixed on my mind and on the minds of every other person present. It was that we must buy our own printing equipment, and thus get the message into book form. While I was in the United States, I had frequently been asked what books we had, and I had to say that there were none. Accordingly, I was strongly impressed that here was a need which must be adequately met.

On my return, I found that scattered believers each without consulting the others had reached the same conclusion. So it was that it was deemed time to establish the printing ministry in our midst. No consideration was given to having the work being done by commercial printers, even though there are strong arguments in favor of doing so, and also strong arguments for not doing so.

Printing normally is the work of skilled tradesmen and it requires at least three years of specialist training before the apprentice can be expected to produce the quality of work that is the printing standard. Just the same, we were prepared to investigate our options to see if there was anything we might successfully operate. Already, we were familiar with the office stencil duplicator, but, while greatly improved models were appearing on the market, it was obvious, they could never produce the work a true printing press could turn out. The sheet size alone would be forever too limited as to permit any decent rate of production.

At the camp meeting, questions were being asked as to what kind of printing equipment should be acquired, and of course, no one had the answers. To find the answers, a committee was appointed of the following members: Charley Morgan, Ellis Hunter, Ken Morgan, Ian Cameron, and myself. Each man was firstly nominated, then seconded, and finally voted into office.

The entire procedure was a duplication of the democratic system of government which is altogether of the people, by the peo-

ple, and for the people. It was the best that we knew at the time. Later we were to learn that the system of government by which the church of God is organized is rightly called a theocracy. We will tell the way in which we came to understand the distinction between the two as this history is developed.

In the meantime, we learned that the most modern printing process and, at the same time, the one best suited for poorly trained operators to handle is the offset process. This is not to claim that it requires no special skills in order to produce satisfactory work, for this would not be true. It does require well developed skills, but these are more easily learned, and used.

Our first investment in a printing machine was a Multilith 1250. It was small and light weight, and was made in the United States. It served us very well for several years.

Then we sold it and bought a Heidelberg Model KORD which printed sheets up to 46×64 cm.

Later we sold it and replaced it with a two color SORK which printed a sheet size of 52x72 cm.

They were all the finest of printing machines. The Lord blessed our enterprise and we learned to operate each press in its turn.

Our first printings were *The Messenger and News Review*, *Living Righteously*, *Awake to Righteousness*, *From Bondage to Freedom*, *Acceptable Confession*, and *Justified by Faith*, and sundry other publications.

In addition, several books by Waggoner and Jones, such as *The Consecrated Way to Christian Perfection*, *Bible Studies from the Book of Romans*, *Glad Tidings*, *The Bible in Education*, and other of their books have been printed in their thousands.

All this involved erecting a building in which to produce and store the books, and from which orders could be filled. Bear in mind that we were the source of supply for English readers across the world.

Our first address was at 39 West End Street, Murwillumbah, North New South Wales, Australia. There we found and purchased a residential house, two rooms of which were allotted to the ministry of the fourth angel's movement, including the office, book supplies, paper storage, printing machinery, dwelling area for my family, and a living room which doubled as the meeting room for our Sabbath services. To say the least it was crowded to the point where a larger building was needed.

The committee was therefore authorized to search and find a building which would fill our needs through and into the foreseeable future.

Let it not be forgotten that the prophecies which appertained to these times all spoke of a very short work to be done on the earth so we saw no point in building structures which would endure far into the future. We considered that a wiser investment would be found in books containing present truth. At the same time, we felt that the end product should be of excellent quality, attractive in presentation, and very readable.

In due time, the property at 309 Chevallum Road, Palmwoods, Queensland, Australia, was purchased. Once again, the committee made all the decisions according to democratic principles and procedures. The contract of purchase was signed around the middle of 1966, but we would not take possession until November. I cannot now remember why this delay took place, except that for more than one of the persons involved, it was more convenient and more suitable to have it done that way.

However, that proved to be the year of tragic circumstances. Just before I was due to come home from the 1966 missionary journey around the United States, a young married man named Ken Morgan, and a believer in the message, was shot to death by his mother-in-law, who was not a believer in the message.

The background to this story is as follows: When his uncle, Charley Morgan, and his father, Syd Morgan embraced the message, Ken was convinced that it was the truth and he accepted it

as well. About the same time, a young woman named Kaye Fletcher who lived in Coff's Harbor, also accepted the message. They decided that they would marry and they did. This appeared to distress Kaye's mother who apparently opposed the union.

In the meantime the wedding had taken place in Coff's Harbor to which location all the wedding presents had been brought. But he was a worker in our little printshop, and the time had come to set up the new home, a requirement of that being to transport those wedding gifts to their permanent location where they could be drafted into active service.

To accomplish this, they drove down to Coff's Harbor on the Friday before the following week when I would be flying in from overseas. On the Monday morning of the week when I was due to arrive back into Australia, Ken was anxious to be on his way north. So it was that he was busy eating breakfast in readiness for their departure, when his mother-in-law silently stepped up behind him and shot him dead.

Her story was that she had become very anxious about Kaye's going to live at Murwillumbah which she claimed to have heard was infested with rats and snakes. So in order to assure her daughter's safety, she had bought a light-weight rifle which she had been in the very act of giving to Ken when it had discharged, accidentally killing Ken instantly.

Let no one who reads this brief account of what took place, jump to the conclusion that Kaye's mother is guilty of a crime or otherwise. There was no arrest made, no charges were laid, no bail was set, and no time was spent in prison. It could have been an accidental death.

Why then do I tell this part of the story? It is because this event set in motion certain changes without which the message would be incomplete, and vital lessons would remain unlearned.

There was another tragic death that year. This time it was the very young son of Bert and Margaret Morrison of Palmwoods. I

am not sure of his age but he would have been under ten. He died of a very quick growing cancer. His father felt the loss of his son very greatly because he blamed himself for his son's death.

It was quite true that over a succession of several years, while I was in Australia, Bert was no problem, but just as soon as I left the country, he would seek to stir up strife. He became a trouble maker. When I returned I would talk with him, and he would become quite repentant and would remain so, until my next departure, when he, faithful to form, would revert again.

But, after his son's death, his repentance took on a quality of genuineness, which if false and misleading, had to be about as polished as cannot be found just anywhere. He declared that the supreme desire of his life was that he might have his son returned to him, and to this end he was prepared to make any personal sacrifice that might be demanded of him in order to obtain so happy a result.

Now, through the untimely death of Ken Morgan there was a vacancy which needed to be filled, and it would appear to be the sooner the better. Furthermore, the person to occupy the position had to be qualified as a printer, or at least have the aptitude to quickly learn the knowledge and skills required to do the work. Bert saw himself as the one to fill the vacancy. Firstly, he was highly motivated with the spirit of sacrifice, and secondly, he was very competent in the operation of machinery. None of us had the slightest doubt about the speed with which he would learn to print.

He proposed therefore that he sell his farm, including his truck and his heavy-duty lathe and use the money to build a house for himself and his family on the Palmwoods printshop property. There would be no separate title deeds, which meant that in the event of Bert's ever pulling out of the arrangement, he could take nothing with him. Bert's entire property would become the possession of the work whether he liked it or not. Even when this was pointed out to him, he remained unmoved in his offer.

Dutifully, I reported all this in detail to the committee, the members of which each studied the proposition carefully. Their unanimous finding was that we should gratefully accept Bert's generous offer.

At first this seemed the logical route to take in view of Bert's "apparent deep repentance," but as we moved closer to the end of the year 1966, it became more and more apparent that seeds of trouble in Bert's life were still there only waiting to spring to life again.

I saw that therefore, if he should get into the printshop, we would be in very deep trouble. But the rest of the Committee did not see the problem. The time came when there were but three weeks left until camp and I requested that the final decision be shelved until then. This was agreed to and so we assembled for camp meeting in Australia of 1966, all expecting that the organizational questions facing the movement would be solved in the democratic way, that is, by the will of the people. It was expected that this would be attended to at a general business meeting to be held on Tuesday.

Of course, where the democratic system is in operation, there will always be lobbying. This is the device by which key people are persuaded or pressured to align their votes behind one candidate or the other. Bert was an expert at charming the people after this manner. I could not expose him by using the same or any methods, but could only watch helplessly as he won person after person to give him his or her support. It had become quite clear that when it came to the vote, Bert would receive an overwhelming majority of the votes, even though I could still see he would bring with him a terribly disruptive spirit.

In God's capacity to protect His church and His people, He saw that one more day was needed before the vote was to be taken. This was accomplished by His permitting a discussion on certain topics to run much longer than planned. I have long since forgotten what they were. I only remember that they occupied all the

afternoon and thus the business meeting had to be deferred until the following afternoon.

The evening meeting was of course, a Bible Study as were all the evening meetings at our camp meetings. So the first opportunity for the continuation of the meeting during which the position of the printer was to be filled was Wednesday afternoon.

As I remember it, there was a full attendance of the believers at that meeting. The interest was keen, though controlled, and each person looked forward to being a participant in the structuring of the movement according to the way that person thought it should be structured. So the special meeting was scheduled for Tuesday afternoon, on the day before this vital meeting was due to take place.

I was a deeply troubled man who did not go to bed promptly that night, but instead went to the secret place of prayer to gain an answer from the Lord as to what should be done.

Firstly, I laid the problem out before the Lord in very plain and distinct terms. I stated that I could not see that it was God's doing to place Bert Morrison in charge of the printshop.

On the other hand I conceded that I could have been entirely wrong in my assessment of the suitability or otherwise of Bert Morrison for the position he sought. I was concerned, not with self-vindication, but with truly knowing that the correct decisions would be made the following day. I cared only that God's will be done in this matter even as it is done in heaven. At any cost, God's movement of the fourth angel must be saved. Therefore, I must have the answers.

Apparently, I sensed that there was an alternative answer to the entire problem. And God gave me the answers. That night, alone among the deadly poisonous snakes, spiders, and other creatures of the darkness, God gave me the answers to the dilemma. He did not speak to me in an audible voice, but He spoke in such a way as if He had. It registered on my inner consciousness.

What follows is not a verbatim report, but is a paraphrased version of what was communicated to me that night. As the Lord opened my understanding, I began to see the differences between a democracy and a theocracy.

- In the structure which we know to be a democracy, man is the head, and fills every position in that structure.
- In the other structure listed above, God is the Head, and fills positions in that structure. He is everything. He is the Plan-Maker, Problem-Solver, and Burden-Bearer.

At this point, some questions began to be put to me such as:

“Who called Israel and led them out of Egypt?”

There was only one answer to that question! It was God who did. Israel only followed where God led the way. He commanded, they obeyed. Therefore the Exodus was a true Theocracy! From time to time, men living under that governmental structure, rebelled against it in favor of a democracy, or even of a despotism, but God was totally uncompromising in His insistence that He alone should forever remain the theocratic Head of His kingdom.

In like manner, on that night of deep heart-searching, the same questions were asked of me on that fateful night.

“Who was He who had formed this movement, and had unerringly led it out?”

There was but one answer to this: It could only be God alone who had planned and executed the entire operation. It was a theocracy at work. Look at some of the details involved.

By and through whom was the message formulated? Was it formed in the mind of God or of man? The answer to this question is clear. No human mind could have assembled the truths held, understood, and taught by this movement.

Who had called me to lay the foundation stones on which the message has been built? Was I called of man or of God?

The same questions were valid when applied to the case of Ken Morgan. He had been led of God to freely donate his holiday time by visiting us and helping with the work needing to be done. When his time came to return to his regular job, he had become so much a part of the work force that he just simply carried on working with us without ever returning to his worldly employment again.

No man or committee of men and women called and allocated him a place as a full-time worker in God's army. It was God who called him, not man. The believers individually and collectively raised no questions about his being a fully employed worker. Though none of us had ever discussed the issue until this time, we all knew it was the place for him to be.

It may seem hard or even impossible for the rest of us to understand why a promising young worker in the reigning power of an omnipotent theocracy should be taken from us so violently. However, the Head of that theocracy is completely informed, and perfect in wisdom. We, the subjects of that kingdom are to rest by faith in that wisdom and power. It was for Him to plan and command. It is for us to listen and obey.

Then the Lord injected into my mind the thought that if it was He who had filled Ken's and my positions in the first case, it must rest with Him to fill any vacancies which might occur as time passed.

Any person or persons who undertake the work of appointing himself or someone else to any position in the Theocracy, is committing the same sin as caused Satan to be cast out from heaven and fill the entire world with woe.

The principles laid out above leave no space for democratic procedures to operate in God's kingdom. If they were permitted to be the means of deciding what courses of action are to be followed, the ruin of God's cause is assured. Here is the reason for this:

There was much rebellion, murmuring, and complaining among the Israelites as many of them exerted great determination to return to the land of bondage. It was a factor which greatly wore down Moses' strength and spirit. It was one of which he would have been glad to have seen the last.

Let it be supposed that, in order to rid himself of those incessant problems, he had announced that in future, the course they would follow was to be determined by the vote of the people. What would have been the sure and certain choice of the majority of the people? They would have chosen to have returned to the land of their bondage. Moses would have been obliged to go with them, for when he submitted the problem and its solution to be solved by this method, he had to conform his life to the same system to which he gave his support. So would the people.

Here is the picture of what would have happened provided they had escaped from Egypt. In their enthusiasm over the prospects of coming into possession of the Promised land, their initial vote would have launched them out into the desert where neither food nor water were to be found. Soon they would have encountered difficulties requiring that fresh decisions be made. Egypt would have appeared to be a much more attractive haven than the distant Land of Canaan which could only be reached by crossing that terrible wilderness.

If Israel had been a democracy guided by the voting system, they would never, in the course of their journey, have even reached the Red Sea. It was by strict faith-filled obedience to the theocratic Head of God's kingdom, that they were eventually able to reach the Promised Land. Note well that it was never by the vote of the people that any advance steps toward the kingdom were successfully made.

Then began a contemplation on my part of the future of God's last remnant. There is no question as to how this group is made up. Without a doubt they are the wise and foolish virgins, the wheat and tares, and the Laodiceans versus those who are

Philadelphians. A foolish virgin has as much voting power as a wise virgin, for the rule in a democracy is: one man—one vote. We already know where the foolish virgins, that is, the majority, will choose to stand in that day if the voting system is permitted to be established in the church.

I saw how easily and readily a church will adopt democratic principles and procedures, and how, once they have become established, it is extremely difficult to replace them with a true theocracy.

As, in the darkness of that night, God enlightened my mind in regard to these principles of unerring truth, I knew that for God's movement there could be no other way. I thanked the Lord in deep gratitude for His solution to the problem, before returning to my campsite where I slept very deeply for the rest of the night. God had spoken to me and I would obey. On the morrow, He would speak to His people, and I knew they would obey.

And they surely did! They saw the evidences and it was enough.

I said nothing before the meeting but kept to the time as scheduled so that no one would miss a presentation of such considerable importance. It was on time at 2:30 on Wednesday afternoon. The believers assembled expecting me to make a memorial speech in memory of Ken, after which I was to have spoken about how important the printing work was and the character of the person called upon to occupy such a position.

Instead, I described the solemn communion I had with God in those hours of the darkness of the night. I laid down the differences between a democracy and a theocracy, and showed there was no place for the voting system in the church of God. The power was not to rest with the people but in the hands of God alone. Therefore as it is recorded in *1 Corinthians* 12, no man can appoint a person to any position in the church, nor can any man dismiss another who has been installed in the church.

The question then which had to be answered in regard to the position to be filled in the work at Murwillumbah was this:

“Had the Holy Spirit, through the medium of the Church, been able to see that the position had been filled, and by whom?”

The importance of this was so great that it required that unmistakable evidence must be provided to certify that God’s will had been done (see *Early Writings*, page 100). It was a tense few minutes.

So I asked for anyone who believed he had seen the Holy Spirit performing such a ministry in the movement, to please stand up and bear witness to what they had seen. No one moved as I waited.

Finally I declared that I knew by faith in the principles of the divine order that the Lord had certainly chosen a successor for Ken Morgan, but that I too did not know just yet who he might be.

In the meantime He, our divine Head, would provide us with the strength needed on a day to day basis. So it proved to be.

While the believers at that meeting submitted their ideas and theories to the power of present truth, they did so rather grudgingly. In other words it was a hard message to take even though I presented in as kindly a light as I knew how. For Bert Morrison, it was too much. He left the movement and his family, and never returned until the day of his death, already a few years ago now.

Another elderly couple who grieved over this particular outcome, blamed me for all of Bert’s spiritual undoing. They said to me,

“Look at what you have done to Bert.”

“Not at all,” I replied. “The message teaches us that the season of temptation, under which, it may be, one falls into grievous sin, does not create the evil that is revealed, but only develops or makes manifest makes manifest that which was hidden and la-

tent in the heart.” (see *Thoughts from the Mount of Blessing*, page 60)

“The message at the camp meeting brought truth, which did not line up with some people’s desires. Under the temptation of frustrated disappointment, the real Bert Morrison was revealed. What you are now seeing is the real Bert, the one who begged that you vote him into a position of authority and power in the movement.”

They readily saw the point of truth in this argument and never raised their objection again.

Divine Appointment

ALTHOUGH we had come through a serious crisis with great profit, there was more to be learned before we could be assured of having the complete understandings of church organization which would provide us with that perfect protection from the plottings of our enemies.

We came to understand that there was one thing which was truly vital to success in this determination to have God's will done on earth as it is in heaven. There had to be a living connection between the members of the body on the one hand, and the Head of the body on the other. In this the Head of the body is one; the members of the body are many and varied. We saw that the individual members may wholeheartedly subscribe to these principles without having the living presence of the Holy Spirit in them as an abiding presence. In that case there will be a great gulf fixed which can only be bridged by the ministry of the Holy Spirit.

It does not matter how many good works are done, or how zealously the members may spend their time and energy to advance the knowledge of the present truth; without the living connection between the two, the system cannot work.

At first, when a church which has had great light, begins to slide into apostasy, the natural response from its members is to multiply good works as if this had the creative power to restore the lost connection. It has nothing like it. The life must come forth from God in response of the true processes of faith and repentance. By this means, the living connection can be restored, and will be. Then good works will appear in all the members of the body.

But if it is not, then further deterioration is inevitable. More and still more works are multiplied until the work of God is smothered by them. Therefore, true church organization will be

firmly established in those church bodies who have escaped the power of our enemy.

Such were the beautiful truths which came forth unto us in response to the crisis through which we passed when faced with the problem of who would replace Ken Morgan as the printer.

What we did not see at once, was that the members were supplied by the Head with the capacity and the responsibility of testing the claims of those who claimed to be called of God. Because we did not see this, it led to the conclusion that we were to accept at face value, the claims of him, whoever he might be, who claimed to be specially called of God.

But the truth is that the responsibility rested with the church to closely investigate the intentions of those who offer themselves for service in the cause of present truth. A very clear statement of instruction was issued very early in the history of the movement to this effect and reads as follows:

Early Writings, p. 101:

Again the danger of those traveling whom God has not called, was shown me. If they do have some success, the qualifications that are lacking will be felt. Injudicious moves will be made, and by a lack of wisdom some precious souls may be driven where they can never be reached.

I saw that the church should feel their responsibility and should look carefully and attentively at the lives, qualifications, and general course of those who profess to be teachers. If unmistakable evidence is not given that God has called them, and that the “woe” is upon them if they heed not this call, it is the duty of the church to act and let it be known that these persons are not acknowledged as teachers by the church.

This is the only course the church can take in order to be clear in this matter, for the burden lies upon them.

This instruction was clear and plain, and the need of it was quite urgent in order to save considerable heart-break, needless expense, and delay in the general development of the movement.

Again it involved the experience of a member of the movement who in particular could not provide the unmistakable evidence required to qualify for position in the workforce. It all happened as follows:

A year or two following the experience related above, a brother from the state of Tennessee, the United States of America, approached me during my then annual visits to the United States, with the testimony that he had been called of God to go to Australia and become the printer there. He was very sincere in his belief that he had the divine commission to fill the position.

In my reply to him I stressed the point in harmony with the lessons learned so recently in Australia, that neither I nor the church had God's authority to make such an appointment. If he then himself was totally convinced that he was so called, he must obey that call.

But, I cautioned him, he must be absolutely satisfied that the calling was there and that it was from God. I further emphasized that, in view of the fact that the decision as to whether or not he became the new printer, hinged on his witness alone, then he must bear all the costs of his coming to Australia.

To this he readily agreed. Again he reaffirmed his confidence in his calling, and accordingly made arrangements for bringing his whole family out to Palmwoods. This involved our rushing to completion the construction of a three bedroom house.

At first all went very nicely. But, it was not long before problems began to gather around us which I will not detail here. It would be sufficient to say without blaming either party, that we soon learned that it was impossible for us to live and work together and after a few short months they decided to return to the United States of America. His name was Dalbert Snow, who we found to be an earnest, sincere, kind person. But, though we tried hard to achieve a satisfactory working relationship, failed to do so and eventually agreed to go our separate ways.

This whole matter, though edged with suffering and sorrow, served to alert us to the truth that God does not do everything in the determination of what decisions shall be made. Though the choice as to where this or that person is to labor in God's cause, is God's alone, not every candidate for a position is so nominated by Him. Therefore, the church must exercise its responsibility by applying the tests God has provided. This then brought us to the place where we had a much more balanced position on this vital subject.

But a much more serious crisis was developing over the organization question as we entered into the nineteen seventies. The decisions made in the early sixties were made with such conviction and authority as to appear to be above any further challenge, but it became clear that the leading brother who had stood by me in 1966, was in 1973, at first secretly, and then little by little more openly, to insinuate mistrust among the believers in the Theocratic system. He claimed that we must return to the democratic type of organization which is a structure of the people, by the people, and for the people.

Any organization which is of the people, and by the people, has in itself no creative life forces. Therefore it can continue only for so long as these vital energies can be acquired outside of itself. When these have been exhausted, all that remains is extinction. It may give the appearance of being alive, but it is a sorry deception, but that does not change the facts of the reality of the case.

Without question, however, a human, democratic way of life is superior to a human, atheistic one. This system openly boasts that God has no existence anywhere in earth, and sea, and sky, so that therefore, they do not look in these directions, but only to themselves. Thus they cut themselves off from the one great source of life. Of course, they cannot actually operate without God entirely for that is not possible, but what we have learned is that it is not sufficient for our diligent faithful doing of God's work—but it must be done according God's specified ways.

We determined to never forget this point as it was demonstrated in the story of Cain and Abel. Both these young men brought their sacrifice to God. One was accepted; the other was rejected. What made the vital difference? It was quite simply that Abel did God's work, God's way, while Cain tried to do it his own way.

This was the issue facing us in 1973, and over it the church was divided. But, though we did not see it then, it was to become a priceless lesson in the application of the Sabbath Rest principles. The person who was calling for the returning of the voting system began traveling as widely as possible throughout eastern and southern Australia wherever believers were to be found.

It seems that everyone was prepared to give him a hearing and the reports reaching me at Palmwoods appeared to support the person who was campaigning for the return of the voting system. I saw this as clearly as we had all seen it back in 1966.

Furthermore I remembered the awesome fact that any man who sets his hand to the plow and then turns back will have no place in the kingdom of God. *Luke 9:62*. I saw my duty very clearly. It was that I must calmly but firmly refuse to take a single backward step from the position into which the Lord had led so far. I knew we had nothing to fear for the future so long as we did not forget the ways in which the Lord had led us in the past. Of this Sister White testified:

Testimonies to Ministers, p. 31:

In reviewing our past history, having traveled over every step of advance to our present standing, I can say, Praise God! As I see what God has wrought, I am filled with astonishment, and with confidence in Christ as leader. We have nothing to fear for the future except as we shall forget the way the Lord has led us.

In the light of the principles, I could not retreat nor could I enter into a controversy over the matter. There was but one course to follow. It was to recognize my utter helplessness, and look to

Christ as my Leader. This is what I did. He alone was my Problem-Solver. Into His hands I rested the entire case.

In the meantime, it was becoming increasingly difficult to carry forward the work, a fact which I admitted to the leader of the opposition one day. I therefore proposed that a general meeting be called so that he could lay his position before everyone so that all could make his or her own decision on the matter.

Feeling that he had the unqualified support of the majority, he was quick to accept the proposal, and a date was set for the meeting. Soon the appointed date arrived and almost all were able to attend. As we met together, the situation looked very black indeed. Those favoring the return seemed to fill the room and each of them seemed filled with supernatural power.

Yet as I approached the meeting room, I did so possessed of the knowledge that it was God who had led us to this point, and I was absolutely resolved that even if every other person in the movement were to abandon those principles and form a democratic, organizational structure, I would not, for I could not be any part of it. I felt quite completely that I would rather lose my position, and see all the years and years of labor lost, than for me to compromise on that issue that day.

An incredible peace filled my entire being. The hour had struck; the battle lines were drawn; the souls were in it; soon the decisions would be made; soon the fate of the movement would be determined; a moment of destiny had arrived.

That which followed was nothing short of incredible. Firstly, inasmuch as he was the challenger of the position, it was proper that he be given the first opportunity, but he declined the offer. As it turned out, that proved to be his admission of defeat—his surrender, for when I laid out the truth on the subject he still declined to say anything by way of any defense of his convictions.

Then it was that various individuals in the congregation stood up and gave the most positive witness for the message. It was

clear that the Holy Spirit descended in power on the church that day. I remember in particular the witness of Brother Ellis Hunter. He was not normally a gifted speaker, but when he stood to his feet that day and spoke in support of the message, it certainly was in the power of the Holy Spirit. Never before nor since have I seen a person so powerfully moved by the Holy Spirit. It was a true foretaste of the coming latter rain.

As such, it was a very significant testing ground designed by God to establish the movement in the same direction as that in which she had begun. That it was such a proving ground is verified by the unfolding of most of the greatest messages we now carry, that is, beyond the basic studies such as *Bondage to Freedom*, *Acceptable Confession* and such like.

It was the great themes of truth that God revealed after this crisis was resolved, that prove that the victory gained that day was for the clarification to where the church stood from God's point of view. I refer to such themes as *God's Character*, *the Seven Angels*, *Daniel and the Revelation*, *Last Day Events*, *Revival and Reformation*, and so forth.

The movement needed to be stripped of zealous, though well-meaning, souls who are prone to fall away in times of crisis—in days of danger and loss. Among these are those who want to remodel the cause, to make it more attractive. They have usually known little of hardship, and have come in when the church is very prosperous indeed.

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The History of Our Movement

From: Youth Ministry, June 2004

Editor's note: This was transcribed from an audio presentation in 1983. It contains some information that was already mentioned in the earlier part of this book, but also contains some details that were left out.

Frederic T. Wright and his wife Margaret left Australia in January 1953, four years after their marriage there, and traveled by ship to New Zealand, where Fred had been offered the position of woodwork teacher at the Seventh-day Adventist Missionary College at Longburn in Palmerston North. The following year he was elected as a church elder. He says:

AT THAT point of time, the local conference president of the North New Zealand Conference was named Pastor Robert Greeve. This man had been drifting heavily into Babylonian theology for quite some time until he emerged disbelieving the Spirit of Prophecy and the two-apartment sanctuary in heaven, and believing instead in a “once saved, always saved” theology. He came to believe that you can’t keep the law; that such is an utter impossibility; that Christ kept it for us so we don’t have to worry about trying to keep it ourselves; and that to do so is just not necessary.

Now Greeve was in very close contact with Roy Allen Anderson in the USA. When he found that in consequence of the meeting with Donald Barnhouse and Walter R. Martin³, the Adventist leaders were going the same way as he had already gone, Greeve was extremely enthusiastic—over-enthusiastic as a matter of fact—and began to proclaim around the North New Zealand Conference these false theories and doctrines of his, which he had developed in harmony with the Protestant world and its teachings.

The result was that a division began to develop in the North New Zealand field between those who followed Greeve’s teaching

³ Barnhouse and Martin were leading evangelicals, who planned to write a book entitled *The Truth About Seventh-day Adventism* to expose what they considered to be a non-Christian church.

and those who hung on to old-time Adventism, which is really Laodicean Adventism.

At the college this became very apparent as various students began to ask questions. In some cases father at home would take one position and mother would take the opposite position. The students actually expected the teachers at the school to answer these questions and solve these problems. The teachers, however, showed a great reluctance to become involved in any way whatsoever.

But, fresh as I was in my new experience in living victory over sin, I instantly recognized the falsity of Greeve's position. He said you can't have victory over sin—but I was enjoying victory over sin. He said the promises of God were just so many words—I knew they were actual realities. Consequently I was able to give to those students a personal experience and a message which proved to be a tremendous blessing to many of them. This was around 1954 to 1955.

I was literally rejoicing because I now believed that the SDA church was going to accept the message of Waggoner and Jones at last, the loud cry would come and the work be speedily finished. But instead, to my amazement I found that I was suddenly labeled as a Pharisee, as a "holy man," as a perfectionist, as a dangerous person—one to be shunned. And anyone who even mentioned Waggoner and Jones' names was instantly suspected to be the worst kind of heretic and dangerous to the church.

Consequently I decided that it was not possible for me to be the only person right and everybody else wrong. I said,

"No, these learned church leaders with their high education and many years of experience have to be right; I couldn't be right. Who am I? Just a woodwork teacher, just a nobody in the school. How could I possibly have the truth and these men miss it?"

So for three months I decided to more or less go into what you could describe as hibernation. That is, I would hide myself away and very carefully study to prove myself wrong. Now of course I was not going to prove myself wrong for the sake of proving myself wrong, but I was doing my level best to find if there were any flaws in the message; if I could really find any scriptures which showed that the message was false.

Instead I found I could not change the word of God at all. When it said:

Romans 6

¹⁴ Sin shall not have dominion over you,

I couldn't change that. And the more I searched to prove myself wrong, the more I found tremendous confirmation for the position which I held. The final confirmation came one morning in the Sabbath School class at the college. I was a Sabbath School teacher and in this particular Sabbath School lesson there was a scripture which said:

Matthew 5

⁴⁸ Be you therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

Now I knew that this text was one which was particularly offensive to people who opposed the message on deliverance from the bondage of sin. In fact John Wesley in his book, *Forty-four Sermons* makes the observation that this is a scripture which is extremely offensive to those who have not the gospel of Jesus Christ.

So as I faced this Sabbath School period on this Sabbath morning I made up my mind to be as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove.⁴ When I came to this particular scripture I said to the assembled class:

“Now here is a scripture which has been a source of great controversy over the past few weeks and months. Some people say it

⁴ *Matthew* 10:16.

means one thing and some people say it means something else. What do you folk say this verse really means?"

Instantly brother Nielsen, the Sanitarium Health Food factory manager spoke up from the right-hand back corner of the room and said:

"Brother Wright, that doesn't mean to say that we will never sin again. In fact we can count on the fact that we sin every day. But this does not mean we change sides. We simply ask God for His forgiveness and carry on and accept the fact that we are sinners and must live a sinful life."

Well I, who had pledged myself to be so careful, suddenly forget myself and found myself saying,

"Well, what do the following scriptures mean?"

And I began to quote, ad lib, a number of very beautiful promises of victory, exactly as they are written in the word of God:

Romans 6

¹⁴ Sin shall not have dominion over you...

1 Corinthians 15

⁵⁷ Thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Jude

²⁴ Now unto Him who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy.

...and further verses such as these. In response, the class grew deathly still and no one said a word, until from the very middle of the class the college principal whose name was Pastor Alfred F. J. Kranz, at that time regarded as being the best theologian in the Australasian Division, spoke up and said:

"Brother Wright, we must be very careful not to present before the people a standard so high that it will discourage them. Now, I

don't know what those scriptures mean. But this much I do know, they do not mean just what they say.”

When he said that I was absolutely astonished. But at the same time I was also totally convinced that I was right and they were in the wrong. Because when a person has to say, in order to support his position, that the scriptures don't mean what they say, then that person certainly does not have the truth of God. I knew there was no doubt or question about that whatsoever! None at all.

Now as I walked out of the room that day I pledged myself to share the message with whoever wanted to hear it. Over the next several years down to 1960, I shared the message in a quiet way with all who would come to listen.

About this time I became aware of the emergence in Australia of the Brinsmead group⁵ who played a very important role in the development of our movement. In 1958, or thereabouts, Robert Brinsmead first began to be a very noticeable voice in the Australasian division of the Seventh-day Adventist church. He put out several publications, the first of which dealt with the vision of the king of the north in *Daniel 11 (The Vision by the Hiddekel)*, followed by *Weighed in the Balances*, and *God's Eternal Purpose*, and some others which caused a tremendous furor in the Seventh-day Adventist church.

I watched with interest and soon discovered that the SDA church was completely unable to answer Brinsmead. In fact the more they tried to answer him, the worse they appeared, and the more they got themselves embroiled in a very revealing and intractable situation.

In those days I concentrated entirely on preaching from *Romans 7* and *8* the message of deliverance from bondage to freedom. At the same time, of course, I more or less went along with the Brinsmead theology, although I did not actually preach the

⁵ The leading voice was Robert Brinsmead, supported by his brother John and sister Hope.

blotting out of the memory on the great day of atonement. It wasn't until later that we began to appreciate the fact that there were some very serious weaknesses in Bob's teaching, and when these errors were corrected we emerged fully with the message which we have taught ever since.

At the opening of 1960 at the college where I taught, were assembled a new type of student. They were the product of the new theology being taught around the conference in response to the new position being taken by the General Conference leadership in America.

Now it is true that Greeve had to be dismissed because he went too far too soon. He kind of spoiled the plan of the others who were bringing in this thing a little more slowly and a little more carefully. But nonetheless the damage was done and the evangelists around the field were preaching an evangelical type message, so called "Christ-centered," which did not talk too much about the Sabbath. Health reform was no longer important. Law-keeping was inconsequential—all you had to do was to accept Jesus Christ and He did the whole thing for you.

When the college principal, Kranz, and the faculty members met at the beginning of the year for their first faculty member meeting, Kranz said to all of us,

"Look, we've obviously got a very serious problem on our hands this year, because these young people are obviously not converted."

And we certainly did have a problem that year.

"So," said he, "we must preach Christ and Him crucified and bring these precious souls to Christ, otherwise we are going to have all kinds of trouble."

So Kranz and his colleagues determined that they would stand up and present nothing but a Christ-centered preaching. But this so-called Christ-centered preaching was no different than the message preached by Billy Graham and Oral Roberts and the

great names in the Babylonian world of that time, names which have slipped away from the headlines of today but were very important back in those days.

I watched with the greatest of interest the result of the preaching of their message. It would consist of their reading a text, such as,

1 Corinthians 2

² I determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified,

—followed by an emotional sermon usually spiced with anecdotes and ending up with a very emotional appeal. And the young people would come down to the front and give their hearts to Christ. As I watched I found that the very ones who were first down to the front were also the first in deep trouble within the few days or weeks following. And that year we certainly had trouble, all kinds of it. I think about a quarter of the school was sent home that year—suspended or sent home or expelled as the case might be.

In the meantime, in my own home I conducted regular Bible studies for students who wished to attend. Every student who came to those meetings gained a very definite improvement in their life experience. And some had some very sound conversions. Today of course we see no fruit at all from that work because the ministers and parents of those children really worked desperately hard and all too successfully to break their faith in what they had learned, even though those students had gained a very definite experience.

As we neared the end of 1960 I saw the time had come when I must resign from the college. I could not face another year. So I went to work on a sheep station about 30 or 40 miles from the college. While there, I continued to proclaim the message because I was getting invitations from every direction to share the living truth of deliverance from bondage with various people.

At the beginning of 1961 Bob Brinsmead wrote to me, and asked me to stand out and work as a full-time worker on a payroll. The thought of doing that was to me so absolutely objectionable that I promptly wrote back and informed him there was no possibility whatsoever of my doing that. He never repeated the request or made any further offers at all, which suited me quite well. So for the next nine months, I continued to share the message with people round about.

Then towards September 1961 there came a very important moment in my life experience. The pressure of work on me had become heavier and heavier. I was getting letters from America and Australia and all over New Zealand. I was being invited to go and teach the people around New Zealand the glorious message of “living righteously.” At the same time I was working for a living 40 hours a week. I had Sabbath and Sunday free. I found myself less and less able to cope with the ever increasing and enlarging work which was developing there in the New Zealand field.

I still had no thought of standing as a full-time worker. That to me was completely objectionable and unacceptable. But I prayed much about the problem and looked to God to solve it. I thought perhaps I could give up working on the farm, and go and work as a public school teacher. I certainly had the qualifications to do so and there were openings in New Zealand for that kind of work as well. This would give me shorter working hours and would also give me longer vacations during which time to travel, visit the believers and so forth.

As I was meditating upon this problem on one September morning, away up back on the farm, as clear as could be, a voice said to me—not audibly, but it spoke within myself:

“I want you to go out and preach this message full time. Make this your entire work.”

And I promptly said:

“That’s impossible!”

The whole conversation seemed so natural to me. I just answered right back. I said,

“That’s impossible!”

And the voice said to me,

“What do you mean, ‘It’s impossible’?”

“Well,” I said—and it seemed as if I had the objections very clear in my mind, one after the other:

“The simple facts are that I can’t just walk out and leave Brother Phil Maurice, my employer. Someone must be found to take my place first, and I still have to live in the same house.”

Somehow I felt that was important at that moment. So I said:

“The person to replace me had to be:

1. A single man, because there is only one spare room for him;
2. He must believe the message because Brother Maurice would not have anybody else;
3. He must have experience in sheep farming;
4. He must be prepared to come; and
5. Brother Maurice must accept him.” (That to me seemed the most impossible stipulation of all.)

“Well,” the voice simply said, “you go home tonight and write a letter to Hope Taylor.”⁶

And that was it. So I concluded the day’s work and about six or seven hours later I sat down after supper to write this letter to Hope Taylor, informing her that we wanted a young man to come and work on the farm in my place.

As I sat there, there arose before me a very distinct and clear picture of my future. And with remarkable clarity I saw myself being misunderstood, opposed, forsaken, betrayed, lied about, falsely reported on, and so forth and so on. And I said to myself:

⁶ Bob Brinsmead’s sister, and wife of Lionel Taylor, with whom I had contact.

“That is not for me! I don’t want it!”

And I pushed the typewriter away and began to get up. Then another picture came before my mind and this was the image of Hazen Foss and William Foy, those two young men, whom God had called to be the prophet back in the days before the commission came to Sister White. And in consequence of their refusal to accept the divine commission, they lost their eternal life.⁷ I said to myself:

“Well, that is not for me either!”

Then I rationalized and said,

“Well, maybe the whole thing was just a fancy up on the mountaintop anyway and nothing will come from it, so I will just write the letter and get that out of my conscience and see what happens.”

So I wrote that letter, mailed it and forgot about it. The letter arrived in Australia and Hope Taylor wrote back and said,

“I think we have just the man you need.”

And now I will briefly tell you his story. He was a young man from Western Australia who had had experience in sheep farming which met that specification. He was single which met that specification. He really had subscribed to the message, which met that specification. He was glad to come when he finally got the word.

In the meantime, he had been a nurse at the Sydney Sanitarium and hospital, and had shared his faith with patients and fellow workers alike, until this got to the ears of the powers that be, who called him in and advised him that unless he could promise right there on the spot never to speak a word about these things again, he would be removed from the Sanitarium that very day.

⁷ Editor’s note: The case of William Foy is not so clear. Fred was relying upon a history by Loughborough that had some incorrect information. See the footnote comment in Chapter 6.

Of course he couldn't give that promise, so that very day they drove him away to outside the place to find a job wherever he could. Well, he had a job for a short time, but he lost it because of the recession at that time and so he went before God and said:

“Lord, You promised us that if we stand for your truth we will never beg for bread. And here I am about to beg for bread.”

And that was when the mailman arrived with the letter advising him of my job in New Zealand.

Now when Hope's letter came to me and I saw that this young man fulfilled four of the five specifications of my letter, I became rather apprehensive, because I feared that I was going to find myself in a situation where I would be obliged to stand out and work full time.

But I said to myself not to worry, because there is one thing which is very very sure, and that is that Phil Maurice is not going to accept anybody here who is not his own direct choice. So I went out to the house to tell him anyway—which is what I had to do—and I briefly outlined before him the situation, that this young man was prepared to come, and I felt a need to preach the message more. He listened impassively with a smile upon his face and when I was finished he said,

“Fred, this is good news. For some time I have realized that you need to give up working and go out and preach this message which we both love. And I have been praying that God would send someone to take your place. Have the young man come!”

I was positively flabbergasted; I could not believe my ears. So I went out of the room and went to my secret place of prayer up on the hillside among the trees and knelt down, and I said,

“Lord, it is evident that You have called me to go to preach this message full time. I have no option but to accept, even though unwillingly. But Lord, I know my place and my work is to preach whatever You give me to preach; to go wherever You send me. But the opening of doors and the financing of this work is en-

tirely your responsibility. I shall never ask for money, I shall never take up an offering, and I shall continue to work as long as You finance this work. When the time comes that You no longer finance it I shall accept that as your statement to me to bow out and go back to doing whatever work might be given to me to do.”

Now I testify tonight that in the intervening 22 years, a tremendous amount of money has been expended in my travels around the world, in publishing tens of thousands of our books, in building a print-shop and putting in equipment and so forth, and not one offering has ever been taken up, not one money appeal has ever been made, and there is not a single piece of equipment on which we owe one single cent. Everything at this point of time is paid for.

This is something unique for movements. Even the Roman Catholic church, has to resort to all kinds of money-making schemes. So do the SDA, the Reform Church, and every other church organization that you like to look at. But not this one. It is funded by its Employer. We do the work; He pays the bills.

Immediately after making my consecration, back in September 1961, without any solicitation, money began to come in from various directions much to my surprise, and my wife and I were able to give up working on the farm and to see our expenses being paid and to eat and dress ourselves and so forth.

Well, we had no intention at that point of time of returning to Australia. But Ray Martin, (who was the full-time worker for Bob and John Brinsmead), wrote to me and begged me to come back. He said,

“The people over here need to hear from you the experience of *Romans 8* in contrast to *Romans 7*.”

Well I dismissed the idea as being very nice of him to say so, but no more than that. When he wrote the second time and begged us to come, Phil Maurice got to hear about it. And he

came and advised us that he thought we should go back to Australia.

Well, we were both shocked at what Phil was proposing, but we prayed about it and, to cut a long story short, things happened at an amazing speed. About four or five weeks later we were on a boat back to Australia. I am still astonished how it all happened, but I can see now that we returned at exactly the right time.

A few weeks after I arrived back in Australia, the Brinsmead folk invited me to meet a combined meeting at the Terranora Public Hall in northern New South Wales. Ray Martin came all the way from Victoria, farther to the south, to attend it and there were about 70 or 80 people present altogether. And of course I was invited to preach, being the newcomer. They wanted to hear what this newcomer was like. I gave them a study on *Romans 7* and 8, and to my utter amazement I nearly brought the roof down. Not with applause, but with opposition! So I said to the folk,

“What is the problem here? I am only preaching to you what you can read in your own book by Bob Brinsmead called *God’s Eternal Purpose*, page 126 to 127. I only preach exactly what is written there. So what is all the furor about? Can you blame me if I preach what you folk have written?”

Now that cooled things considerably because they had no argument against that, but from that moment I was a marked man as far as the Brinsmead camp was concerned.

In this year, in 1962, the SDA General Conference met in San Francisco. It constituted at that time the only official body left which had not made an official statement or taken an official attitude against the message. The General Conference Committee had, the North American Division, the Australasian Division, various conferences, churches, unions and so forth had all made their stand against the message, but not the General Conference in session.

Down in Australia, where I was now living in Murwillumbah, in the north of New South Wales, the folk in the movement were deeply concerned about the future of the SDA church and of the message, so we bent our knees individually and collectively and pled with God that at the General Conference in San Francisco there would be a change of attitude so that the message would be accepted and proclaimed throughout the Adventist world field and the loud cry hastened greatly.

But to our deep sorrow absolutely nothing was done at that General Conference session, except to ignore the message altogether. When the conference was over I said to myself,

“What am I going to do? Well, (I said,) obviously go on preaching *Romans 7* and *8*. There’s lots of folk yet who need to be born again. Now I will simply go on with my business of preaching that message.”

But the time had come for some very dramatic events to take place. Events which would separate us from the Brinsmeads and totally and finally from the SDA church.

About this time, somebody from America wrote to Hope Taylor and advised her that Al Hudson was going to betray the movement.⁸ Hope heard that Hudson was going to put out a *Church Triumphant* magazine advising all the “awakeners,” as they were called, to go back to the SDA church again. Well, that was quite something, and Hope Taylor became extremely excited about this and wanted to rush home and write a letter of denunciation against Hudson. But I said to her,

“Wait a little bit. Let’s get this straight from the horse’s mouth. Let’s find out if this is a real charge, or whether this is just someone being a bit vindictive or trouble-making or whatever the case might be.”

⁸ Al Hudson, of Baker, Oregon, was their sponsor who maintained a small printshop in that town by way of earning a living. He produced a number of publications supporting the “Awakening,” as our group was known as.

So I wrote to both Bob Brinsmead and Al Hudson and got word back that the story was quite false. This further put me on the wrong side with the Brinsmeads because Hope did not like to be corrected like that.

And then there suddenly was a switch in the Brinsmead camp and those who previously had called for folk to leave the church and stand out separate and no longer pay their tithe there, now abruptly changed and called all the folk to go back again. There is a lot of interesting history involved here which I won't take time to relate.

But to cut a long story short, a huge meeting was called at Teranora again, in the Public Hall, and I was invited to present my point of view of the need for separation from the SDA church. It was simply a reiteration of what the Brinsmeads had been teaching all along, but they put their view objecting to that.

The vast majority in the room all decided to go back to the SDA church again while only a very very small handful of us decided to remain and go on. We took the position, which was very plain to us, that God had led us so far, and he who puts his hand on the plow and looks back is not fit for the kingdom. So we certainly were not going to turn around now and just go back when it was God who had led us thus far.

Our movement in Australasia continued to grow and consolidate during 1963, then in July 1964 I was first called to present the message in the United States of America—but that is another story.

