



*Rev. H. Padgett Robinson*

The Pentecostal Holiness

**ADVOCATE**

February 5, 1966

**MEMORIAL  
ISSUE**

To

Rev. H. P. Robinson

and

Rev. Carl W. Thurman

# A Giant Changes Cities

By Charles E. Bradshaw  
General Administrator  
Advocate Press

Giantism is appropriate, but far from adequate when we think of the fallen giant star, Rev. H. P. Robinson. Padgett was an astron of the first magnitude, because his luminosity exceeded many times the average. From his youth, he wore the mantle of greatness. His mannerisms befitted his role; his characteristics were becoming. He was tremendous in the pulpit; he was compassionate in the home. When he moved for God among the wilds of the world, he left giant footprints.

I once heard him say, "I would be ashamed to die until I had made a mark for God." He made the mark. There was no shame in death. The average man on the street in his home city saw him as a stalwart. They knew him as a bulwark against wrong. Lake City, South Carolina has never known such an immense funeral. People came by the thousands to pay last respects. His home going was marked by an unprecedented enormous crowd in attendance. Many people present—such as I—were his spiritual children, having been saved under his ministry. As I followed the long line of cars to the burial place, I thought of the last sermon he preached as pastor of my home church in Darlington. I had just returned home from World War II. Since he had lived in our home for five years, caring for my mother and aunt while my brothers and I were in the far corners of the earth, I felt I should hear his last message as pastor. His topic for the evening was, "Wagons Roll Out of Egypt." In his climax he said, "If you want to go to the Land of Canaan, join this procession. Get on the wagon." That night, I got on. I joined the heavenward-moving procession.

Now, grieved was I as I followed my spiritual father, friend and brother from the little city to the graveside. But the gloom and grief that surrounded me were overshadowed by the thought of the spiritual children, friends and loved ones that stood at the gates of the Celestial City and welcomed the spiritual giant home. No, the giant is not dead—he just changed cities.

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## MY RULES OF SELF-DISCIPLINE

(Found on the desk of Rev. H. P. Robinson after his death.)

1. I will read my Bible and pray through every day.
2. I will rest at least one hour every day.
3. I will eat properly and never eat too much.
4. I will take a reasonable amount of exercise every day.
5. I will not fret myself because of evil-doers.
6. I will remain calm under every circumstance (by the Grace of God).
7. I will quietly do what I can with difficult problems and commit the results to God.
8. I will say nothing about anyone that I will not write and sign.
9. I will refuse to become involved in a heated debate or discussion with anyone on any subject.
10. I will refuse to make commitments to anyone that will cause an undue strain on my body.
11. I will treat my body as a sacred temple of the Holy Ghost and will stop whatever I am doing and rest at the first sign of fatigue.

—H. P. Robinson

# In Memoriam

How does one begin to say in a few brief paragraphs what a great servant of Jesus Christ has meant to him for more than a quarter of a century?

When that assignment is multiplied by two the words come even harder.

Both H. P. Robinson and Carl W. Thurman had honored me with their friendship since I first met them in Bible School in 1939. In all the intervening years I have held them both in highest esteem.

On Page Four, I have tried to express in a few words my thoughts about Brother Thurman. Although it had not been my privilege to have frequent association with him through the years, I shall treasure the memory of those occasional meetings when we talked and laughed about the early days we spent together at Holmes Bible College.

Because of our mutual association with the work of church publications, however, it has been my joy to have worked very closely with Brother Robinson for the past several years. I loved him dearly. His work, his insight, and dedication have left an indelible impression upon my life. No one could ask for a more pleasant association than ours has been.

Since that New Year's afternoon when I learned of the death of these two old friends, I have (along with thousands of others,

I am sure) endured the agonies of profound sorrow in my heart. Now that the hours have stretched into days and the days into weeks, I am still no less poverty stricken for words to express the great loss that I feel.

After the joint funeral service in which there was the manifest presence of the Comforter, I followed that long procession from Lake City, S. C. out to the Barineau community where H. P. Robinson was buried. Others journeyed to Falcon, N. C. for the interment there of Carl W. Thurman.

One thought came often to my mind during that ten-mile ride and during the service at the cemetery. That was, that H. P. Robinson's body was being laid to rest in the same place and in the same unpretentious manner in which he had chosen to live and serve during his lifetime. Perhaps many people who attended that service were not aware that he was buried within less than a mile of his birthplace. He was buried within one hundred yards of the school he attended as a boy. It was barely seventy-five yards from that spot that he found the Saviour more than thirty years ago. What tugged hardest at my heartstrings, however, was the sight of that little white house at the very edge of the cemetery. It was into that little house that he moved his lovely wife immediately after

their wedding and at the beginning of their first pastorate.

Yes, Padgett Robinson is buried there among his own people. He wouldn't have had it otherwise. Just as he lived, he died and was buried.

Yet, in reality, he is not there at all. He is in Heaven. But in Heaven, too, he is "among his own people."

While he was still alive, I often described H. P. Robinson as one of the most spiritually sensitive men I knew. His greatest joy seemed to derive from association with the Word of God and with those who shared his quest for truth. He seemed always in tune with kindred spirits. He seemed to sense instinctively the emotion of discovery in another.

How he must, even now, be reveling in the new and glorious unfolding of that delightful land he so loved to talk and preach about, and of the truth which he now must view with undimmed vision and unhampered grasp.

Our church, and indeed our world, is infinitely better because H. P. Robinson and Carl W. Thurman lived. May God help us all to so live and serve as to be worthy of the inspiration they shed upon our lives. Above all, may we not have seen them for the last time. But may we be always ready for that moment of reunion with them in the very presence of our blessed Saviour and Lord.

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# Carl Woodrow Thurman

## --A Quiet Man With Courage

By A. M. Long

Carl Woodrow Thurman was a quiet man. But in his own quiet way he moved among us as a prince of pastors. His fearless courage has earned him an important place in the ever unfolding drama of Pentecostal Holiness.

He was born in Marceline, Missouri. Later he moved to Oklahoma and on to California. When I met him in Bible School more than a score of years ago I came to think of him as a westerner. With rugged features and physique, he could as easily have been a lumberjack or an oil rigger as a pastor. But, along with so many others who attended Holmes Bible College in those days, Carl Thurman felt that God had first claim on his life. Every decision and every choice were made



in the light of that claim. Consequently he entered, upon graduation, into the gospel ministry. For many years now that has been his life and his sphere of service.

With his talented wife, Ada Lee Goff Thurman, and two children, Charlotte and Carl Jr., Brother Thurman had served as pastor of the First P. H. Church in East Rockingham, N. C. for the past eighteen months. Just before that he had served four years as the pastor of the Springfield Church in Laurel Hill, N. C.

In earlier years Brother Thurman served a Church in Charleston, S. C. which he himself had organized and built.

Some of the most productive years of his ministry were spent in Georgetown, S. C. where he served as pastor for nine years.

The calm dignity of this wonderful man will be missed wherever important business is being transacted in our church. Let us emulate his good and wholesome life, and let the courage and strength of his character continue to inspire us.

Carl and Ada Lee Thurman at a welcoming party conducted in East Rockingham, N. C. on Sept. 26, 1964.



# THEY FINISHED EARLY

By David A. McKenzie  
Superintendent, S. C. Conference

For twenty-three years Reverend Carl W. Thurman served God and this Conference well. Pastoring, evangelizing and in new field work. He started and pastored one of our largest churches. At the time of his death he was pastor of the East Rockingham Church, one of our largest. He served on the Conference Board, as General Conference delegate, and as a Camp Meeting preacher. In many ways he blessed his fellowman. He was devoted to God, to his family and to his church.

Reverend Hugh Padgett Robinson for thirty-one years lifted high the standards of Holiness in serving God and this great Conference. He was a man sent from God to serve his generation. He was an Evangelist, Pastor, Assistant Superintendent, Conference Superintendent, Assistant General Superintendent, writer, husband, father, and friend. He was devoted and dedicated in all roles of his life. He pastored few churches because of his long ministry at each church. We will never forget the Camp Meeting he preached here in our own Conference. H. P. Robinson was esteemed highly by those outside of the church. He gave a good account of his life and ministry.

He was a friend who could know the worst and still appreciate the good. As a devoted husband and father he always provided the best for his family.

Our church has lost a great leader and preacher in Brother Robinson. We have lost one of our best pastors in Brother Thurman.

These men stood tall and straight in their preaching, living and convictions. They did a great work in their fields of labor, but like Christ they finished their work at an early age. Always where there was a battle for truth and right, these men were not where the cap pistols were popping, but where the big guns were firing, and when the smoke of battle cleared they were there to raise the flag of truth and shout the victory.

Two soldiers have exchanged the cross for God's reward. I loved and appreciated them for their dedicated and consecrated lives. In the pulpit or wherever they were, they were preachers with a burning passion for souls.

Those who knew them best, loved them most. The beauty of their lives and the influence of their ministry will bless generations yet unborn. Their sun has gone down while it is yet day.



Rev. Carl W. Thurman

*"They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."*

—2 Samuel 1:23



Rev. H. P. Robinson

# Eulogy to H. Padgett Robinson and Carl W. Thurman

By John W. Swails, Bible Instructor, Emmanuel College

I have come to Lake City many times but never before with such a sense of loss and distress.

Late Friday afternoon I received the stunning news of the untimely passing of our two brethren. I am still dazed by the impact. My heart is heavy and sad.

My acquaintance with Brother Robinson and Brother Thurman spans thirty years. I met them when I was a student at Holmes Theological Seminary (Holmes Bible and Missionary Institute, it was then).

As I recall it, I met Brother Robinson at Saints Delight Church near Andrews, South Carolina. He was conducting a revival there in company with an elderly minister, Brother Monroe MacKenzie. I remember the area of Scripture that Brother Robinson dealt with in the sermon I heard him preach. I was so impressed with his creative thinking, his speaking ability, his potential for a great ministry that I urged him to join me at Holmes for the formal training to further develop his God-given capacities. Again and again I spoke to him about the matter so much so that he told me he had begun to dream about it.

Some days after school started the following fall, I was overjoyed to see Brother Robinson drive onto the campus. He enrolled for the three-year course. We were roommates two of those three years. As I reflect back now on those days, one could not wish for a better roommate. I found Brother Robinson to be considerate and congenial, gentle and noble. He had little spending money but he shared unselfishly as he saw need. I could easily cite generous and brotherly acts.

During the summers while we were in school we preached together and shared many wonderful experiences. And through the years since, our friendship has remained intact. We appreciated and respected each other and at

times were mistaken for each other.

It was my privilege last Tuesday to spend the day with Brother Robinson. We reminisced some highlights of those days when we preached and palled together. And in the course of conversation, as was always the case when we were together any length of time, we turned to the Bible and sermon thoughts. We agreed as we talked that we should record our sermons, that truths uttered under flashes of inspiration are difficult to capture by pen.

Brother Robinson told me that he had before him a heavy schedule for the next six or eight weeks, with Christmas week for relaxation and rest. After a day of blessed fellowship we parted to meet again at the forthcoming Writer's Conference at Advocate Press in February. But we were not destined to meet again here. I left him with the feeling that I had never seen him more gentle, more noble, and more interested in the Lord's work.

Needlessly to say, I will miss him. He was a real brother. His love to me was wonderful. He was lovely in his life and warm and pleasant in his ways. I feel that my life has been greatly

enriched by having known Brother Robinson.

We have lost a great church leader, an eloquent preacher, and a choice Christian.

Before I close my remarks, I want to say a few words about Brother Thurman. As I mentioned earlier, our acquaintance goes back thirty years. I remember when Brother Thurman enrolled in Holmes Theological Seminary. Since those days our paths have not crossed many times. However, I have followed his ministry with interest. It has been a successful one.

Brother Thurman always impressed me with his genuineness. I have known him to be a man of conviction, with courage to stand by that conviction whatever the cost. He was a good man and full of the Holy Spirit.

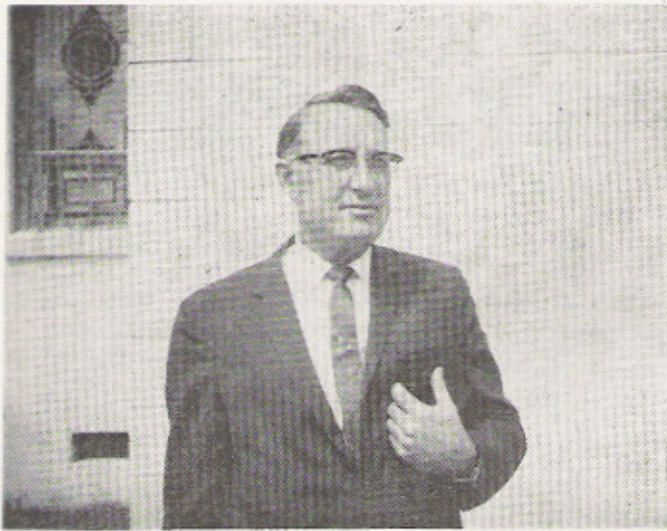
It was our privilege during the week of the King Memorial Lectures last October to entertain Brother Thurman and Brother Robinson in our home.

We have lost two good and great men, faithful ministers of Jesus Christ.

May the lamp of righteousness which they held aloft and which burned so brightly be carried by us to inspire and lead others to that better land.



This picture shows some of the 4000 people who attended the funeral services for H. P. Robinson and C. W. Thurman.



# A Prophet Was in Our Midst

By J. D. Simmons  
Member of S. C. Conference Board  
Pastor Ebenezer P. H. Church  
West Columbia, South Carolina

Characters appear in the world which have a vivifying and regenerating effect, by what they do and teach. Such a man was Rev. H. P. Robinson, a prophet from South Carolina. He showed himself to be God's man while he lived and taught and served his generation in the will of God.

His ministerial career was thirty-five years. During this time he testified and preached holiness throughout the length and breadth of the Pentecostal Holiness Church. He ranked among the gifted few. He was loved and honored in the rank and file of Pentecostal Holiness as well as other denominations around the world. Where he had not been in person, he had visited with the pen, and his writings also carry the authoritative note of a prophet.

He was a prophet in the midst of an untoward generation. He spoke with a distinct Southern accent; he had his own peculiar diction, and his own manner of life. But he was a prophet most of all, in the emphatic utterance of divine truth, which few ventured to deliver. He felt that these truths held a message of hope to a world which sorely needed it. He stood among the few in opposing the pressure of modern days that would exalt popular opinion and popular movements. He openly refuted the idea that the necessary conditions of success is to ascertain which way the current flows and to swim with it as far as it will take one. He noted this as an insane delusion.

I knew him as that fearless prophet; I knew him as a shepherd of souls; a great leader, organizer and administrator. I knew him also as a soul-winner. He was my spiritual father. I will always remember that April night in Rock-

ingham, North Carolina when he stood to preach. I can still see those flashing eyes and those granite features as he draped his form across the pulpit and made a compassionate plea for my soul. I felt as if there were nothing else to do but surrender to the clarion call he made that night. It seems that now from the silence of eternities, of which he so often spake, there still sounds and will long sound the tones of the compassionate voice of that prophet.

The divine breath of the Almighty was upon him and in him, thus he became a quickener and inspirer of those who heard him. The influence he gave forth upon his hearers was exceptional. His words reached down to the inmost needs of empty and aching hearts and answered them. They would speak to the sin-stained and wayward soul and touch it and constrain it Godward. When he spoke, it was a word of power, a word of hope, a word of enduring joy and strength.

He was a great believer in discipline. His was a life of orderly and consistent obedience to authority, not only to God, but to his superiors in the church. He adhered to the doctrine and government of his church and praised them highly.

Thanks be unto God for this prophet who was given in our generation not only to lead us but to lift us heavenward. His passing leaves us to ask what we have gained, what we can assimilate of the peculiar nourishment which his life and ministry left for our advantage. We may wisely seek to ascend into that upper realm in which he walked. Truly a prophet has lived, walked and died among us and we shall all be better because of it.

# THE CALL OF THE MASTER

By Bishop J. A. Synan

*"The Master is come and calleth for thee."—John 11:28*

We are assembled here today in this great tabernacle to pay our last respects to two of our most outstanding ministers, Rev. H. Padgett Robinson and Rev. Carl W. Thurman. And as far as it is possible for me to do so I wish to extend to the bereaved families, to the South Carolina Conference and to the East Rockingham Church the deep sympathy and concern of the entire Pentecostal Holiness Church. This is indeed a great loss to us all and we wish to assure all the bereaved of the earnest prayers of our church in their behalf.

I had known these men for some twenty-five years and loved and appreciated them very much. And I had been very closely associated with Brother Robinson in the conference and general work of the church over many years and not only appreciated him as a great churchman, an able administrator and outstanding preacher and leader, but as a warm and cherished friend. Truly he fulfilled the meaning of friendship as described in the Proverb for he was "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

Now let us address ourselves to the implications of our text. Lazarus, the brother of Martha and Mary, had sickened and died. When his condition was known to be critical they had sent word to the Master to the effect that "he whom thou lovest is sick."

We are told by John that "Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus. When He had heard therefore that Lazarus was sick he abode two days still in the same place he was."

"Jesus loved" . . . "therefore" he delayed his departure for Bethany for two days and thus permitted death to do its work.

This was all very mysterious to the sisters of Bethany and it illustrates the mysterious workings of divine providence.

Because He loved these people He delayed coming to them in their great time of need. They were deeply hurt but later learned that this delay was a result of divine love.

May we not also realize that just as divine love can delay its intervention in our behalf, there are times when it may hasten or speed up the intervention and come earlier than we expect it.

Yes, in love He permitted Lazarus

This is the message delivered by Bishop Synan at the joint funeral services held for Rev. H. P. Robinson and Rev. Carl W. Thurman in Lake City, S. C., on January 2, 1966.

to die. Then He undid it all and presented to us in a marvelous transaction redemption's ultimate triumph and the reunion of saved loved ones by the power and the fact of resurrection. Thus we have through this marvelous transaction a demonstration and the foreshadowing of what divine love will ultimately do for all the children of God.

**I. Christ is the Master.** "Ye call me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am." (John 13:13)

I realize that the term for Master in the original is the word for teacher. However, in the quotation from John 13:13, He presents Himself not only as Master—teacher—but also as sovereign Lord.

Hence, we may properly consider Him as in every sense the Master. He demonstrated this over and over again in all realms, including death, during the time of His public ministry. In response to His healing touch, sickness, disease and fever vanished. In obedience to His sovereign command demons departed and relinquished their hold upon their victims. Yielding to his word of power, storms obeyed Him and seas were calmed and violent outbreaks of nature were subdued.

And over and over again when He came in contact with death He spoke the word of infinite power and death relinquished its hold upon its victims and those who had departed this life lived again.

He said to His disciples concerning the illness and death of Lazarus, "I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe." This implies that the compassionate heart of Christ and His almighty power would not have permitted death to do its work in the majestic presence of the Prince of Life.

Yes, He is by way of eminence always and forever the Master.

**II. He Comes to Us through the Gospel and Calls Us to Serve Him.**

These men, Brothers Robinson and Thurman, had responded to the Master's call and accepted Him as their Lord and Saviour. They were Christian men. They had yielded themselves to the authority of the Master. They were devoted to His cause and His service.

The Master had likewise called them to the work of the ministry. They were preachers of the gospel. I did not have the privilege of hearing Brother Thurman preach to the extent that I did Brother Robinson and therefore was not personally acquainted with his ministry to the degree that I was that of Brother Robinson. However, I knew by reports and reputation and by the responsible positions that he held that he was an outstanding minister.

As for Padgett Robinson, he was indeed a prince of preachers. He was an anointed and eloquent speaker with a burning message in his heart and a consuming passion to declare all the counsel of God.

He in a marvelous way answered the description of a preacher as given by Bishop Quayle in his book "The Pastor-Preacher": "The preacher stands in the center of a circle whose entire rim is fire. Glory envelops him. He is a prisoner of majesty. Even a dumb man would stumble into eloquence while dealing with the tremendous themes which engage the preacher's attention from week to week."

We had some fine preaching at our General Conference in August. Our theme was, "Forward, through Purity, Power and Purpose." Brother Robinson dealt with that facet of the theme having to do with **purity** or **holiness**. He was a great holiness preacher, and his message, both in its content and the spirit in which it was delivered and received, tended to set the tone for the General Conference. He not only preached holiness, but he lived it. In all my associations with him I never saw or heard from him anything off color or out of harmony with the standard of holiness which our church maintains.

Brother Robinson was truly "a master of assemblies" and it will be exceedingly difficult to fill the large gap in our  
(Continued on Page 12)



# ON GIVING AND RECEIVING

By David Cox

*"... the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."—Job 1:21*

God has used this method of giving and receiving from the beginning of the human race. He has been constantly giving that He might receive. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son . . ." because by giving His Son He would receive many sons. Thus the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us. God's gift to us said, ". . . Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." His Gift died that He might return to and "bring many sons to glory." Thus, **giving and receiving.**

The truly great men which have passed on this stage of action and left a lasting imprint, were men who went to Calvary, accepted the Christ, **received** their instructions, and who then went forth to **give** instructions to others. Among these great men, Carl W. Thurman stands abreast with the greatest.

God having received Carl through the new birth, He could then give Carl to others to bless them. He did not pastor many churches in the South Carolina Conference, although his years of labor were many, because his pastorates were long. He loved his flock; fed them well, organized them well and knew how to get the maximum response from them.

Among the churches that he pastored, Georgetown was included. Thank God for **giving** him to the church which I had recently joined. Being just a babe in Christ, I needed his kind of preaching, love, understanding and instruction.

In addition to many of you in this congregation today, there are scores of others whom he has pastored and all of us, have probably begun to recollect how Carl Thurman would lead us, on Sunday morning and evening, into those green luscious pastures and fed our souls with the Word of God. We have been the recipients of great blessings.

Thank God for **giving** him to us that we could **receive.**

Yes, I too have been weeping because of his departure, but I would have you know, although my tears have been many, mingled with sadness and joy, the greater measure of these tears have been shed in joy for what he left me, and I am sure your feelings are mutual.

I shall never forget the occasion in the Georgetown Church on a Sunday in 1949. He proceeded with the ordination service for the deacons. My brother, Bernard, and I were among those on whom he laid hands and prayed, ordaining us to the office of deacon to serve with him in God's work. What a joy to have served with such a pastor.

The other night after receiving the news of his death, I was feeling lonely, then, looking up into the firmament I seemed to feel that Carl wasn't very far from me. Immediately I thought about the heroes of faith listed in Hebrews 11. I could visualize not only those numerated in Hebrews 11, but all who offered blood and sacrifices as they looked forward to the cross, assembled in one gallery, and all those who looketh back to the cross in another gallery. Among those saints, I could picture Carl and seem to hear him say, ". . . Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

All things belonged to Carl because Carl belonged to God. The Bible declares all things are yours—the world, life, **death**, things present and things to come. He enjoyed living in God's **world** and in this **life** blessed with present things, but in order to **receive**

"things to come" he experienced death—a falling asleep, which also belonged to Him—to awaken in the midst of those "things" for which he had **given** so much to **receive.**

To all of us, I seem to hear him saying, "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

The following poem is read from Carl's Personal Manual. He used this poem on numerous similar occasions.

## CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea.

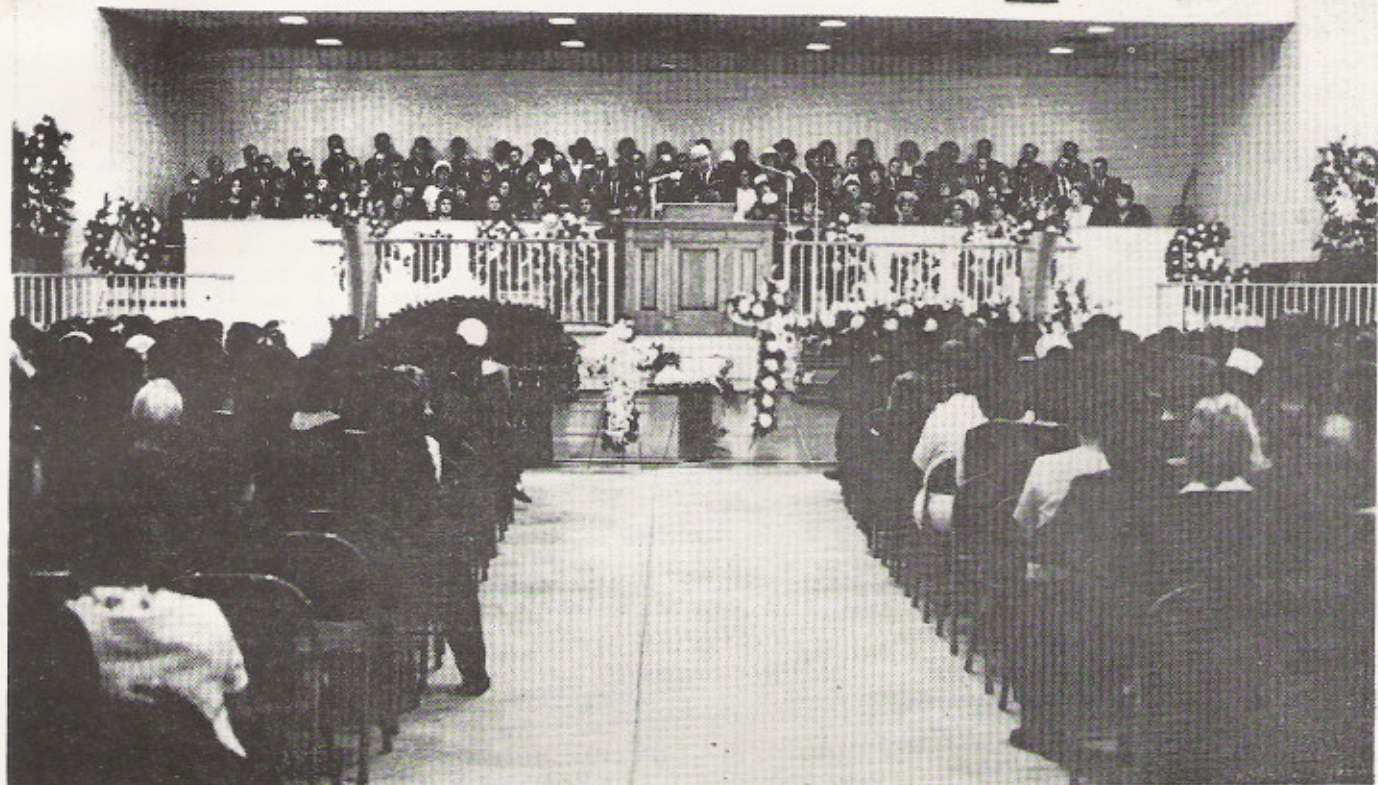
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out of the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of time and place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crossed the bar.

—Alfred Tennyson

\* Delivered by Rev. David W. Cox at the funeral service of the Rev. Carl W. Thurman on Sunday morning, January 2, 1966 at the East Rockingham Pentecostal Holiness Church.



## Funeral Address By Rev. Paul F. Beacham

President of Holmes Theological Seminary

I want to say Amen to the very appropriate remarks made by the brethren who have already spoken in this service.

In the presence of such a providence as the one that brings us together, we must not rationalize, but have faith in the infinite wisdom and unlimited power of God. Trust in Him is the one and only thing that can give us stability in experiences so far beyond the reach of our finite understanding. Human words are empty and inadequate to give the comfort and assurance that we need.

I cannot think of any portion of God's Word more suitable for this occasion than the Gospel of John, Chapter 11. Before reading this, I will mention some of the things brought to our attention here for our comfort and strength, so that you may observe them as I read.

For grandeur and simplicity, pathos and solemnity, nothing has ever been written to surpass the report of the circumstances connected with, and the miracle wrought by our Redeemer in the raising of Lazarus who had been dead four days. It was suitable that this should take place near the close of the earthly ministry of our Saviour. We learn from this that those whom Christ dearly loves sometime suffer and meet

adversity the same as others. Christ loved not only Lazarus, but He had equal affection for all the members of this family of Bethany, even though they were each of a different temperament.

Then, Christ is our surest and best help in time of need. The bereaved sisters were anxious and expected Christ to come at once when He learned of the illness of His friend Lazarus, but He remained where He was for two days until the worst happened. He always knows best when and how to answer our prayer and meet our need. He so graciously gave the sisters the assurance of this by not only declaring His Omnipotence, but by doing that which exceeded their expectation.

As our Saviour was not only perfect man but very God, He could weep with the sisters as a disconsolate mourner, and then call Lazarus from the grave. He has unlimited power and in this gives us an example of what will take place at His Second Coming, when all that are in their graves shall come forth. His own Resurrection is the promise and pledge of ours.

When I first heard of the going of two of my best boys, it was such a shock that I did not feel that I could take part in

this service, but the Lord helped me as He always does in every time of need if we trust Him. May He enable us to finish our ministry with joy.

In closing I want to borrow a few words from David which are appropriate: "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided... How are the mighty fallen in the midst of battle." Not only in the midst of life, but in the battle for the Kingdom of God, they left us.

### At the Grave:

Cherishing memories that are forever sacred; sustained by a faith that is stronger than death; and comforted by the hope of a life that shall endless be; may we leave this graveside in this faith, and with this comfort.

Now may the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the eternal covenant, make us perfect in every good work to do His will, working in us that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ, to Whom be glory now and forever. Amen.

# WHAT HE MEANT TO ME



**Rev. Billy DuBose**  
Evangelist in S. C. Conference

I admired him. I followed him. I loved him.

Which of these came first, I cannot tell. I think he called all of them from me simultaneously.

I admired his creative style, his artistry with words, his progressive leadership, and his profound thinking. My thoughts were often captured by his

unctioned utterances which were seasoned with the salt of tears and tempered with the fire of a holy passion. He could lift me into the strange chariot of imagination and take me to spend awhile with Moses on the mount or Elijah by the brook, and when he closed the Book, I had experienced a sermon. He could take an old truth and polish it, a new truth and refine it, for in his thinking truth was truth, timeless and timely.

His most avid followers were the young ministers in his conference. I was only one of them. We followed him because he believed in us. Others said "prove yourself worthy and we'll give you a chance." He said "I'm giving you a chance; don't let me down." None of us would admit that we were working for Padgett Robinson as much as we really were—we didn't know ourselves. He was to the young preacher what Moses was to Joshua, what Elijah was to Elisha, what David was to his mighty men. He knew how to handle us. When we were depressed, just one word of encouragement could fan the fires of

desire. When we were exalted and expected his praise, he could sit in stoney silence until God humbled us enough to take the commendation. He sweetened our bitterness with water and blood, repaired our wounds with heaven's oil.

I loved him. Love begets love and he loved with a depth that few men ever have. I loved him because of the man he was. Tears on his cheek over another man's error made me love him. The gusto of his laughter lightened many of my burdens. The keen interest he had in me sustained me in my best moments. I felt safe and secure and needed when he put his hand on my shoulder. In those rare moments when he would share some word of praise with me I felt ten feet tall. But when I reflected on the magnitude of his spirit I knew why Elisha rent his own garments before taking up the mantle of Elijah, his beloved master.

The feelings that I have I can't possibly convey on paper, but this I am sure of, a feeling of awesome and humble pride will flood my soul each time I say, "Uncle Padgett."

Although I served in his conference, Rev. H. P. Robinson was more than my superintendent, he was a very close friend. Like many others I feel a personal loss. Many times as a young minister, I had to visit the conference office in search for advice. I always left with new zeal as a result of his personal warmth and interest in me as a person and not only as a minister.

Brother Robinson had a way of making you feel that you were one of the most important ministers in the field and yet as he stood behind the pulpit with God's fire burning in his soul, he made even ministers feel the need of hastening to the altar.



**Rev. Gerald Ramsey**  
Pastor Trinity P. H. Church  
Lancaster, S. C.



**Rev. Frank Tunstall**  
Pastor P. H. Church  
Elizabethtown, N. C.  
Member, S. C. Conf.

I was reared about 7 miles from Rev. H. P. Robinson, and grew up under his directing hand. As an early Christian in high school, he opened his heart to me. He would help me write my speeches; he let me use his library as I wanted to; he guided me in preparing my first sermon; he gave me my Mission Worker's License and my License to Preach; he prayed my prayer of ordination; and he performed our marriage ceremony.

He was a man who always had time for the young preacher and his problems. No matter what the circumstances, I don't remember a time when he turned me away. He often made me wonder why he'd take time for a

lad like me when he had so many other things to do. I know now—it was simply because he loved me. I know he did. I don't think I'd be a preacher today if it weren't for him.

But now he's gone and I miss his guiding wisdom. I feel that the man I depended on most for spiritual guidance is taken from me. Inside I feel weak as I realize that I must stand alone—no more can I lean on him. I didn't comprehend, until God took him, how much I did depend on him.

There is but one thing for me to do: I know I feel weak, but I will stand—his love for me will not be in vain. God will give me strength, and perhaps, in some way, let his mantle fall on me.

leadership both in the conference and in the denomination which has been created by his sudden homegoing. In fact, he will be missed by the entire Pentecostal movement.

**III. The Master Calls His Servants Home When Their Work Is Done.**

These brethren had accepted their Master's suggestions to "come ye yourselves apart and rest a while." They were seeking rest and recreation in the manner most suited to their particular constitutions by taking a little time off from the tremendous burdens and responsibilities of their offices.

Then the messenger came to the camp where these two men of God were resting; and in the stillness and darkness of a North Carolina midnight delivered the summons which no one else on earth could hear: "The Master is come and calleth for thee." And so, from the quietness and darkness of the night and before any other human being knew that they were going they went away into the glory to answer their Master's call.

In a strange and mysterious way they fulfilled the words of William Cullen Bryant in "Thanatopsis" — a view of death:

"So live that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, which moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained  
and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of  
his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant  
dreams."

We do not understand all of this, for rationalization cannot answer all the questions raised. But our Christian faith can accept the strange workings of providence and believe that this was truly a transaction of the divine Master. Horace Bushnell said that "Every man's life is a plan of God." And George Whitfield declared that "Man is immortal till his work is done."

We cannot understand how these two brethren could have finished their work at the same time and at the same place. But we do know that this is taking place every moment in that from various points on earth, not from the same place but at the same time, God is

calling people from the earthly scene to their heavenly home and thus declaring by His sovereign act that their work on earth is done.

As we contemplate their passing, let us observe the words of an anonymous poet on "The Measure of a Man."

"Not—How did he die?  
But—How did he live?  
Not—What did he gain?  
But—What did he give?  
These are the units  
To measure the worth  
Of a man, as a man,  
Regardless of birth.

"Not—What was his station?  
But—Had he a heart?  
and  
How did he play his God-given part?  
Was he ever ready with  
A word of good cheer,  
To bring back a smile, to banish a tear?"

"Not—What was his church?  
Nor—What was his creed?  
But—Had he befriended  
Those really in need?  
Not—What did the sketch  
In the newspaper say?  
But—How many were sorry  
When he passed away?"

**IV. The Master Comes in His Tenderness and Love to Those Who Are Bereaved and Broken-hearted and Ministers His Gracious Comfort and Consolation.**

Just as He came to Martha and Mary in their hour of deepest need so He comes today to Sister Robinson and her children; to Sister Thurman and her children, and to all members of these two bereaved families, and speaks words of divine comfort, strength and assurance. And just as the message came tenderly to Mary, "The Master is come and calleth for thee," so the message comes to these dear ones today and the Master is present to give them the assurances of His love and care and

that even through this strange and sudden experience divine love and divine wisdom are being exhibited. A slightly different rendering of the text would read, "The Master is here and calleth for thee." Let us recognize His presence, submit to His will and be sustained and strengthened by His all-sufficient grace.

I cannot think of a more appropriate manner in which to end this message than to give a few paragraphs from the concluding message of Rev. H. P. Robinson in his book, "Redemption—Conceived and Revealed," which contains the second series of the King Memorial Lectures delivered by him in 1961.

After dealing with the cause of Christ's coming into the world and going to the cross as revealed in John 18:37 and John 12:27, he went on to make the following statements:

"All this, I did, for a Cause. That Cause meant more to me than all these. That Cause is greater than I:

"If this is His estimate of the Cause, where do we stand? What have we done about it? What will we do about it?"

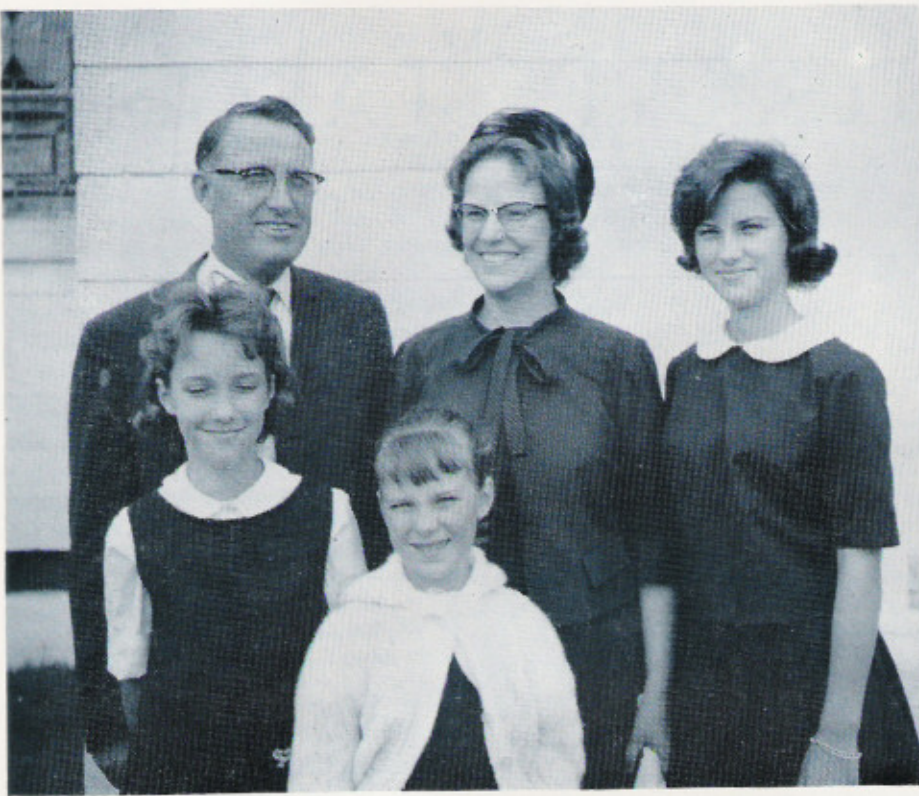
"This timeless utterance of Jesus bears the connotation of a sequence and significance. He did not come to Calvary as an unwilling martyr and the sequence did not end at three o'clock when He died.

"This Celestial Traveler paused only for a moment on this fallen world to bid us join Him in His journey to lands of endless day. He stopped only long enough to lead captivity captive and give gifts to men. But in passing, He did not forget to give Satan his mortal wound and deliver to us the keys of the Kingdom.

"It is our responsibility to see that this Cause shall never perish from the earth . . . but like Him, we are expected to completely lose ourselves in it and give it all we have. As Winston Churchill once said, 'I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat.' After this price was paid, England was free again.



Rev. H. P. Robinson in his study



The H. P. Robinson Family: Padgett, Agnes, Cathy, Carol, and Caren

"The Cause has its roots in two eternities. Time is an isthmus between them. The Cause stretches from age to age, from eternity to eternity . . . and we stand for a flickering moment between the two, then we pass into infinity.

"What we do now with respect to the Cause will determine what eternity will be for us when time is a story. Someone has said life is 'Like a bird flying into a window out of the night into a lighted room, and on through another window out into the dark on the other side.' That is not the Christian's faith—there is no dark out there. 'There is a light in the valley of death now for me, since Jesus came into my heart.'

"Columbus saw a floating green twig

and knew that land was near. There is another world out there somewhere. We have the evidence. 'He came to bear witness.' That land is not far away, we have seen the green olive branch.

"It has always been out there prepared for the Redeemed. Calvary was not an afterthought — not an impoverished scheme rushed into by a surprised Creator. It was not a fire escape or a second best.

"Sin did not force God into an emergency measure. Sin only became the occasion for Christ to come to this world to prove to men what God was really like and to bear witness to the truth. God had provided for every eventuality long before the flowers bloomed in Eden, and the fruit hung

tempting on the Tree of Life . . .

"Not even the angel will fully enjoy what Redemption will mean to us:

### HOLY, HOLY IS WHAT THE ANGELS SING

There is singing up in heaven such as we have never known,  
Where the angels sing the praises of the Lamb upon the throne.  
Their harps are ever tuneful and their voices always clear.

Oh, that we might be more like them while we serve the Master here.

But I hear another anthem, blending voices clear and strong,  
'Unto Him who hath redeemed us and hath bought us,' is the song.  
'We have come thro' tribulations to this land so fair and bright;  
In the fountain freely flowing He hath made our garments white.'

Then the angels stand and listen, for they cannot join that song  
Like the sound of many waters, by that happy, blood-washed throng.  
For they sing about great trials, battles fought and victories won,  
And they praise their great Redeemer who hath said to them,  
'Well Done.'

So although I'm not an angel, yet I know that over there  
I will join a blessed chorus that the angels cannot share.  
I will sing about my Saviour who upon dark Calvary  
Freely pardoned my transgressions, died to set a sinner free.

Holy, Holy is what the angels sing,  
And I expect to help them make the courts of heaven ring.  
But when I sing Redemption's story, they will fold their wings,  
For angels never felt the joys that our Salvation brings."

## Our Evangelists

### MRS. PEARL BENZ

606 Carter, S. E., Ardmore Okla. 73401

Feb. 13-20—1st P. H. Church, Ada, Okla., Rev. Gosnell, Pastor.

Mar. 6-16—Yukon, Okla., Rev. W. K. Stephens, Pastor.

Apr. 3-13—Lawton, Okla., Rev. Fred Andrews, Pastor.

May 1-11—Liberal, Kans., Rev. L. Blankenship, Pastor.

### EVANGELIST DAN & BETTY SMITH

Route 2, Taylors, South Carolina  
Phone Area Code 803-834-4893

Feb. 9-20—P. H. Church, Rock Hill, S. C., Rev. Carl Fisher, Pastor.

Feb. 22-27—Broad River P. H. Church, Columbia, S. C., Rev. M. A. Frye, Pastor.

Mar. 1-13—Highway P. H. Church, Elgin, S. C., Rev. N. D. Sellers, Pastor.

Mar. 18-27—P. H. Church, Easley, S. C., Rev. Ronald Moore, Pastor.

Mar. 30—April 3—Ermo P. H. Church, Ermo, S. C., Rev. James Ellenberg, Pastor.

April 4-10—Gluck Mill P. H. Church, Anderson, S. C., Rev. R. E. Cason, Pastor.

April 11-17—Twin City P. H. Church, Batesburg, S. C., Rev. J. M. Brewer, Pastor.

April 20—May 1—Bellwood P. H. Church, Richmond, Va., Rev. M. E. Synan, Pastor.

May 3-8—South Henderson P. H. Church, Henderson, N. C., Rev. F. M. Spargo, Pastor.

\* \* \* \*

Note: The Smith's have just recently made a new record entitled, "The Smith Family Sings." The new record is a 45 E. P. with four songs. The songs are: "I'll Tell It Wherever I Go," "I Was Born to Serve the Lord," "I Wouldn't Take Nothing for My Journey Now," "I've Been to Calvary." Records are available for \$2.00 sent to the Smith's address.

## IN APPRECIATION

*Both the Robinson and the Thurman families take this means of saying, "Thank you," to the many people who remembered them with flowers, telegrams, cards, letters, and telephone calls during their time of bereavement.*

# FOOTPRINTS EVER LARGER

By Everett W. Ingram  
Pastor P. H. Church  
Great Falls, S. C.

In the sandy soil of a little farm in South Carolina, around forty years ago, were imbedded the footprints of a small boy as he plowed in the heat of the day. Soon thereafter, the gentle breezes covered those footprints, never to be seen again. They are lost in the ever-changing sands of time.

But those same feet have made imprints on the pages of history that shall never be erased. Following these tracks from that farm along the dusty roads and through the towns and hamlets of South Carolina, we see them getting larger and larger. Now they are not little boy's feet leaving the pattern of the heel and ball and the five toes. They now leave the tracks of a man bent hurriedly on a journey—a man anxious to get where he is going; a man who realizes the importance of time; who cannot tolerate even a moment wasted; a man with a job to perform!

We follow those tracks through the changing times, and they lead us to a little church near Lake City, where much progress was made during his stay there. From there he went to Darlington, where during his pastorate there was great increase in the work. From Darlington his footprints lead to a small church in East Rockingham, North Carolina, where the largest Sunday School, and perhaps the strongest church in the entire conference were to become the results of this man's love and work among the people.

Now we see the footprints leaving East Rockingham and are surprised to note that they have become much larger. They appear as the feet of a giant, and this aptly describes our departed brother and leader, the Reverend H. P. Robinson—a giant among men. This was recognized as he worked to make the South Carolina Conference one of the largest and most progressive in the Pentecostal Holiness Church. Not only did the people of South Carolina recognize the ability of this man, but the majority of the entire church and the leaders of many other denominations realized that he possessed one of the greatest of minds. They knew him as one of untiring fibre, and as possessing a concern seldom surpassed among men to get the gospel to every creature.

You might have met H. P. Robinson in the business world and thought him an unusual businessman. In a study of his life's progress you would recognize him as a great administrator and promoter. But when you sat and listened to him preach the gospel of Jesus Christ, when you saw him begin to radiate the glory and presence of the Holy Spirit, when you felt the joy of heaven and the nearness of the blessed Redeemer, then you knew this man was a PREACHER!

Always, H. P. Robinson shall have a place in our memories. We will remember him as a faithful husband, a loving and gentle father, a devoted pastor, an able superintendent, a most promising Assistant General Superintendent. Above all we will remember him as a preacher heralding the glad tidings of full redemption.

Let us look again at the footprints as they go, not from the cradle to the grave, but, from the cradle to the cross, and lo, death is swallowed up in victory! The winds of time can never erase these footprints. Rather, they lead on unto the ripened fields of the sweet forever. They come to the turbulent shores of the "River Jordan," but behold, the wa-

ters roll back and there is a path that leads to the other shore! Surely down the golden streets of that celestial city if mortal eyes could but behold, we should see those footprints passing to a mansion in the skies.

"In that bright city, pearly white city,  
He has a mansion, a harp, and a crown.

Now he is watching, waiting, and longing,

In that bright city, John saw coming down."

If Brother Robinson could speak to us or send us a message today, I believe it might be something like this:

"Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on His gentle breast.

Here by His love o'er-shaded. Sweetly my soul is at rest.

Hark! 'Twas the voice of an angel,  
Borne in a song to me,

Over the fields of Glory, Come home my son to me!

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---

## A Friend to Holiness

By O. Talmadge Spence

*In days like these, we've heard it said: I speak it gladly; with boldness.  
"Where are the good and true?" Speak it again—it's true.*

*It seems the world is now afraid  
To think the best of you.*

*But living in these crisis days  
Are those who's message bear  
An imprint of God's Word and Ways  
Of Holiness to share.*

*In spite of war and wilful men  
I know of living proof  
Where Grace resides instead of sin;  
A friendship with the Truth.*

*I now give witness with my heart  
Of one who will expose  
And make all skeptics now depart,  
And Holiness disclose.*

*I have a friend to Holiness  
I know him; Love him, too.*

*We've found a Friend to Holiness.  
Our Church can call his name.  
We've found a Friend to Holiness.  
His Life — His Work — The same.*

*As time proceeds toward that Day  
We call Heaven and Earth  
To pass the word and loudly say:  
"We know a noble birth."*

*Although he lives in heaven now:  
He went ahead of us.  
Our Church and our world know the  
Crown  
Now held in sacred trust.*

—Tribute to Rev. H. P. Robinson  
Written during Funeral  
January 2, 1966

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*As time proceeds toward that Day*

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*To pass the word and loudly say:*

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*Although he lives in heaven now:*

*He went ahead of us.*

*Our Church and our world know the Crown*

*Now held in sacred trust.*

—Tribute to Rev. H. P. Robinson  
Written during Funeral  
January 2, 1966

**ORGANIST OF THE NATIONAL CHURCH HAS HOME GOING, TOO**

Before leaving Lake City, South Carolina, and the very moving memorial services to Brothers Robinson and Thurman, I learned of the homegoing of Miss Ellen Robinson. She was one of the granddaughters of the late beloved Brother Albert E. Robinson, Sr.

Miss Robinson faithfully presented music to the National Church for twenty years; being church organist for ten years. She went to heaven in her thirty-fifth year, having been in declining health for quite a number of months. She attended Southwestern Bible College and Emmanuel College.

We extend continued sympathy and love to her parents, Brother and Sister Robert E. Robinson, and three remaining sisters and two brothers.

The National Church shall long remember her simple and consistent Christian character as exemplified in a most faithful manner.

Rev. Harry Correll, former pastor, presently of Fayetteville, North Carolina, gave the funeral message; Rev. O. Talmadge Spence, assisting, 2:30 P. M., January 5, 1966.

—O. Talmadge Spence

**A TRIBUTE TO MRS. W. A. POWER**

One of the pioneers of the Pentecostal Holiness Conference in the Maritimes has been called home to Glory. Mrs. Theresa Power, for forty years a partner of Rev. W. A. Power, former Assistant Superintendent, received her call to join the ranks of those who have blazed an illustrious trail, pioneering for God.

When the first Pentecostal Holiness Church was organized in Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, Sister Power was one of the charter members. Her heart seemed to open to the Holiness message and responded with a bright and happy "Amen." This wholehearted acceptance of truth was very characteristic of her. She gave herself unreservedly to do whatever her hand found to do for the Lord. She was a true Mother in Israel and reached out her arms of love to many.

Her place as a Board Member in the W. A. is left noticeably vacant for she was a strong and untiring worker. Whether in the local auxiliary or on the conference level, she worked faithfully to make things better and brighter for those whom she preceded. Many areas around the Conference Campground are better for her having passed by. She not only suggested means of improvement, but her hands willingly lent themselves to make the task lighter.

At the last Camp Meeting, though unable to bear the burden of labour as in other years, it was noticeable to all that she would have liked to have done more. Perhaps what she did do overtaxed her already tired heart, as immediately following camp, she was confined to her bed—from whence she answered the last call, "Come up higher."

Her husband and her immediate family as well as the many to whom she was "Mother," will certainly miss her. Our prayers and heartfelt sympathy go out to them.

**PRAYER REQUEST**

Late word from Krugersdrop, South Africa tells us that Rev. James Gardner, one of the P. H. Missionaries there, has suffered two heart attacks and is very ill. Please remember him in prayer.

February 5, 1966

# The Second G. F. Taylor Writer's Conference

FEBRUARY 15-17, 1966

**Advocate Press**  
Franklin Springs, Ga.

**Tuesday, February 15**—Charles E. Bradshaw, Chairman

7:30 P. M. — Devotional Hymn and Prayer

7:40 P. M. — A Tribute to Rev. H. P. Robinson—**Bishop J. A. Synan**

Special Music

8:00 P. M. — The Task Before Us—**Charles E. Bradshaw**

8:20 P. M. — Introducing General Board of Publications—**Rev. L. C. Synan**

8:30 P. M. — Introducing Workshop Leaders—**A. M. Long**

8:45 P. M. — Fellowship Hour at E. C. Student Center

**Wednesday, February 16**—A. M. Long, Chairman

8:30 - 8:50 — Devotional—**Rev. L. C. Synan**

8:55 - 9:45 — Techniques of Research for Expository Writing—Panel featuring **Bishop J. A. Synan, Rev. J. W. Swails and Rev. Talmadge Spence**

9:50 - 10:20 — Chapel

10:20 - 10:45 — Coffee Break

10:45 - 11:15 — Establishing Press Relations and Daily News Coverage for Conventions and Conferences—**Rev. James W. Butler**

11:20 - 12:10 — His Story in History—**Rev. B. E. Underwood**

12:10 - 1:10 — Lunch

1:15 - 2:05 — Brainstorming Session, **Chas. E. Bradshaw, Chairman**—Stabilizing Magazine Circulation—Conference Editors Participating

2:15 - 3:00 — Age Level Treatment in Christian Writing

3:05 - 3:55 — Deadlines, Timetables, and Publication Costs—**Charles Bradshaw, A. C. Shealy, Walt Crawford, A. M. Long**

7:30 - 7:40 — Devotional—**Rev. Leon Stewart**

7:40 - 8:00 — G. F. Taylor as I Knew Him—**A. C. Shealy**

8:00 - 8:10 — Special Music

8:10 - 9:15 — Panel Discussion on Intellectual Honesty, Historical Accuracy, and Objective Reporting. Panel members: **Dr. C. Y. Melton, Vinson Synan, Miss Dorothy Poteat, Kirk Hartsfield and A. M. Long**

**Thursday, February 17**—Charles E. Bradshaw, Chairman

8:30 - 8:50 — Devotional

8:55 - 9:45 — **Be Your Own Editor**—session in which typical manuscript problems are discussed and a sample manuscript is edited by the group.

9:50 - 10:15 — Coffee Break

10:15 - 10:45 — Photographs That Tell A Story—**H. L. Moore**

10:45 - 11:15 — Radio and TV Programming—**Harry B. Correll**

11:20 - 12:10 — Prospects and Possibilities in P. H. Publications—**Rev. Leon Stewart**

12:30 - — Lunch



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# **GENERAL OFFICIALS AND OFFICIATING MINISTERS**

## **At the Joint Funeral of Rev. H. P. Robinson and Rev. C. W. Thurman**



Left to Right: A. D. Beacham, B. E. Underwood, J. Floyd Williams, R. L. Rex, J. W. Swails, Paul F. Beacham, J. A. Synan, David A. McKenzie and Charles E. Bradshaw.