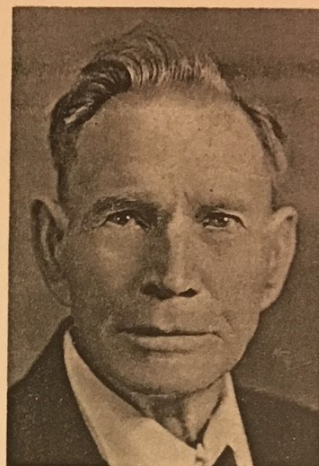
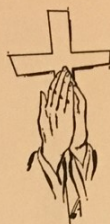


Album of Preachers



CLEMMMA L. PEEBLER



A. J. PEEBLER



FERN FORTNER
Earl's first wife



ESTHER HAWKINS



RUTH MADDEFORD

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Cover Photo	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1
Table Of Contents	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2
Forward - Roger D. Fortner	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3
Album of Preachers - By Mabel Ruth Maddeford	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	4
Introduction to Jacob J. Fortner	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5
Melissy's Faith - Clemma (Fortner) Peebler	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	7
I Remember Mama	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	13
Called to Write - Mabel Ruth Maddeford	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	30
Move to California	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	32
Bawling for Food and Water	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	34
Clemma Peebler Gets Remarried	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	35
Pomona Church of God	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	37

FORWARD

Again, I am trying to preserve family history and, while I am at it, preserve some history of the involvement of our family Preachers in the Pentecostal faith. No one denomination is highlighted here. Our family has thrived in Independent, "Full Gospel", Assembly of God, and the Church of God (Cleveland, Tennessee), the Holy Spirit has one family, that is the family of God. The Idea of writing this book came as I was researching for the book, "God Walks These Hills". As of this date, 2020, you can download "God Walks These Hills" and several other family books at www.ozarkpage.com for free. I am not sure how long I will be able to host the page so download them while you can.

Mabel Ruth Maddeford wanted to write a book about her mother, Clemma (Fortner) Peebler, I don't think she ever did. This book is to put together what I can about Clemma. Since Clemma (Fortner) Peebler, Mabel Ruth (Peebler) Maddeford, and Esther (Peebler) Hawkins wrote so much about the Bible and the Holy Spirit, it is impossible for me to try to copy all of it. In this book, I am including as many articles that I can find that include family history in them. Ruth and Esther edited newsletters for several years spreading the Gospel of Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit. They had a very large mailing list that covered a large portion of the United States. Mabel Ruth Maddeford was led by God to write about God's word in a publication and distribute it freely. In January of 1947 she published her first edition of "The Trumpet" out of her Arkansas home. They re-named it to "THE CONSOLATION" around 1952, when Ruth moved to Pomona, California, to be close to her Mother and Esther. When Ruth moved to Oroville, California, she started publishing "CHALLENGE PUBLICATION", with the help of her husband, Frank Maddeford.

Ruth also started a Christian Help line in 1952 or 1953, receiving phone calls for help twenty four hours a day, advertising in the daily paper in Pomona. Later when Ruth moved to Oroville, California, she headed a Prayer Ministry called "The Prayer Band", also called "The CHRISTIAN CORRESPONDENCE MINISTRY OF COMFORT", which consisted of several ministers across the United States.

The first article in this book was written in 1969 by Mabel Ruth Maddeford, about the cover photo. She talks about writing a book called, "I Remember Mama", Clemma (Fortner) Peebler. Soon after she wrote this, she started having heart problems and I think she decided to go ahead and publish the stories she already had. She explains that she is confident that God will let her finish this series before she died. Apparently she was hospitalized several times while she was writing about her mother, Clemma Louise Peebler.

Roger D. Fortner

ALBUM OF PREACHERS

These photographs were all taken in or about the year of 1940. Clemma Louise and A.J. Peebler are the parents of me and my two sisters, Fern Fortner and Esther Hawkins and we were all preachers and in the ministry at the same time, though my Father only part time. There were five of us children, the others are Roy Peebler, a teacher in the school system in Southern California and the other is Pauline Cotton, who is a nurse and lives in Boise Idaho. Our brother Roy also ministered for a time and pastored a Church of the Brethren for some time in Wichita Kansas. My Parents were of that organization also and they pioneered and established a number of the churches until the year of 1931 when our Mother was baptized with the Holy Ghost and very shortly afterwards we three sisters were saved, filled with the Holy Ghost and were called and ordained of God into the ministry and evangelistic work.

The pictures of me and my husband were the ones used on our revival posters. We don't look the same today, by no stretch of imagination for "TIME" has taken it's toll. But so many have asked for pictures and I wanted this Album as you are so well acquainted with us all: as I write so often of them all.

Daddy departed this earth plane in 1942 at the age of 96. Fern was called to join him in 1943 at the age of 37. Father had lived such a great and full life but we all were shocked at the departure of Fern at the age of 37 and so sadly missed. At this writing, I am 71 and Esther is 11 years younger. Roy is between us and Pauline is the youngest. Mama went home at the age of 85 while living with me and Esther in the city of Pomona California in 1960.

I am building a Book, if I can state it so; around these loved ones pictured here. Mother will be the central figure for she will be THE TALL TIMBER THAT ALWAYS HELD THE PEEBLER HOUSE TOGETHER IN THE MANY STORMS THAT RAGED AGAINST IT: especially in the Sense that God was calling forth Ministers of His Gospel from THIS HOUSE. I will Build this Book from Proverbs 31-10. "Who can find a virtuous WOMAN? For her price is far above rubies." I will title this Book, "I remember Mama". There will be the scent of much "GROUND SPICES" with now and then the fragrance of the ATTAR OF ROSES which portray the very ESSENCE OF GOD. This Book will reveal many PATTERNS FOR THIS HOUR FOR HOMES AND HOUSEHOLDS STEEPED IN DISTRESS: KNOWING NOT HOW TO OVERCOME. Hundreds of times you will see my Mother as she boldly and staunchly STANDS IN THE GAP AND MAKES UP THE HEDGE TO SAVE HER HOUSE FROM DESTRUCTION. I need your prayers that God will enable me to leave this MEMORIAL to the Mother who really and trully KNEW GOD! So enjoy these pictures. We sent them with our Calendar and many are writing saying how they enjoyed them. God bless everyone of you. We do pray that you will enjoy this book now in your hands. Look for me all through it: for I am there. Please write us, though we cannot say we are able to answer for certain reasons: but know for sure you are written in our own BOOK OF REMEMBRANCES and we will pray every day for you for as we write these final words it is now in the year of 1969. May this be the BEST YEAR EVER FOR ALL OF YOU,

With great Love, Ruth Maddeford

OROVILLE, CALIFORNIA

Introduction to Jacob J. Fortner

Clemma Louise (Fortner) Peebler grew up around poverty and death. Her father, Jacob J. Fortner, grew up without a father. For some reason we don't know much about his father, but we do know his mother was a hard working independent woman who homesteaded what is now the old Hollister, Missouri downtown. Her cabin was on the banks of Turkey creek.

Jacob Married Malissa (Hopper) McCord on May 15, 1870. Malissa's husband had left to fight in the Civil war and only came back for a short time. He later abandoned her. She had 2 small girls, so they had a ready made family.

In November of 1871 Jacob Fortner, his wife Malissa, his mother, Malinda and several other families formed a church called The Mincy Valley Church of Christ. In December of 1872, Jacob was asked to leave the church because he had changed his beliefs and joined the Church of the Brethern. It is not clear if he was ordained, but Jacob considered himself a minister and was constantly traveling spreading the word. There are accounts of him selling bibles to help pay his way, walking from community to community.

Life along Turkey Creek turned out to be rough, sickness never seemed to leave. Here is a record that shows how life really could be at the time.

FAMILY RECORD OF JACOB J. AND MALISSIA L. FORTNER.

Malissia Hopper and Samuel McCord were married on March 19, 1863.

Name	Born	Died
Theodosia McCord	March 23, 1864	Sept. 14, 1873
*Rozilla McCord (aunt ROSE)	June 23, 1866	

Malissia McCord and Jacob J. Fortner were married May 15, 1870.

Name	Born	Died
*Anderson Huston Fortner(Tom)	Feb. 27, 1871	Sept. 24, 1928
Margret A. Fortner	March 29, 1873	Oct. 26, 1874
*Clemmie L. Fortner	Feb. 23, 1875	1960
*Amon Jesse Fortner	Feb. 4, 1877	Jan. 21, 1953
Leroy Fortner	Jan. 1, 1879	Aug. 13, 1879
Mary, Martha & Joseph	April 14, 1881	Nov. 17, 20, 23, 1881
Edward & Edna Fortner	March 22, 1883	Edna - Dec. 12, 1884 Edward - July 16, 1884

*Only three grown to adulthood.

Without taking the time to study the FAMILY RECORD OF JACOB J. FORTNER AND MALISSIA FORTNER, you can miss some very important history about the hardship of the time. Malinda had a total of twelve children, two to a previous marriage to Samuel McCord and ten with Jacob Fortner.

Let me go through her child bearing life step by step. First she had Theodosia McCord on March 23rd 1864, and then Rozilla McCord on June 23rd 1866. When she married Jacob their first born was Anderson Houston Fortner, who always went by Tom, on February 27th 1871. On March 29th 1873 she had another child, Margret A. Fortner. This gave her four children in their happy little home.

Then the hardship of living in pioneer times began. Theodosia McCord died at the age of nine years old on September 14th 1873. A year later, Margret A. Fortner died at 18 months old on October 26th 1874. The family now only had two children left, Rozilla and Tom. When Margret died Malissia was about four months pregnant with her next child, Clemmie L. Fortner, who was born on February 23rd 1875. In two more years, Amon J. Fortner was born, February 4th 1877.

The family again had four children. On January 1st 1879 Malissia had another child, Leroy. He lived a short seven months and passed away on August 13th 1879. Next a seemingly miracle happened, Malissia had triplets on April 14th 1881, Mary, Martha and Joseph. They all survived, but disaster struck in November as one by one the seven month old babies died. Two years later, on March 22nd 1883 she had twins, Edward and Edna Fortner. Edward lived to be 16 months old and died on July 16th 1884. Edna lived to be year and nine months old and died on July 16th 1884. It is hard to believe the hardship they went through. Out of twelve children, they only had four that made it to adulthood and Amon had what may have been Polio. Sad times.

The family was desperate and decided that the only chance for Amon was to move to the healing springs of Eureka Springs, Arkansas. They were going to see how God could work in their lives. Clemma saw her brother, Amon, healed of what was probably Polio. His desire to crawl to church if he had too, was the faith that healed him. The next story about their move to Eureka Springs was written by Clemma (Fortner) Peebler in later years. She was one of the children in this story of "Melissy's Faith".

Roger D. Fortner

MELISSY'S FAITH

by: Clemma Luise Peebler

Swish, swash, hissed the wheels at the old wagon as they groaned and creaked and dragged over the mud-sodden roads and running rivulets. The drizzling rain rattled on the wagon cover, while the skies overhead looked as though a steadier and heavier downpour might be expected at any moment. Melissy and the three children were crouched beneath some old covers to keep warm, and Jake was sitting up in front with Mr. Phelps, the man that was moving the Fortners from down on the White River to Eureka Springs, a mountain town in northern Arkansas, which was noted for the medicinal properties of its springs. The Fortners had given Mr. Phelps their last cow as payment for moving them to the springs.

Slush, slash; the children leaned over and looked down between the edge of the wagon-cover and the wagon, watching the mud and water as it sloshed along the deep ruts, or splashed on the wheels, but Melissy looked disconsolately out the front between the two men, and wondered if they would be able to get out of the river bottom and up on the mountain top before night.

It had been three days since they had left the little old cabin, back on Turkey Creek, where the water from the creek overflowed every Spring and washed out the corn crop; and the children nearly shook themselves to pieces every fall with chills. It had drizzled and rained nearly all the time since they started, but conditions had reached such a stage that they were almost compelled to move this time. They had all been sick nearly all the Fall and Jake had almost died from the severity of a malarial attack.

But now they were on their way to a healthier locality, and there was some satisfaction in that knowledge.

Their only possessions were in the wagon. There was some bedding, a chest, and a few boxes. One of the boxes had a lid fastened on with leather hinges; this contained their meager food supply, which was to last until they reached their journey's end.

At last they left the river bottom and began to ascend the mountain. As the road gradually wound up the side of the mountain, the children wanted to raise the sides of the wagon cover so they could see the tall pines growing on the mountain sides and watch the river which they had left behind.

It was getting pretty dark when they reached the summit of the mountain. They were driving slowly along when they saw a little old abandoned loggers' cabin, so they drove up in front of it and concluded to camp for the night. There were great holes where the chinking had fallen out and the clapboards were held on by poles being laid across them, yet, it was better than camping out-doors when it looked so much like rain.

The children scrambled out, glad to have once more the free use of their feet and legs.

They pushed through the door and were soon inside. An old bedstead made of poles occupied one corner of the room. A table, an old chair, and a box nailed up in the corner, constituted the remainder of the furnishings.

The fireplace was in pretty good shape, so they soon had a bright fire built of pine knots. (Pine knots sound like small pieces of wood, but they were really big knots left over when loggers was cutting logs. The area probably had large chunks of wood laying around that was left by the loggers. R.D.F.)

"I'll Jest take the gun along as I go out there a piece to git some more pine knots," said Jake. "Maybe I'll see a squirrel or a rabbit." So he started off, and pretty soon they heard the crack of the gun, and before long Mr. Fortner returned, bringing a nice, fat rabbit.

"We'll have fried rabbit and gravy to eat with our potatoes," said Mrs. Fortner cheerfully. The children were almost wild with delight. They were getting very tired of bacon, corn-bread and potatoes.

Mrs. Fortner raked out some coals, then set the old three-legged iron skillet, which Tommie had brought from the wagon, over the coals. She put in some slices of bacon and after that had fried a while she took it out and placed all around the rim of the skillet large spoonfuls of corn-meal batter; then taking the pieces of rabbit which had been nicely cleansed and dredged in meal, she placed them in the center, the whole being covered with the iron top which had the edge turned up to hold the hot coals. The top had a ring in the center so it could be lifted off with a hook kept for that purpose.

Soon a very appatizing odor was issuing from the skillet, and by that time the horses were fed and a lot of pine knots had been gathered in by the side of the fire-place. Mrs. Fortner took up the rabbit and corn-cakes, and made gravy, using a meager spoonful of flour which she kept in an old coffee can.

They were just ready to sit down to the old rude table which Mrs. Fortner had covered with some papers which she found in the old corner cupboard when far down the mountain side they heard some one singing. They stopped and listened to the strange sound; even Mr. Phelps, who had no use for anything religious, was somewhat moved. There on the top of that mountain ridge, with tall pines reaching upwards toward the weeping sky, they heard a deep, rich voice singing in beautiful cadence, coming nearer and nearer!

"Hide me, Oh, my Savior, hide me,
Till the storms of life are past---"

Just then the voice stepped. The singer, an old elderly man dressed in sober black, had just discovered the presence of the other people; but noticing the wagon, he knew they were "movers", so he rode up unconcernedly.

"Why, how-do-you-do, Fellow Travelers," he greeted then. "I am riding across the mountains, and had expected to make the little cabin my camping place to-night, but I see it is

already occupied.”

“Get down, get down,” hospitably exclaimed Mrs. Fortner. “You are perfectly welcome,” put in Jake, “Our name is Fortner; and we are moving to the next town, lookin' for a healthier place to live in.”

“Well, I’m Preacher Williams. I am going over about ten miles from here to preach in a school-house, tomorrow night and the next day.”

“Then tie up your hoss, Brother Williams, and eat with us,” invited Jake. “As long as we have a bite we’re willin’ to divide.” Whereupon the preacher got down and tied up his horse after feeding him a few ears of corn which he took from a sack fastened behind the saddle.

After they had eaten their suppers of cornbread, fried rabbit, gravy and coffee, they sat around the fireplace, listening to the wind.

“What text do you ‘tend to preach from over to the school-house?” asked Jake as the white-haired old preacher took his Bible and began to study it by the fire light.

“‘Faith is the substance of things hoped for.’ Hebrews 12. 1. I will read the story; where Christ fed the five thousand from the five loaves and two fishes. I will try to show the people that because of the oneness with God which Jesus had that his faith was sufficient that he knew he could break in pieces the leaves, and that they would never give out as long as he kept breaking; or, in other words, Jesus was so conjoined with God, who is the source of the Universal Substance from which everything is made, that by his faith He had power to reach right out into this Universal Substance and partake of the necessary amount to create sufficient bread and fish to feed the five thousand.”

“No one ever did such a thing since, though,” thoughtfully remarked Mr. Fortner.

“No, but peeples could do more if they just had sufficient faith,” answered Preacher Williams. “Jesus said, ‘ask and ye shall receive’ So many give up asking because they don’t receive quickly enough. Sometimes it takes a long time to reach the place where we come in contact with this substance from which this earth and all that is in it or on it is made.”

Melissy was busy bringing in the covers from the wagon, and arranging places for the party to sleep. The children were already in bed, and still she busied around; she was anxious to hear every word, but was able to catch very little of the conversation, and she did not understand very much of what she did hear, but one thing impressed her very much: “So many give up because they don’t receive quickly enough.”

After a while the folks were all asleep but still she sat by the fire and pondered over the words of the old preacher. How greatly she had longed for a home; they had moved so much, here and there. Soon the children would be old enough to go to school. Was it true that if one asked in faith, believing, they would receive, even though it might be a long time?

The fire glowed in the old fireplace. Melissy threw on another pine knot and pondered

on. Once more she was living over her past life: the time when she was a happy girl at home with father and mother, and sisters and brothers; and once a month the preacher came and preached at the old school-house. One Fall they had such a big revival that five or six preachers were necessary to carry on the work. She was among the number that were converted and baptized -- but that was so long ago.

She looked up and noticed that the rain had ceased falling, so she threw a shawl over her head and stepped out under the tall pines. Far away in the heavens the stars were beginning to show through the drifting clouds. Walking out a little way she came to a little clearing. The moon was struggling to appear from behind the fleecy clouds, and far down the mountainside the deep shadows made her feel as though she almost stood on the top of the world. But she looked up towards the heavens and a deep, struggling desire came from the very depth of her soul. "Oh, God, may we some day have a home to live in - makes no difference if it is small and humble." The pine trees seemed to fade away, the rocks disappeared and she alone seemed to stand on the shores of time and look out on an endless eternity. Slowly and with no noise from out the heart of the great silence there came to her a peace, such as "passeth understanding," and she knew the desire of her heart would be granted.

Next morning, bright and early, Melissy was up, and stirring the fire in the fireplace, soon had the coffee-pot steaming over some coals and some bacon frying in the skillet. She hurried around, getting breakfast, and as the children became warmed by the bright fire they soon scrambled out, ready to eat.

Seizing upon a moment when the family were eating, Melissy slipped out to the place where she had stood the night before. Far away she could see the sun coming up out of a sea of beautiful clouds and vapor; as he rose higher he looked, just for the world, as though he had just emerged from his morning bath and was shining forth, all pure and new. Again Melissy realized a beautiful uplift of spirit and felt that God had many good things, yet in store for her.

After breakfast, the Fortners hitched up and started on their journey. The road led along the top of the ridge for a number of miles, then slowly began to descend into a valley.

The old white-haired preacher traveled along with them for about five miles, then started off on another road. The last they saw of him he was going on his way to fulfill the work which he felt God had appointed unto him.

Slowly on and on the wagon creaked and groaned up one hill and down another. At last, just at dusk, they drove up the main street of a town which was built on the mountainside. The main street followed the trough of the valley. Other streets were dug right out of the mountainside. One street, especially, wound around the mountainside, and at numerous points along the rocky route there were springs with pavilions built over them and seats arranged so that people could sit at the springs and drink of the medicinal waters.

As we said before, it was dusk when the wagon drove up the main street. Night was coming on, and the children were tired and hungry. At last, away up at the far end, a man by the name of Geigman let them come in. He was staying at the Springs for his health and lived in a

little two roomed house, but was only occupying one room; so, he let them have the other room until they could look around for another location. Thus they found themselves in a strange town, with very little resources.

A short time after their arrival, Mr Fortner began to have the chills and ague, but nothing daunted, Melissy started out to secure work. The very first day she went to a man who had just finished a large hotel and secured a position as chambermaid at a salary of one dollar per day, which seemed a magnificent sum to her. Day after day she scrubbed floors and washed windows; but no work was too hard for she was ever looking forward to the time when, as she believed, God would materialize the desire of her heart.

Many discouraging years followed, and one move was followed by another. In the Summer times they would move out on one of the ridges where they could cultivate a garden and raise chickens; then in the winter they would move down near the Springs where they could take in washings, or work at the hotels. But all through this discouraging time the children were getting stronger and healthier, and Melissy managed to send them always to school, even though she dressed them in clothing she had made from old garments given her out of charity.

Once or twice work became so scarce that Mr. Fortner was compelled to go away to secure it. When they had been living at the Springs about six years, times became very hard, and at last it was decided that Jake should go away to secure work. Melissy had always expressed a dread for him to go to the mining towns in southern Missouri, as his father had been killed in a mine in Wisconsin when Jake was a very small child. Imagine her feelings when the very first letter she received announced the fact that he was in Aurora, a new lead-mining town. The ore had just been discovered there. He had leased some claims and was making pretty good money for a new prospector.

It was a sore trial for Melissy's faith, but at last she reached the conclusion that if God could do such wonderful things, he could keep Jake from harm, even though he was in the midst of danger. So she began preparations for one more move. She spent one whole day preparing lunch for them. She baked three whole chickens, and light bread, and fried a whole jar of doughnuts, but it is very doubtful if all these were enjoyed any more than the rabbit which was fried in the three-legged iron skillet over the coals, six years before.

One morning found them driving along Main street in the opposite direction to that of six years before. Tom and Eula walked awhile. Soon they were driving along the country road. On either hand the pine-clad hills rose far upward toward the sky; all along the small streams which they crossed and recrossed. The opening of red buds and pussy willows proclaimed the coming of Spring. Tommie was bare-footed, but when they arrived at the ferry, Mrs Fortner had him put on his shoes as the air from the river was pretty damp and cool.

That night they camped near an old mill. All night long the low murmuring water kept Melissy from sleeping very soundly.

That night they camped about five miles from their destination, and at about ten O'clock next day, they drove into Aurora. That afternoon they rented a little place a few miles out in the

country, as there was absolutely no house to be had in town; so once more they took up life in a new place, but this time there was a distinct feeling in Melissy's heart that before long she would receive the answer to her long-awaited—for desire.

The mine which Mr. Fortner was developing soon began to be a pretty good proposition, and every Saturday night, when he turned in his ore, he received a pretty fair payment in exchange.

They first bought a couple of cows and some chickens. As Melissy said, "We are getting ready for the little home." Every week a sum of money was laid aside to pay on the place which Melissy felt was drawing near to them.

At last when the leaves were turning red and gold, a man by the name of Ryker came to Jake and said: "I understand you folks want to buy a little place." "Well, I guess we do," answered Jake. "I have a small farm of 20 acres just one and a half miles south of the depot. I am working in the mine and it's just a little too far out for me to walk it," Continued Mr. Ryker. "You folks come out Sunday and I'll show you the place."

Next Sunday the Fortners went to see the place. There was a little two-room house built of oak lumber, and an old barn. A chicken house sat in one corner of the cow—lot. There were about five acres of cleared land. After looking around for some while, the papers which conveyed to the Fortners this little tract of land were excuted. The Fortners were to pay one hundred dollars down, another hundred dollars in six months, and assume a mortgage of two hundred dollars.

In the evening twilight Melissy and Jake walked out to the place where they were living. Far away a star shown out bright and clear. Melissy wondered if it was the same one that shone out from the clouds on that mountain top years ago, when, lonely and distressed, she had uttered the prayer for a home which to-day had been placed within her keeping.

The next day they moved to their new home.

CLEMMMA
(FORTNER) LUISE
PEEBIER

This is a painting that Clemma painted of their home at Hollister, Missouri, along Turkey Creek. This is where she lost so many brothers and sisters.



CHALLENGE PUBLICATION

December 1969

I REMEMBER MAMA

I have arisen very early to type this as I am dangerously near a heart attack: that has kept me awake much of the night anyhow. But there had to be recognition of the VERY GREAT MANY LETTERS AND GOOD OFFERINGS that have come to our box since my November CHALLENGE. For this: all I can do is, ask god to bless you. I had thought I would send at least cards of acknowledgment, but instead I FELT IT GOD'S WILL to put out this writing quickly in response of the demand that I print as long as possible. If I should print these letters as so many do: it would appear I was slapping my own back and as they were LETTERS TO ME - with very precious words in them - to encourage me to give what God has given as writers and preachers who DARE TO STAND AS I DO AGAINST SIN AND HANKY - PANKY AMONGST GOD'S PEOPLE IN THESE "LAST DAYS" ARE VERY FEW AND FAR BETWEEN. The message before you now IS HARD AND HITS CLOSE TO THE MARK.

I am preparing my Callender for 1970 using thoughts taken from my book, which perhaps will never be finished, titled "I REMEMBER MAMA", and if the Calender does not reach you - - you will know why!! If I should move off this earth stage of action, any money on hand for writing purposes will be sent to a very fine precious co-writer, whom many may know, Until that happens, and as long as you dear friends supply the need, and I am able at all: I will write.

Ruth Maddeford

This is a photo of Clemma Luise (Fortner) Peebler when she was young.



CHALLENGE PUBLICATION - 1970

CALLENDER - I REMEMBER MAMA



JANUARY

This Calendar for this New Year is not only dedicated to the memory of my own wonderful Mother, but to all of you whose lives were made, shaped and formed by good Mothers. Many have departed this world, having "made their calling and election sure" so it is with deep pleasure we will recall many precious memories that may strike a soft place in your hearts, as they are so similar to your memories. To all living Mothers, we say, leave a wonderful heritage to your own children so they can say all the days of their lives, "MAMA WAS ALWAYS RIGHT". I do not hesitate to say, when a Mother takes in her arms and holds to her breast, a new born baby, she holds the most precious treasure that earth affords, for she has given to her, the wonderful privilege of being granted the opportunity to raise a child for God, who might one day become another MOSES, JOHN BAPTIST, PAUL, ELIJAH -- for she can make this child anything she desires. Babies are NOT born demons: they become demons by their parents. Any Mother OR DADDY that lets their child tell them "WHATS WHAT" are not fit to be parents.

I REMEMBER MAMA slapping the hands of my little baby brother and sisters when they clamped down too hard while nursing, and when the little hands raised to SLAP BACK -- Boy, right then they got it. I would just cry and tell Mother they didn't realize what they were doing but she always said, "they knew enough to drop their hand, didn't they"? I have sat in the CHURCH HOUSE and saw children acting like demons and the parents whacking and slamming and often the child had a lifted hand, ready to hit back, and Mama just frowned or hid a smile. Parents, let me tell you a secret --- you are the only ones who even like your mean kids -- everyone else detests them. The Hippies are not Hippies because they have grown up without the love of their parents tho they claim this. THEY ARE WHAT THEY ARE BECAUSE THEIR PARENTS DIDN'T CARE ENOUGH FOR THEM TO TRAIN THEM IN THE RIGHT AND RIGHTEOUS THINGS IN LIFE! I love the Mother who cares how her daughter looks and acts;

enough to do something about it. I love the parents who stand in the door for their children, and learn what is on the other side before their child passes through.

I REMEMBER MAMA, how she stood in the storms of life that would have destroyed her household and her children: how many times she literally snatched them from LION'S DENS and from the paws of ten thousands of raging beasts that would have destroyed them, but she walked fearlessly before her God in Whom she trusted and RECLAIMED THOSE WHO FOR A TIME HAD LOST THEIR WAY. I WAS ONE OF THEM!!! SO I KNOW!!!! I type this stencil with tears streaming down my face, as I REMEBER MAMA KNOWING ALL THE GOOD I EVER AMOUNTED TO: WAS BECAUSE OF HER. She was not ashamed to kneel right in my presence and start praying and IN MEMORY I STILL CAN HEAR HER VOICE PLEADING WITH GOD TO NOT LET HER CHILD GO TOO FAR FROM HIS FORGIVENESS! She loved her children tho she was not soft with her love. She lived to hear three of her daughters preaching the Gospel and the other two doing well. This was her reward on earth. I'm sure now she has a lovely place in heaven.

I stood outside my father's harness shop in the tiny town of Jasper Missouri, and looked at the big willow baby carriage with the pretty baby in it. I tried to tip the parasol another way so failing in that, I handed the baby the stick of candy I was sucking and getting on my knees I unfastened the brake and away we went down the two foot high wooden side walk. Suddenly, I heard a scream behind me, so I turned loose of the baby carriage which sailed along merrily without me. THEN CAME MAMA running fast and caught the carriage as it neared the edge of the walk. By now, the baby's mother had caught up, and gave me a dirty look, she tossed the candy stick out into the street, while Mama holding my hand went for the shop so fast that my feet touched flooring only now and then. I REMEBER MAMA



AND THE SPANKING I GOT. A few weeks later, sitting in a seat on the train, as my father was moving to the plains near Nampa Idaho, to help in building another Church of the Brethren, having finished his work at Jasper, and that church still stands today. Suddenly some ladies from the church handed me a lovely big doll dressed in pink, that cried when I turned it upside down. It was my third birthday. The following winter, my brother Dwight died after a long illness and tho I had two older half brothers, I became my Mother's constant companion.

(Just at this point early Sunday morning, December 21, I had a sudden and dangerous heart attack (Angina Pectoria) the doctors called it. It is now the 26th and I am back home.)

It was not until four years later that Mama had another baby boy so it was during those years my Mother began shaping my life the way she wanted it, tho I'm sure after Roy was born she dropped all desires for me to become a preacher and centered all those hopes in Roy, which didn't work out just as she wanted as it was her three girls who fulfilled that ministry and Roy became a school teacher. Both of my parent were preachers and came from a long line of preachers, so I guess we three girls just done what come naturally. I was a very mean child and extremely jealous of Roy when he was born having been spoiled rotten by my two older half brothers, but when the three girls came along I fairly idolized them and actually I almost raised them tho Pauline was only three years old when I married at the age of eighteen. But Fern and Esther were my heart's delight and I was the one who poured into them all the things Mama had taught me about the Bible.

I would get Roy and them together and we would play church and all would take turns preaching and praying and singing for after all: we spent almost as much time in church meetings here and there as we did at home. Roy and Fern and Esther knew every Bible story by the time to start to school and all could read and write for Mama being a school teacher for several years thought it was good to help the childre at home so that job fell to me. My two oldest sisters grew up much closer to me than to Mama as by now her hands were too full of work to give them the time that she gave to me. THE TIME SHE DEALT WITH ME WAS MY INHERITANCE FROM MAMA. Strange to say, she never let up on me either. Her influence followed me all the days of my life until she was gone.

FEBRUARY

I REMEMBER MAMA. YANKING THE SNARLS OUT OF MY HAIR AS SHE ALWAYS BRADED IT UP TIGHTLY EXCEPT ON SUNDAYS WHEN IT HUNG LOOSE. I was a very ugly child tho I think I was dressed nicely as were the standards of the day for a preacher's kid. My father had already raised one family when he and Mama were married, as she was nineteen and he was fortseven with children older than her. BUT HE WAS A CHURCH OF THE BRETHREN PREACHER, and Mama would marry no other but a preacher. Not only that, he was a quite wealthy cattle rancher on the side and Mama moved from a poverty stricken Ozark, preacher's cabin, in to a big two storied farm home where she taught school for a year taking her two small stepsons to school with her. My brother Dwight was born and died at the age of six and I am sure Mama became over protective of me, desiring to keep me near to her and thus I came into her deep teaching in the Bible as she was extremely well learned in the Scriptures, having been trained and taught in her own home.



My parents were strict and I knew ALWAYS a spanking was coming when I was mean -- and that was pretty often. But Mama taught me another thing and that was: that God always

knew also when I was mean and that I'd better repent UNLESS --- so I learned to pray at a very early age. Not the usual childrens prayers, but real confessions to God. First, I'd get the spanking, then to my room to ask God to forgive me. Often, for punishment, she made me to memorize Scriptures. She had taught me to read and write by the time I was four years old and all my text books were the Bible and Bible story books. I come to know the books by heart. In all these wonderful books I learned that not only was Jesus my Brother, but that God was my heavenly Father and He provided GUARDIAN ANGELS to watch over me. Mama taught me to talk to God as tho He was by my side, and to ask for Him to especially watch over me. At the age of seven my folks moved to the very area near where I live now, for my father to help in building a Church of the Brethren and very often I had to run to neighbor's houses and I was always so afraid of snakes: so Mama said, "ask God to send Angels to protect you" and I did. My sister Fern was born near here when I was nine years old and when I was eleven, Esther, was born in Chico, near here where Father was building another church.

All this time Mama was still pouring the Word of God into me and I began teaching a S.S. class when I was ten years old. I also began wrting stories for our S.S. paper at that time as Mama was a regular contributor to the Church paper. It was about this time, opposition began to show it's head against MAMA PREACHING IN THE CHURCHES. Actually it was against the rules of her church for women to preach, but Mama never paid, too much attention WHEN SHE KNEW SHE WAS CALLED OF GOD. The Ministry would come to the house to counsel with her and when they, all got there, she would say, "Brethren, lets pray", and all getting down on their knees, Mama would start telling God about how it was HIM that called her to preach, and there was little ME kneeling beside her and as her voice broke into tears, I would turn and glare at the stiff backs of the visiting Presbyters who dared question my Mothers calling and vocation and at the end of the prayer they would say, "Sister we will discuss this at another time" and then Mamà would preach full sway for a time. My sisters and I came to know FULL WELL what it meant to be WOMEN PREACHERS in our day: for the same old battle raged until the time came when Amiee McPherson sat the men down where they always belonged, but Alass, there was only ONE SISTER AIMEE. Mama taught me to pray and that was my greatest inheritance from her.

MARCH

Oh, how I remember Mama's hands! They were rough and red and ugly! Often, I was ashamed of Mama's hands. She cut her nails with the scissors! During winters thay chaped until they bled! She refused to rub anything on her hands to help their looks, tho I begged her too. She never wore a ring on her finger as her church did not allow it. She never raised her hands in prayer that I ever saw, but she folded them. But when she preached, she used her hands a lot and I wished they looked better when I grew older. She never used rubber gloves in her life. There were times however, she wore cotton gloves when she worked in the fields with the rest of the family and it was neces-



sary. I can yet today, remember the roughness of her hands as she rubbed the turpentine and lard onto my chest for colds and croups and on my own children throats. I can still recall her strong hands wringing out the, blankets and the quilts from the wash tube and she never supplied any hand creams nor lotions for her daughter's hands either so we all HAD UGLY HANDS AND STILL DO!

But oh, what marvelous things Mama's hands could do! They could flip over the dishpan full, of bread dough, grease it and later mold it into loaves and when the loaves came from the oven smoking hot she allowed us to tear into an entire loaf and spread it with butter and sugar and nothing ever tasted so good. Her hands helped with the butchering and her hands pulled the carpets or rugs out onto the grass and her hands beat the dust out and finally laid the carpet again. Her hands hung the wallpapers and her hands scrubbed bare kitchen floors and her hands helping milk the cows and it was her hands that soothed the swollen breasts of her oldest daughter, me, when two of my babies were born near her. She baked a huge pancake and after rubbing in camphor and lard, she spread on the huge hot pancake and covered it with a flannel cloth, when the doctor had wanted to lance the breast and in a short time, all the swelling was gone. I felt a great load roll off my shoulders, hundreds of times, when her hands reached for my ailing babies for now I knew Mama would fix everything up alright. Not until she grew old, were her hands ever still. She wrote lots, just as I do, and for a time after I was married she became a sort of midwife, helping the local doctor in child births.

Then when my fathers health failed they sold their Oklahoma farm and moved to Wichita Kansas and for seventeen years Mama's hands Worked at a Children's Home in Wichita. It was at this time she finally left The Church of the Brethren and went into The Assemblies of God organization as she had received the baptism in the Holy Ghost. Later she joined The Church of God and was a minister in that church working once again in the Ozarks preaching and teaching. Her hands ever ready to help in any need and no one noticed if they were rough or not. When her hands became stilled forever, Esther sewed ruffles of lace to the sleeves, of the lovely taffeta dress which she had made herself to cover her hands so darkened from the needles used to feed her through while in the hospital. For some time her hands had remained folded quietly in her lap for both her sight and hearing was gone for nearly two years. So when I say, Mama's hands were ugly according to sight: actually they were as lovely as were the hands of Jesus, when He blessed the little children, for there will be a host in heaven, I'm sure, to whom my Mama's hands had blessed them many times: amongst them my own family, brother, sisters, children and grandchildren and even to some GREAT GREAT GRANDCHILDREN. For Christmas I received a calander of praying hands. They look like Mama's.

APRIL

I REMEMBER MAMA SAYING, "DON'T EVER GET YOUR EYES ON PREACHERS, FOR AS SURE AS YOU DO, GOD WILL LET YOU SEE THEY HAVE FEET OF CLAY ALSO." This was one of my besetting sins, after I became a preach-



er myself. I wanted to put preachers on pedestals or thrones and so worship them as though they were God; and in the beginning of my own ministry, I was prone to do this: even to endeavoring to preach like Brother SO AND SO; or SISTER SO AND SO; and always I got into trouble when God showed me they hadn't yet reached perfection, no more than I. Oh, the times Mama counseled with me, when I thought the end had come because one of my idols crashed and became quite carnal. She finally talked me into making a real study of the life of Christ, using both the Old and New Testament and especially John's and Paul's writings for John was the tender Apostle while Paul was the hard one. Both had to be made over, of course, but Paul's fires burned the fiercest, it seemed. Mama tried to make me see that it was ME who supplied the fuel. I learned this all the hard way! I was very prone to get my eyes on preachers and couldn't see a fault, tho everyone else pointed them out to me: THEN WHEN I DID SEE THEM, ALAS! ALAS! how I fell too and then Mama would come and pour in the Oil and the Wine and bind up my wounds.

We were living in Wichita Kansas one winter and Mama and Daddy were in California with Fern and, Pauline. I never wrote a word BUT MAMA KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG. The first I knew the phone rang and it was Mama at the bus station saying, "come and get me". That afternoon, after visiting several hours and I had BARELY HINTED some things about my then FAVORITE PREACHER, Mama said, "let's pray". A dam broke inside and I crawled into the bedroom where flat on the floor I turned loose the great reservoir of tears that had backed up and almost destroyed me and Mama just let me cry on and on, until everything was gone that had been choking me almost to death. Then later she said, "DON'T EVER LET ANYONE GET THEIR EYES ON YOU, BECAUSE WHEN YOU DO: THATS WHEN GOD WILL LET YOU SHOW THEM YOUR CLAY FEET." I never forgot that either. My trouble was because when I was really saved, I was taught that the Holy Ghost dwelt only in CLEAN VESSELS -- in fact, I believe that yét: but then, when folks spoke in tongues, I JUST KNEW THEY WERE PERFECT or they couldn't speak in tongues. My oh my, the lessons I had to learn the hard way, but when the time came that I once learned that ANYONE can speak in tongues -- even devils -- it became very IMPORTANT TO RECOGNIZE THE DIFFERENCE! I could only learn this by REALLY DISCERNING CHRIST IN HIS BODY! This brought me into LIGHT after YEARS of serching for TRUTH. I remember Mama always talking about BEING CHRIST-LIKE! I never could fathom that!!! For she was the only one who was really CHRIST-LIKE in my opinion -- after I had learned to discern. Then thank God, I came to know that we see Christ in HIS BODY -- THE CHURCH -- and we are "ALL MEMBERS TOGETHER IN PARTICULAR". That made it easier.

Mama taught me the message of the Body of Christ; and compared it to the natural body - and told me some day, THIS BODY would become perfect and made IN THE IMAGE AND LIKENESS OF GOD! So I hunted deliberty for PATIENCE knowing God IS DOING HIS WORK WELL! At this time, I am very ill of a Cardiac condition and my entire body is damaged but I feel sure I will finish this writing and God may also make this damaged member in my body completely well just as He will make every damaged MEMBER IN THE BODY OF CHRIST; EVERY WHIT WHOLE IN HIS TIME. Often I wondered why it was His will to put my Mother into so fierce a Fire as He did the last few days of her earthly life -- but He knew why!!! And I am sure He will burn out all dross in whatsoever FIRE it may take to have HIS GLORIOUS CHURCH, WITHOUT SPOT OR WRINKLE, OR ANY SUCH THING.

MAY

I REMEMBER MAMA BRINGING OUT A PAN OF HOT FRIED CHICKEN NECKS AND FEET FOR US PREACHER KIDS TO CHEW ON UNTIL OUR ELDERS TALKED THEMSELVES OUT AT THE DINNER TABLE, THEN WE GOT THE LEAVINGS. As a child, it seemed we always had preachers visiting. As my Mother and Father pioneered churches it was natural to have



many visiting preachers and their families to visit. At that time we had carpets on the floors with straw under them and you can imagine the dust storm when we swept, but they were very soft for pallets for kids to sleep on. Preachers were very poor then and I remember one preacher who came who had only one pair of pants and he laid them on a chair one night as we didn't have clothes hangers in those days and our cat had kittens on the preacher's pants. Daddy had two pairs I guess, because he loaned him some while Mama washed the preacher's pants the next day. Mama was a CHICKEN RAISER! She believed every preacher should have chicken so she always raised enough chickens to have chicken every day and several on Sunday if we had company. She always scalded and skinned the feet and fried them so as to kind of hold the kids over until the table was vacated.

We always had communion with feet washing when the District Elder came to visit the church, and this was a very sacred occasion and we had church conference where EVERY THING WRONG HAD TO BE CLEARED UP FIRST. Everything had to be brought out into the open conference and woe, unto the one who had been pulling off any snide tricks -- and believe me, everyone knew all about everyone else. There was no pulling over the wool in those days. I was called up on the green carpet for cutting my bangs off when I was thirteen years old, and was finally turned out of the church at eighteen for wearing an engagement ring as that church permitted no wearing of jewelry at all. You know, it helped me tho, in many years later, when I really got saved, I pulled off both my rings as the Bible is against it -- the wearing of jewelry -- I mean. Of course folks don't know that today as it no longer taught. The same as many other heathenish and Babylonish things are accepted now and of course every minister will give an account for that at the Judgement seat of Christ, according to the Bible. Even tho he be ignorant: he is still accountable for those to whom he ministers. You recall how Jesus told the Jews how He wanted to protect them as a hen does her chicks! I always think of Mama when I read that, as it was Mama who wached the approaching storm more so, than did the hen, I thought. Many and many are the times, Mama put the hens and their chicks inside BEFORE THE STORM EVER CAME. And maybe it never came after all, but the chicks had been protected AHEAD, IN CASE!

Mama used to worry me about a possible APPROACHING STORM! I learned from her to not wait to find a bridge, but to build a bridge before I reached the gulf. My family have always said, "oh, you are always building bridges before you come to the river", and I always say, "I want a bridge when I get there". Oh, the many bridges Mama built for her childten so they

could cross in safety and oh, the many storms she watched as they approached her family, and when nothing else would work; Mama prayed. We children raged against Mama's praying for we walked in on her, in the bedrooms or the barn or the cellar; or any place and when we raged against her, she would look us straight in the face and say, "I can't stop you BUT GOD CAN - AND HE WILL IN HIS TIME". She would say "I feel sorry for you when God says its enough" and every one of us learned how true were her words for we were a rebellious hateful family of children who all had to be brought low by the heavy hand of God, because of Mama praying.



JUNE

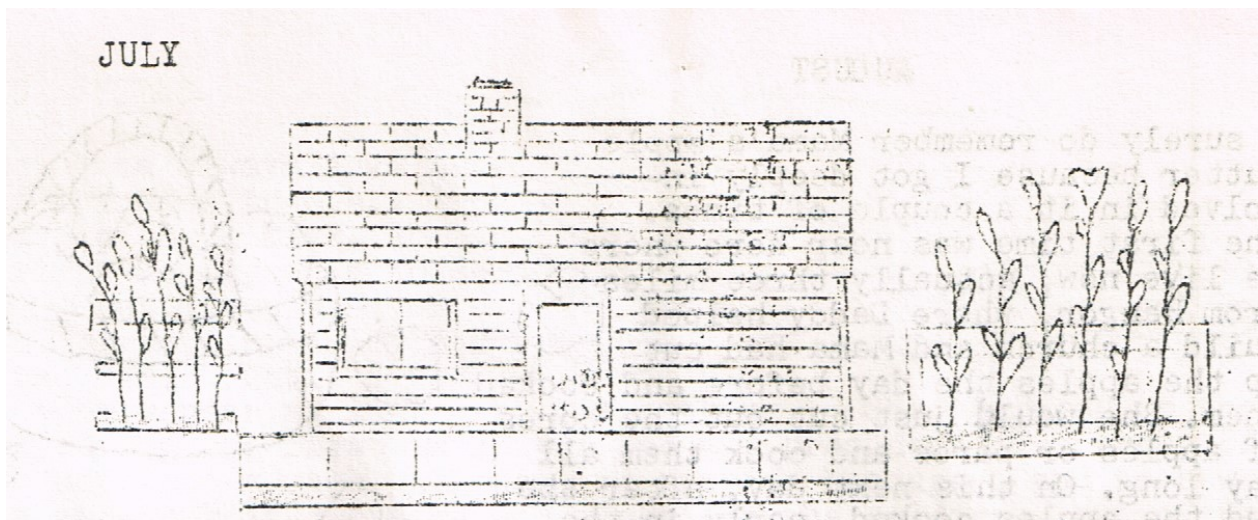
I remember Mama's nice gardens. I looked for a picture of a woman with a hoe in her hands, but couldn't find one. Her home in Pomona California did not have a back yard as it was a very small lot so



Mama made room right in the front yard for her vegetable garden, and we children all picked and gathered, from that garden for she loved to share with others. I will write later of her wonderful garden in Arkansas which she shared with so many as this is how she TITHED her garden as she believed in the "STORE HOUSE" plan for tything, just as I do also, and as the Bible teaches. Mama always said, "the poorest soil can be made productive, by adding humus to the soil and then working it well with a hoe." She always taught me the lesson there, for she always believed there was SOME GOOD in everyone; and what was needed was food and constant care for Mama worked her gardens before breakfast, "in the cool of the day" and my, how they did produce.

Recently while in the hospital; I got to thinking along this line: that everyone of God's People must be fruitful and we are JUDGED as to what we produce, and not only the quantity but also THE QUALITY! This is what brings forth "THE THIRTY FOLD, THE SIXTY FOLD AND THE HUNDRED FOLD". We have wrote reams on that subject: but the thought come forth: HOW ABOUT THESE WHO PRODUCE ONLY "THIRTY FOLD" -- these are pictured in Rev. 7 th chapt as that number so great, it can't be counted, who "COME OUT OF GREAT TRIBULATION". These go INTO GREAT TRIBULATION" to have their robes washed and made white. I wonder if these "THIRTY FOLD" ones mightent respond to greater production if they were fed and watered and cared for more than we have done. We have been so prone to nag and fuss and argue, to get these young ones to dig for themselves, but I remember Mama never trusted her garden to take care of itself. When she set out her bulbs she was sure they were watered and fed and dug around to get rid of weeds before they even got in sight. She cut the weeds off underground and I believe there is a lesson there. Folks come to God, for they have a desire for something they dont have, but they are then neglected; and so they just die: all for the need of a GARDENERS CARE.

There came a time when Mama left the onions, potatoes, and other things alone for she KNEW their CALLING AND ELECTION WAS SURE; but she never trusted the young and new things to make it without a great amount of care. I have seen her carry water in a pail to some certain wilting thing. Oh, how rich that is: for as sure as there is a planting; just as sure there will be a harvesting or reaping. The Bible teaches us that we SOW THE WORD OF GOD; AS SEED! Then what next? Do we just let it lie with no WATER OF LIFE to bring LIFE FORTH. I think so often how my life's work is drawing to a finish yet Mama often went out late in the evening to work her garden so I guess that is what I will do also; just keep planting and working till my night comes. The Word declares "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seeds shall doubtless come again rejoicing BRINGING HIS SHEAVES WITH HIM". Isn't that just lovely! At this time, my Grandaughter Carol and her family are in Wichita Kansas where for many years I and Esther, Fern and Mama and Daddy sowed MUCH SEED for the Kingdom's reaping. She can even attend the very Church we helped to build there where I know we did sow Seed. Let us look around for some tender plants that might be in need of special care and let's claim them for the Kingdom! Let us determine they won't die! Carry to them the Water: feed them on the LIVING WORD that will sustain them and cause growth that they will be able to stand in every storm in life.



I remember Mama saying many times, "I don't care a thing about a mansion in heaven as I won't know how to act in one". She loved the out of doors and felt all tied up inside a house unless she was very hard at work. Her little house where she lived in Pomona California before she became so blind she had to come and live with my sister Esther and me, was surrounded with fences with vines covering them so she could have a yard bed under a big tree to lie on in the day time and she was entirely hid there from passersby. She was "taking things easy" then as we say, as she had, gone through difficult surgery at the age of 79 and she was never too well afterwards, and then losing her sight and also hearing made life not too pleasant to Mama, except for her own memories.

She liked to talk about this house in Arkansas, when she ministered there for three years, walking two miles to the school house where services were held and even attending revivals there, walking alone down a very rough hillside road, with a lantern in her hand. She would take her big dog along and tie him outside to a tree for company on her long walk home. If my memory is right, and I know it is, for I just stoped and figured it up, Mama was 62 and Father was 90 when they went to that farm to work as Ministers in that part of the Ozarks not far from Yellville Arkansas. They had a team and wagon but never drove them of nights as the hill was too rough up to their house it couldn't be traveled after dark. Father was more like her age, than a of ninety as they worked the fields together, raised corn and cut hay and both preached all over those hills, in homes and school houses. Every Sunday they had dinner company unless plans were made to go visiting. So Mama always had chicken cooked when they got home from morning services.

My husband and I preached in that locality two different summers. We put up our tent which we slept in or even cooked inside if it rained and with our gasoline stove, lantern and even a gasoline heated iron we got along fine, and never had to put folks out any either. That was the year of Mama's wonderful garden as Daddy piped the, spring water flow into the yard and over the garden. Folks came with tow sacks and carried away cabbages carrots, beets and many other things to can after Mama had her cellar full of jars. She picked and canned 100 half gallon jars of wild blackberries, while other folks sold their pickings at 35 cents a gallon. When my folks left there Mama gave her canned stuff to others who failed to can for winter. It was "hard times" then -- as now -- and folks on W.P.A. who didn't expect much so as it is now -- they didn't have much. Mama really went there to try to show them folks that they could raise a lot of their food, if they tried. Last summer we heard of hungry people and we called them to come and get garden stuff, but when they learned they had to gather it; few were interested. Many folks trust God just like they do the Governmant: if allowed only a pittance, they survive. One thing for sure, we have what we want, if it be God or a living *** we go earn it somewhere. This ends on a sour note dosen't it. But the reason I write it -- it is a PROVED OUT LIFE -- BOTH FOR GOD AND FOR EVERY DAY LIVING. WE HAVE TO DO OUR BEST! AMEN!

AUGUST

I surely do remember Mama's apple butter because I got deeply involved in it a couple of times. The first time was near here where we live now, actually, three miles from Bangor, where Daddy helped build a church and Mama had cut up the apples the day before and cooked them. She would just cut out the cores of apples or pares and cook them all day long. On this next day after she had the apples cooked, eariy in the morning Daddy said, "eat your breakfast fast and go over and tell Sister Andrews to come over, and you just stay there and play." My how



I did eat fast and fairly flew over to the Andrews' home as they had quite a large family of children and we always had fun as they too, were "Brethrens", and the girls all wore little white caps and bonnets to church; just as I did, as ALL BRETHRENS dressed that way in those days. About noon Sister Andrews came home again and told me I must return to my own home as soon as I ate. I didn't hurry home like I had left it: until my two year old brother Roy came running saying, "baby, baby" and I gave him a good slap for calling me a baby and my father came out and almost gave me a good slap and said, "for two cents I wouldn't let you see what God has sent us while you were away." I had heard these same words before when Roy was born as I was very jealous of Roy, but now my feet flew into the house and there was a little baby sister and Mama named her Fern Pansy. (You can see where I get my love for flowers). Fern became my idol until two years later when Esther came along after we had moved to Chico, so Daddy could build another church.

Now comes the apple butter!!! I wanted to just look at the baby, but instead, I had to get out the colondar and SIEVE all those apples. My, what a job that was. I rubbed them through with my hands and as blood showed up, some of my skin must have gone into the apple butter. Then Mama told me to put one cup of sugar to every cup of sieved apples with six sticks of cinnamon, REMEMBER, I WAS NINE YEARS OLD AND IN THOSE DAYS A NINE YEAR OLD YOUNGIN' COULD DO ALMOST ANYTHING! I dipped the mixture out of the dishpan into a two gallon stone jar and Daddy put the jar in the oven and tho it was July 17 th, with no COOLERS, NO ELECTRIC FANS, AS NO ELECTRICITY, WATER PUMPED OUT OF A WELL: AND WHEN THAT DATE COMES ALONG NOW, I REALIZE IT WAS REALLY - H O T, not only in that kitchen where apple butter cooked two days in the oven, but it was hot in the bedroom where Mama STAYED IN BED TEN DAYS!

Fern was the only one who didn't mind the heat and I couldn't hardly understand that as she had just arrived from heaven, as my Daddy fibbed to me, and I figured it was never too hot in heaven. Well, I had a very similiar experience the summer when Esther was about six months old. She took sick, and this time it was pear butter: and do you know who had to sieve pears -- LITTLE OLE ME -- now age eleven, and capable of doing any or all of the work. Strange to say, I raised my girls the same way as I worked a lot and Pete and Pudgery (LaVonne and Glenna Lee) done, all the work. They were about six and nine. I so love honey, as I feel honey is a sort of miracle and apple or pear butter cooked two days in the oven is the next best thing, tho probably more costly now with sugar so high. Mama told me many times, "THERE IS ALWAYS A WAY THROUGH: IF YOU WILL LOOK FOR IT", and I proved this many times AFTER I FOUND GOD -- FOR HE MAKES THE WAY: WHERE THERE IS NO WAY!!! AMEN!!

SEPTEMBER



SNARLLED SKIENS

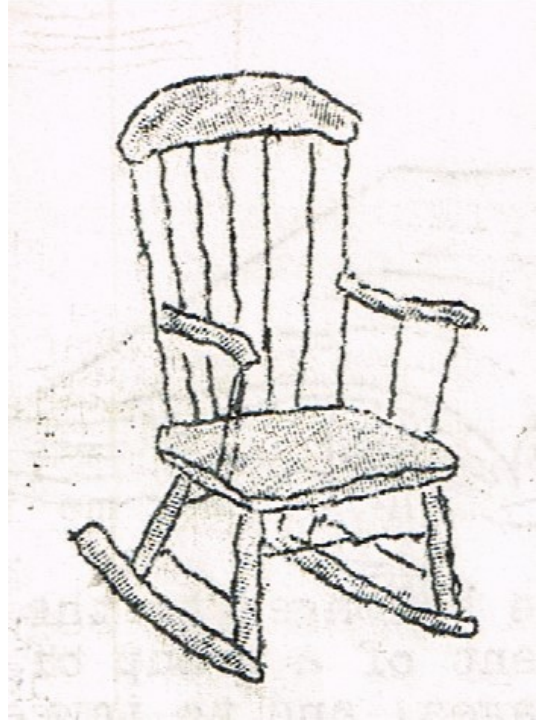
I reinember Mama always saying, "the solution to every problem is in the Bible". She had the right to say this to me very often, but I could never follow the directions which I knew were in the Bible, until I was willing to surrender my life into His keeping. She belonged to the Red Cross during the first world war and was president of a group of women who met once a week, all day, to provide bandages, and to sew materials and to knit sweaters and socks for the soldiers, out of ugly grey yarn. All these devoted women took yarn home to knit during rest times. One day, my two kids, Pete (LaVonne) and Bill, aged one and two got hold of a sweater Mama was knitting, as I was home visiting, and what they done to that sweater is past telling. I was in the kitchen when I heard Esther scream, and before we could get in the front room she had grabbed up both Pete and Bill and ran out to the barn with them so they wouldn't get YOU KNOW WHAT! For they had unraveled an entire sweater that Mama was just finishing for some unknown soldier. My what a tangled mess! "It's just like your own life", Mama said. For my life was indeed a tangled skien at that time and for many years after. We all worked for days with that tangled yarn becaue one of the kids had ran around the room unwinding it. SNARLED YARN! SNARLED SKIENS OF LIFE! How often we see them in this most dismal hour of the world's sorry mess. We see them in the sorry mess of the church too, for even THE CHURCH -- THE BODY OF CHRIST -- has become a SNARLED SKIEN!!! Departed so far, from Divine instruction, gone off after their own way instead of lining up to the BLUEPRINT of God's favor with His love.

Homes wrecked, children uncared for, lusting, whoreing, and every unGodly thing right in the churches. Surely it is all a tangled mess! But thank God, there are those who still work and labor trying to fix thing right. This doesn't have to be like this for the solution to every problem is found in the Word of God. One time I made a kind of suryey on this as Mama constantly pounded it into me during the more than 15 years that my life was nothing but a snarled skien; and knowing the Bible from childhood up I made a search for the solution of many problems and I found them too, and can still do it now. Sometimes I would be looking staight at a picture of myself in the Bible. And when I did turn to God seeking desperately for some kind of anchor, I found it in The Word. Oh, I don't say the storms ceased for they didn't. It has been my lot in life to always know a storm is on the way. That is why I take advantage of the QUIET TIMES.

Countless numbers of times, I have thought, "well, maybe, everything is all worked out now for me in the plan of God" and just when I am settled and having a good time; here comes a storm that webs up my life and for awhile I am a tangled mess; but one thing for me, I do know the way out, for I can find the answer in The Book, and I know where to find it too. This comes in real handy when I find myself in the hospital as often as I do with heart trouble. I am glad that Mama made me study and learn The Bible from childhood up. My Bible is far more familiar to my hands than a cloth, broom or mop, and it fits my hands better too. But Alas, the time is here in this old snarled up world when there is famine in the land for the Bread of God. How young mothers and fathers can hope to save their children from Satan's Snarling: is more than I can see. In fact many are already gone the ways of vile evil. Surely, if there was ever a time for a REAL PRAYER MEETING: AND FOR A STUDY OF THE WORD OF GOD; it has to be now for the solution of every problem is found in THE BIBLE. AMEN!!!!

OCTOBER

Surely, I do remember Mama's rocking chair for it sits in my living room right now. And it looks exactly like the picture. When Mama WENT HOME, I made a soft cushioned back and seat and ruffled it and tied with ties to the back and it was kinda pretty of flowered material, but it didn't look natural so I discarded it as Mama never even had a cushion in it. In fact, I never saw Mama use a rocking chair except to sit and nurse her babies in all the days of my life, until mine came along. Then she had more time to enjoy, babies I guess, as she rocked mine and sang to them and fairly spoiled them for sure. I guess Mama was just too busy to make over her children, in fact, we children, often discussed how our parents seemed to not really love us as we were never hugged nor kissed or made over. Or it might have been because I was the one who took care of my little brother and sisters. I was the one who smacked them too: and usually got smacked back by Mama. I rocked them; oh yes I did, when I wanted to go play with other kids, I was taking care of the baby instead. They would bawl and I would rock and sing at the top of my voice to drown them out and now and then I'd give them a swat to hasten matters. Strange to say, I made idols of my little brother and sisters, but when we all grew up, it was warfare. My how we argued and fought amongst ourselves, with often Mama or Daddy joining in the battle to separate us for we were a batch of mean kids regardless of the fact that we WERE PREACHER'S KIDS, and supposed to be good examples to all the other kids.



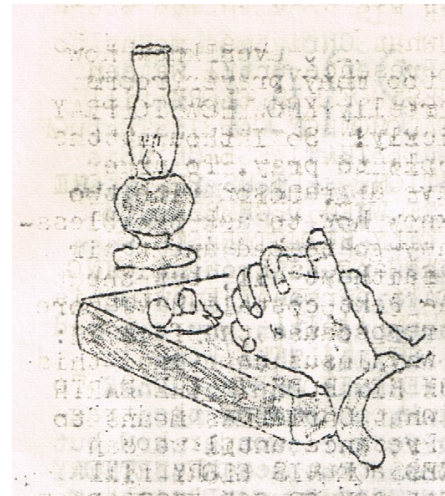
We all had to work hard in the fields and in the cow lots and in all kinds of work found on an Oklahoma big wheat farm. I married at the age of 18 and was supposed to leave, home but I never could wean myself from the big old two storied farm house, and from the kitchen where I as a girl had cooked many a wonderful dinner. Maybe, I had been living in a two room apartment in to where my husband worked, but soon something pulled me back home and it was like heaven to turn my children loose on the big farm and me go in and sit down with Mama and talk over everything. She recognized my nostalgia for home and I was always welcome. When we would sit down at the big table in the dining room with chicken and dumplings and all the good farm foods, it was like heaven to me. I came home for two of my babies to be born and the other, I was far away living in the state of Indiana. The family all loved my little children and made over them until they, were spoiled, rocking them to sleep all the time.

Mama was living with me when after my Grandauhter's twins were born, and she would bring them to our home in Pomona, we would have Mama to rock them in this very same chair, for we told her not all woman get the chance to rock their GREAT GREAT GRANDCHILDREN. I always offer this chair when friends drop in for it is very comfortable to sit in cushionless tho it is. I want to hasten and say, the day came when we children grew up and stopped our

battles and all the results of the training by our parents began to count for good. Daddy died at the age of 96 and he was proud of his children and tho Mama never bragged, yet, she had a twinkle in her eyes when she would say, "this my son" or maybe she would say "these are my girls" as she introduced us and I'm sure Mama and Daddy was never more thankful than when they sat and heard their three daughters preach the Gospel and even my brother pastored a church for a time, but decided teaching was his calling. I guess, as so many times when kids, his three sisters just got the best of him and he would back off. Life can be wonderful, when it turns out well with our souls. AMEN!!!!

NOVEMBER

This is the month when Mama closed her eyes to the earth plane forever to open them in heaven. So we used this little picture of a closed Bible and folded glasses and a dim lamp and folded hands, as it so represents her life. When my father went home, we placed his Bible under his hands opened at his favorite chapter, John 14, with all his markings throughout and often we regretted that, as so many things we wanted to look up in Daddy's Bible to see how he marked it. When the time comes for me to depart this world, I too, want an opened Bible under my hands, but not the one I now use, as it is far too valuable to go into a grave with the markings of a lifetime, copied from dozens of other Bibles. My Bible will be a priceless heritage to whom-ever it goes to, I'm sure, and already it has been requested by several. So it will possibly in time go to my daughter, LaVonne, who is a fine Bible scholar herself. One thing tho Mama's eyes grew dim til she could no longer see to read: she had the Scriptures written in her heart.



My Father knew a great part of the Bible and could quote entire chapters by memory tho he was never blind. For some time different doctors have told me that I may become blind. Now I have never had the gift of memorizing a lot of Scripture tho I have diligently worked at it: but I know the teachings in The Word enough to sustain me, should my eyes grow dim too. I have sister Fern's Schofield Bible that she left when she departed from this world, and very often I use it, and study her markings for some were made when we were in meetings together for she was a Bible scholar, one of the best. During the many years that my sister Esther and I were together in Wichita Kansas and in Pomona California, it was a delight to study the Scriptures with her, but there are but few today who even care about the Bible or who even like Bible studies. I have been glad my Mother planted The Word of God deep in my heart and I know parents can bestow no greater favor on their children than to see they learn the Bible.

So we laid a Bible under Mana's hands as she rested so still in her casket, not because she needed it any more but because it looked so natural there, tho she had been blind for two years. My husband and I and Fern and her husband (Earl Fortner) held a meeting in Missouri for a blind Pastor and later I and my husband returned for another revival and stayed in the blind

preacher's home. He had obtained the Bible on records, supplied to him by the blind society, also the record machine and all day long, day after day, He listened to the Bible as he played the New Testament over and over again. He had ear phones to listen to the records silently but he thought they benefited all who were around him and I'm sure that was true for as I helped his wife with the work we had no chance to hear about all the hypocrites in the church as we worked and listened all day to the Bible.

I had to go to the church house next door to prepare my messages. That was the church where often folks prayed all day and all night. It was the only church I ever preached in where they allowed no offerings taken up, They had a box near the door where the offerings were dropped in. Maybe that was the reason they had such crowds in the services. This good man has gone to his reward now too, just as many will go before November 1970 rolls around again. Mama had more loved ones on the other side than she had here and she surely did long to leave this earth of deep sorrows and go to that land where we'll never grow old or blind or, deaf. If you know the Scriptures, you know how heaven is: it's where our Lord is King of all Kings and reigns supreme. BUT FIRST IN OUR HEARTS. AMEN.

LET US PRAY



I remember Mama telling me that December 25th was not the Lord's birthday, and I could hardly believe such a thing. Had it been anyone else but Mama telling me that, I wouldn't have believed it. But now its easy to believe because far more folks get killed at that date and far more get drunk and carouse around than any other time of the year, so we don't keep Christmas at all. This year I came home from the hospital the day before Christmas and returned two days later to the hospital. My daughter sent us over a nice dinner which we enjoyed. We never bought a gift nor sent a card but we did make a Gift to the Lord, as it is supposed to be HIS BIRTHDAY that is celebrated. So He is the ONLY ONE ENTITLED TO GIFTS!!!

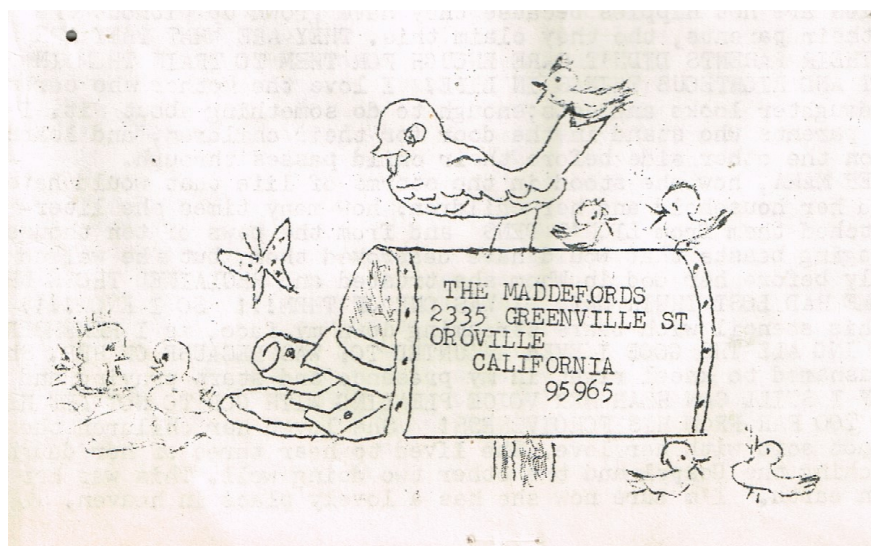
I enjoy the colored lights and the beautiful trees but never fix them as it is a sin to waste money on such. I don't like a cut tree for a living tree is far more beautiful, SANTA CLAUS HAS NOW BECOME SATANS CLAWS that seem to have grabbed on to everybody. I love the SEASON and the FACT that Jesus is announced to the world, even tho He is kept a babe in a manger, yet the WORLD HEARS ABOUT HIM -- and is actually believed on by most people, even tho they be evil. So at this SEASON I worship Him who now dwells within me, and in you and in all HIS COMPLETE BOD -- THE BODY OF CHRIST -- OUR LORD. I give thanks to

God for HIS WONDERFUL GIFT TO THE WORLD -- HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON -- Then I always thank Him for CHOOSING ME TO LEARN OF HIM, AND GIVING ME THE DETERMINATION TO SERVE HIM ALL THE DAYS OF MY LIFE.

At this time a year ago, I stood before a class of young adults, where I had been teaching for some time and I URGED THEM WITH ALL THE WORDS I COULD COMAND TO MAKE THE NEXT YEAR THE BEST YEAR OF THEIR LIVES. To make full surrenders to Christ and whèn I think of some of the tragedies and changes that have come in this past year, I wonder how we will survive another year. I have an opinion about it: WE BETTER LEARN HOW TO PRAY. Do you know many Christians don't even know how to pray. They sure don't! I have kneeled in too many prayer rooms to not know there are but few Christians who reaily KNOW HOW TO PRAY unless trouble hits them -- then they learn quickly! So I tbought the best way to end this Calendar is to urge people to pray. To urge parents to teach their children to pray. I have a grandson with two very small boys, and both those little boys know how to ask the blessing at the table and they both pray before they go to bed and their darling sweet Mama is not of the Pentecostal faith at all; but she might become one if she could be convinced the Pente-costals have more than she has. She hasn't been convinced so far, because the fact is: we claim so much and have so little.

This is why Jesus came into this world as a babe in Bethlehem, was to ESTABLISH HIS BODY IN THE EARTH IN HIS IMAGE AND IN HIS LIKENESS!!!! That is what Christmas means to me. Oh that we might press our way into His Presence until we can be LIKE HIM -- IN HIS LIKENESS! May the BRIGHTNESS OF HIS GLORY fill all the earth until the world can know the REAL SON OF GOD INSTEAD OF A BABE IN A MANGER. LET US PRAY AS NEVER BEFORE, THAT WE EACH BE FAITHFUL AND STEDFAST IN OUR CALLING AND ELECTIAN. LET US PRAY, ONE FOR ANOTHER, AND IF GOD SO WILLS THAT I AM HERE WHEN DECEMBER COMES AGAIN, TO ALL WHO KNOW HIM, and this is why the angels brought the message of "GOOD WILL" TO ALL MEN. It comes in a personal knowing that Jesus is our LORD AND CHRIST.

AMEN AND AMEN!!!!!! - Mable Ruth Maddeford



THE CONSOLATION

Pomona, California

Volume V, Number 8 - October, 1957

CALLED TO WRITE - Mabel Ruth Maddeford

Greetings to God's Elect:

..... We were born and reared in the Church of the Brethren, formerly called "Dunkards," and our Father and Mother were both ministers in that church and for generations back as was all Dunkard stock. They were most certainly the "sect everywhere spoken against" at one time with their strict rules and laws laid down for all. In fact, until I (Ruth) married at the age of 18, I had never worn a hat as the females, old and young, were required to wear the little white cap (prayer covering) and Bonnets. Fashions and styles were considered as Babylon and we never even "thought" about such things as picture shows, card playing, dancing and there was no wearing of gold or jewelry in any form. No one dreamed of wearing makeup or curling their long hair. TODAY? Oh my!

This section of Southern California is deeply settled with the "Brethren" and all their idols have crashed and their old foundations shaken and rent asunder until today they are just as any other modern sect. For hundreds of generations the Dunkard church had held their great families in the church and the Dunkard church held in highest respect. I've often heard my Father say that a Dunkard's word was as good as a bond. And it was true. But the shaking came and the bars were broken and the "children" shook off the binding shackles and ran wild with the world and many lost their deep reverence of God as the "Brethren" finally were caught up in the whirlpool of declension.

In deep distress our Mother began seeking God in great prayer and much waiting on Him and He led her to Pentecostalism and it became her anchor in the time of storm and God blessed. For soon all her children followed her and in a short time three of her girls were preaching the Gospel. For many years we were very happy and satisfied, as actually Pentecostalism was builded on the old Brethren church foundations in many ways except now we were under the Latter Rain outpouring of the 1900's.

.... Soon Pentecostalism was rent into dozens of camps and factions, each claiming they were right and all others wrong. We often heard that if Pentecostalism did not return to the old paths, that God would by-pass them just as He had others and would raise up a new peoples to fulfill His plans. Most Pentecostals saw the danger signals and all agreed this was true.

My very heart was crying out to God for something more satisfying and my soul was sorrowful before Him as I sought Him earnestly with fasting and prayers. One Sunday morning, while living in the Ozarks of Arkansas, on the 10th day of November in 1946, we were just about to leave for church when God spoke to me that I was to remain at home. I told my hus-

band he would have to go without me and just a moment after he drove away in the car, the room filled with the very Presence of God. I fell to my knees with the tears pouring down my face; so amazed was I at this visitation. The Lord made me to know in the very near future, He would bring me to the knowledge of a New Day. He told me to finish my work in the old order and that very day He commissioned me to write. Until that time I had been writing articles for several religious publications and knew nothing about publishing a paper myself. As I knew the commission was so real and definite, I went about learning and in January of the next year had put out the first issue of our publication that came to be known as "The Trumpet." As we had not received any further Word from God, this of course was an entirely Pentecostal publication and in it we raked and scraped and fought all who wouldn't or couldn't follow all our doctrines, believing surely we were right. In all this, God was leading. He had to teach us slowly and lead us slowly. In fact, I never was one to leap headlong into anything: I have always had to be led.

In reading over many old copies of that publication, I now see how here and there God was giving us New Truths and New Light, and we were writing what little we knew and this began hurting our influence in Pentecostalism everywhere we went.

We sought God as we never had before and He made known to us and many thousands more; that the outpouring was but the beginning of what He he intended doing, and as we waited He brought the Kingdom into focus and made us understand, without a doubt, that it was to be THE KINGDOM OF GOD that would bring deliverance and restoration to the earth. Not any person or individual: but a BODY OF PEOPLE who would be brought by Him into their places and they would be taught by Him and trained by Him, exactly as Jesus taught and trained His first Kingdom Ambassadors when He called them and separated them from the religious masses and sent them forth as deliverers.

Ruth Maddeford

I really don't know if this is the home place that Ruth was living in November of 1946 when she stayed home from church to pray about her ministry. This is the remains of the home that Clemma and A.J. Peebler were living in just south of Flippin, Arkansas later in life. Ruth talked about the large garden they had and how they ministered in the area while living here. Clemma's son Roy Peebler owned this farm several years later.



THE CONSOLATION

Pomona, California
Volume 1, Number 4 - April 1953

MOVE TO POMONA

Ruth Maddeford, Editor
Esther Hawkins, Assistant Editor
(Just moved to Pomona, California)

And, behold, there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simeon; and the same man was just and devout, waiting for the CONSOLATION of Israel: and the Holy Ghost was upon him. Luke 2:25. And our hope of you is stedfast knowing that as ye are partakers of the sufferings, so shall ye be also of the CONSOLATION. II Cor. 1:7.

EDITORIAL

Beloved in Christ, and greetings in His lovely name.

We have at last moved to Pomona, California, and my sister Esther and I, and our Mother, are enjoying ourselves together for the first time in many years. That is: I mean living near each other. We have so many things in common concerning The Word of God, so we spend most of our time together discussing them. Please continue to pray for our Mother who is not in the best of health. She is 78 years old and time is taking its toll on her body, but we know Christ is well able to renew the body.

We hope the work on "The Consolation" will be handled more efficiently now that Esther and I are together and we do thank you kind ones who have been so patient with us in all our mistakes and faults. I know often you thought we were neglecting you, but beloved, we were unable to do otherwise as our work is so very heavy for two women to handle. And now it seems as if God is allowing more work to fall on us. We have an advertisement in the daily newspaper, with our telephone number and we pray or council with anyone day or night. This looks like it will run into a full time job for someone. This advertisement runs into quite a sum of money through the months, but as it is the Lord's work, He will supply.

We are also ready to begin a series of Bible studies here in our home several nights a week. God has given me many needed truths for this Hour on "The Tabernacle in the wilderness". Everyone can find their place in The Temple that God is building right now and it gives more pleasure in knowing just how much you accomplish. But of course, do not forget the far greater number is in the "Outer Court" where they must be judged. It will pay you to attend these studies. Sister Esther will be teaching on of the most important Books for this time. It is

the "Song of Solomon", and every verse and phrase and line and almost every word is full of teaching. This is one of the richest Books in the Bible and you will thrill at the unfolding of God's plan found here. Others are receiving many delicious truths from this Book at this time and for this Hour and we would be very grateful to receive your revelations. We want to print them in "The Consolation." Let us be glad to give to other needy ones the things He entrusts us with. Others will be teaching also and you can learn all about the time by calling or writing us. We will not tolerate doctrinal points which we know will divide the Body of Christ, but we welcome all that will cause an increase in The Body.

We are praying about a building for a place of worship and to establish a "house of prayer", where prayers and intercession may ascend day and night to the throne of Grace. We will need workers for this ministry for not only is the entire world needing deliverance, but also God's people. Pomona is near enough to Los Angeles so that many go there to be in the big Evangelistic centers where God is surely blessing, so there are but few to stand in the gap here in Pomona. But we are trusting that God will send reinforcements.

My birthday is April the 17th and I will be 56 years old. I would not dare even hint for a gift for myself, but I would really rejoice if someone feels led of God to give Him a gift by helping to open a place of worship here. Neither my sister nor myself receive one cent for our ministry. Of course we do not need it as our husbands take care of us, so every penny received goes right back into the Lord's work.

We want addresses for "The Consolation" and it is free as God supplies the needed finances through His faithful stewards. Many of you are unable to write or preach or teach; so God lets you minister in giving; which is just as important as the other. God bless you.

I am preparing to take one or two aged Christian couples into my home to help meet the expenses of the property we are buying. This is our home for the time and as my husband has had to take a considerable decrease in salary in moving to Pomona, so I feel it's only my duty to help at this time. So if you know of anyone that is interested, have them contact me.

Now beloved, we put in our request. PLEASE, PLEASE, hold us up in prayer, for often all natural strength gives way, and we are forced to lean altogether on our dear Lord. You, who are strong, impart strength to our weary bodies, and God bless you is our prayer. We love your letters of appreciation and your words of kindness go a long way in helping us in keeping on. May God abundantly bless you all is our prayer. So write real often. Yours in His service.

Ruth Maddeford, Editor, "The Consolation"
Home Address: 1090 S. Towne Ave., Pomona, California

Esther Hawkins, Assistant Editor

THE CONSOLATION

Pomona, California

Volume 1, Number 10 - October 1953

BAWLING FOR FOOD AND WATER

..... Never in all my life has my work ever been so heavy. Finding folks everywhere "bawling" for food and water. I mean "bawling". Did you ever hear a calf bawl for milk? Then have you ever heard cattle bawl for water? I have; just recently too. We made a hurried trip to our beloved daughter's home near Branson, Missouri. She is Mrs. Powell Snowden and we had not been with them for more than two years and a few days we spent there are now precious pearls on the string of happy memories. Patricia Gay and Joy, our lovely granddaughters were happy with plans for new homes with their fine young husbands. Joy was a bride of two weeks. She is now Mrs. Stanley Moore. Patsy is Mrs. James Haggard and they are soon to be stationed in Canada as James is in the U.S. Air Force. Pray for this young couple as God has a place for them in His End-time program. Our small grandsons are Billy and Jerry and "Pal", their dad is one of God's "choicest wheat". God blessall of you dear ones.

We witnessed the terrible drought down there and all through one night I lay and listened to the cattle across the road bawling for water. My heart was like lead for pity. The next morning came a tank of water and the cattle almost trod one another to get to the water.

This is a perfect picture in God's fields today. Saints almost dying for Water and Bread. At LaVonne's house they hauled water to fill the cistern; and today everywhere we go we find empty cisterns waiting to be filled with the water of Life. Lack of water in the natural is an awful thing, but the lack of siritual water is far worse. We saw the once beautiful Ozarks hills covered with thousands of dead and dying trees, the earth parched and barren, with no pasture for the cattle. The air so dust laden we breathed it into our lungs all day and night. The picture is bad, isn't it?

Beloved it is a thousand times worse when it's God's earth that gets in that condition. I am that earth, you are that earth. How dry and barren and fruitless are we? Do we have food for the "cattle", can we offer them water? Our own pastures must be rich and green before we can feed others. Our own well must be full to overflowing before others can drink from us. Without the water we are completely fruitless. Do you know you are a murderer? Yes, you are: if you are starving poor souls to death who are counting on you for sustenance. Have you ever realized that a child can die with a full plate in front of him? So also, can a grown person - I mean in the Lord. My heart is heavy when I see the great leaders of the Hour killing the people on old stale food; for even bread becomes poison when it's mouldy. God has not called me to throngs, and I am glad; for if He had, it would have weakened me as it has so many in this Hour. So weak, they are AFRAID to give the REAL BREAD AND WATER. THEY DARE NOT OFFER THE REAL "FLESH AND BLOOD" OF JESUS. They would lose their job, and they know it too well. So they entertain the people and stuff them on "wind"

CLEMMMA PEEBLER GETS REMARRIED

While living in Pomona California, Clemma attended the Pomona Church of God. She was living on the Fortner ranch started by her brother Amon J. Fortner who called it "The Little Ozarks". I think her sister, Esther Hawkins and sister-in-law Dora Fortner, converted the ground floor of an un-used barn on the property into a nice apartment for her to live in. It sounds funny, but later the loft was converted into another apartment and the building is still in use today (2020). The Little Ozarks was just like living in the Ozarks, flowers and fruit everywhere and plenty of shade from the large trees planted by her brother, Amon along the San Antonio Wash.

She was happy being close to both her daughters, but decided to marry a member of the Pomona Church of God who lived only a few blocks from the church.

Roger D. Fortner



Here is what was printed in the newspaper:

"FAMILY SEES RITES - When Mrs. Clemma L. Peebler was married to Harry L. West on June 17, (19xx) in the parsonage of the Church of God, three generations of the bride's family witnessed the ceremony. (Photo caption)

"Three generations of her family witnessed the marriage of Mrs. Clemma L. Peebler, 1690 E. 7th street, to Harry L. West, 855 S. Linden street, on June 17, in the parsonage of the Church of God.

"Rev. Daniel Oxford conducted the rites in the presence of Mrs. Peebler's son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Peebler; her daughter, Mrs. Esther Hawkins; her granddaughter, Mrs. Connie Smith; and her greatgranddaughter, Diane Hawkins. Also present were Mrs. J.C. Atkinson and Mrs. Oxford and the latter's son.

"The bride wore a blue print street length frock with white accessories, a white trimmed black hat, and a gladioli corsage in pink and flame shades.

“Before the ceremony, Mrs. Roy Peebler sang “The Sweetest Story Ever Told” and “Love’s Old Sweet Song” unaccompanied. She also sang a group of familiar hymms at the reception, held at the couples home, 855 S. Linden street. Cake baked by Mrs. Esther Hawkins, and punch were served.

“The new Mrs. West, a former minister of the Church of God, has, until recently, been a worker in the Christ Faith Mission at Highland Park. Her husband, Mr. West is a retired railroad employee.”

THE CONSOLATION

Pomona, California

Volume 1, Number 10 - October 1953

While we were in Missouri, (Visiting her daughter, “Pete Snowden”, the Lord called our stepfather home after more than a year of suffering. He looked very peaceful at last lying there; as we said Goodby to the house he had lived in. We called him "Daddy West": he had never had a child of his own, but the tenderness in his voice was always real when he called Esther and I "daughter", for his eyes were so dim he could never tell us apart. He is now one of God's Ministering angels, for I won't believe for a moment our work ends when we lay down our house of clay.

Ruth Maddeford

POMONA CHURCH OF GOD

The Pomona Church of God is where Clemma went to church while living in Pomona, California. This was a small church that both sides of my family went to. When the Scotts and Sellers families moved from Texas in the 1940's they were drawn to this small independent Pentecostal church. G.H. Scott (Dad Scott) was involved in starting several Church of God churches in Texas before moving to California for work. Several family members and friends from Texas started going here and soon it became affiliated with the Church of God. Any time we referred to this church we always called it the "6th and Linden Church".

When I saw the wedding photo of Clemma and her new husband, Harry L. West, I decided to look at some old photos of the church and found both of them in the 1950 group photo that was taken when they made a new attendance record.



This photo was taken in 1950. The church had just made a new attendance record of 122 people in attendance. The new pastor was Danny A. Drake, who was a great evangelist and Pastor. I was a baby when this was taken, but as I look over it, I see so many family members and people that I grew up with. I am the baby being held by my father, Earl N. Fortner about center on the left, peeking over someone's shoulder.



Here is a detail of the previous photo. At the top and center is Harry L. West and Clemma both wearing glasses. At this time both were having trouble seeing. Just above the attendance board, are the young Pastor, Danny Arnald Drake and his wife, Peggy Ruth Drake. Danny is holding Laticia and Peggy is holding Juanita.

This is where I will leave it now. Clemma was attending church, where she always wanted to be. I didn't include anything about the Mission work that the family was involved with, but this family was dedicated to work were ever they were needed. This ministry is still going forward, generations of family members are still spreading the Gospel to a world that seems to need it more now than ever before.

Roger D. Fortner