

A Man of God by Jesse C. Jones

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A testimony and a tribute to Arthur Earle Frid

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About the Cover Art

Front cover: Photo of Arthur Earle Frid (1899-1974) estimated dates. The photo is probably from the 1960's at the approximate time of the book publication.

Back cover: Scanned version of front and back cover of book "God's Glory Whence"

God's Glory Whence by Arthur Earle Frid

God's Glory, Whence? Copyright 1966 by Arthur Earle Frid,
263 Erskine Avenue, Toronto 12, Ontario, Canada.

Printed in Canada by Christian Publications Registered,
230 Lupien Street, Cap de la Madeleine, Quebec.

Editor's Note: God's Glory Whence is for all practical purposes out of print. So the cover art used for A Man of God was scanned in from a copy owned by Jesse C. Jones. I (Sandra Crosnoe) have been unable to locate a book in print to re-read while working on this project, but read it originally a number of years ago. It should possibly be scanned in and re-released online for people to be able to read because it is a delightful book. It was about Brother Frid's thoughts on what the Lord showed Moses when he showed him His 'glory' on the mountain-top. God's glory is portrayed in this book as His goodness to mankind through the ages.

Dedication page from God's Glory Whence

Brother Arthur Earle Frid dedicated his book,

"To the loving memory of my Mother, Annie Relph:

From whom I first learned the stories of the Bible, and absorbed the faith to believe them; whose epitome is in Proverbs 31; whose lamp burned long before the sun appeared, and after it had set; whose little strength was buttressed by prayer and determination to care for her large family in the rugged, pre-electric days of wash-board, scrub-brush and home-made bread; whose ears abhorred gossip, and whose mouth voiced neither complaint nor criticism; whose attendance at church was as certain as the sunrise; whose willingness to help was proverbial; whose counsel was "a word in season"; whose generosity was bounded only by the needs of her family;

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whose wise spending was the joy of every frugal penny; and whose warm heart was the safe harbor for the refurbishing of her gale-swept family and friends;

And of my Father, Rowland Ernest Frid:

Who joined my mother in dedicating me to the Lord, long before I had any choice; who regularly took his family to church and Sunday school, and underwrote their behavior; who maintained a family altar, and read aloud from the Bible each evening, when I would have preferred playing ball; whose heavy hand made me afraid to sin; whose generosity and willingness to help matched our mother's; whose aspirations for God were higher than he attained; and whose life was used to introduce some to the family of the redeemed;

For God's Glory this book is gratefully dedicated."

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Preface

A Man Of God

This is a story about a man, a place, and a time when the lives of many people were touched by a power they did not know existed, nor did they know that this power was available to them. The man that God used to demonstrate this power was unassuming and totally devoid of the pride of life that plagues most men, and has led an untold number into exaggerated self-esteem and conceit. He appeared in this appointed place without fanfare, and he came into our lives as a result of an event that he had no part in, and, as far as I know was not even aware of. That he had been prepared for this place and time seems to be without question, for things happened rapidly after he began to be used by God in the ministry to which he had been called.

Looking back on this time, some fifty years ago, makes me think about how a large storm moves through a place and changes everything, and then is gone. Like many of the changes brought about by the storm, the changes wrought in the lives touched by God through this man have not gone away, for they were changes to men's hearts, and all the issues of life come from the heart (Pr. 4:23). I know first-hand about the changes in the lives of my family: this is something we will consider later in the book. But to tell this story in any meaningful way I need to describe the effect of this man's ministry on other's lives. There were many people touched by this outpouring of God's grace and I am personally acquainted with only a few: many have gone on to their eternal reward. I wish I had more detail on the life of the principal character, but he and his wife have long since departed, and after fifty years there are relatively few knowledgeable sources still around. Nevertheless, I have used the contacts I could identify. I pray that

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readers will be touched by this story as I have been through the power of God manifested in this man's life.

Jesse C. Jones

The Preparation

It was the late spring of 1962, and I had just received a job offer from the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) in Houston, Texas. We were living in the small town of Lindsborg, Kansas, a Swedish community about 20 miles South of Salina, Kansas. I was working for Bechtel Corporation as a consulting mechanical engineer on the Atlas “F” missile program, stationed at Schilling Air Force Base, Salina, Kansas. We were still several months away from finishing the work at Salina when I received the offer from NASA to work on the Apollo Spacecraft Program in Houston, Texas. Although I was hesitant to leave before the job was completed, with the approval and encouragement of the US Air Force Commanding Officer to whom Bechtel reported, we were soon headed for a new adventure. This was the time when storm clouds were beginning to gather concerning the Cuban missile crisis, and as we approached Houston my thoughts were about the impossibility of escaping the Houston area if Russia followed through on its plan to emplace missiles with nuclear capability in Cuba, and we went to war. The news media reported that the US was scrambling to complete its Atlas missile capability for a possible response to any attack by Russia.

Fortunately, Nikita Khrushchev backed down from an actual confrontation with the US in October 1962, when he ordered Russian ships carrying missiles heading for Cuba to not breach a blockade established by the US Navy.

When we arrived in Pasadena, Texas, a suburb of Houston, we rented a house a few blocks from Red Bluff Road and made our beds on the floor while we waited for our furniture to arrive. We soon found a church in the area and began attending services there. I started teaching a Sunday School class made up of college students, and we began to settle into our new life. However, it was not long before my wife received a message (which she identified as a “burden”) from God, indicating that we should change churches. Neither my wife nor I had a personal relationship with Jesus Christ at this time, but in the seven years we had been married, there had been a few times He seemed to give her a word of knowledge. Leaving the church we had just started to attend had nothing to do with any dissatisfaction with the church itself, this was just a clear “burden” from God indicating that He had other plans for us. This was upsetting for me, for I was just getting to know the kids in my Sunday School class, but I reluctantly took my wife’s “burden” as a Word from God, and we moved to Sunset Methodist Church in Pasadena, Texas, near where we had previously bought a house still under con-

struction. I cannot remember how we chose that particular church, but later events confirmed that the decision was definitely led by God.

At Sunset we joined an adult Sunday School class led by a man named John Sparks, and he and his wife Maxine became a very dear personal friends. John and Maxine had three boys, two of which were in high school at that time. John was in the oil exploration business, and until the early 1960's had worked for a large corporation buying leases with potential for drilling. In this position he would often entertain land owners, hoping to lease the oil rights on their property. Naturally, the entertainment usually involved considerable alcohol consumption, and this eventually led to John having a drinking problem. In 1961 he had been forced to commit himself to an alcohol rehabilitation clinic in Galveston, Texas, to see if he could break the drinking habit. It was in this clinic that John was confronted by a life-changing event that could not be explained by any human action. John had developed a strong drinking habit, and he (as always) was very persuasive, and very successful when it came to influencing the nurses and caregivers to sneak alcoholic beverages to him, which he would then hide within the room. On one particular Sunday morning the pastor of Sunset church asked all worshippers to get on their knees and pray for John and two other men. This was an unusual request in a Methodist church whose Sunday morning services were pretty formal,

but this pastor loved John dearly, and wanted to see him healed from this scourge that was ruining his life. Later that afternoon, the pastor went to visit John, and as soon as he walked into the room John looked at him squarely and asked, “What happened this morning”? The pastor was somewhat surprised, and responded, “What do you mean”? At this John responded, “Something happened to me this morning at 11:20 AM, when I went around the room dumping all my alcohol down the drain, and realized that I could never drink again”? The pastor was overwhelmed by this quick and emphatic answer to the church’s prayer, and he went on to explain to John what had happened that morning at church. Knowing John, as I came to later on, I can imagine his reaction: he knew that he had been touched by the hand of God, and his life was changed dramatically that day. But even this miraculous healing was just a prelude to what He had in store for John, myself, and six other men two years later.

I do not honestly remember anything John taught from the time my wife and I joined the class to the time we attended a Methodist Men’s Retreat in Palestine, Texas. I do remember that we became fast friends with John, and his wife Maxine, as well as with several other members of that class. I was busy with my new job, as well as getting located in a new house and city, and enjoying the many new friends we were making. When the Fall of 1963 drew close John began talking to

me about going to a Methodist men's retreat in Palestine. I was very involved with my job and things at home, and didn't see any way I could get away. Besides that I didn't feel real comfortable leaving my family on a weekend, the only time we could do anything together. But John was very influential with my wife, and finally she began encouraging me to go. I remember distinctly how John approached her on this. Although her name was Betty, he called her "Bessy", so he would say, "Bessy, if you let Jesse go I'll bring him back a changed man." John was prophesying here and didn't know it, but it was not just me that had a life-changing encounter during this retreat. At past retreats the men would usually attend the meetings, and partake of the meals, but as soon as they returned to the room they would begin playing bridge, and I'm sure that John thought this retreat would be somewhat the same. Little did any of us know that God was arranging this entire get-together for purposes of His own. Several of the men from Sunset rode in my station wagon on the way to Palestine, and the one occurrence on the trip that I remember happened in Crockett, Texas. As we approached Crockett, we needed to turn off the highway we were on, and onto Highway 287, a sharp turn to the left. As we approached the turn, the signal appeared green and I sailed through, making a left turn without stopping. An uproar immediately arose in my wagon with everyone (except me) yelling and contorting their bodies for protec-

tion from the impact. As I sailed on through the intersection I heard John yelling “RED LIGHT”, and asking me what I was doing? I wasn’t bothered in the least, since it looked “GREEN” to me. I knew I was somewhat colorblind, but I had never had a problem with signal lights before. This one was different, it was old and the glass was occluded enough that it appeared green to me. Looking back on this incident, I wonder if God was protecting us, for this was a heavily travelled highway we were turning on. Everyone was relieved that we were OK, and we continued on our way to Palestine, arriving in time to enjoy the evening meal, and attend the first meeting. I don’t remember much about this meeting, but I do remember talking about a book I was reading after we returned to the cabin. In all there were eight men, all from Sunset, in our cabin, and I can identify seven of them: Stan Kennedy, John Sparks, David Williams, Ted Crosnoe, Laddie Fields, Grover Newman, and myself. I am sorry to say that I don’t remember the name of the eighth member of our group, and to my knowledge he did not become involved in the events that occurred later, after we returned home. After discussing the philosophy expressed in the book I was reading relative to Christianity we all went to bed.

The next morning we all went to breakfast and attended the morning meeting.

When we returned to the room we were gathered outside our bungalow just

“shooting the bull”, as men often do, when one of the guys (Stan Kennedy) suggested we go inside and pray. I thought to myself, “Why is Stan ruining our fun”? I confess that prayer was difficult for me, and more often than not I felt that when I tried to pray I felt like I was standing with my nose against a wall, talking to the wall. Although I knew Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and that He had forgiven my sins I did not have a personal relationship with Him. I believed “in Christ”, but I had not believed “into Christ”. For those that may not be familiar with these terms let me give you the comment on this from John 3:16, Recovery Bible. “Believing into the Lord is not the same as believing Him. To believe Him is to believe that He is true and real, but to believe into Him is to receive Him and be united with Him as one. The former is to acknowledge a fact objectively; the latter is to receive a life subjectively.” As a result of my lack of “knowing” Jesus Christ personally I had never been comfortable when trying to pray. Oh sure, I would pray for God’s blessing on the food when we would gather for a more formal dinner, and I would recite the Lord’s Prayer in church, but when it came to one-on-one prayer with our Lord, I was just not comfortable. Of course I didn’t express any of these feelings as we entered the room and took our places on the cots where we slept, I suppose I would have been embarrassed to have done so.

Stan started the prayer time: it was obvious to me when thinking about it later, Stan had God's hand on him throughout the entire event. He started by asking everyone to cup their hands and start casting everything in their lives that they would like to rid themselves of into the "cup". This was all done silently by each one of us. Finally, when Stan thought we had finished, and our cups were full, he asked us to turn our hands down toward the ground and open the cup so that all our "trash" was cast away. We were all praying silently at this time, but things had gotten serious. It was about this time that I realized there was a supernatural presence in the room with us. The best way I can describe it is that it seemed to be an overwhelming light source. I immediately began to weep when I realized that it was Jesus that had come into the room. My reaction was certainly strange for I grew up in a world in which men did not cry. I remember my Dad's funeral in 1955 was a very poignant time for me, for I loved my Dad very much, but I didn't shed a tear. I really did not understand what was happening to me, but after this went on for some time I began to think about what the others in the room would think when they saw I had been crying. The prayer time finally seemed to pass and we began to share our individual versions of what had happened. I was shocked that all the men in that room had had a similar experience to mine, and that I needn't have been concerned about them thinking any less of

me for showing emotion. I can't speak for the others there that day but I know where I stood with Christ before that encounter. I just did not know that He could appear to me and show His desire to have a part in my life. I suppose that I had a sort of Deist outlook about God and His relationship with man until that time. For me that encounter changed everything, but it took some time for this paradigm-change within to manifest in my body. In that room I just did not understand what had happened, and I believe this was the feeling of the other men as well. There were some outward manifestations, however: I remember John stating that he was going to be at the church every Wednesday morning at 6:00 AM for prayer, and that he would be pleased to have any of the rest of us to join him. Several of the others that still had a smoking habit declared that they would never smoke again. I had had a (friendly) gambling problem up until that time, and I felt led to put that behind me; but the changes that had occurred in my spiritual life were beyond my capability to understand, and I believe this was the case with the others as well. It was not until we returned to Pasadena and had a visit with a Spirit-filled believer from Lubbock, Texas, that we began to understand the magnitude of what had happened. I wonder what the other men at the retreat thought about this group from Sunset. I'm sure they wondered what had

happened to us, all walking around with a stunned look on our faces, but *really* participating in the worship times, until we left on Sunday to return home.

I have thought of this encounter many times since that day in Palestine, Texas. The changes brought about in my life have continued to manifest since then. One thing that blessed me in a special way a few months after this was the assurance I received that I belonged to Christ, and was a son of God. I knew what Romans 8:16 said about the Holy Spirit bearing witness with our human spirit that we are children of God, but I did not have that witness before my encounter with Christ. When I was about twenty years old I had a very devout friend who often spoke of her confidence about where she would be going at death: she knew that she belonged to God (had the witness), and that He would welcome her into His kingdom when she died. My response to her bold attestation was to question how she could be so confident: I did not have any such witness even though I knew Jesus, and thought of Him as my Savior. As a child I had been taught that Jesus took my sins by His death on the cross, but I did not have a personal relationship with Jesus Christ, nor did I have any spiritual understanding of what He did in resurrection: I did not *know* Him. After the encounter above (when I was 34-years old), my entire understanding of who He was, what He wanted with me, and how He would relate to me in achieving His goal for my life changed. For the first

time in my life I realized that Christ was a living (spiritual) being interested in having a personal relationship with me. I didn't think about the promise in Romans 8:16 for awhile, but as soon as I did I realized that it was true: I now had the witness in my spirit.

One other aspect of this encounter I want to mention here: I didn't fully appreciate why Jesus Christ would appear like He did: as a powerful light or energy source. Later, as I began to get more familiar with the Word, I noticed that Paul had a very similar experience on the road to Damascus. In a more recent time when I was participating in a "Walk to Emmaus", one of the speakers described an experience he had when he encountered Christ. I sought him out later at lunch and asked him to describe his vision of Christ, and he stated that He appeared as a great light, just as with Paul on the road to Damascus, and me in the cabin at Palestine. I began to realize that this is a common way for Jesus Christ to be described when He appears to men. I suppose these narratives validated my experience even more, and assured me that it was Jesus Christ that had appeared to us in that room.

We returned home on fire for God, but totally ignorant about what had happened to us at Palestine. We were also lacking in good Bible teaching, and none of us had previously had any experience with the Holy Spirit. Soon after we re-

turned a spiritually mature Christian man from Lubbock, Texas, came to talk to us about what had happened. He explained what he knew about baptism in the Holy Spirit. At that time it seemed to be the prevalent opinion that the evidence of having received the Holy Spirit was speaking in tongues. The difference between the gift of tongues spoken of in 1 Corinthians 12:10, and the use of tongues in personal prayer, alluded to in Romans 8:26, and 1 Corinthians 14:14-15, was not clear to most of us, and this led to some very unfortunate results. I remember exactly how I felt when I was first made aware of the gift of speaking in tongues: I wanted God to jerk me up in Sunday service and speak through me with a message. In this way I felt that I would know that it was God. I don't know if the other men were inspired to do something out of character like this, but my ignorance about this gift (and God) was showing through. Eventually, I learned the difference between the gift of speaking in tongues and praying in tongues, and I started seeking a spiritual prayer language. My motive was a direct result of my desire to prove that I had received the Holy Spirit. Those of us that were seeking this experience took every opportunity we could to participate when visiting ministers came to Houston and invited all who wanted to speak in tongues to come backstage for a tutorial. I attended several of these, but never was able to speak in tongues. One evening months later, when I was praying silently alone, I felt the

freedom to let the Spirit use my tongue. Later, I realized that I had received the Holy Spirit when Christ came into the room at Palestine, and the gift of speaking in tongues was just one of His attributes. Anyone that has the Holy Spirit has the capability within to use tongues when they pray, but the power of faith must be flowing in their lives. This is not the Spirit given gift of prophesying in tongues, requiring an interpreter, but rather is referred to as a person's individual prayer language. I have found it to be helpful when I do not know how to pray about some situation: praying in the Spirit often guides me in the right direction.

After we returned to Pasadena big things started to happen at Sunset. Two of the men began teaching a youth group meeting one night a week, and they were not wise about speaking in tongues. I remember one night in February 1965, after my 14-year old daughter came home from the youth meeting she asked her Mother and I to come into the living room and sit down, she wanted to show us something. We no sooner sat down than she started speaking in tongues quite boldly. We were a little surprised, but thankful that she had received the Holy Spirit.

One of the men that encountered the Lord in Palestine attended a Sunset Methodist Church Board Meeting, and, using poor judgment, gave the closing prayer in tongues. This naturally caused an uproar in the church, for there were many that

did not believe in speaking in tongues, and they were very upset. It was not long before the preacher began to feel considerable pressure about this new move of the Holy Spirit in his church. One Sunday before the service began I decided to go to him and try to alleviate some of his concern. I tried to get him to see that the men involved in this move were all on fire for God for the first time in their lives, and were anxious to help him in any way they could. I was not successful in this for he apparently did not believe in speaking in tongues, especially in the way in which it had been used in his church, and he was under pressure to do something. He ended up calling a meeting at the church, and all of the “outcasts” attended. I don’t remember much about the meeting, but one statement by the preacher still reverberates in my mind. Turning to one of the group he said, “Ted, your problem is that you should play more golf, and spend less time reading the Bible.” This was obviously not the thing to say, and over the next few weeks all but one of the “outcasts” left, or were encouraged to leave, the church. In retrospect, this could all have been handled in a much better way, on both sides. On one side you had a group of men that had just received the Holy Spirit, and did not know how to handle it in a formal Methodist church environment. On the other side you had a generally conservative Methodist congregation that resisted any change in the spiritual atmosphere. A little wisdom, understanding, and toler-

ance on both sides might have lessened the problem and made it manageable.

However, judging by what happened later it may have been God's plan all along.

I need to mention one other activity that was preparatory to the outpouring later. John had stated that he was going to the church every Wednesday morning for prayer and asked those that felt led to join him. Dutifully, I believe all seven of the men had come to join him in prayer at 6:00 AM. For the first time in my life I could pray, and know that I was talking to God. Not only that, but I was hearing from God about what I should be praying for. This was a new experience for me, and I believe at least some of the men felt the same way: we knew the prayers were directed by God, and it was what He wanted to hear from us. This is another example of the great changes in our lives that came from John's unknowing invitation, and Stan's obedience in following God's direction in leading us into prayer. Of course, it was Jesus Christ entering into our lives in that room that really precipitated the changes that were underway. How great is our God?

The Man of God Appears

“And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and daughters shall prophesy, you old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions.”

Joel 2:28 KJV

I cannot remember exactly when Brother Earle Frid came into the lives of the “outcasts”. Many others in the Houston area were touched by the outpouring of the Spirit at this time, and it all appeared to begin after the Palestine encounter. As the “outcasts” and their families slowly drifted away from Sunset Methodist Church each one went their own way, but the group stayed connected through a Bible study and fellowship meeting on Friday nights, held at various attendees homes. During this time my wife and I heard about a small Chinese church named Grace Chapel, located on the north side of Houston where a man was preaching, and the Holy Spirit was being manifested. Some of our group started attending services there when we could, but the one-hour drive from Pasadena was an impediment. Hong Sit, the pastor at Grace Chapel was in China visiting his father, who had been imprisoned by the Communist Chinese. Filling in for him while he was away was none other than Brother Earle Frid. I began to see

what a New Testament church body really was during that time. They had no praise and worship group, but Amy Sit, the pastor's wife, played the piano, and a song leader led the congregation in worship. The song leader did not have a great voice, but I have never participated in a more spiritual worship time than at Grace Chapel. A young lady joined the worship by dancing (maybe I should say floating) around the congregation.

Now this may sound out-of-place to some, but this lady was obviously in the Spirit, for at times it seemed to me that she was in mid-air. I admit that it seemed unusual to me at first, but after she started worshipping in the way God inspired her, any objections that I had quickly dissipated. Brother Frid was a great pastor and teacher, and I had never been exposed to good Bible expository: it was like pouring clean water on dry and parched land. It was not long before Brother Frid started teaching our Friday night meetings. I remember one of the first disagreements I had with Brother Frid's interpretation of the creation. I had this goofy interpretation that integrated macro-evolution with the Genesis narrative. I suppose I had developed this concept from my technical education, and what seemed to be the explanation taught in university biology classes. Brother Frid never argued with me, he would just close our discussion by saying, "Just keep praying

about it, Jesse". I don't remember praying about it much, but within two weeks I came to a totally different viewpoint, one that I'm sure coincided with Brother Frid's. To my memory this was the first time God just plainly rewired my brain, as He promises in Ezekiel 36:26, "*I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh.*"

It was about this time that my wife, and John's wife got together one morning and went to meet with Brother Frid. They wanted to receive the Holy Spirit, and God did not fail to do what He says in Luke 11:13. Though I did not realize it at the time, this was the final coming together of my wife and I in accordance with Ephesians 5:31. From that time on we began to come together as one flesh, and later when we moved to Las Cruces, NM, the benefit of this oneness was often manifested in the work of the Lord there.

Meanwhile, God was moving in a wider area, using Brother Frid in a greatly expanded capacity. The Episcopal Church of the Redeemer was a grand old church in a part of Houston that began to degrade after World War II, and in 1963 it had deteriorated badly, and the congregation had dwindled down to a very few. At about that time they had appointed a new Rector to the church named Graham Pulkingham. Things did not go well with the new Rector, and the vestry eventually voted to close the church. Later, Graham felt led to go to New York and

spend some time with David Wilkerson, whose ministry among the gangs had been mightily blessed by God. While there with David, Graham received the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and, through prophecy, was told to return to Houston where God was going to raise up a powerful ministry. It has been my experience that prophecies from David Wilkerson were from God, for I have personally witnessed several prophecies from David that seemed unbelievable at the time, but later came about, just as he had prophesied. The prophecy to Graham Pulkingham was no different, as we will see.

On return to Houston Graham eventually began attending Grace Chapel, and began to see how God was working there in praise, prayer, and healing. In November 1964 Graham asked Brother Frid to come to Redeemer to teach the Bible on Tuesday night. This began to grow, and Brother Frid began to teach on two nights a week, as well as on Sunday. The Pasadena group began attending one of the night services, while Brother Frid became more and more involved in the ministry at Redeemer Church. It seemed that Brother Frid's ministry was growing in everything he participated in, and the Pasadena group was especially blessed to have him in the smaller setting of a home group. I remember a meeting held at a Doctor's home south of Houston, I believe it was the small town of Hitchcock. It was a large house, and we began to look for Brother Frid. Behind every door we

opened we would find someone in a “hot seat”, being prayed over for healing, or to receive the Holy Spirit. There must have been hundreds of people there that night. We were certainly on a mountaintop, destined to be brought down to the valley, just as the Bible says.

The men in our Bible study were getting involved in other spiritual outreach efforts, as well as their support of the Friday night Bible study with Brother Frid, the Bible teaching at Redeemer Church, and attendance at Grace Chapel. So many lives were being changed, and miraculous healings were occurring that built up the faith of the entire community of believers. While we were attending Grace Chapel, John Osteen, founder of Lakewood Church, and his wife Dodie attended as well. I did not know the Osteen’s personally, but I remember an incident that occurred during the time they were going to Grace Chapel. Dodie gave birth to a baby girl that suffered a serious birth defect - it may have been cerebral palsy, but I am not sure. I remember the church praying for the family, and the baby in particular. I also remember that Dodie was believing for complete healing, and was reading Bible verses to the infant girl almost continually. Later, I

heard that she had grown up to become a beautiful and accomplished young lady who often appeared with Joel Osteen (son of John) at his church in Houston.

During this time so many miracles were happening within the community, as well as in our individual families. I remember an incident at my work shortly after Brother Frid started ministering to us. We were in temporary quarters at Ellington Air Force Base and I was leaving our offices there to attend a meeting. As I was leaving the building one of the technicians we had hired stopped me, and asked if he could talk with me a minute. We stepped into a vacant room and he began to tell me he was leaving, and going back to Norfolk, Virginia, where he had previously worked. I could see that he was definitely disturbed, and I asked him what was going on. He told me that he had been giving his wife the money to pay the house payments on their old house in Norfolk, and he found out that she had spent the money, and failed to make the payments. He was leaving his wife, job, and everything and going back home. I tried to reason with him, but he was so upset and determined there was no way I could sway him. He gave me his NASA badge and went his way while I headed to my meeting. Later in the day after working hours I returned to my office to take care of some business and I felt led to pray for him. I prayed that the further he got from Houston, the stronger the pull would be to return. Shortly thereafter I got a call from him in Louisiana. He

said that he supposed that I had turned in his NASA credentials. I told him that I had not. Then he laid the bomb on me by saying, I feel like I am on a big rubber band: the further I get from Houston the stronger the pull is to return. I immediately began to weep at this demonstration of God's great power and love. I don't even remember whether I told him about this or not - I was overwhelmed.

In another instance I had a dream about a man who attended Grace Chapel who I did not know personally: he was in some way involved in politics in Houston. This dream concerned his daughter, and I did not know whether he had a daughter. I struggled with this for quite awhile, not knowing whether it was really from God and whether I should mention it to him. I ended up telling God that I would tell him of the dream if an opportunity presented itself. We were at Grace Chapel for some event and I went out on the porch for something, I do not know what. Sure enough he showed up and we were alone so I knew I had to tell him. I'm sure that I cautioned him that I did not know whether this was from God or not and then I asked him if he had a daughter. He said yes, so I proceeded to tell him what I dreamed. It was about some exchange between the two of them, and I don't remember the details. When I finished I asked him if my dream meant anything to him. He said it did, but I was never sure if he was being honest or just kind. I could tell that he was apprehensive about this total stranger, with this un-

usual story. I have not had any similar dreams since, so I don't know whether God was teaching me something here, or that this was a message that this father really needed to hear. Joel 2:28 says, *"that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions."*

David Williams and his wife Martha had two girls, one was married and lived outside Houston, while the other girl named Kathy was in high school at this time. Kathy had a boyfriend that she was serious about and I remember the Bible Study group often praying for his salvation. At times he and Kathy would be at the Williams' house when we met there, and several in the group would try to minister to him as they had opportunity. This went on for some time, and although it seemed he was showing interest at times, there had been no real positive breakthrough. I could see that God was working on him but we had not been able to bring him to salvation. An older woman showed up in Houston at that time with a very startling story about being raised from the dead while in the hospital. I cannot remember what her ailment was, but she had entered the hospital for treatment, and died during some procedure the Doctors were performing. She was covered with a sheet and placed on a gurney awaiting movement to the morgue when someone noticed that the sheet was moving, possibly due to her

breathing. She was completely healed from her illness and was giving her testimony at varying locations in the Houston area. For some reason that I never understood, Kathy and her boyfriend went to one of the meetings, and he received salvation. I'll never forget the change manifested in his life after that event.

There was no doubt that he was now a child of God, filled with the Holy Spirit. I was learning that God moves in strange and mysterious ways that we cannot understand, for I would never have thought that this older woman's testimony would draw this young man to the Lord. Later, Kathy and her boyfriend were married, and now live in Las Cruces, NM.

I want to relate one final story here that will give the reader greater insight about Brother Frid's character. There was a young lady that attended various meetings of the community at that time, whose name was Nancy. She had two young girls, and her husband was going to school to become a dentist. She did not live in Pasadena and therefore did not become part of the Pasadena Bible study group. She was the breadwinner for the family and I know she struggled at times to make ends meet. Her husband finally graduated and opened a dental office somewhere in Houston. Shortly thereafter it became clear that he was involved with his dental assistant. He would fail to return home after work, and would often drink to excess. On one of these occasions he returned home one weekend

drunk, and got his wife pregnant with their third daughter. She was getting pretty desperate, so she went for counseling to the well-known pastor of a large church in Houston. This pastor told her to dump her husband, and get on with her life. Not entirely convinced she went to see Brother Frid, who gave her the Biblical answer, which was to stay with her husband and continue to show him a Christian wife's love (1 Co. 7:14). This she did for a considerable period of time, and, I'm sure, with considerable pain and doubt: but she stayed the course. Eventually, her husband responded to the call of God, became a model husband, and even opened a free dental clinic for those that could not afford to pay. I have often thought of this lady and her incredible faith and persistence, but the Lord honored this humble servant and gave her a good husband and three beautiful girls. He was "sanctified" by his believing wife, just as the Word says (1 Co. 7:14).

The Scattering

God often seems to use the method I have referred to above as “scattering” to achieve His plans to spread the gospel of Christ. We are all familiar with the destruction of Jerusalem in 70 AD, in which the Jewish nation was decimated. The Christians in Jerusalem actually left the city in 68 AD, when they refused to fight the Romans and were allowed to leave. The John A. Dixon New Analytical Bible says this about that time: “It is possible that the disciples would have stayed longer in Jerusalem if they had not been driven out by the persecution. The dispersion of these preachers of the Word enlarged the scope of their activities for the kingdom of Christ, which, in the labors of Paul and his fellow-workers, extended beyond all Jewish bounds.”

I learned the lesson of scattering in a very hard a way in the fall of 1965. Things had been unbelievable up until that time, and we all had so enjoyed God’s working through Brother Frid in teaching and ministry. Looking back over this time I believe God felt that it was time for many of us to go deeper with Him, and this most often seems to involve pain and suffering. Of course, He knew Brother Frid’s heart, that he would react just like Christ did in similar circumstances, but He was probably less sure about how some of the rest of us would react since we

were not as mature spiritually. However, He knew that we had received the spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God (1 Co. 2:11). I was one of those for whom God's doubt would certainly have been warranted.

It all started in a way that I can now understand: there were some hard places in the hearts of certain old-timers at the Church of the Redeemer. It was obvious to all that Brother Frid was the focus of attention, he was the primary person God was using in the Houston renewal. He was ministering at Redeemer church, and was receiving a lot of attention from the congregation, whereas there were some church members that undoubtedly felt such a leadership role should go to the Episcopal rector of the church, Graham Pulkingham. In this setting a lady who was one of the long-time members of Redeemer church had a dream in which Brother Frid was getting all the children's gravy, at least that was the way it was explained to the Pasadena group. This dream seemed to take on a lot authority to those that were affiliated officially with Redeemer church. At the time I assumed that "gravy" was a pseudonym for money. This was strange to me, for as far as I knew Brother Frid was not being paid by anyone. He and his wife Ethel were be-

ing provided with a place to stay, and other essentials such as food and gasoline. I don't remember a collection ever being taken up at any of the Bible study meetings. I assume that Redeemer and Grace Chapel had their regular collections at scheduled church meetings, but this was conducted by the particular church, and the proceeds were used to meet church needs. Nevertheless, a confrontation was shaping up between those in the Pasadena group that were identifying more and more with Redeemer church, and those in the group who were totally committed to Brother Frid's teaching at Redeemer, and to the Friday night Bible study.

A meeting was called at John and Maxine Sparks' house to resolve the fallout from the "dream". As I recall most of the Pasadena group were there, plus Brother Frid and Graham Pulkingham. I can only remember the climax, which seemed to come down to a choice between these two men. At this point I assumed the role of Peter in the Garden of Gethsemane, and proceeded cut off the ear of Rector Pulkingham. I came to the defense of Brother Frid by saying that we should make a choice based on each man's fruit, and that there was no question in my mind which one bore the most fruit. I was seated by Brother Frid, and after I had made my comments Brother Frid turned quietly to me and said, "Jesse, don't fret over this: if this is what God has for me I will gladly accept it." Thinking about this later I recognized how similar this was to Jesus Christ's acceptance

of the agony on the cross, and earlier when He answered Pontius Pilate's threat by saying, "*Thou couldst have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above*" (Joh. 19:11). Brother Frid recognized that what happened to him would be in accordance with God's will, and he did not resist it in any way. On the other hand, I did not recognize it as God's will, and I was ready to resist it in any way I could. I really could not believe what was happening because it was so obvious that Brother Frid was the one being used by God in this outpouring. Nevertheless, there was a somewhat tacit agreement that the dream was a sign from God, and Brother Frid was removed from his Bible teaching effort at Redeemer church. He returned to his home in Canada shortly after that meeting, and later several families from the Pasadena group became affiliated with Redeemer church. My wife and I were pretty well broken up by the way things went, but we still continued to meet on Friday nights with those of the Pasadena group who did not become affiliated with Redeemer church. I continued to stress over the way Brother Frid had been treated, especially over what I considered to be a bogus interpretation of a dream. As time went on I began to gradually realize that this was something that God often does when He sees the need to scatter believers so the gospel message can be spread to other venues. Like the lady who had the dream, when any Christian harbors wrong thinking it often brings about some sort of

correction on God's part. In this case I believe He saw an opportunity to spread the gospel by scattering believers and teaching the dreamer at the same time. He knew Satan was anxious to take advantage of this situation and create considerable confusion within the community, so He turned him loose. Of course, Satan never saw that God's goal would be achieved by his action, so he went to work, and confusion spread, but God's will was fulfilled. I think there is an important lesson for all believers here: to entertain un-Christlike thoughts and beliefs may cause our Mediator (Jesus Christ) to bring correcting chastisement upon us so that we can grow in holiness, through sanctification.

Within a few months I was advised that NASA was sending me to a management training program in Palo Alto, California, that lasted for nine months. We sold our house in Pasadena and moved to California during the summer of 1966. This move, and the resulting change of scenery, took our minds off the happenings in Pasadena, Texas. But while we were there, we got word that the Redeemer group realized they had made a mistake, and they dispatched a group to Canada to persuade Brother Frid and his wife to return to Texas. I never heard exactly what precipitated the change of heart, but I doubt that it made much difference to Brother Frid: he considered the entire event to be in God's hands.

Chapter 4

The Aftermath

Several spin-offs of the events in Pasadena and Palestine occurred during the year we were in Palo Alto, CA. Around Christmas time 1966, the men in the management class at Stanford were sent to Washington, D. C., and from there to New York, NY. We took a train from Washington to New York, and while on the train I joined a group playing poker. I knew that God did not want me to violate the clear direction I had received at Palestine, but I was not strong enough to resist the temptation. As had usually been the case when I played poker I won some money and was ripe for Satan to sucker punch me again. This occurred when we returned to Palo Alto and I was invited to join the same bunch of guys for a poker game at one of the player's home. I was beginning to feel a little guilty, for playing poker on a trip seemed somewhat less dishonorable than playing at home, but nevertheless I sat down ready for the first deal. That was when I got the call that I knew came from God, although it was really from my wife telling me that David Williams was there to see me. There was no doubt in my mind

that David was God's messenger sent there to remind me who was really in charge of my life, and to remind me that the next time I slipped the chastisement would be much worse. This time I got the message, and mended my ways. I was learning that God's Holy Spirit maintains a strict watch over me with a jealous love, and will not hesitate to rebuke me for actions that others never seem to fret over.

We returned to Pasadena in mid-summer 1967. Brother Frid and his wife were back in Pasadena by that time and he was helping with the work at Redeemer, but in a lesser role. He and Ethel seemed to be satisfied in their position there, and things seemed to have settled down: the outpouring had lessened (or completely stopped), but Redeemer was continuing to grow. The remnant of the Pasadena group continued to meet as well. My wife and I were invited to Brother Frid's and Ethel's house for dinner shortly after we returned from Palo Alto. After nine months of big-shot manager indoctrination I was pretty full of myself, and when Brother Frid started questioning me about my position at NASA I gave him an answer that was overly prideful. I think Brother Frid considered me his pupil, and he wanted me to do well in the secular, workaday world, as well as in spiritual things. At any rate he kept pressing me until I gave him an answer that I have long regretted. As I have stewed over this in the years since I have begun to suspect that God was behind the entire discussion, and that He was using Brother

Frid to “paint me into a corner”: trying to get me to see that I had grown prideful during a year of “feather-bed” treatment. Unfortunately, it took several more lessons before I got the message.

We met with many changes on our return to Pasadena, some very saddening. One of John and Maxine Sparks sons had gotten married during the summer, after he graduated from high school, and had entered the Marine Corps shortly thereafter. He completed boot camp and was sent to Viet Nam. As I understand it he was stationed on a ship off shore with a group that was flown in to “hot spots” for reinforcement. On one of these sorties he was hit in the head by gunfire or a mortar and was killed instantly. He had been in the Viet Nam war theater only thirty days. Needless to say, this incident took a great toll on John and Maxine, and those that were close to them. My family was traveling from Palo Alto to Pasadena when this beloved son was buried, and were not able to attend the ceremony, but that did not lessen our grief. We spent many wonderful times with John’s family, and this loss was felt deeply by my wife and I. In the years that followed I was able to visit the Viet Nam Memorial in Washington, D. C., and the Traveling Wall in Lubbock, TX, to find Lance Corporal James Henry Sparks name thereon and weep for the great loss it was to our spiritual family.

When we returned to the Houston area we planned to build a house in Deer Park, TX, so we rented a place while the construction process was completed. We continued to meet for Bible study, but the make-up of the group changed somewhat during that time. Often, people would come from remote suburbs of Houston. To this day I do not know how they knew about the meeting, but I have learned that God has a way of bringing the right ones together when He is being lifted up. When we moved to Deer Park we joined the First Baptist Church, which was located just behind our house which was under construction at that time. One couple from this church attended our Bible study infrequently, and I remember one specific occasion in which the husband received a prophecy that utterly broke him. He had been a conscientious objector during World War II, and no one knew about this, not even his wife of many years. The prophecy made reference to the fact that he had always been a peacemaker, or pacifist. When the prophecy began to refer to his life in this way he was overwhelmed by the power of God. He obviously had not experienced the intimate knowledge of God in this way prior to that time. This new awareness of God's involvement in our lives is the door to belief **into** Christ.

Our daughter Rene married not long after we returned to Houston, and her husband Wayne was like many others who believed **in** Jesus but had not received

the Holy Spirit and believed **into** Him. As I had mentioned before, my wife often received “burdens” from the Lord, and after our daughter had been married for a while my wife became burdened for Wayne. One night we were baby-sitting their newborn son while they attended a movie. They came by to pick him up and started out the door when Wayne returned and asked us to pray for him. This was certainly out-of-character for Wayne, and it took us by surprise. God was obviously working on Wayne, and we were greatly blessed by being able to pray for him to receive the Holy Spirit.

Lots of events occurred during this time (1967 - 1971), and I have a more difficult time remembering the details of this period than I do some of the things that happened earlier (1963 - 1966). This may be due to the great outpouring of the Spirit during the earlier time as compared to the later period when we had descended into the valley, and God was expecting us to take the things learned on the mountain-top and teach them to the work-a-day-world below. Looking back I am mindful of many sad and hurtful experiences of this time. If you belong to Jesus you will meet with chastisement, disappointments, persecutions, losses, and whatever it takes for you to be conformed to the image of Christ (Ro. 8:29): to be broken bread and poured out wine in His service.

I was asked to go to Las Cruces, NM, by the Director of NASA-Johnson Space Center early in 1972, so my family packed up one more time and moved to the Rio Grande valley. I remember the last Bible study meeting we had before we left. We met at my daughter's house with a pretty good crowd. As the meeting was about to close one of our dearest friends prophesied over my wife and I. One of the things he mentioned in the prophecy was that we would live next to a "mesa". I did not understand exactly what a "mesa" was so I didn't think much about it. It turned out that I had to make several trips to the NASA-White Sands Test Facility in Las Cruces preparatory to relocating, and on one of these trips I bought a house in the valley twelve miles south of Las Cruces. This was pretty gutsy on my part, for my wife had not seen the house before we moved. Things worked out pretty well though, and she seemed to be reasonably pleased when she saw the house. It was in the middle of a lettuce patch, with nothing but farms surrounding it. It took a while for me to realize that we had a "mesa" located about one-quarter of a mile behind our house. My two sons and I had many good times riding dirt bikes up on the mesa which had a couple of extinct volcanoes (small ones), and a small pond where birds collected.

The Witnesses

I would like to close this writing by providing a short narrative about each of the principle witnesses in this story. Many years have passed since this blessed outpouring of the Holy Spirit occurred and the information I have is very limited, and, in some cases may be incorrect. I hope that readers will forgive me for any misstatements I have made.

I will start with the man God sent to teach us about Himself and His dealings with His elect.

Brother Arthur Earle Frid

Brother Frid was born in Western Canada in the early 1920's. He came from a poor family of eight children. He made a complete dedication of his life to the Lord at the age of 12-years through the ministry of Norman Grubb, General Director of the Worldwide Evangelization Crusade. In Brother Frid's book "God's Glory Whence?", he states that this was the beginning of a search to know God intimately. He was blessed in these early years to have a close fellowship with Mr.

Grubb and other members of the missionary fellowship that increased his understanding of many scriptural truths. Later, he married Miss Ethel Smith of Guelph, Ontario, and became involved in an abandoned Sunday School work on the outskirts of that city, which, under his tutelage, grew to an average attendance of over 150. Past forty, he became involved in the work of the Worldwide Evangelistic Crusade, and produced their magazine, World Conquest. In the early 1960's he spent his efforts in writing, preaching, and Bible teaching in the U. S., as well as Canada, Mexico, and Guatemala.

I believe Brother Frid appeared in my world in late 1963 or early 1964. I think we were first introduced to him at Grace Chapel, where he was ministering in the absence of the Pastor, Hong Sit. He certainly had the hand of God on his life for everything that he touched seemed to flourish. Indeed, his ministry in Houston flourished as well, not only, or even primarily, in numbers of people coming to be taught, but in the depth of spiritual life that he manifested. Those of us in the Pasadena group received special blessing in his coming to be with us every week for Bible study. In spite of his success as a minister and Bible teacher He was the most humble man I have ever known. He was an example of what it means to be conformed to the image of Christ.

After returning to Houston in 1967 he continued to minister at Redeemer Church, as well as at Bible study groups across the city. After moving to Las Cruces in 1972 my wife and I kept in touch infrequently with Brother Frid and Ethel. He joined his Savior and Master the Lord Jesus Christ later in the 1970's, and Ethel died a few years later. He certainly left a mark on many people. I have been greatly blessed to call him friend, teacher, and shepherd in my life: thank you Lord.

Stanley (Stan) Kennedy

Stan and his wife Dawn were members of Sunset Methodist Church when my family joined that fellowship in 1962. Stan was a native West Texan, as was his wife. Stan was a commercial artist by profession, and Dawn was a public-school teacher. They had three children, all girls. When we joined Sunset Stan and Dawn were attending John Sparks Adult Bible Study class. Stan was the person the Lord used when we were at the encampment in Palestine. With the words, "Let's go in and pray", the Lord used Stan to set the stage for His appearance. I have no earthly idea what was going on with Stan: I had not noticed any special spirituality on his part in the Bible Study Class discussions. He did have a somewhat remote connection to a Spirit-filled group in Lubbock, TX, through his

wife's sister, who lived there. It may be that God began to draw Stan from his contact with the Lubbock group, but however it happened, he certainly served the Lord when he herded us (somewhat unwillingly) into that little room. My relationship with Stan changed dramatically after the Palestine encounter. He and I mopped a new tar roof on his house in Pasadena, and he showed me how to lay brick when we built a wall on our back patio. We became good friends, and our relationship was renewed when we were living in Lubbock in the 1980's. I received a call one day from the person who came to tell us about the Holy Spirit, after we returned from the retreat in Palestine in 1963. He had been in Pasadena visiting with Stan and Dawn, and he brought sad news. Dawn was dying from cancer and wanted me to call her. I talked with her on the phone shortly thereafter, and she passed about a week later. After that, Stan remarried his childhood sweetheart, who had also lost her husband. They lived in Wichita Falls, TX. We renewed our friendship yet again when they were in Lubbock, and we met at their hotel. Stan and I tried to organize a reunion of the Palestine Eight during this time but I was unable to contact most of them, and finally gave up. Over the next few years Stan and I visited by mail and phone, and exchanged our memories about our encounter with the Lord. To my great regret I never pressed him on

what persuaded him to make that call for prayer. Stan died 2011 after suffering from Alzheimer's Disease.

John Sparks

John Sparks and his wife Maxine were dear, dear friends to my wife and I when we joined Sunset and the Adult Bible Class. When we met John he had just had a real miracle happen in being freed from alcoholism, so he had a fire in his belly, but it wasn't just that, he just had an ebullient personality. This is probably what got him into difficulty in the first place: his job required someone that was likable and fun, and his job involved entertaining land owners, and this usually resulted in drinking alcohol. John was the kind of person that everyone loved, and he became a very special friend to my wife and I. I do not believe that anyone other than John could have convinced my wife, and then me, to go on the Methodist Church Layman's Retreat that became so pivotal in our lives. With his unintentional prophesy about bringing me back a changed man, he convinced both of us. John seemingly just sold-out to my family, it was like he was part of us. He came over one Saturday about noon when I was cleaning the oven, and he didn't leave until midnight. I don't know what Maxine was thinking, but she never seemed irritated or mad. He was the kind of friend that you could call when you were in

trouble with a concrete job on a day that both our boys were having their tonsils taken out, and I was to pick them up with their Mother no later than 6 PM. John dropped whatever he was doing and immediately headed for the hospital. I mentioned earlier about the death of John and Maxine's son in Viet Nam. I know John had a difficult time dealing with that tragedy. John had a serious operation a few years after that, and then suffered a stroke while we were in Las Cruces. Wayne (my son-in-law) and I went to visit him when I returned to NASA-Johnson Space Center (JSC) on business: he was not the same person. He was in a wheelchair and could barely talk. We prayed for him and I seemed to sense some embarrassment, or maybe nostalgia, on John's part: I believe he was frustrated to be in that condition. Maxine was not the same either, they had lost a lot of their savings through investments in the oil business, and she seemed like she did not want to be reminded of the "good old days". John died sometime later, and when I would try to contact Maxine when I was at Johnson Space Center (JSC) on business, it was apparent that she did not wish to see anyone from the earlier days. I will always feel about John Sparks like the Lord did about John, I loved him as a Christian friend but on a more personal level as well.

David Williams

I will always remember David and Martha from our Bible studies we had in their home. I don't know whether we met there more often than in the other member's homes, but it seems that way to me. I think David worked for one of the petrochemical plants in Pasadena, but I know he was moved by his company to San Antonio, TX, sometime during the late 1960's, or early 1970's. I will always be thankful to David, and his employer (actually I think it was God), for sending him to Palo Alto to bring me up short on my promise to God that I would not gamble again. I remember David and Martha for their gentle and quite spirits. They were a good influence on some of us that were a little more (or too) ram-bunctious.

I mentioned the unusual salvation experience of their youngest daughter's boyfriend who became her husband later on. Kathy and her husband moved to Las Cruces a few years before my wife and I left and relocated to Lubbock. It seems to me that David called us to let us know they were living in a new construction area across from our home on the East mesa. David told me recently that they still lived there. Kathy's husband is employed by New Mexico State University (NMSU) in Las Cruces.

David and Martha eventually began to attend Redeemer Church in Houston, and when they moved to San Antonio they joined the Episcopalian church there.

Martha died a few years ago, so, to my knowledge, David and I are the only two remaining members of the old Pasadena group.

Ted Crosnoe

Ted and Jimmie Crosnoe were also members of John Sparks' Adult Bible Class, and their two daughters, Sandra and Paula also attended Sunday School and church at Sunset. They became very good friends; my wife and Jimmie were especially close. Ted worked for Phillips Petroleum Co. in a plant that added color to small plastic cylinders, for later use in a myriad of products produced by injection molding. Ted was a serious student of the Bible, and it was probably this that resulted in the Pastor of Sunset Church telling him that he needed to spend more time on the golf course and less time reading the Bible. Ted was few years older than I was, and at first I thought of him as somewhat sedentary. Then one night they were at our house for Bible Study, or possibly for dinner, and we were playing with the kids in the back yard when I noticed how agile he was. Turns out he was quite a basketball player when he was young. But he took things seriously. I believe it was sometime in 1967, or maybe later, when a co-worker at the plant had some kind of physical problem and died very unexpectedly. Ted took it personally and began to seriously grieve, feeling guilty because he had not ministered to him

about Jesus Christ. This went on for some time, and I remember being at their house when Jimmie expressed her great concern about Ted's lingering depression. But he later testified that he had heard angels, and shortly after that he snapped out of it and began to take a big part in leading the Bible study group when we met at their house.

After we moved to Las Cruces we continued to maintain contact with Ted and Jimmie. We met them once in Midland, TX, for a Christian meeting there. Ted retired sometime during the 1970's and they moved to Tyler, TX, possibly to be closer to Sandra, who worked for ARCO in the Dallas area. Ted died of a heart attack in 1996 while they lived Rowlett. He got up one morning and, according to his habit, was reading the Bible to Jimmie, who was still in bed. He collapsed, and I do not think he lived long. This is just like I would have expected Ted to die: reading the Bible. What a great way to meet the Lord! Jimmie lived with her daughter Sandra for several years after that and died in 2003.

Paula married a young man in the US Air Force in Clovis, NM, while we were in Las Cruces. After graduation from Texas Tech University in Lubbock she went to work for IBM and had a long and successful career there. Paula now works for a speciality consulting/training solutions firm. She and her husband now reside in Burke, VA. Sandra contracted polio when she was still quite young, and had to

wear very restrictive braces after surgery. She experienced a healing later and was able to remove the braces. Sandra also graduated from Texas Tech University, and went to work for ARCO Chemical in Channelview and later ARCO Oil and Gas in the Dallas area. Later she got into insurance and securities, and began to help clients with their investments. Sandra and I got reacquainted several years ago and she has been so kind and helpful to me in placing several books I have written on the internet. She is very involved in grassroots politics, and was an alternate delegate to the 2012 Republican Convention.

Laddie Fields

Laddie and his family were also members at Sunset when we joined in 1962. I had known Laddie from my earlier contact with him while working at Johnson Space Center (JSC). He was the representative for Beckman Instruments Company, and we were equipping several laboratories, and therefore needed instrumentation. I remember Laddie as a likable person, and good representative for Beckman. I cannot remember much about Laddie's family, but I believe he and his wife had several daughters. Laddie was one of the first ones that opted to identify with Redeemer Church, and I have a vague recollection of his wife manifesting some reluctance about the move. Nevertheless, he felt that it was the

right thing for him, and in the end he became the Rector of Redeemer Church.

We were living in Las Cruces for most of this time so I don't have any personal knowledge about the church, and its activities, but knowing Laddie I would guess that it was successful. When I tried to track Laddie down about getting together for a reunion I called Redeemer Church to see about contacting him. He had been retired for several years and they did not have a lot of information except to say that he had returned to the Southeast, where his family was located.

I suppose that I was disappointed when Laddie chose to align himself with Graham Pulkingham, and move to Redeemer Church, but I still have high regard for him. I am sure that Brother Frid would agree with that, and he was the one directly affected.

Grover Newman

I have even less information about Grover than about Laddie. Grover was on the staff at Sunset Methodist Church when we joined, but I did not really get to know him at all, and I do not remember him being at Palestine. David Williams says he was there, and I know that David knew him much better than I did, and would have a better recollection of him at the retreat. I really do not have any knowledge about Grover's family, if he had one. The information I have about

him being at Redeemer Church is second-hand at best, but I think he became the assistant to the Rector, and could have been in this position even before Laddie became Rector.

Jesse Jones

I have been forced to relate this story through my own eyes, so I feel that I have said enough about myself and family. I do want to describe some of the things that happened to my wife during this time, however. Betty Jo Jones was raised in the Church of Christ, but she was not a hard-core believer in their doctrine. We were married in Vandelia Church of Christ in Lubbock in 1955, and we attended the Vandelia until we moved to Santa Monica, CA, in 1957. We later lived in Lindsborg, KS, for two years prior to moving to Pasadena, TX, in 1962. It was in Pasadena that our lives changed dramatically. Betty often would receive what she called a “burden” from God. This was usually a need for prayer for a friend or relative, but at times it was Word from God concerning some person, or needed action. Shortly after we moved to Pasadena Betty received a Word from God telling us that we needed to change churches. This came at a hard time, but nevertheless we moved to Sunset Methodist Church in the Fall of 1962. It was there that God positioned us to receive the Holy Spirit, and begin a new chapter

in our lives. Betty met with Brother Frid one morning shortly after the men returned from Palestine, and she received the Holy Spirit. Needless to say, our marriage began to be a union like God describes in Ephesians 5:22-33. God used Betty mightily after that, and when we moved to Las Cruces, NM, in 1972 she became President of Women's Aglow. That organization was greatly blessed during that time in answered prayer, and spiritual works.

Betty began to show signs of early onset Alzheimer's Disease in early 1980, and I took early retirement so we could move to Lubbock, TX, where her parents lived. I did not really know what her difficulty was until 1983, when her condition worsened, and we had some tests performed which confirmed that she had already incurred damage to the brain. She lived for twelve more years after that and died in 1995. Engraved on her tombstone was this testimony. "***Behold the Handmaid of the Lord***" (Luke 1:38)

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THE BIBLE COMES ALIVE!
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GOD'S GLORY WHENCE?

Arthur Earle Frid

A first reading of this book
leaves one with a sense of
awe at the majesty of God.
... It can be read again and
again with profit...

James Brown's Foreword.

About the author:

Born of poor parents in a prairie town in Western Canada, during a howling blizzard, number five of eight children, his early years were spent in Hamilton, Ontario, where the family returned two years later.

At the age of twelve, the call of God reached a hungry heart and a new name was written in the Lamb's book of Life.

Married to Miss Ethel Smith, of Guelph, Ontario, a challenge came to lead a small group in picking up an abandoned Sunday school work on the outskirts of that city. The attendance grew to an average of 150, and later became a flourishing church.

Past forty, the call came to leave business in order to produce an American edition of the magazine, *World Conquest*, the organ of the Worldwide Evangelization Crusade. In the following years the leading came to open a Christian bookstore in Toronto, and later to take over another in Rochester, New York, as a literature arm of the W.E.C. To have the literature work of the Crusade uniform, the name Christian Literature Crusade was suggested. This name was adopted in England and Australia. (The Christian Literature Crusade is now a self governing organization operating in many countries.

In the course of the years a Worldwide Bookroom developed to distribute deeply Spiritual literature through mail-order to all the world at low prices and with postage paid.

Next came the World Evangel press to print Bible translations and other missionary needs in many languages.

The last six years have been spent independently, in writing, preaching and Bible teaching in many of the United States, as well as Canada, Mexico and as far south as Guatemala.

Mr. and Mrs. Frid have two children, June Louise, (Mrs Donald P. Rowley) in Peshawar, West Pakistan, and Thomas, in Colombia, S.A. Both are serving with the W.E.C.

