

# Voice of Baptists

*"The Voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God."* Isaiah 40:3

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## LOST JOY

by Danny Chandler  
Belmont, WV

The joy of our salvation is not only a means whereby we know that we indeed do have salvation, but it is also a barometer to tell us the intensity of our fellowship with God. When one is first saved and the fire is burning so brightly within, there is a joy that goes beyond words. The whole world looks brighter and you love everyone with a love that could only be a result of intimate contact with God. That newly saved soul cannot drink in enough of the wonderful truth of God and he wants to spend every waking moment telling someone else of his new found joy and peace. How wonderful it would be if every Christian could and would continue on with this same vigor. God desires that this same vigor would continue, but there arises a small complication. The inner man has been changed and is in contact with God, but the outer man is still the same. There is no visible difference, the flesh is still flesh and must function in the realm of the physical world which is Satan's domain. The spirit of man is now a child of God, but the flesh is still the child of Adam.

The above mentioned condition puts the poor soul of a saved man in a very uncomfortable position. His soul, which is a product of his spirit combined with his flesh, has now become a battle ground between the spirit which is influenced by God and the flesh which is influenced by Satan. Now comes the crucial question: "Who wins the battle?" The best way to answer this question is perhaps to retell a story I once heard about an old Indian who after much conviction and agonizing of soul was delivered from death unto life. When asked sometime later what it was like to be a Christian, he made this reply, "It is like having two dogs within your breast; a white dog that is good and a black dog that is bad. These two dogs are constantly at each others throat and I am always in the middle of the battle." When asked which dog won the battle most often he replied, "Which ever one I feed the most." Friend, that's the way our battle is and if we want the white dog to win, we have got to feed our spirit with spiritual food. If we feed our flesh with worldly food, it will quench the fire of our

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## To The Readers of the Voice of Baptists,

Bethel Missionary Baptist Church of Indianapolis, Indiana ordained Brother Jeff Moran to the office of deacon on Saturday, November 2, 1985. A presbytery of 15 deacons and 14 ministers was formed representing 14 churches. Serving the presbytery were the following brethren: Elder Eugene Brown - Moderator, Elder John A. Keen, Jr. - Clerk, Elder Don Watts - Ordination Sermon, Elder Billy Moran - Presentation of Candidate (Jeff is the son of Elder Moran), Elder Calvin Perrigo - Interrogation of Candidate, Elder Dexter Bacon - Ordination Prayer, Elder Paul Roy - Charge Newly Ordained Deacon, Elder Dwayne Greer - Charge Bethel Church, Deacon J.W. Lyons - Presentation of Bible.

This all day service was a blessing to all who attended. Each person who participated did a wonderful job. The fellowship was sweet and the food delicious. Above all, God's Holy Name was honored.

Deacon Jeff Moran and his lovely wife Lisa are valuable assets to the Lord's work at Bethel Church. Please remember them in prayer.

John A Keen, Jr.  
Clerk

## MY DARKEST HOUR

by Clifton Craighead  
Brush Creek, TN

I am 35 years old, married and have three children. I thought I had a good relationship with the Lord, everything was going good.

But in March of 1985 all that changed. I went into the hospital for a possible tonsillectomy on a Monday.

But Tuesday morning while eating breakfast my life was changed. The doctor told me that I had acute leukemia. After doing a bone marrow biopsy the doctor said without chemotherapy treatment I had six weeks to live.

I had never been one to cry much, but now the tears came very often. During the first hours and days I was so confused that it was hard to find words to put into a prayer to God. It seems like all I could say was "Lord I love you; please help me."

That good relationship with the Lord turned quickly into a deeper more precious love for Him than I had ever known. From those few words of prayer God assured me in my heart that He was going to be with me.

For three days I had to prepare to be put in the Laminar Air Flow Room, which is an isolation room. It was a very small room that no one could come to. I would be separated by plastic from family, friends and doctors for about six weeks.

The flow room was germ free because my body could not fight off any infections. All of my meals had to be specially prepared by a nurse I had 24 hours a day.

My meals, medicine, and anything else I needed were placed on a sterile tray and handed to me through a small opening.

As the nurse prepared me for the isolation room they talked to me about depression, claustrophobia and being alone in there having to care for myself. I had to make a list

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## VOICE OF BAPTISTS

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### My Darkest Hours

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of anything I wanted to take in the flow room, for everything had to be made sterile by steam or gas before it could go in.

My Bible, gospel singing tapes and a family portrait were the main things I wanted to take in there with me. That was what I was going to use to help comfort and fight this cancer with.

At the end of the three days they said it was time to go into isolation.

I had to shower right before I went in. From that time on I could not touch anything. I was wrapped completely in a sterile sheet. As they rolled me up the hall in a wheelchair still completely wrapped, I thought I probably looked like an Egyptian mummy covered from the top of my head to the bottom of my feet.

When I stepped from the wheelchair into the isolation room my heart was so heavy and full of confusion. I was now in a different kind of world, one that would be without any human touch for weeks. My children would place their hands on the plastic that separated us. That thin plastic soon became very thick when we could not feel each other's touch.

## NEW YEAR'S SINGING AT LYON'S CHURCH

Lyons Missionary Baptist Church of 904 Gagel Avenue, Louisville, Kentucky will host a New Year's Eve Sing, starting at 8 p.m. The featured singers will be: The Ferguson Family, The Potters Clay Quartet, The Harvesters Quartet and the Sunrise Singers. **EVERYONE IS INVITED TO ATTEND!** Elder Paul Bryson is pastor of the church.

My wife, children, parents and myself are all Christians. Their lives were shattered also, but they prayed for me daily.

It does not matter what kind of family background you might have. Cancer is no respecter of persons. God so many times uses sickness like this to show the world He still has great concern for His people.

A young minister-friend of mine, Brother Frank Carter, called as many pastors and friends as he could to request prayer for me. I did not know how many hundreds of people were praying for me. I had rather have these people praying for me than anything this world has to offer.

It was at this time I began to feel God's presence so strong with me in that little room. No one was allowed in that room but God was in there everyday. His presence was so strong I felt as if I could reach out and touch Him.

Thank God for verses like James 5:16, "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

I had taught Sunday School for ten years. I began to think of how God had healed so many people through faith. In the Bible God did not say that these heartaches would not come to His children. But many times He says He will be there for us when they do.

It was in this little room that God stayed with me. My wife and I have never experienced God's closeness as much as we did then. God healed me there I know, because He let it be known to me.

I went into remission in three weeks instead of six. I came out of isolation the third week into a private room.

I have had four bone marrow biopsies. They stick a large needle in a bone and draw out the marrow for testing. This feels about as bad as it sounds.

My last bone marrow biopsy was one of the best the doctor had ever seen for a leukemia patient.

Even though a leukemia patient goes into remission there are still some suspicious looking cells still left in the marrow. The doctor said they expect to see this and hadn't mentioned it to me before. But with my last bone marrow biopsy those cells were not there, it was completely normal, thank God. He said it was very unusual for those cells not to be there.

In the Bible II Kings, Naman had to dip himself seven times in the Jordan River to be healed. I think with me God worked His miracle with chemotherapy. Medical science has advanced greatly, but it has no guarantee. It is still in the hands of God.

These were the darkest hours of my life. With God's help I am beating cancer, depression and all of the other side effects that go with it.

There were so many times during those dark hours that I thought my life would never

be happy or joyful anymore. My future looked very dark and full of heartaches. I thought those same two words many other people have said: "why me?"

I was a young man raising a family with maybe six weeks to live. I could not even escape that thought when I went to sleep. The fear was even in my dreams.

My children's lives were full of uncertainty about my life and that bothered me a great deal.

They gave me the will to reach inside myself for the strength that is within us all. My son heard me say that I did not like the way things were now. I didn't like having to live with cancer.

He looked at me and said "Dad, nobody said life was easy." What a true statement that was. Everyone has their problems. I was certainly not alone.

The problems of life before were not so bad anymore now. With every awakening morning I had to fight for my life and sanity. I knew God would not put more on me than I could bear. I realized I was trying to bear so much of this myself.

I knew that God would be with me all the way, and I had to rely on Him more and not listen to Satan casting fear, doubt and trouble in my life. It was at that point I said, "God I have reached my limit, please take this trouble away."

Things are certainly getting better. I have found that time is a great healer of dark hours no matter how serious they may be.

There are no more dark, dreary, cloudy days that I used to complain about. I take my life one day at a time and greet each day with a smile, and thank God for each one of them.

I used to just speak a few words or say hi to my friends, because of the busy life we are all caught up in. Now I take time to talk, because they are precious to me. I want to show the love I have for them.

If the world experienced the joy of living that a cancer patient survivor has, there would not be as many murders, divorces and wars, because life is more precious to you when you nearly lose it.

From those dark hours and time I have learned you have to face and deal with cancer with a positive attitude. If you don't it will deal with you a bitter life full of severe depression and problems. There are millions of people who are living with cancer and winning. I am one of them that is fighting it and getting stronger every day.

Life is more enjoyable now than ever before. Just looking at God's great creation brings a smile to me.

My family and I don't take so much for granted any more. Now we have a different set of values.

We are facing this cancer together, hand in hand, and we are going to win.



# Seasons Greetings



## FROM THE VOICE OF BAPTISTS STAFF



J.H. Smith



K.W. Massey



Stephen Skinner



F.W. Lambert



J.A. Reynolds



H.D. Carver



K.D. Frieze



W.T. Russell



MERRY CHRISTMAS and HAPPY NEW YEAR to all of you! We are thankful for the opportunity you have given us to extend our service for God and His glory through this publication.

1985 has been an up and down year for the paper. With cash flow low most everywhere, our funds, too, have been limited. We have done all we could with your money. We face 1986 ready and willing to labor for the success of this work.

May God bless all your churches and your pastors and your labors with great prosperity in every way.

"FOR UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN, UNTO US A SON IS GIVEN, AND THE GOVERNMENT SHALL BE UPON HIS SHOULDER: AND HIS NAME SHALL BE CALLED WONDERFUL, COUNSELOR, THE MIGHTY GOD, THE EVERLASTING FATHER, THE PRINCE OF PEACE. OF THE INCREASE OF HIS GOVERNMENT AND PEACE THERE SHALL BE NO END, UPON THE THRONE OF DAVID, AND UPON HIS KINGDOM TO ORDER IT, AND TO ESTABLISH IT WITH JUDGEMENT AND WITH JUSTICE FROM HENCEFORTH EVEN FOREVER. THE ZEAL OF THE LORD OF HOSTS WILL PERFORM THIS."

Isaiah 9:9-7



**Lost Joy**

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spirit and the direct result is that we will lose the joy of our salvation.

Notice that I did not say we would lose our salvation, but only the **joy** of it. Whenever unjudged and unrepented sin is present in our lives we lose a measure of our fellowship. There begins a long road of misery, for although the outer man is being satisfied with his longings the inner man is becoming weaker and weaker. There can be no joy in sickness for it robs one of his vitality, and spiritual sickness is no different than physical sickness in its effects on the person. When we become ill physically we must take a prescribed medicine to combat the illness and strengthen our bodies. The spiritual man needs the same care in this respect. Medicine has a reputation of being bitter and undesirable, but as we so often tell our children "If you want to get better you've got to take it." Spiritual medicine can also be very bitter to the taste but nevertheless if one would recover spiritually he must take the medicine.

There is a very good example in the Bible of a man who loved God so much that God even said that he was "a man after His own heart." This man served God throughout his early life and had a very close fellowship with God. No matter how old or how young or how long you have walked in communion with God, Satan is ever present to break your fellowship. This man one day allowed his eyes to look lustfully upon his neighbor's wife, and as he began to feed that desire in his flesh that old black dog got stronger and stronger. Finally he gave over to his desire and committed adultery with the woman. It wasn't that this man did not love God, it was just that he quit listening to God and started listening to the devil. Well, one thing led to another and he got deeper and deeper into his sins until in an effort to cover it up he had the woman's husband killed. You may ask what kind of man could do such a thing and still claim to love God. The answer is that this can and does happen to many of God's children who quit listening to the inner voice and start listening to the outer voice.

This poor fellow in the Bible was in a terrible state. His conscience was condemning him, he couldn't sleep, he couldn't eat, he was out of fellowship with God and had lost the joy of his salvation. When finally he realized the extent of his illness, he took the prescribed medicine. The medicine that God prescribes for anyone who due to sin (and sin is the reason) has lost fellowship and joy is recorded for us in Psalms 51 by the same man who had experienced it. "For thou desirest not sacrifice, else I would give it, thou delightest not in burnt offerings. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and contrite heart. Oh God thou wilt not de-

spise." (You can read this account for yourself in II Samuel 11-12) There is the prescription, repentance to God brought on by **genuine** sorrow in your inner most spirit.

Many people think that all you have to do when you have lost fellowship is to pick up where you left off and go right on, but you cannot do that without repentance. I **know** because I tried it and it didn't work. I was saved as a teenager and had real joy in my soul, but when I grew older and began to follow after the things of the world I lost fellowship with God. As I realized the trouble I was in because of sin in my life, I tried to straighten up and live better. No matter what I did, it did not return the peace I had once known with God. It wasn't until I fell down on my knees on Jan. 1, 1980 and cried from a broken heart "God forgive me for I have sinned against you" that I truly had joy again. God not only returned to me my former joy, but He opened up to me a fellowship that gets a little sweeter every day. I would encourage each of you that has begun to lose joy in your salvation to go to the great physician and partake of that spiritual medicine that will restore you to your former state.

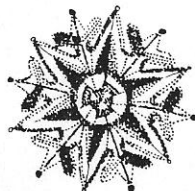
Danny Chandler

## BENEFIT SINGING HELD FOR CANCER VICTIM

**Longview Church of Gallatin, Tenn. hosted a benefit singing for a little eight year old girl by the name of Brandy Harrison, who is ill with cancer. Our Baptist people responded tremendously with their financial support in the amount of \$9,472.07. I'm sure all of those dollars were given with prayer combined.**

**The Wilburn Family of Carthage, Tenn. and the Miller Family of Winchester, Tenn. so graciously donated their time and talent for this worthy cause. A tremendous crowd filled the house a Longview this night and the Lord's presence was surely felt.**

**Your continued prayers are asked for little Brandy.**

**NOTICE**

This paper is sponsored totally by your free-will donations. If you could help us with something, it would be appreciated. Whether you are able to help or not, we will continue to send you the paper for as long as funds allow us to publish. Send all donations to "Voice of Baptists," P.O. Box 572, Huntingdon, TN 38344.

Thank You

## YOUR COMMENTS

Enclosed is a small donation to help with expenses of "Voice of Baptists." Enjoy reading the "Voice."

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Jackson  
Scottsville, KY

Please accept my donation for the "Voice of Baptists." I realize it isn't much, but I would like to have it kept coming. May the Son of Righteousness radiantly shine from the "Voice of Baptists" as you uphold the old path and truths of God's Word.

Elder Rick Jones  
Paragould, AR

I am sending you a check to help you with the paper. Like what you had about the Responsibilities of Pastors. I read everything in each issue.

Marie Pickett  
Bowling Green, KY

We enjoy the paper very much and look forward to seeing it in the mail. As far as we know, there are no churches in this area like our home church (Fellowship Baptist - In.). The closest one is about 150 miles away. We ask you to remember us when you pray.

The Ron Patterson Family  
Shreveport, LA

I'm sending you a check for the "Voice of Baptists." I really enjoy it. I want to see my husband saved before I go home to be with the Lord.

Zula Lowe  
Indpls, IN

## Going To Haiti

Bro. Larry McKinney of Elmwood, Tennessee was ordained last month by East Carthage Baptist Church and set apart for foreign missionary work in Haiti. If you wish to assist his home church with his support, please forward to Guy T. Shrum, Rt. 1, Box 33, Carthage, TN 37030.