

# *It Lives!*



## INTRODUCTION

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This book is quite unlike any you are likely to pick up today. You will notice that there is no author listed on the cover and also that it contains numerous selections of varied literary forms written by many different writers.

In spite of this diversity, however, there is a powerful and very definite thread that runs throughout. This book is about God, about His Son Jesus Christ and how God's Word lives and works both practically and spectacularly in the everyday lives of people who believe in Him and know how to utilize His power.

All the material – the incidents, poems, articles, essays, vignettes – in this book was inspired and written around one particular two-week event – "PFAL '77." The initials PFAL stand for Power for Abundant Living, the name of a class which sets forth keys to understanding the Bible. This class is generally available throughout all 50 states and in many countries around the world. It was developed and taught by Dr. Victor Paul Wierwille, president and founder of The Way International Biblical research and teaching ministry, headquartered in New Knoxville, Ohio. The class was recorded in full in 1967 on 16mm film, audiotape and later on videotape for worldwide distribution.

The Power for Abundant Living class teaches those interested how to understand and utilize the power of God by understanding the Word of God – the Bible. For the basic premise of this ministry is – "The Word of God is the will of God." To know the will of God, it is necessary to know His Word—and this is what the Power for Abundant Living class unfolds in over 45 hours of teaching.

This class runs anywhere and at any time a handful of people gather together who honestly desire an understanding of the Bible. And anywhere, any time graduates of this class utilize the knowledge they learned, answers, results, solutions will follow in their individual lives. For God is faithful to carry out His promises.

The " '77" part of the "PFAL '77" marks it as a one-time event. In celebration of the 35th Anniversary year of Biblical research and teaching, Dr. Wierwille, The Teacher, agreed to teach the class live once again. It was, in effect, his present and presentation to those who had sat under and proved these teachings in their lives already, and desired to participate in the filming.

The event took place in Muncie, Indiana at the Ball State University campus, the fine facilities of which could comfortably accommodate such a huge gathering for the two-week period, June 18-July 2, 1977. For well over a year before Power

for Abundant Living '77, Rosalie Rivenbark, coordinator, and Bob Winegarner, business manager, were at work dreaming, planning, organizing, preparing, assigning jobs and responsibilities. The skeleton-work staff for the event was about 70 people and those who worked altogether in various capacities, before, during and after the event itself, numbered close to 900 people.

And so about 4,000 came together to be part of Power for Abundant Living '77 from all 50 states and 19 countries. All had already taken Power for Abundant Living at least once in local areas, for PFAL '77 was open to grads only. Being a grad of the class was the common bond of all who came from many walks of life, all types of circumstances, varied geographic areas, varied professions, all ages from 12 to 80, married and single, families and children. Furthermore, not only had these people taken Power for Abundant Living, but they have been applying the knowledge of the class in their lives and reaping benefits, results, answers; otherwise why would they come?

During the two weeks, the entire class was recorded on videotape and audiotape finally totaling 40 hours of teaching by Dr. Victor Paul Wierwille. During those two weeks also, Bud Morgan, film producer, and his crew shot 16mm footage for an hour-long documentary of the event. Also, throughout the event a team of over 20 photographers shot stills of the class, The Teacher and the people in extracurricular activities.

Finally, a team of ten writers recorded as they were inspired by God, incidents, changes, events, highlights and impressions in the lives of the people there as it happened. And their written record is the main source from which the body of material in this book is drawn.

PFAL '77 – and for that matter any Power for Abundant Living class running anywhere – can be regarded from two points of view: first, the greatness, the accuracy of God's Word taught, the class itself, the doctrine, the teaching. Secondly, it can be approached from the point of view of what happens in individual lives as people believe the teaching, use it, act on it, do it and then see specific changes, results and solutions in their very own hearts and actions. Here is where it lives, God's Word lives, God works, as people believe in and act according to His Word.

The material of this book then is taken from the latter point of view – incidents of the Word actually living in people's hearts and lives. And so,

## INTRODUCTION

you shall not read a great deal about the class itself or the main stage activities. Rather, you shall read about what went on in individuals' hearts and lives as told by the individual himself or by someone else.

The ten writers who recorded are not the only writers of this book. For the teaching of the Word of God had profound and far-reaching effects in many other lives. Many, from an overflow of thanksgiving, praise, excitement, personal deliverance and healing in their own lives simply submitted their gratitude in poems and letters to The Teacher.

This is why there is no author listed on the cover of this book. There is one author – God, the author of life and love. But there are many, many writers who write from their experience, in their own vocabularies the truth of God's workings in their own lives.

So it is from the hearts of God's people that this book has emerged. The volume of written material to choose from was immense and much more happened than was ever written down. The whole story, the entire record, is known by God alone. What was written and sent in, however, added up to an immense quantity. Often it was very difficult to choose, to cut, to eliminate, for everything sent in was so heartfelt, genuine and true. However, a book has its limitations in size and space and much could not be provided because of this.

The selections presented here I believe best captured not only the highpoints of the event itself, but also the profound changes in the hearts of people. Each selection has in it practical application of principles from the Word of God as taught in the Power for Abundant Living class.

These pages are literally living epistles to be read of all men. The purpose in presenting them here in book form is as it is set forth in Luke 1:4: "That thou mightest know the certainty of those things, wherein thou hast been instructed" – so that you may know that God is alive, and that God works today in the hearts of His people. *It lives!* – the greatness of the accuracy of God's matchless Word.

I shall not say much about the content of these selections for I believe the material speaks for itself, as well as words can speak. In reading through the material, I myself was deeply moved, greatly touched, laughed and wept to see God working so gently and yet so dynamically with each person individually.

This is not a book to be galloped through, but rather to be savoured, taken slowly, delicately as one might take time to enjoy the company of a friend. Each person is different, each writer an individual with his own experience and vocabulary; yet, in each selection you will see that God is the same, God is faithful, God works – that power for abundant living is available in this day and time to anyone who wants to believe.

I would, however, like to say something about the order of the material. It is arranged roughly chronologically from the beginning to the end of Power for Abundant Living '77. The first part deals with the arrivals, the goals, the anticipation and preparations for the class. In part II, the opening of the event is covered. Part III deals with behind-the-scenes activities – both from the point of view of the historical background of the ministry and from a backstage point of view during the event itself. These incidents center around the video crew, the musicians and performers. Part IV includes some highlights, incidents and details during the event itself. In part V, the closing out of the class and the event is covered, ending with the burning of the prayer requests at The Way International Headquarters. This is the only incident in the book that did not take place in Muncie, Indiana. However, I feel it was an integral part of the entire Power for Abundant Living '77 event.

Part VI is the overflow – deliverance, praise and thanksgiving. This perhaps was the most difficult section to choose material for because letter after letter, poem after poem had such excitement and genuine heart. However, selections had to be made and these particular ones are representative. The letters we are publishing without names. Many times in the Bible, individuals who prove God in their lives go unnamed so that the reader can concentrate on the power of God at work and not on the person himself.

That is the order of the material in this book. As I have stated previously, by no means does this book include all that happened. However, I believe that these selections will not only set the flavor, the atmosphere of Power for Abundant Living '77 and recapture the hum of the event itself, but also set forth plainly time after time that truly *it lives!* – the greatness and accuracy of God's matchless Word.

– Elena S. Whiteside  
Editor

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**Part I**  
**Anticipation, Preparations, Arrivals**



### Arrival

From the world of man's word, where absurdities reign,  
We've left the unsound minds to dwell with the sane.  
By wing and by wheel, by track and by thumb,  
To a haven in green Indiana we've come.

From desperate employers who've plied us with praise,  
With promised promotions, with hints of a raise –  
Without us the world is a motherless infant  
Flat on its back, in the Evil One's grasp.

For we are the Victors who hold down his might  
With chains of believing and fetters of light.  
What's bondage to him is *our* life's breath and calling.  
We purge a dead world of the poison he's spawning.

And when we have savored the logic of God,  
Our minds marinated in His Healing Word,  
When down from the mountaintop we have returned  
To the helpless and hopeless, *we'll teach what we've learned.*

– Tom Burke

## Goals

- “. . . Seeing things simply . . . see the simplicity of the Word in everyday life.”
- “. . . To be the absolute best wife, the absolute best mother . . . make my family as strong as I possibly can.”
- “. . . To see Word Over the World in the light of our individual stands . . . close to our heavenly Father.”
- “. . . Totally set my eyes on Dr. Wierwille . . . not to be distracted . . . for the Word to be my breath, my life, my whole being.”
- “. . . To go away from here without any fears!”
- “. . . To see from God’s perspective.”
- “. . . No matter where I am, to feel on top of the world . . . no matter where we are, to know we are God’s best.”
- “. . . To get back to our countries . . . consistent and faithful.”
- “. . . To saturate my mind with the Word . . . .”
- “. . . To be able to motivate people to walk with God.”
- “. . . To be a better Twig coordinator.”
- “. . . To learn how to walk by the spirit because so many times something comes up that I don’t know how to handle.”
- “. . . To be completely delivered physically . . . .”

– Compiled by Frank Herron

## Welcome

Many months back, we signed to go  
Setting our vision, seeing our dream  
Knowing this would be as many had said  
A dream come true, a time to redeem.

We worked the very principles  
We'd all learned before  
To sit in this class  
To receive even more.

To utilize the knowledge –  
The truth we'd been taught,  
Rejoicing in our hearts,  
On paper, may never be caught.

Seeing the household gather  
At this festive occasion,  
Manifesting the fruit of the spirit  
in operation.

Music filled the air,  
The light was spread.  
The always warm "bless you"  
Lifted our head.

Posters dotted the walls,  
Everyone helping each other  
Serving any way we can –  
Just knowing "He's my brother."

A building up of saints,  
An assurance I know  
That when we smile  
We smile to our toes.

"God bless you, welcome,"  
Greeted us at our doors,  
And a cute little plant  
That said: "I am yours."

Every detail accomplished –  
Every jot and tittle.  
No need we had  
Seemed too little.

We're here, I thought,  
It's been a long day.  
Everything's the best,  
I didn't expect it any other way.

– Jimbo Willingham



## Providence

I hurried to my car to get it packed before we left for Power for Abundant Living '77. I excitedly fumbled for my key in the dark and found the ignition. I turned the key and the engine wouldn't start.

"Oh, crud, what now?" I thought. Why do things like this only happen on my way to great spiritual events? Now on the eve of the greatest event since Pentecost, my normally faithful car quits. AARGH!

I had just that afternoon replaced some parts in the distributor and set the timing of the engine. I had evidently made a mistake or else the specifications in the owner's manual were inaccurate.

It was already late and I was tired and now I had to wrestle with this dumb engine. I tried to jump start it and that didn't work. The battery was now dead. I wasn't far behind, contemplating bed.

"No, there must be a simpler way to fix it!" I kept repeating to myself. "God, you'll have to show me. I'm stuck."

While the battery was charging I placed my hands on the distributor and spoke in tongues as I rotated it first clockwise and then counterclockwise until it seemed right. I had an idea where it should be positioned for the best functioning of the engine, but I could only guess.

An internal combustion engine depends upon proper timing to run smoothly. The odds against my getting the distributor to the right position were so slim they could split an electron. But as I turned the key, I thought of Dr. Wierwille in front of the class at PFAL '77. I wanted to be there as soon as possible. The engine turned over instantly and purred softly, just as it was supposed to.

I had hit upon the perfect positioning of that distributor and it ran perfectly all the way to Indiana and back. It took God to get my engine back in tune.

As we drove to Indiana, I reflected upon what the class on Power for Abundant Living had done for me. I had been coughing and sputtering down life's highways without direction, my engine out of tune. I burned up a lot of fuel and got nowhere. God's Word is what tuned up my life and showed me how to live with power and ease, getting the greatest mileage with the least wear and tear.

PFAL '77 would be a tune up, preventative maintenance for the saints. It would be a chance to sharpen up on the basics. It would help us walk in fellowship with God more accurately, to be in step with God's timing. Fellowship with God is a simple matter of being in the right place at the right time. But only God can do that for us. He works His miracles with perfect timing as we believe.

Now, with such believing centered in one spot for such a holy gathering as this around His Word, what kind of great miracle would be wrought in human history at this juncture?

Time is a despot, ruling with an iron hand over those who will allow it. Only occasionally have men arisen who have stepped outside the rule of time to stand upon eternal truth. In proclaiming this truth with boldness they have transformed their day and age. For such men does time serve and stand still if necessary, as when the sun stood still for Joshua.

Now in Muncie, Indiana, would a man be holding forth the truth of God's Word to many believers. Their mutual believing and prayers would change the world. When the fulness of time came, the day of Pentecost arrived and twelve men altered history. Now the fulness of time has come again with a confluence of love and believing and knowledge that has perhaps not been seen since.

I put my foot down harder on the accelerator. I couldn't wait to get there. I knew that it would be the greatest time of my life.

— Mark Graeser

## Conversation

"Hey, how's it going?"

"Okay, I guess. I just got out of my calculus exam. Boy, it was rough! Some of that stuff is really a headache to learn. I'm beat."

"Yeah, I know what you mean! I've got a statistics class that's driving me nuts! If I didn't need the credits being in summer school, I'd bail out."

"Really, summer school's a pain. I hope next semester goes better. Say, have you checked out all these people that are on campus for this thing with The Way?"

"Yeah, I've seen some foxy looking women for sure. What is it, a class or something? I forget."

"I've heard it's called PFAL '77. It stands for powerfully abundant living or something, Power for Abundant Living that's it!"

"Is it a religious type thing?"

"Well, it's got something to do with the Bible."

"The Bible, huh? Where are they from, the South?"

"Oh geez. They're from all over. I've been seeing cars with every kind of license plate – must be about every state in the Union. There are some from other countries too. I know Germany and Taiwan are two of them."

"How long are they here for? Must be a while . . ."

"Two weeks."

"Golly, that's a lot of traveling for a two-week class. And on the Bible? That's wild! They must really think it's something else."

"Really. You should see what they did to the auditorium in the Student Center. That place was a real heap. But they've really spiffed it up. They've got flowers and grapevines draped all over – and Greek columns. I have to admit, it looks pretty good. They put a lot of work into it."

"What's going on over there anyway?"

"They've got banquets there every weekday. I've been working there since Monday."

"Really? What are the people like? Wierd, huh?"

"No, not really. They have all been real nice, real friendly. They're very polite, and they really go in for etiquette. You know, they lay their forks down after every bite, seat the ladies, that kind of stuff."

"Boy, that formal! I haven't been to something that formal in ages."

"Yeah, really. They've got some German musicians playing classical music during the meal. They're from some fancy music school in Europe."

"Hey, maybe you'd know about this. I was walking through my old dorm last night. They had one of the lounges fixed up with the names of congressmen and senators on the wall, and President Carter and his cabinet and the Supreme Court. What are they doing, writing letters or something?"

"No, that's a prayer room. They've got 22 of them, all over the place. They are praying for those guys. They have some kind of 24-hour prayer deal. I guess they think that will do something."

"Well, at least they're doing something. That's wild . . . these people are different, aren't they? Who's the guy leading it? Isn't he some mystic guy from India?"

"No, this is a Bible research ministry. The guy's name who started it is Dr. Victor Paul Wierwille from Ohio somewhere. I saw his picture. He just looks like a regular guy."

"That must have been who I saw drive in behind Emens, Friday. There was a big crowd there and that really nice looking motor coach drove in and a man got out. That was him, I guess. The crowd sang "Oh, we love you, love you, love you."

"Far out! They sing to him, their teacher. Geez, I like Dr. Feldstein, my statistics teacher okay, but I can't imagine singing to him, you know what I mean?"

"Really, he must really mean a lot to them. It was obvious they meant it too. I wonder what he's got that's so great."

"I can't imagine. The whole thing is rather puzzling to me. I'll be glad when it's all over and they all clear out. I need my parking place by Wood Hall."

"I don't know. It sounds interesting to me. I've never seen so much love and dedication involved in a class before. You say it's about the Bible? What was the name again? I wonder if I can take it next semester . . ."

– Mark Graeser

## Banquet Hall Decorations

I watched her as she again bent the wire into place. My mind ached. For four hours I'd been helping Becky put together a display case. Her continued patience amazed me. Her concern for detail was just as sharp and determined as when we had begun. I'd been working for a few hours and was tired, Becky had been working on displays, posters and organization for months. She kept her mind stayed and pushed.

I took time to look around the ballroom where we were working. It evidenced people's efforts. The hundreds of colorful handmade roses, the posters, the Greek columns all fit together for a beautiful whole. I let my senses be filled with the surroundings. There was nothing harsh, it made me peaceful as it would bless others who came here.

I knew of the many late nights that were put into these decorations. The giving and the faithfulness represented in just this one room was awesome. Then my mind traveled to other departments of this PFAL '77. I knew it was the same there too, steadfast believing, pushing day after day.

What motivated these people? What kept them going hour after hour? Becky interrupted my thoughts with, "Deb, this will bless so many people."

Then I saw it. I gained understanding and felt richer. It was vision. The hours, the work, this giving was a means to the end. And it was the end result that mattered.

- Debbie Schneider

## Divine Design

You'll find them by walking through the back door, down a rickety set of stairs to the basement. There, nestled in the heart of an abandoned cafeteria, is Divine Design.

The black, white and red geometric tile, stained glass lamps, long drapes and wisps of cigarette smoke hint of some Turkish cafe after closing time. Chairs and tables are stacked against the wall. The room literally bulges with pens, pencils, pigments, artificial plants, leather, wrappings, trappings, tape, crepe and miscellaneous shapes.

The three women remind me of exotic dancers, albeit filled with *pneuma hagian*. Their work, an amazing amount of work, is done with an efficiency that would make Henry Ford, bless his soul, sit up and take notice.

Assembly line efficiency – but with style. Boxes aren't carried, they are danced across the room with a rumba step. While hands painstakingly copy and recopy one-liners on posterboard (Today's one-liner is: "You determine the operation of the manifestations in your life."), lips are whistling a jazzed-up gospel tune. Jokes and responding laughter abound.

The male participants in Divine Design are out dreaming up new visual "surprises" as they wait for a van to be repaired. I have no doubt that they are performing their duties with the same renewed-mind recklessness and controlled carelessness as I see here.

"Nobody knows where this place is. Everyone gets to see what you do, but no one ever knows who did it," confides a young lady who shall remain anonymous, "That's why I never sign my work."

"You'll design a poster, sometimes re-setting it on the screen two or three times to get it right. But the reward comes when that poster is up on the wall, blessing the saints as they walk by," adds one of her companions.

Our conversation is swallowed up in work. But suddenly, the diligently squeaking magic markers are rudely interrupted by peals of hysterical laughter. A hoard of screaming banshees come whirling towards us. This is the Floral Department – not your garden variety floral department – wielding water bottles with deadly accuracy and madly bombarding everything (and everyone) in sight. I try to duck, but it is too late.

As I float out the door, a young lady enters, volunteering her time and talent.

"Anything I can do to help?"

"You determine the operation of the manifestations in your life. Grab a brush."

– Tom Burke

## An Unexpected Roommate

I sat heavily upon my bed in Schmidt 320. A single! I can't believe it. Surrounded by 4,000 believers and I don't get to live with one? Can the mystery live in a single dorm room? It's the one Body all right and that one body is me! How can you live the one Body when there's only one body? It's much easier to live the one Body when there's two or three or four . . .

"Hey you!"

"What? Who's there? C'mon in!" Great! Must be a believer.

"I'm already in."

"Who? Where? I can't see you."

"Shh. Calm down. Don't wake up Schmidt 321. I'm over here, on the bureau."

"On the bureau!? All there is is that little Jade plant and . . . oh no! Registration put me with a talking Jade plant!"

"What's wrong with that?"

"Well, nothing, I guess. After all Balaam had a talking ass."

"What are you implying?"

"Nothing. Talking Jade plant. Holy smokes. Hope you don't mind if I move you farther away from the telephone. Rosalie doesn't want us making long distance calls . . . your relatives still live in Brazil?"

"Hold your tongue. You should feel privileged to have me here with you during this class. Why don't you look at me Biblically. You know, it's no coincidence that we're here together. What do you think?"

I thought for a moment. "Jade. Scriptural huh? Jade. . . Jude. . . Judas! I know, you're named for the apostle that betrayed Jesus with a kiss!"

"No, no, no. Not Judas. Let me help you. Turn to Isaiah 55:12 . . . read it, please."

For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap *their* hands.

Sounds like Mother Nature just hit a grand slam home run for the home team. Wait a minute, you're not going to be that loud are you? I need my sleep. "I'll have to put you into the closet. On the other hand, I did forget my alarm clock. Maybe you could clap your hands at 5:30 am or so."

"Come on. Look, I'm not here to wake you up in the morning. I'm here to help you learn God's Word."

"Ha! That's a joke. You, a funny little plant is going to try and teach someone who just happens to be God's habitation something about the Word?! Pardon me, while I stand back in utter

amazement. You're probably going to want to borrow my Bible to do it too. Well, here it is - teach me."

"No, that's not how I would do it. You'll learn just by watching me."

"How can I do that. I'm hardly ever here. You're not expecting me to take you with me are you? You don't even have a nametag. Anyway, you didn't even bring a leash . . . a pet plant . . ."

"Calm down. I'm just going to be sitting here all day. You don't have to worry about seeing us together. You just be sure to walk into the room, look over at me sitting on the bureau in the corner and think about what was taught during the day. I'm sure you'll find a lot that'll tie in."

"Hey, yeah! I can think of one right now, in fact it will probably be covered in the first session."

"What's that?"

"It's in Mark 11 . . ."

"Kindly stay your tongue young man."

"What's the matter, it's only a record about a withered tree. . ."

"I'm not here to hear about shriveling trees. All I am here for is for you to look at me . . . to learn from what you see in me and to enjoy my presence. Do you fathom my meaning?"

"Well, I think I do. But no offence, I really can't see much that you've done here. All you've been doing is staying in your little pot all day. You could have straightened out my desk while I was gone . . ."

"Again, I think you'll understand if you'll just watch me throughout the week."

Well, I did watch him, expecting to learn great things from him. To be perfectly honest, he really didn't impress me with what he did the first couple of days. When I was in the room, he certainly didn't do anything, except maybe when I was sleeping. And I'm pretty sure he did not do anything when I was away. In fact, I delicately marked the spot on the bureau where he was - you know, the way spies do with hair so they can tell if something has been moved. I don't believe he moved at all, although my hair is pretty curly, especially when it gets hot like it did in Muncie, and the ol' Jade plant may have spotted it somehow.

I was wondering what could he be doing that was so great, that I had to notice and that would teach me something I needed to learn at Power for Abundant Living '77. To make a long story shorter, one day I decided to confront him.

"I'll be honest. I haven't seen you do anything since you've been here! You know I've been watching you and **trying** to look on the good

## An Unexpected Roommate

side, but gosh, you really haven't done anything, not even clapped your hands."

"I beg your pardon," he responded. "I've really been quite busy, and moving my pot has nothing to do with it. You have no idea what's going on inside me even while I talk. I'm living and growing like crazy. Every part of me is alive and working together. How's that for starters. I suppose I'll have to sit you down and tell you all

this, seeing as it's getting near to the end of the week. Another thing – the primary thrust of my life is to grow. Remember those other big Jade plants in the nursery I was telling you about? Well, I still want to be like them, I still really do want to grow, but do you see me grit my teeth or clench my fists?"

"No, but I am waiting for you to clap your hands."

– Frank Herron



## The Spectacle

Football could possibly set the standard for commitment in our culture, both on the part of the players and fans.

In what other game or occupation do you find such endurance and indifference to pain and injury as in football? Or in what other game do the fans think nothing of traveling from coast to coast to watch an alma mater or a favorite team play in a bowl game?

It was a touch of divine irony, then, that the first sight I should see upon setting foot on the Ball State campus was acres of cheerleaders. They were high school age, of all sizes all in uniforms adorned with their school colors and the names of their team: Tigers, Titans, Chihvahvas, etc. They were attending a summer cheerleading camp.

There must have been well over 500 of them running and leaping and praising their teams at the top of their lungs. They did cartwheels, splits, human pyramids, handclapping and thigh slapping and hip wagging from morning until evening and never seemed to tire. Though apart from the crowds and stadiums and victory, their enthusiasm was still infectious.

At first, I thought that all these bouncing beauties were a thorn in the flesh, sent from Satan to buffet and annoy us as we prepared for the greatest event since Pentecost. Their silly activities seemed all so trivial and worldly and I wished they would go away.

But a friend soon corrected my thinking. "I think they're great!" she said. "God sent them to encourage us. It's like they're cheering us on. See, God's got a sense of humor." Would God's providence extend so far as to send a group of cheerleaders to cheer us on? Weren't they just here for a camp or something?

I had previously thought they were sent by Satan to annoy me, and now my mind wrestled with the contrary notion that God had sent them to bless me. My mind flew back and forth and finally lighted upon the positive. Yes, God *had* sent them. They were here to bless. There was a great spectacle and victory game being played out here in Muncie, worthy of at least 500 cheerleaders. This is a spectacle in which God is the hero, the head coach and star quarterback and He calls all the plays from His heavenly vantage point. It is He and His Son Jesus Christ who played the game already nearly 2,000 years ago and won. Now we at Power for Abundant Living '77 would be learning about that victory and cheering as we learn how their victory was our victory.

It was only fitting, therefore, that about 4,000 people would drive, fly, and run here from all over the world to participate in this event and cheer for the greatness of God's Word. In the first session of the class, Dr. Wierwille observes that people who get excited about sports are called fans. But when someone dares to get excited about the greatness of God's Word, they think he's got a few bolts missing. "There must be something wrong with our scale of values," he says.

Now I can understand the touch of irony and humor that would call to the same place and time two sets of zealots, one for the pignskin and one for the truth.

As I pondered on the beauty of God's providence and humor, I heard echoing between the buildings of Ball State University, the cheer "We got s-p, i-r, i-t, we got spirit, we got spirit!" I laughed to myself. That's *our* cheer.

Yea, God! Gimme a G . . . .

– Mark Graeser



### **Dr. Wierwille's Arrival**

The second that the motorcoach appeared, we burst out singing "How Firm a Foundation." The meld of voices was majestic and equal to the majesty of the moment.

The man whom we admire and respect for having taught us the Word of God in a class called Power for Abundant Living had arrived to teach us the class again, this time in person.

The warm June air tingled with electricity as we strained to see around the heads of those who had gathered to meet Dr. Wierwille. This was a historical moment for him, when 4,000 would soon gather to hear a class which he used to teach live to a mere handful. What is happening in his heart? What volumes of praise and thanksgiving could be written spontaneously from his heart right now? Will he tell us what it's like for him to see all this come to pass? Will he tell us how he plans to handle the material and if any changes will be made?

These questions were allayed in a moment when he opened his mouth and spoke: "Well, it's still the same Word of God." And with that he walked away. No speech, no sermon, no rallying of the troops. Just truth, plain and simple, just like the class itself. His words rang clear and hung in the humid air for all to consider. That was, after all, why we came here, because we wanted to learn the truth.

– Mark Graeser

## Meeting People

"Rock of Ages?"

"No . . . WOW training?"

"No . . . Kansas Limb Meeting?"

"No . . . Heartbeat Festival?"

"No . . . International?"

"No . . . Emporia?"

"No . . . I guess we never met after all – I only know one guy from your town. Met him at the Rock last year. He came there to pull his cousin out of the ministry, but we talked for a few hours – and he ended up signing for the class! But he's the only one I know. So why do you seem so familiar?"

"Maybe because – I'm his cousin."

– Tom Burke



When I first saw her I felt my heart tug. This had been a very hard year for her and I breathed a prayer to the Father. For months she has stood alone after her husband had left her and their one-year-old daughter. Yet, somehow, her face continued to wear its usual glow. She motioned me to her chair and excitedly took my hand, pulling me to her side.

She was blessed about something, I thought. And smoothing my hair back from my face, she whispered: "He's back! He came back to me." Both our eyes filled with tears of joy. There was nothing to say. We only hugged and joined our hearts in bursting praise to God.

– Kris Skedgell



I could hardly concentrate on anything except looking for my friend. People stopped me to say hello, but I kept looking over their shoulder to try to catch a glimpse of her blonde hair among all the people at Power for Abundant Living '77. We had been best friends in high school before we got into the Word. Then we took the class together and became even tighter. Oddly enough, between school, WOW and The Way Corps, we had scarcely seen each other in seven years. I knew she was at the class, however, and I simply would not settle down until I found her.

Then suddenly she appeared from behind a tree. All around us four thousand of our family were enjoying a picnic while she and I had our private reunion. Strange as it sounds, within seconds it was as if we had been together for years. Maybe that is how God compensates for the short amount of time we have to spend with some of our close friends. We *seem* to have full knowledge of what each other *had* been doing, even though we rarely write to exchange news. It can only be God.

Later that night we sat in Emens Auditorium together waiting for the evening teaching. She giggled and passed a note to me under her Bible. Ten years previously we had driven several teachers mad with our constant note-passing and classroom disruptions. Here we were, supposedly more grown up, still getting childlike glee from being together. Could seven years really have passed since we shoved each other through the PFAL class? Remember the night we spoke in tongues? Remember when you taught for an hour from Deuteronomy? Remember when the police nabbed us only to find we were having a prayer meeting? Remember when . . . ? Remember when . . . ? One of the greatest pleasures of PFAL '77 was spending time with people who grew up with me in the Word. That bond is unbreakable.

– Alison Heaney



## Meeting People

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After about two minutes, we were the best of friends. We took care of the preliminaries right off the bat.

"Where are you from?"

"Oh, you're a WOW? . . . in California. Oh! Do you know . . . ?"

"You're kidding! He was my first Twig leader! And to think that you're in his family! And now we're roommates! God sure has His ways, doesn't He?"

And half way through the week, just before the small hand touched the one and our eyes were almost closed, inviting the needed slumber, you asked me quietly – "Kris, do you know what you're doing next year?"

Huh? Where am I? Muncie, Indiana? Is this 1977? Before the Rock? I had to collect my thoughts before answering.

"I think so. I think I'm going to Emporia. How about you?" Silence. "You didn't go to sleep, did you? Cary?" A hesitant reply came from the other bed.

"Well, I've known all year that when I got to PFAL '77 I'd know what I was doing next year. And now that I'm here, well, everybody's asking me, "Cary, what are you doing next year?" And I just sort of smile and squirm and say, "Well, only God really knows for sure, ha ha!" But the more they ask me, the more I feel like saying, "Do you have any suggestions?" You know what I mean? I KNOW God's got the answer and that it's going to be the very best, but why does everybody always want to know what I'm doing next year?"

I thought for a moment. By now we were both sitting up.

"Maybe you'll be sent on a secret mission to the Yukon and God has to keep it a mystery from you until it's definite. Then we tore through a mile long list of possibilities for the future until the consensus was reached that "the secret things belong unto the Lord our God" and that God is never, has never been and never will be, late. Therefore, let people ask what they will. We don't know anyway. If they really think it's important to know, they can ask God.

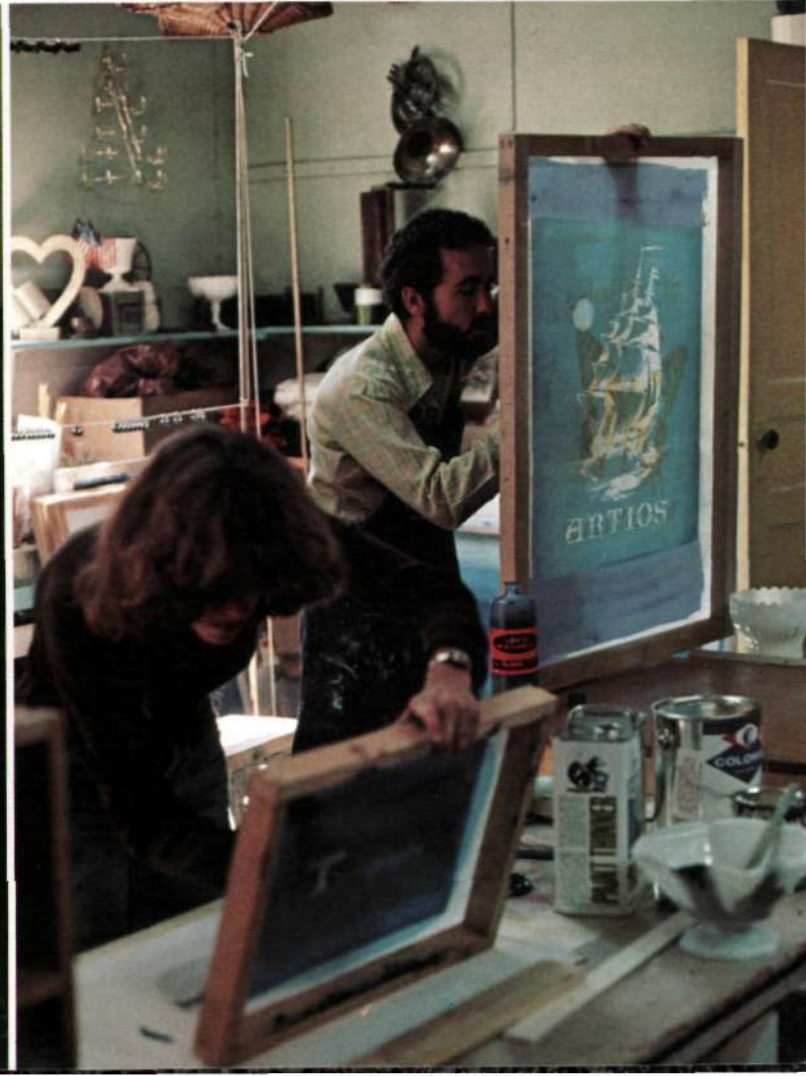
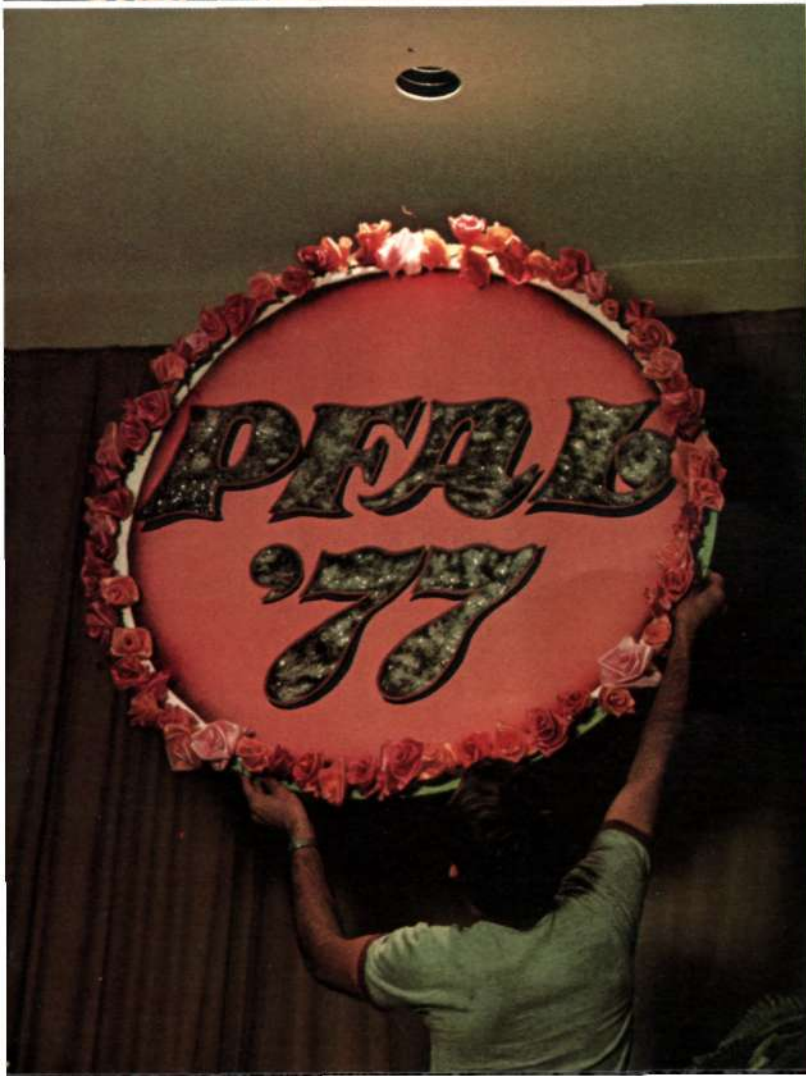
We giggled for a few minutes, exchanged words of love and tender wishes for sweet sleep and lay back down, cradled in the strong, knowing arms of our Father.

– Kris Skedgell



I always knew it would happen. I just waited for the moment. At Power for Abundant Living '77 it finally came to pass. I rounded a corner of Hurlbut Hall and saw a Twig sitting out on the lawn. There, in the center of the circle was a girl I'd gone to high school with, and I had no idea she'd gotten into the Word. It took her six years from when I had last seen her in New York to work her way down to New Mexico where she got witnessed to again and believed. It was strange at first to see that familiar face saying things like "God bless you." "I can't believe how God has changed my life," and "See you at the Rock." But I can't forget that with God nothing is impossible, even "rank unbelievers" getting born again and showing up at PFAL '77.

– Alison Heaney















**Part II**  
**The Opening**





## A Javelin Hurl'd

They started at midnight, the sixteenth of June,  
Knew they'd be running well past noon.  
The precious javelin going before,  
Was borne by four of The Family Corps.

Strauhal, Alexander, Wisner, McGuire –  
Their hopes were high, their believing was higher.  
For the first miles, they all ran together,  
Trusting in God, not their shoe leather.

Then they relayed, in hourly runs  
Not really alone – God paces His sons.  
With javelin in hand and Muncie in mind,  
They vowed to push and not lag behind.

Rome City to Muncie's a hundred-mile run  
Under the stars, in the heat of the sun;  
Many a driver swerved at the sight  
Of a javelin and four men running at night.

They knew the power of a resolute will,  
They'd reach Muncie in spite of the hills!  
They sped along on painful feet  
(With twenty miles left, "the pain became sweet");  
And with the run ended, these athletes of the spirit  
Knew that *no* challenge is big enough to fear it!

But what of the spear – that trusty javelin?  
Well, four days later, it's still atravelin'.  
It's at the prayer house, stuck in the turf,  
But it's touching much more than that square inch of earth.

That little javelin, with pennant unfurl'd,  
It's being hurl'd around the world!  
*Now* it's carried by believing and prayers –  
A spiritual solution to worldly affairs.

This javelin is bringing deliverance to all.  
This very moment, it's breaking down walls.  
Captives are freed, shackles are loosed  
By God's Word, when spoken in love and in truth!

– Frank Herron

### House of His Healing Presence

A house surrounded with flickering torchlight  
And permeated with aromatic vapors that curl toward the heavens.  
A house filled with steadfastly believing hearts  
And framed with faces turned toward a God who dwells within.

A house seemingly suspended on a lone wilderness crag,  
Though set in the midst of the pressing throng.  
This is a house of silence.

A silence suspended in a moment of time,  
The eye of the hurricane, stillness  
And peace.  
Yet not the peace of death,  
But a peace rooted in thanksgiving  
Guarding the heart

For this is a house of requests asked and answered,  
Where deliverance is only a prayer away.  
A house of the true worshipers  
This House of His Healing Presence.

- Tom Burke

## The Opening

The morning air was sweet with the freshness brought by last evening's rain. One hundred and fifty believers huddled close together on the banks of the little stream. Quiet anticipation and prayer graced each breath. No one spoke but only gazed with wonder at the little house on the other side of the water. Four men of The Way Corps, runners, stood at attention before the crowd. A few birds heralded the new day.

It would have appeared strange to uninformed eyes to see such a gathering so early in the morning. What was so awesome about that little house – hardly a hut – more like a shelter, a woodsman's humble refuge perhaps, standing boldly under the looming shadows of three brick dormitories? Why the little wooden house with its rough bark and pine garrisons? By whose authority was it there? But no one asked for all knew, it was a house of prayer – the House of His Healing Presence. "Mine house," saith He, "shall be called an house of prayer for all people" (Isaiah 56:7).

At 7:30 a.m. the man of God, Dr. Wierwille, bearing God's Word with both hands, came and stood before the congregation. He stood erect, commanding the respect of even the breeze. There was power in each deliberate step and his voice vibrated throughout the air. Each saint bowed his heart to welcome him.

Dr. Wierwille greeted us and opened with prayer. Today would be a day to remember – this the opening of three hundred and thirty-six hours of continuous and international prayer. It would mark the opening of an unparalleled outreach of God's Word. There was extreme significance to these prayers, representing the believing of thousands of people. Signs, miracles and wonders could not help *but* to follow.

Rev. Cummins stood next to him and Dr. Wierwille asked him to speak. One of the runners handed him a long, silver rod painted with gold and supporting a purple banner which read "PFAL '77."

"These four men," he began, "ran a marathon from Rome City, Indiana here to Muncie, in approximately fifteen hours. Over each mile, each man carried this javelin signifying God's Word hurled over the world. The Word hurled over the world like a javelin. Today, we will plant this javelin at the entrance of our House of His Healing Presence."

Dr. Wierwille prayed, again his voice filled the air as a great pipe organ fills a cathedral. Here by this little brook and under these willows was our cathedral.

"Father, we stand before you with great thanksgiving and love, knowing the love you have so richly for each one of us. Father, our hearts are open to you now, and just as the waters in this stream are dirty and unclear from unsettled mud, so your Word has been muddied by inaccurate dividings over the ages. Father, may your Word become so living and real that we can again, by rightly dividing your Word, return to the pure Word you originally gave, so that you may bare your arm and exhibit your strength in our lives – that your Word may be hurled over the world.

We thank you for our brother and sister countries in the world and for all believers who are not here at PFAL '77 – that they too are abundantly blessed and that during these two weeks of continuous prayer, your healing is made manifest in our lives. We pray for our nation, for our President, his cabinet, every congressman, governor and all who are in authority that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life. And may this be a time of abundant signs, miracles and wonders with your Word living through Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen."

A chorus of amens and Rev. Cummins started leading the song "My Jesus, I Love Thee." Dr. Wierwille proceeded into the house of prayer. Ten believers, having signed for the first hour of prayer, followed him.

We entered quietly as into the presence of God Himself. The sweet smell of jasmine accented the air and lanterns lit on either side of a wooden table shone dimly, shedding only enough light to exceed the morning shadows.

Twelve tree stumps, cushioned with twelve green pillows, lined the walls. Dr. Wierwille motioned me to a seat on the other side of Mrs. Wierwille. He continued to explain the significance of what we were doing – "the first hour of the greatest event since Pentecost." What miracles were in store, what healings, what wonders would God perform? We waited breathlessly.

We joined hands as Dr. Wierwille prayed – then Mrs. Wierwille, Ermal Owens and Rev. Bo Reahard. Each expressed a humble amazement at his presence here and thanked God for grace and strength. I quivered with excitement. And then the voice of God Himself, speaking tenderly, words of grace and peace, encouraging us with His power and strength.

"I love you," He said. "I love you tenderly and surely. Know the love I have for you and speak my Word with the same tenderness and boldness with which I speak to you." Called to be

## The Opening

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imitators – imitators of perfect love.

After the believers meeting, footnoted with tears of joy, we seated ourselves and started to pray. The first hour of prayer, Dr. Wierwille sat facing the open Word in the back of the house while his wife and Howard Allen were busy making the first entries into the green notebooks of prayer. The hour flew by. Before I knew it, Dr. Wierwille was again standing before us. He pointed to the poster of John 10:10 on the back wall.

John 10: 10:

The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.

“That’s our vision,” he said and his eyes filled with tears. He was quiet for a moment as if whispering thanksgiving to God. He dropped down on one knee before us. “All the books in history will not be able to record or equal what is happening here now. What is to happen in the next two weeks will perhaps change the entire course of history.” We gaped at him in amazement like children beholding their first starfish. We wondered if it could be real. But it was, every word.

Each of us had a turn to pray until it finally came to Mrs. Wierwille. “Father,” she began, “We thank you for calling us here to hold forth your Word. We know, Father, that you have brought it all to pass, that by your power, we have these two weeks before us. We know that it is through your grace that we’ve been allowed to live to see this many people believe your Word.

And Father, I thank you that your Word will not only reach into the dark corners of the world, but also into the dark corners of our minds, where we still need the light of your Son, Jesus Christ.” Her voice shook for a moment and she started to weep. “Oh, Father, it’s so far beyond us.” But then as if collecting each thought, one by one, she continued. “But you’ve brought us here by your Word and you are always faithful. You never break your Word, and we know that nothing can separate us from you. Thank you, Father, for the ministry worldwide and for touching the heart of every believer here and around the world and for strengthening Dr. Wierwille to teach your Word. I thank you in Christ’s name. Amen.”

I looked up at Howard Allen. His eyes were filled with tears, and Dr. Wierwille was before us with bowed head. There we were, twelve maybe fifteen, coming to God in thanksgiving for His purpose and His plan. He said it, and now we fulfill it. Men accomplishing the works of the Almighty. Only men – even the greatest were only men.

How was Power for Abundant Living ’77 accomplished? How was it that a man of sixty years could teach for forty hours in a two-week period, endure the sudden illness of his daughter and handle the expectations of four thousand others? The answer lies, in part, in the little house on the other side of the stream. The answer lies where prayer was made before God and His strength was given to His men.

– Kris Skedgell

### **My Father's Place**

I'm going down to my daddy's house  
I'm gonna spend me some time  
Talking with my Father and my God  
And listening to His rhyme,  
Of His sweet response as honey  
Dripping from the honeycomb,  
Making whole my body,  
My heart, my mind and soul.

Yes, I'm on my way to my Father's place  
To tell Him I love Him so,  
To thank Him for His lovin' Son  
And showin' me the way to go,  
For gently caressing as a tender breeze  
This ole' troubled heart of mine,  
For makin' me see and settin' me free  
To bask in His love so fine.

So off I run to that special place  
To share of my Father's heart,  
To give Him all my troubles and cares  
And joyfully depart,  
Trusting in the greatness of His Word  
And His power from on high,  
I walk now in freedom as a son of God  
While I sit somewhere beyond the sky.

– Bob Hizny

**PFAL**  
**'77**

### **It Bares the Heart**

Being at PFAL '77 is like a two-week stroll through the annals of The Way Ministry. It is available to speak with families who have stood with Dr. Wierwille for twenty years. You can find people who were in the church in Van Wert, in live Power for Abundant Living classes of six people, in those first 10:30 a.m. meetings in the Wierwille home. Perhaps you can in the dining hall sit with people who knew Bishop Pillai, or traveled with Dr. Wierwille to attend B. G. Leonard's class in Canada. It is easy to find eyewitnesses of every event we read about in *The Way – Living In Love*. PFAL '77 bares the heart of The Way Ministry and invites us all to examine it to our satisfaction. Nothing is withheld that might be profitable for us to know.

– Alison Heaney

**PFAL**  
**'77**



**Part III**  
**Behind the Scenes**



## **Notes from Backstage** by Rev. Craig Martindale

Dr. Wierwille's arrival on June 17 (evening) –

First statement: "Well, it's still the same Word of God."

Also: "I want this to be the greatest two weeks of your life."

As Dr. Wierwille walked to see areas, he couldn't resist greeting and blessing each person.

"HOUSE OF HIS HEALING PRESENCE" was one place he definitely had on his mind to see. When he first arrived with Mrs. Wierwille, Del, Rosalie, Howard, Walter and me, he walked in quietly and cried silently – then we prayed together – he led it:

"Let this place be the guiding light . . . that people of our nation may believe and be saved to a knowledge of the truth . . . may we commit ourselves unreservedly . . . put the burden of the outreach of God's Word on people's hearts."

June 19 – After the Sunday Night Meeting:

As we walked off the main stage after singing "How Firm a Foundation," Doctor immediately said, "Okay, get the set put up, so we can start rehearsal." So . . . the pre-class preparations continued but this time on set and a night before the commencement of the climax of our journeying to this place – THE CLASS.

Each physical object onstage was checked for cleanliness, symmetry, practicality (in camera shots) and other practical and aesthetic reasons.

Joe Coulter and crew worked every camera (three) from all different angles and positions on stage while Dr. Wierwille showed them the movements he had planned and how he would perform each as the camera followed him. At one point, Dr. Wierwille shared (with a teary smile) with Joe how he would open the class – "In the first session of this Biblical research class on Power for Abundant Living, I'd like for you to take your Bibles and turn to John 10:10 . . ." Joe simply said, "That's great."

Howard, of course, was there moving, fetching, advising while Mrs. Wierwille had Dr. Wierwille put on every suit coat that he would be wearing and checked each out on the monitor.

Bob Winegarner was there getting his charts ready. Walter and I just sat there and watched with Del, Rosalie, Randy Feese, Bud Morgan, Donna Randall and a few others.

Finally broke up by midnight. Dr. Wierwille had left at about 11:30 p.m. and the others pulled other details together.

June 20 – Opening of Class:

The sharing by the Georges and the Kents was splendid heart "assets" and historical insight for the people – many of which have no idea of some of those things – backstage everyone was straining to see the screen and hear every word of the opening – Rosalie was talking to someone quietly as we were all anticipating the start, and I grabbed her and said, "Don't miss it! Here it comes!" So she didn't! (miss it).

### **Notes from Backstage**

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As the first hour of teaching rolled, comments and observations from Howard and Mrs. Wierwille were exchanged concerning areas of the setup that could be improved or were very good.

June 21

The interviews with the Doops and the Duncans were just about postponed because Dr. Wierwille felt he wanted to get started but then as the time went on, he decided to bring them out.

Tonight we go with Joyful Noise.

After the session this morning, Dr. Wierwille came backstage very blessed, relaxed, exhilarated – he said that he could “just feel the waves of believing and love from the people.” He also said that he felt the best so far in this session – felt like he was more on top of things than ever before . . .

June 21 (p.m.) – He was still hot – even after teaching three sessions tonight – as he came off stage.

June 22 (p.m.)

Dr. Wierwille came backstage, sat and talked very relaxed and blessed – asked around to different people to see what each thought. Bob Winegarner summed it up when he said “relaxed but tight.” Dr. Wierwille later shared that Bishop Pillai and Rufus Mosely probably taught him more than anyone else.



## Video Crew

In the heart of Emens Auditorium, the audio/visual crew prepares for the evening filming. Joe Coulter snaps out each assignment: "Steve, camera one. Bill, center camera. Dwayne, camera two and Allen, four." The men, all dressed in light blue suits, striped ties and black shoes nod in unison and wait further instruction. "Let's pray," says Joe in a quiet voice. "Father, thank you that we can make this an evening of graciousness and peace, one to bless your people. And, Father, please cover for our shortcomings. Amen." With their heads still bowed, the crew sings "Peace, Peace, Wonderful Peace." It is the last moment of quiet they'll have until the entire filming is over for the night. No one can ever guess if Dr. Wierwille will teach one, two or three segments. They simply need to be ready for anything.

With the end of the song, the atmosphere quickly changes into business again and everyone moves to his preappointed job. The crew heads upstairs after Joe and the next phase of work begins. Somewhere back in the first planning stages of the class, Joe decided that it would bless the cameramen to have a peaceful lounge they could return to and use as home base. So he requested this room and hostesses who would add the tenderness and love to a very detailed and demanding job. It is these girls who next appear. In a matter of minutes, coffee is brewing, the room is straightened and refreshments are prepared for the break time. With obvious delight, Rosann and Hope produce idea upon idea to bless the workers and keep them light-hearted. Hope sits in the center of the floor surrounded by colored pens and paper, carefully designing notes for each of the fifteen workers who are already at their posts.

The three or four rooms which make up the downstairs lounge in Emens Auditorium are completely appropriated for Way Productions during the two weeks of PFAL '77. After the cameramen leave for their work, performers and special guests begin to arrive in the dressing rooms. Huge blue couches and easy chairs invite people to congregate in the central room, but nothing is as important as the two gray speakers which hang on the wall. From those two boxes come every word that is spoken or sung on the set, they are the sole connection with the class being taught upstairs. When the speakers come on, an automatic hush covers the rooms, regardless of what is going on. When someone bursts in unexpectedly, everyone turns and glares at him until he catches on that people are trying to listen.

It is 6:20 p.m. and the Joyful Noise cast moves unhurriedly from make-up to hair styling, joking and loving one another with an affection that can

only come from years of working together. "I'd give us about fifteen minutes," says Ken. "You never can tell when he'll want us." They all reach for jackets and jewelry, the last touches to their outfits and call from room to room as they think of things to check. By 6:30 p.m. they move out the door - Claudette bringing up the rear. At that moment Dr. Wierwille's voice comes over the speaker, "Well, I think we have something on stage. Ladies and gentlemen, Joyful Noise." The next sound is Claudette's voice. "You know, someone ran up to me yesterday and said, 'I've always wanted to meet you . . .'" The show has begun - now there is only waiting until the performers reappear.

Bud Morgan, the producer in charge of a crew filming a 60-minute documentary of the class, reflected about the different impressions he had gathered over the two weeks. "There is one thing that has really seemed remarkable to me," he said. "I've been in theater work and watched performers wait for their time on stage. It's so different here. The forbearance and patience of these people! I've seen them here waiting for five hours just to give a three-minute show, and they don't get agitated. It's so interesting to me to see them all dressed and made up waiting in the lounge and reading right along in their Bibles. It's completely different from normal theater people."

With professional people, it is as if they are immune to the mundane cares that the rest of us must face. We often think that they have escaped from the detailed, practical, earthly necessities that make up our lives. For this reason, they become surrounded with a mystique and attraction that we love to watch. It is as if they are above it all somehow. Perhaps they don't cut themselves shaving or have moments of wavering confidence. In fact, we often think that they don't have to renew their minds at all or handle problems the way we do. We find ourselves curious to know what performers do backstage or at home because we think we'll discover their secrets. To our surprise, we find that their lives are more detailed and precise than the average worker. The majority of their work takes place in dressing rooms, practice rooms and meetings. The minutes on stage are only the more visible fraction of their job. In The Way Ministry we discover something even more interesting. Each performer is working for the outreach of God's Word, not himself. The effects of this are novel and would astound any natural man.

It is early in the morning, and the air seems fresh as the day begins. It is hard to know the time or the weather in the dressing rooms. One can only tell what part of the day it is by which crew walks through the door. This morning

## Video Crew

Sheryl is the first to arrive. She comes each morning to fix Dr. Wierwille's hair before the teaching. Her green dress barely shows the fact that she is four months pregnant, but I can tell by her face that she is feeling it strongly. She sits quietly and waits. Suddenly the door bursts open and Howard Allen strides into the room. "Right away," says Sheryl, rising instantly to her feet. It is amazing to see her work, always with a gentle touch and a light humor. The discomfort seems to disappear as she moves quickly to arrange Howard's hair. Performer after performer come to get their hair styled and cut, but not one will know that she isn't feeling her best. Not until the counter is empty of customers will she again get her feet up and take a break.

In the central room activity is high. Between massaging tired feet and ironing shirts which get soaked nightly, Rosann takes care of the video crew. Wives stop in occasionally to give support, and soon they are put to work along with anyone else who ventures too far into these back rooms. Several girls in an adjoining office key-punch hours on end the research that is done in Twigs. While the teaching goes on upstairs, the basement is a continuous stream of activity.

Joyful Noise comes in one by one and sits in the lounge to wait for their instructions. Joe takes a can of juice and begins to methodically finish its contents. Richie mentions that people often seem scared to tell him how much they enjoy his music because so many people must tell him all the time. "You know," he says, "each time that someone compliments us it means something special to me. I hope they realize that. We live to serve people. There would be no reason to play if it didn't move the Word."

At that moment we begin to hear Dr. Wierwille's voice over the speaker. "Sixty seconds," he says. "I'm ready to go." On into the morning everyone continues to work. Rosann irons and cleans and follows every detail of the audio/visual work. Girls come and go to use the computer in the next room, often accompanied by Rev. Bo Reahard carrying piles of data sheets. All the time there is the background tone of Dr. Wierwille's voice. "Now turn to Genesis 1:1. You see, everything came after its kind, after its own kind . . ."

Cliff is looking down, intently fixing the knot in his tie. "The life of the flesh is in the what?" says Dr. Wierwille. Cliff raises his head and answers into the air, "Blood." He then bows his head and returns to the necktie. Lynn comes in next to collect the daily sewing and mending. Stevie's dress needs a hook. Skip's pants are too long. There's a hole in John's jacket. One morning the need was to take in Dr. Wierwille's pants. "You who want to lose weight should teach a

class on Power for Abundant Living," he had joked earlier. "I can't keep these things up." Lynn was the next to see them. It really is hard to imagine how much work goes on backstage for the sole purpose of making each teaching session the best. No one complains, no one tries to slip out of work. The respect for the Word is their motivation.

## Video Van

Next to the loading dock behind Emens Auditorium is a large blue hulk which becomes home for four very dedicated men. This is the video van - windows covered with aluminum foil, doors pasted with signs which remind people to stay out. For the two weeks Joe Coulter directs each camera shot from that van, and each piece of videotape runs through equipment in its back room. "You can come sit with us," he told me one night. "Be there by 8:15 p.m."

I climbed the iron step to the front door and knocked rather timidly. After knocking several times with no response, I finally pulled the handle and looked in. No wonder they couldn't hear my feeble knock. The entire van was consumed in the hum and whirl of machinery. It was quite dark except for the glow of five TV monitors and numerous low lamps, which were invisible amongst the rest of the machinery. Joe had his back to me, but motioned behind him for me to sit in the only vacant chair, which happened to be the driver's seat. I sat down abruptly and pulled my legs over the gearshift. My elbow knocked against a coffee thermos, which seemed imbedded into the dashboard. I knew that I was settled in for the duration of Dr. Wierwille's teaching.

When I looked at the screens, which made a wall across the center of the van, Dr. Wierwille leaped into focus from three different angles. Joe sat motionless at the control board watching a lighted clock which flashed the seconds and minutes in green digits. A red light began to blink from screen to screen, and I realized that Joe was doing a camera check. The camera flashed quickly from the audience to the stage to Dr. Wierwille's face and back to the audience. I caught a glimpse of my roommate in the crowd and thought how strange it was to be watching her from this perspective. Then the screens focused on the desk, and Joe said, "Sixty seconds."

The next command was Joe's voice yelling, "Roll tape." The answer came back from behind the television, "Tape rolling." And seconds later another cry from the unknown figure behind the TVs, "We need color bars, color bars, get them on the screen!" Joe pushed a lever and the bars flashed across one screen. Then came Dr. Wier-

## Video Crew

wille's voice, "Man lost his spirit in the garden. Now this left him with no communication between himself and God . . ." I looked to one side and noticed a large green plaque on the control board reading, "The Word is Faithful." Again, the only reason to ensconce oneself in a van for forty hours of minute work is to help move the Word of God. The undertone of The Way Ministry is the movement of the Word of God.

Once the tape was rolling, I had time to look at the rest of the van and its operation. Janet sat close to Joe scrutinizing the film for changes or improvements in the lighting. She took a few notes and headed out to consult with the lighting crew. There was too much of a shadow across the back of the set. They would have to fix it before the next teaching. Meanwhile the unidentified figures behind the televisions were engineering the whole operation. They had two videotape recorders and three cassette tapes going at once. "You see," one of them whispered to me, "We like to be ahead of the Adversary. If something should happen to one of the tapes, we have the teaching recorded on four other machines." I had never considered the spiritual battle from an engineer's point of view.

Joe told me later that Dr. Wierwille was more unpredictable in this class than any other because of the set design. The chair he sat in required him to constantly readjust his weight and position. When he would reach to shift his weight, it was easy for the cameraman to think he was about to stand. As I watched Joe make the decision where to focus the camera, I noticed how much stayed mind each second required. If Dr. Wierwille reached for his pointer, Joe had to prepare one camera to focus on the chart board. If Dr. Wierwille turned to the right, Joe had to anticipate whether or not he would stand up. I became tired just watching the entire process. The workers themselves have steeled their minds to go for hour upon hour. If Dr. Wierwille announced an extra session, they had to be ready to go. As I crept past the television and back to my seat, I could hear the constant tone of Dr. Wierwille's voice. "Now, class, the Church is never told to have faith. They are simply told to believe."

## Backstage

In the basement rooms of Emens Auditorium, speakers were everywhere to let us know what happened upstairs. But for the rare moments when only seeing would satisfy us, we had to find where the nearest TV was that we could watch. The closest one was upstairs and backstage in a dark corner near the equipment storage. The surrounding walls were two or three stories high and disappeared above us into a mass of ropes and wires. The dark brick kept the air cool no matter what happened outside, and heavy curtains instantly dulled any noise.

One morning we were working to get things in order for the next session. Rosann was reaching in the refrigerator, trying to keep a constant stock of juice cans for the performers. Hope had one hand on a vacuum cleaner and a bag of garbage in the other. Pam was bent intently over a poster she was trying on ambassadors for Christ. "No thanks," he hollered. "I wouldn't go to church with you. And meanwhile this little old Christian, all bent over and carrying the buuuurrdens of the world on his shoulders . . ." We absolutely could not resist watching this. The four of us immediately dropped what we were doing and flew through the doors to the cellar passage way. We ran hard, each pulling at the one in front of her and trying desperately to see where we were going. We tore past storage rooms, costume rooms, heating pipes, old stage sets and massive air conditioning. Finally, we reached the wrought iron spiral staircase and climbed, using both hands and feet, to the main floor. We could see the video in the corner, back in the wings of the stage. Breathless, we arrived in time to see Dr. Wierwille, arms outstretched and leaning forward saying, "People, now we are ambassadors!" And the hour ended. We returned to our workroom to find the refrigerator door still open and the vacuum still running. Some things are too important to miss.

In the heart of Emens Auditorium, the audio/visual crew prepares to film the evening session. Joe Coulter mentally checks last-minute preparations and then calls for an opening prayer. "Father, make this a night of peace and graciousness. Cover our shortcomings and let us be the best for you."

— Alison Heaney

## Personal Notes Concerning the Stage Set

by Mrs. V. P. Wierwille

### Articles in the Set

One of the principles of deprogramming is the placing of the victims in unfamiliar surroundings. This contributes to people becoming confused and therefore finding it difficult to keep their minds in order or well organized.

If Dr. Wierwille is to be able to work the best with ease, his environment must be familiar to him. There are many articles and arrangements with which he feels right at home.

The desk chair is from his office. The statuette of Abe Lincoln on the credenza and the arrangement of the credenza behind the chair at his desk is the same as in his office. His diplomas were taken from the office wall as well as the picture on the back wall.

The colonial fireplace with mantle, the sword, and all the chairs are normally in the Wierwille home.

### Articles used in PFAL film '67:

- Hanging lamp
- Balances
- Desk chair
- Picture in background
- Sallman's "Head of Christ" picture
- Charts
- Diplomas
- Abe Lincoln statuette
- Silhouette pictures
- Books between bookends

### The Set

#### Three scenes:

Living room:	Accent: fireplace and second couch with window
Teaching area:	Central: desk and chair Beauty accent: art glass window Utility accent: chart box Meaningful: globe
Patio area:	Accent: doors with patio outside

Relaxation for Dr. Wierwille

Familiar things for Dr. Wierwille

Versatile things for Dr. Wierwille

- A. Must be spiritually right for Dr. Wierwille
  - 1. Familiar environment
  - 2. For Dr. Wierwille's complete comfort and workability
- B. Set workable for the program
  - 1. Primary purpose is for the live audience.
- C. Set workable for the filming and videotaping
- D. Set presenting itself to the audience
- E. To project
  - 1. God magnified His Word above His name.
  - 2. The Word over the world.

What is available!:

The stage at Emens Auditorium is approximately 55' across.

We expected about 4,000 people and we wanted to have "The Teacher" to be seen at as wide an angle as possible so that every one would be able to see him. It was a large area to deal with to get it as pleasing as possible to the live audience. It was too large to handle as a single scene for camera work.

## Backstage Vignettes

Olga Munoz came in to be made up. Excited workers transformed her into a beautifully smooth picture for the stage. When Sheryl removed the plastic sheet which covered her shirt, she stood up and carefully examined her reflection in the mirror. Then, one by one, she placed a kiss on each face and murmured her thanks over and over again.

Minutes later we heard Rev. Cummins' voice over the speaker. "And now we have Olga Munoz from South America to sing 'I Come to the Garden Alone' in Spanish." The next notes we heard were a surprise to us all. Her voice, so clear and controlled, seemed to touch each note with gold. For three verses she sang with all her heart. The lounge, full of performers, was completely silent as each person considered the music. Then it was over, and we heard clapping. A beautiful performance.

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Debra Sleeper moved to the stage to sing "Turn Your Eyes Upon Jesus." I lived with her on the field and personally experienced her heart and instant compassion for the family of God. To Debra, God's deliverance was like discovering the existence of sunlight after living in a cavern, and when she sings, one can still read the surprise and delight in her face. As she finished singing this night, Dr. Wierwille joined his voice to hers in a rare performance indeed. "Turn your eyes upon Jesus, look full in his wonderful face. And the things of earth will grow strangely dim, in the light of his glory and grace."

The two voices became silent, and for an instant no one moved in the backstage lounge. We all thought of the things that at one time seemed so terribly important to us, but next to the Word appeared suddenly dull. We never give anything up for God. It is that God outshines everything else we wanted to cling to.

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I ran to the back corner of the stage when I heard Dr. Wierwille start to share. There were televisions set up where I could watch what was being videoed on stage while it was happening. The corner was dark except for the television screen, and cool air circulated freely among the ropes and pullies which hung down the walls. Cliff and Richie from Joyful Noise had reached the spot before I did, so we drew three chairs in close and waited to see what would occur.

Dr. Wierwille began talking about his family. He mentioned the free will he always allowed, never asking them to attend a meeting or to hear him teach. His face was lined and soft, and he sat quietly on the corner of the desk, eyes closed and head tilted slightly to one side. "You see," he said, "you'll come to the place one day when you realize that your family are those who do the will of God and belong to the household. There are many things in a man's life which only the Spirit of God can know." As he continued opening his heart in thanking us for attending the class, I felt tears dripping onto my collar and running down my chest. "He's thanking me for coming," I thought. "How could he be thanking me when this ministry saved my life?" And yet, that is God's family – everyone living in thankfulness and meekness.

By this time I could hear Cliff blowing his nose in his handkerchief, and Richie's face was completely covered by both his hands. The three of us cried unashamedly at the tenderness of that moment. But within minutes Dr. Wierwille moved on, so the three of us dried off, stood up and went back to work.

## Backstage Vignettes

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I quickly slipped into a frilled pinafore and tied on my saddle shoes. The mirror began to reflect the little-girl innocence that I wanted to portray. Next I reported to Laura for my makeup. As she carefully scrutinized my face and decided what she would do, I asked her about her work. She had begun her studies from an interest in the human body and the different ways of ministering to people through touch. As she stroked blush onto my cheeks and smoothed color above my eyes, she talked to me about how she learned to bless people with her touch and attention – a different goal from worldly theater. Her primary motive is to bless and put at ease the performers she works on. I moved from Laura to Sheryl who found a way to tie a giant bow in my hair. From there, I was ready to move upstairs and to wait for our turn on stage.

Backstage everyone moved quickly but precisely. With unobtrusive dexterity, Howard Allen added equipment to the set while Craig was leading songs. Mrs. Wierwille appeared everywhere, seeming to understand each facet of the operations. Performers and helpers darted back and forth, but no one came close to the door marked "Dr. Wierwille, Private."

Then I heard Craig saying, "Well, tonight we have with us our four characters, Herman, Johnny Jump-Up, Snowball Pete, and Maggie. Let's bring them on." I slipped into hiding behind the French doors, and let the other three characters file past me onto the stage. While I waited there, I glanced around and could see Howard smiling at me, and the musicians who were to follow us on stage. To the other side I could see the heads of the audience through a crack in the door. My mind locked into the character of a little girl, a flighty, religious Maggie Muggins with big eyes and a wide mouth. I felt very ready to go.

On cue I skipped through the doors and took in all at once the audience, the balcony, lights, video cameras and the empty spot where I was to stand. Throughout the skit I jabbered and blinked my eyes, but my mind was constantly calculating where to move my hands, when to look at the audience and how we were going to bring it all to a conclusion.

Then it was over, and we filed backstage where the activity was still high. It was a constant moving to make each performance smooth and to make the program flow perfectly.

Before I descended to the dressing rooms again, I noticed an old friend of mine sitting quietly near Dr. Wierwille's backstage office. She was pale, but bright-eyed and very glad to see me. Without asking her, I knew she was sick and fighting hard to stay on top. "I'm going to be all right," she said. "My husband sent a note to Dr. Wierwille that I was sick. Who do you think came knocking at my door but Howard Allen and Dr. Wierwille! They took care of me, and then told me to come back here and sit."

I marveled at the thoughtfulness of the man of God for the world, responsible to teach four thousand people, taking the time to minister to one believer in trouble. And we think sometimes that we don't have the time for one Twig member.

As I left to go downstairs, I saw Mrs. Wierwille sit gently beside my friend and place her hand on her leg. Nothing, nothing is more important than God's people. Not the work, not the video set, not the rules of backstage, not a skit. God cares for his kids.

In a cinderblock and linoleum stairwell, almost empty, Uncle Harry sat motionless. He balanced himself on a small metal chair by sitting with his legs spread, and his hands resting solidly on his knees. He leaned slightly forward with his head tilted to one side and his eyes almost shut. The soft colors on his summer shirt blended with his peaceful expression and both contrasted boldly

## Backstage Vignettes

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with the desolate stairwell. Several steps below him stood Rosann with her guitar strapped around her shoulders. She was leaning contentedly on the wall and singing as if each note carried healing to the listener. Her voice was clear and traveled easily from landing to landing. Periodically, someone would come racing down the stairs, but Rosann's voice never hesitated and Uncle Harry never moved.

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The men on the video crew walked into the lounge one night after five hours of filming. We were ready with cold drinks and refreshments, and our fast-developing skill for foot and shoulder massage. I looked at Dwayne who had driven to Cincinnati that day for more videotape in addition to working one of the cameras. He swayed slightly as he stood in the doorway, and his eyes seemed to be open only by the last fraction of strength he had. It looked as though his suit was pasted to his body, and yet I knew the evening wasn't over yet.

Joe gathered the crew around and explained the situation. Somehow the video had gone out of synch, and they had to run the tapes through again before morning. "What happened?" someone asked in a small voice. "Well," answered Joe carefully, "it's a large trick of the Adversary, which is only to steal and destroy our time. There's no other explanation, and we'll just have to stay tonight until we get through them all. It may be 2 a.m. or so." A voice interrupted him, "Look, if you need help, I'll stay." It was Dwayne, offering to work a few more hours if needed. It was an offer consistent with the dedication of the entire crew. They all stayed their minds on completing the job at any cost.

At 12:25 I flipped out the lights and climbed the stairs to the back exit. Bless Patrol opened the door to let me out, and I stepped thankfully into the night air. Mounds of clouds were moving across the sky, sometimes separating to show a full moon. It was cool for the first time in days. I turned the corner and saw the hulk of the video van tucked in next to the loading dock. A world inside itself, it is a container housing masses of wires, screens and tapes. I reached up to the door and shoved it open enough to put two thermoses of coffee on the inside step. As I turned to leave, I caught a glimpse of Joe at the control board, headset on, a stopwatch in one hand and his other hand poised over a log sheet. The door clicked shut and I turned toward my dorm for the night. There was only one more thing that I could do for them – speak in tongues.

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Cliff sits warily on the edge of his chair. "Sheryl, my whole body is shaking," he moans. "Well," she says dryly, "It's now or never. Make up your mind." He exhales a long breath and nods his head in resignation.

Sheryl then reaches forward with a slight smile and proceeds to shave off his moustache, a nine-year fixture in his life. At last the job is complete, and he stares, satisfied in spite of himself, in the dressing room mirror. "That's all right," he softly chortles and walks into the next room where the rest of Joyful Noise is waiting to perform.

After the cries and congratulations fade away, Cliff gets a new look in his eye. He stares pointedly at his cohorts who still have their facial hair and begins to taunt them. "You're next," he says to each in turn. "Step right this way and let Sheryl fix you up. Don't keep her waiting boys." Everyone protests adamantly, but Cliff will not be dissuaded. Hours later it was discovered that Cliff had four brand new razors which he distributed to each of his friends in turn. The battle is on.

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– Alison Heaney

## Early Morning Visitor

During Power for Abundant Living '77, I worked the early morning Bless Patrol shift outside of Dr. Wierwille's motorcoach several times. One of these mornings at around 5 o'clock, when Bob Lunsford and I least expected it, who else but the president and founder of The Way Ministry leisurely hops off the coach in bare feet and walks toward us. Warmed by the sight of his innocent, sleepy eyes and red silky pajamas, we greeted him excitedly as he sat on the lawn chair beside me. I prayed to God he wouldn't leave soon and would stay a long while.

"How's my Bless Patrol this morning?" "Great," we said. I gave him my biggest smile. As I was thanking God perfectly in tongues for the man of God's presence with us, Dr. Wierwille looked away and got very quiet. Then, he looked over at me. I smiled again. He muttered an "um, hum" softly, as if to know my thoughts of love for him. Suddenly, Doctor reaches over and pokes me in the ribs playfully. I laughed.

"You know, honey, if I had life to live over again, I'd change two things . . . isn't that something, only two things . . . I wouldn't smoke and I'd go to bed earlier and wake up earlier. At around midnight, the world starts to quiet down. It gets quieter at about 2:00 a.m. But 4:00 in the morning is the best working time. I try to get up early and most often I do, but not with the ease and grace I'd like. You just have to have it in the fabric of your life."

"Doctor, lately I've been really trying to wake up early. I've found it to be the most productive part of my day. I really need it, too, to start the day out right. Doctor, how do you get it into the fabric of your life?"

"By just doing it, honey, now while you're young. And the best way I know to learn to enjoy waking up early is to do it when you don't have to."

"Yeah," I said.

"Well, I best be getting in, huh?"

"Bye, Doctor. Thanks for coming out to share with us."

"Okay, honey. Bless."

- Ana Cooper

## Interview With Joyful Noise Musicians

Skip relaxed in the lounge of PFAL '77's central office, smoking a cigarette. Richie propped his feet up on a wooden bench, his face catching every available ray of Indiana sunshine. Claudette sat poised with grace on the edge of her chair in a quiet dressing room, calmly awaiting the signal which would send her exploding on stage. Ken sprawled on the bed of his well-organized room in Wood Hall.

Four individuals, four interviews, one mind.

As Richie puts it, "Primarily, Joyful Noise is not a musical group – it's a family of believers."

PFAL '77 is a milestone for Joyful Noise. For us, the audience, it marks the debut of fourteen new songs, songs which are truly revolutionary in many respects.

First of all, the method by which the songs were composed is revolutionary. Each member was given one session of the Power for Abundant Living class to master and communicate musically. This means that rather than simply stumbling onto a song, they wrote with a specific goal in mind. Some wrote words before music, others did the exact opposite. ("As for me, I either get everything at once – or nothing at all!" Claudette tells me, with a burst of laughter.) But the outcome was the same – an arsenal of material specifically geared to the teachings which would be held forth at PFAL '77.

Skip was thrilled about the innovation. "Our audience is not as emotional as it used to be – because now they're listening. Our job is to present the Word on a silver platter – and we're trying to make the platter as pure as possible – but today God's people are more interested in the lyrics than how pretty it is musically."

His contributions, "It's a Wonder" and "The Chicken and the Egg," are personal milestones for him as a songwriter. He chuckles as he compares them with his first song about God's Word:

Maybe, just maybe,  
Search your heart for happy  
Memories and moments of joy . . .

Eyes sparkling with enthusiasm, he emphasizes the importance of songs which tell a story and illustrate a principle.

Is it difficult to write songs in this fashion? With Christ in you, apparently not. "You can believe to get inspired." Claudette affirms. Richie adds that in writing about a specific aspect of God's Word the inspiration comes "at the point where you're fully persuaded it's the truth." And it's as simple as that.

Musically, the new songs boast a style which the world cannot invent a label for, a marvelous blend of the talents of God-inspired believers. But the changes in lyrical content and musical presentation are only the tip of the iceberg, indicating an entire change of attitude among the performers.

Ken believes that PFAL '77 is a climax for Joyful Noise. "We're finally operating as a total group," he declares, adding with a grin, "PFAL '77 is the greatest showing of the tearing down of the ego of musicians."

Having performed for years with big-name commercial groups, Skip understands the significance of Ken's statement. He relates the story of one group which he worked with: "We were very tight at first because we were operating principles, but unknowingly . . . As soon as we lost the principles, everything went downhill. In the realm of natural man's music," Skip continues, "someone is always after your job." He contrasts his past and present musical experiences as "'Listen to Me' versus 'Giving.'"

How did Joyful Noise break through the molds of jealousy and backstabbing in which the world would have musicians cast themselves? To Richie, "The keynote is obedience; steadfastness in spite of what people might say."

Everyone else agrees. Claudette, who has been a part of Way Productions since its inception (piano, vocals and a snare drum), says that as she looks over the past five years, all she can see is, "Moreover it is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful."

Being such a stepping stone in the field of Word and music, it seems that Power for Abundant Living '77 must have been a time of great pressure and stayed mind for the musicians. I prepare myself for a slew of bloody war stories, but Ken simply shakes his head. Contrary to my expectations, he calls PFAL '77 his easiest production ever, a time of little pressure, requiring only the minimum of musical coordination on his part – because the individuals within the cast have become so tight.

According to him, it all really happened at the seven regional Heartbeat Festivals. These events gave Joyful Noise the opportunity to expose everybody and everything so that there were no highlighted "stars" – except God and the Lord Jesus Christ – in the eyes of the group or the audience. Now they can step out on the stage with a new confidence and certainty.

Ken continues: "As Power for Abundant Living is the foundation for our ministry, PFAL '77 is the foundation for the area of music. We have sent out feelers in all the directions we need – the principles are established. Now we'll build on those principles."

One decision which Joyful Noise has considered for years is whether or not to enter the field of commercial music. PFAL '77 marks the outcome of that decision – the release of their first commercial single on Queen City Albums, to be followed in ten days by a complete album. Now the rightly-divided Word in music is available to the public. Some will mock and others may want

## Interview With Joyful Noise Musicians

to "hear it again, sometime," but as is always the case, some will listen, believe and receive deliverance through this new area of outreach.

Dr. Wierwille once told the cast of Joyful Noise, "The production will produce the perfection when the perfection is in the hearts of those producing the production." Just recently, he also told them that, musically, they have "made it."

From the time she first arrived at The Way International, Claudettee has worked on a personal level with Dr. Wierwille, perhaps more so than any other member of the group. To her, one of the most thrilling aspects of the music of PFAL '77 is that Dr. Wierwille finally has at his fingertips music which he knows can soften the hearts and build the believing of his people. "For him, it is a dream come true. He's like a proud daddy calling his children on the stage because he knows they're capable of getting the job done," says Claudettee.

She relates her joy at being asked to sing "High Road," one of her old favorites, on the first Sunday of PFAL '77. What she fails to tell me (Ken fills in the details), is that she had been scheduled to do it Saturday night, for the opening film – but it had to be cut to allow more time for the teaching of the Word. I am awed at the love this young woman has for The Teacher and his ministry; I am equally awed at his love for his "kids," knowing the desire of her heart and diligently insuring that it comes to pass.

Parading under bright lights, arrayed in dazzling costumes, featured on albums and tapes which are played in homes throughout the country, Joyful Noise is a symbol of our ministry. Do they, like virtually all secular musicians, lose touch with their audience?

"I honestly don't feel one bit more important than anyone else as a member of Joyful Noise. In fact, I feel more a part of the Body than ever!"

"It's providential that we're here – for us as well as the audience. PFAL '77 is the culmination of a love affair developing between Joyful Noise

and the people for years. We add color and lightness of heart to the class – and we know exactly where we're going – but our greatest joy is to be with God's people. And here, we get to be with God's people.

"I'm seeing my responsibility as a son of God more than ever. *Anything* I can do to serve the Body of Christ is fine with me, if it means mowing the grass and hoeing the weeds."

"Our people can finally see beyond just one man. Their believing in The Way Corps – which includes Joyful Noise – has risen to a point that we can hold it forth and inspire them to hold it forth. I never lose my gratefulness for that privilege and position."

Inspiring words. And the actions of Joyful Noise are indicative of the same heartfelt love and respect which they have for their audience. Like the evening when half the group was out front singing, accompanied instrumentally by the other half who stood, unseen, behind the set. The instrumentalists were not viewed by the audience all evening. Yet, if you were backstage, you saw them dressed up in the same sharp three-piece suits and ties as they would wear for any performance. Their attitude is, "How could we do otherwise?"

Rock of Ages '77 will mark a new stage in the development of Joyful Noise: each member is being sent out "on the field" to serve as a Twig leader, Branch leader – whatever he or she is called to do. Are they disappointed?

"We are totally thrilled to be going out on the field. We'll have a chance to get some fresh air, then come back and write what God's called us to write."

"Six months from now, we'll get to see the results of what we're doing today!"

"We're ready to go out – and take part in the harvest."

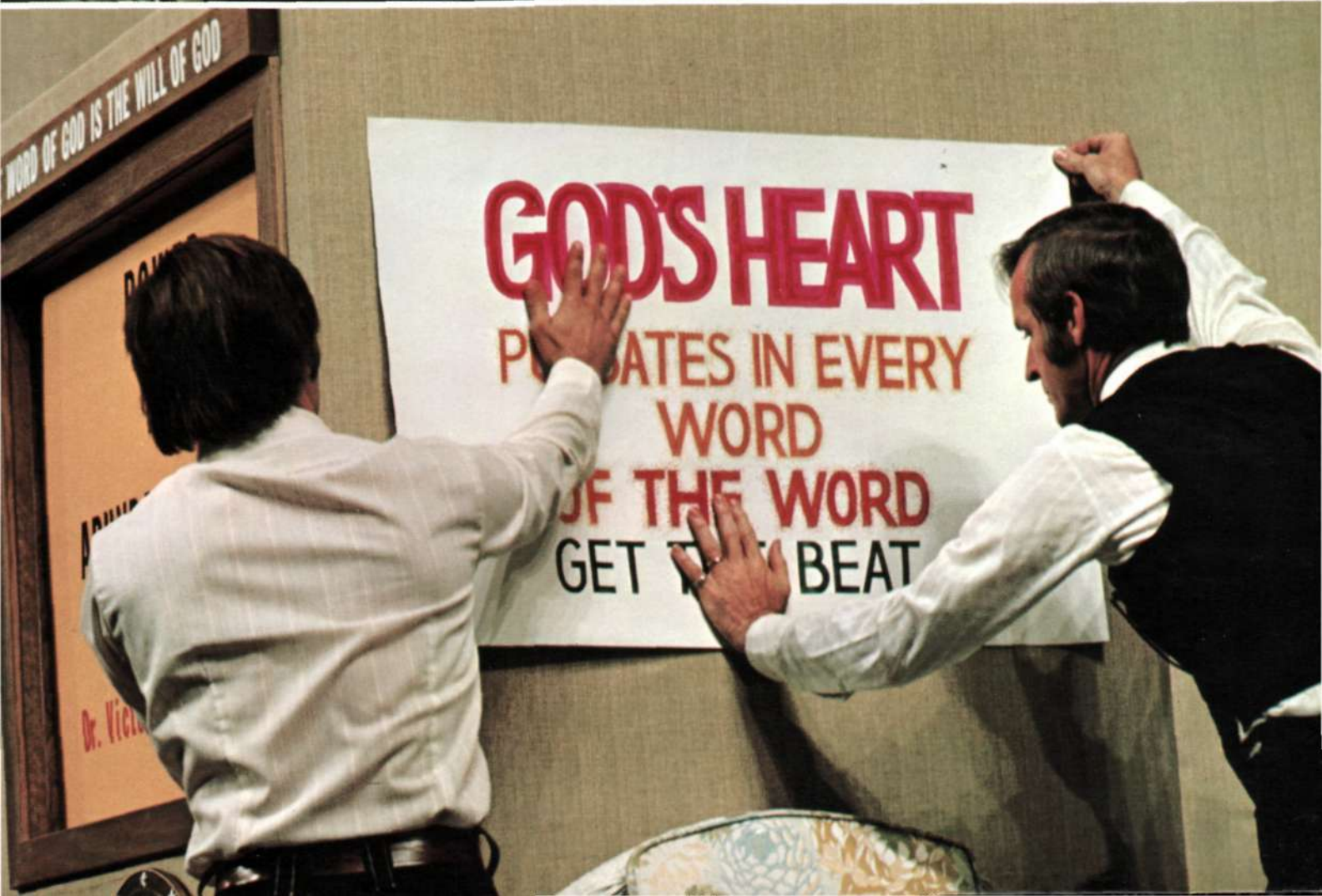
Four individuals, four interviews, one mind.

"Primarily, Joyful Noise is not a musical group – it's a family of believers."

– Tom Burke



PFAL  
'77















**Part IV**  
**Highlights, Incidents, Details**



### **The Body of Christ**

Stride, by thundering stride  
he pounds his dauntless course—  
the race of life.

Breath, 'pon whooshing breath  
he breathes his precious fuel—  
the grace of God.

Thus, the Body of Christ  
O'er heaven's destined path  
displays the joy of life,  
disdains the Devil's wrath.

— *Anthony Patch*

*PIAUB*  
*77*

### **The First Hour**

on the edge of my seat  
I waited  
every second expecting  
the camera signaled  
He began

the words hinted familiarity  
I listened  
truth does not change  
but people's needs  
He taught

undeserving to see and hear  
I received  
the abundant life  
available and obtainable  
He gave

a moment in history  
I participated  
the air electrified  
hearts reaching out  
He illuminated

— *D. Schneider*

*PIAUB*  
*77*

## Intimacy

How is it possible to feel intimate with four thousand people? Why is it that each one of us feels as if we are on the set with The Teacher himself receiving his personal attention? Perhaps because Dr. Wierwille is completely unpretentious and unaffected in his manner. What belongs to him also seems to be ours. He even invites us to come on the set and take pictures, just being careful that we don't move things around. It's a personal message from the man of God to come see where he works. As he teaches, he talks to each one of us, asking questions and presenting ideas as if our opinion really makes a difference to him. And somehow, we each feel that our opinion counts, that he is truly consulting every believer in this matter. If he can be so totally at home with us, there is no reason that we can't achieve the same intimacy with the believers around us at home.

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—Alison Heaney

## Night Owl

The cool night air moves quietly amongst God's people. It is refreshing, quieting. The deep canopy of sky overhead is lit up with the summer stars. The grass underfoot is soft and cool, not yet wet with the morning dew.

At the center of the circle of several thousand, Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille are seated in two lawn chairs. A hundred feet away the House of His Healing Presence stands beneath the trees. The speaker to one side must be on a setting called "Quiet Clarity" for everyone can hear as Dr. Wierwille speaks.

"Today I talked with Bud Morgan (the filmmaker who has been producing a 16mm film of the entire two weeks at PFAL '77). He told me he had never seen 4,000 people move with such ease and he asked me how I did it (referring to composing the picture taken of the entire class). I didn't really do it. All I know, people, is that I never lie to you. I never lie to you and so, when I ask you to do something you know that and by the freedom of your will you choose to do it."

More students arrive at the night owl and the circle grows.

"Night owls started in our ministry many years ago when in the evenings after the teaching of the Word at family camp people were too excited to go to sleep right away. Originally, Mrs. Wierwille and I would sit outside, then pretty soon people would come and sit down with us. It is many times the most peaceful, healing time for me.

"We call this a 'night owl'; if it goes after midnight, it's called 'hoot owl.'"

Dr. Wierwille stands and looks around the circle of people seated around him.

"If a day ever went by when I couldn't talk to my heavenly Father, I'd quit. I talked to my

earthly father. Surely we can talk to our heavenly Father. We can become so alive to the presence of God, just as we are to that of our earthly parents. Likewise, we have a great love for Him, as we do for our earthly mother and father."

Earlier in the day, Dr. Wierwille had recalled coming home from college very late at night as a young man often does. His mother and father would get up, nevertheless, and they'd visit awhile. Then his mother would go off to bed knowing her husband wanted to talk to his son. The next morning he and his dad would be out working in the barn. After a while his dad would put down his work and say, "Let's sit and talk awhile."

"That's just it, people. We talk to our parents, yet the world would have you believe you cannot talk to your heavenly Father. His love for us is certainly no less than our parents. Surely He has made it available for us, His children, to walk and talk with Him every day."

Lisa Lockridge brings her guitar to the center of the circle.

Her beautiful clear voice reaches out to the edges of the circle and beyond. Dr. Wierwille then calls for prayer, first in English, then Spanish, then German, Dutch, French. Amens are heard in other languages when each prayer is finished. Dr. shares, "It's so wonderful to me, because even though I don't understand all of those languages I can sit here while they pray and speak in tongues, which is perfect prayer. We are all praying to the same God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ."

More sharing and then graciously he and Mrs. Wierwille say good night. The circle of people also rises and gradually melts into the night.

—David Walker

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## Coffeehouse

No rhinestone suits or make-up  
No long rehearsal hours,  
No one requests our autographs  
Or sends us cards and flowers.

We eat our meals where you do.  
We live right down your hall.  
You've seen us in the showers –  
We're human, one and all.

But tonight we'll pull our poems out  
And tune up our guitars.  
We do it for the family,  
But we're not superstars.

Tonight we'll have a coffeehouse –  
That's what the flyer said.  
We'll bless each other from the heart  
And then we'll go to bed.

• – Tom Burke

In the lounge of Palmer Hall four women begin to do warm-up exercises on the floor. While a coffeehouse starts to take shape in the other half of the lounge, the four dancers stretch and contract in a constant rhythm. When it is their turn to perform one girl introduces the group. I confess that it puzzles me how one can relate dance to the Word, yet I know there has to be a way. The leader begins to explain.

These girls have worked together in New York as serious dancers, but also as believers committed to God and His Word. They have discovered several means of dedicating their work to God. The first that they demonstrate to us is prayer in dance movement. One girl prays out loud while dancing the words. Another moves along beside her in silence. They have worked out movements for different words such as "thank you," "sons," "grace," "life," "called out," "giving," and so on. In beautiful unison they rise and fall in relation to what is being prayed. There is room for improvisation as long as they can move smoothly into the right position for designated words. Their dance becomes a living prayer.

The other exercise they perform is improvisation on certain themes distributed at random to each dancer. The first receives the topic "the greatest cargoes of life come in over quiet seas." She breaks into a fluid movement bringing it to a high intensity and then down to gentle swaying. It is a whole new approach to the Word. They have enough time to do one more. "The thing which I greatly feared is come upon me." In this, two women taunt one another until the one is consumed by what she had brought upon herself. In the end, however, she pulls herself together and remains unmoved by the fear. The coffeehouse turns out not only to be entertaining, but also inspiring as to how far the Word will go in our culture.

• – Alison Heaney

I want to tell the world what I did  
I want to let them know I'm free  
I faced that fear and kicked it out  
It's God in Christ in me.

I killed the "big chicken" at the coffeehouse. It was my excuse for not doing things, my name for fear. I shook as I played my guitar. I remember thinking, "Praise God it's my legs, not my hands." By the last verse, I could sing to my family, not my guitar. When I got back to my room, I was just bubbling.

– Gwyn Schultz

## Night Owl in the Dorm

It was late but the day wasn't over yet. I was on my way to a night owl in my dormitory. I walked briskly out to McKinley Avenue and stuck my thumb out at the traffic going toward Wilson Dorm. A little V.W. Rabbit approached the intersection with flashing blinkers, lurched into the turn and came to a stop right underneath my thumb. The driver politely moved the shopping bags so I could sit down and asked me where I was going. I told him. It was a short ride but very time saving for me. We talked about the great size of the Ball State campus and I learned that my driver friend was a seminary student from a small college in Tennessee. I had just enough time to brief him on a class called Power for Abundant Living and the accuracy of God's Word as he pulled the car off the road to let me out. I stepped out into the summer night with a mind to night owl.

Wayne Clapp, Donna Bifulco and I had been assigned to work together. They both met me in the lobby of Wilson as the brethren started to arrive. We moved into a smaller sitting room, made ourselves at home and I said, "Welcome." And then in mock seriousness, "We have one rule that must be strictly observed. No one is allowed to have any fun." Rev. Jimmy Doop's wife seated to my left picked up in the gag and started to leave the room. "No, Judy, come back, I was only kidding." We continued the prank as everyone laughed. The room had begun already to glow with good humor and thanksgiving. A night owl session is a very special time in The Way Ministry. Whether these warm, intimate, reflective times are spent around campfires in The Way woods of International Headquarters or in the lobby of a college dormitory, the heart is the same. God's people come together to gently and vibrantly receive the blessing of a family fellowship in the late hours before bedtime. Some fifty of heaven's holiest sat in chairs and on the floor before me. We stood up individually and introduced ourselves "Jay from Canada, Connie from California, Margo from Ohio, Bill from New York." Young and old, Americans and visitors from other countries had all come tonight to be blessed by one another's company. Five raised hands replied to my question, "Who has a favorite psalm?" "Praise ye the Lord," Jay from Canada began to read. "For it is good to sing praises unto our God; For it is pleasant and praise is comely. He healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their wounds," he continued. A sense of quiet acquiescence pervaded the room. At my nod a young guitarist from Virginia had begun to strum softly as Jay and the others continued reading. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore, will not we fear, though the earth be removed. . . . Be still and know that I am God," came the Father's reassurance as the next reader mingled his voice with the background brightness of guitar chords.

We all sang after the psalmist's advice ("to sing praises unto our God") from our repertoire of *Sing Along The Way* tunes. Men and women from around the world joined together, thinking the same thing, namely that "believing" is the key to heaven.

As our night owl progressed, we heard our guitarist's original song entitled "Each One Win One." It told the story of how he had been led to take Power for Abundant Living for the first time by one of our WOW Ambassadors and then months later introduced someone new to the miracle of the new birth through that class. "You know," I said, "that reminds me of Rev. Martindale's teaching of how Jesus Christ ministered spiritual understanding to the two on the road to Emmaus and how God's believing for us in Ephesians chapter one is to have the eyes of our understanding enlightened that we may know the exceeding greatness of His power to us. If you all take a moment to think of how God helped pluck you out of the work-a-day world and bring you to Muncie, Indiana, I'm sure you'll see some miracles. Anyone want to share?" I smiled at the eager faces of those who had raised their hands. A young black man from Baltimore named Robert spoke softly at first. "For a while there, I wondered if we would make it here. We just didn't have the money. I guess I just forgot that God would take care of us. On the evening before we needed to have our money in, a check came in the mail for \$600. It was a tax refund that wasn't due, for another month." He looked around the room, and smiled slowly. "My wife Laura has something she'd like to share—right honey?" Laura bounced pertly to her feet and began her story. "I'm a secretary with a large insurance company and all my co-workers told me it was impossible for me to get any time off during June and July. The secretaries and other staff members had been asked to vacation only in the spring and late August and I had already cleared a week's vacation with my supervisors for the Rock of Ages. Since I've been with the company for only a year, the one week vacation is all I'm eligible for. To be honest, I was a little nervous about losing my good job by going against company policy, but I wanted so much to be here for this class. Well anyway," Laura continued, "my supervisor sent me to see the personnel director and I told him my story." Laura beamed as she said, "I got to tell him all about the PFAL class and the ministry. I'd hardly said two words to him during the whole year I'd worked in his branch. He listened with interest, gave me no answer and said I'd have to see the branch manager. Well, I went to the branch manager, whose office was in the west wing of the complex. I'd never really spoken to him before but as soon as I began to talk about Power for Abundant Living my enthusiasm made him smile and talk in a friendly way asking questions like, 'Has this

## Night Owl in the Dorm

class helped your marriage and home life?' Can you imagine," she exclaimed, "your boss's boss asking you a question like that? I told him all about how the class will increase harmony in the home and how Robert and I had never been closer and more loving than after PFAL. The branch manager told me that any exceptions to company policy had to be made by the district manager and that I would have to see him. Meanwhile, all the secretaries in my department and the supervisors were talking about me and who did I think I was asking for extra time off. The day before I had to see the district manager my supervisor said to me over coffee, 'Laura, I think you'd better reconsider about this Bible thing you want to go to. You earn a good salary here, you're due for an increase in September and my evaluation goes a long way to determine how fast you advance.' "Well," Laura said matter of factly, "this made me a little angry. I asked her what she meant. Then she said that she couldn't honestly recommend me for promotion if I thought so little of my job as to leave

whenever I felt like it." Laura's eyes flashed as she finished her story. "Not only did I explain to my supervisor that God has never failed to meet my needs and that I depend on promises from His Word for prosperity, but also that the class we were going to attend was responsible for keeping my life in top shape so I could be the best for the company. I wanted her to like me and approve of me but God comes first. The next day I went to see the district manager. I explained to him that it wasn't because I thought so little of my job but that I thought enough of it and the company to want to do my very best. By the time I finished telling him how Power for Abundant Living taught me how to live the best life, be the best secretary, wife and mother, he had a pen in his hand writing an interoffice memo to my branch manager requesting my two weeks." We all gave Laura a round of applause as she sat down. And so the stories went—more miracles of God's power at work in His people's lives to bring them to PFAL '77.

— Bill MacHarg

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## PFAL '77 — Beyond The Measure Of Great Expectations

Anticipation, realization and memory are three aspects involved in experiencing any event. Never have I been so keenly aware of these states as with Power for Abundant Living '77. Prior to the live class, I taught a class on New Testament History and had related the uniqueness of PFAL '77 to the history of our administration, the Church of Grace. In doing so I had built my own anticipation for the most outstanding event in modern history. What was about to occur was simply unprecedented. The gathering of nearly 4,000 believers to fellowship and study God's Word for two weeks would certainly be a milestone.

My wife, Brenda, and I came to PFAL '77 with literally great expectations, Brenda being nine months pregnant and scheduled to deliver within the following two weeks. "The first one is usually late," we were assured as we made arrangements to have the baby when we were back home.

The first week arrived and I immediately immersed myself in the work as a staff member and the learning all about me as a student. I was forging my goals into reality as I savored each

golden moment of the opening week. The intensity of my Ephesians 3:20 week crescendoed on Wednesday, June 22, 1977 at 3:15 p.m. at Ball Memorial Hospital, Muncie, Indiana when Brenda gave birth to a baby girl, Melissa Dawn. A miracle emerged before my eyes as I watched the doctor deliver our firstborn. My eyes swelled with tears as I beheld the beauty and perfection of newborn life. "Melissa . . . Melissa . . . Belissima!" All that week meant so far was magnified and heightened beyond the measure of my initial expectations.

As I reflect upon all that took place, my heart overflows with thanksgiving. I realize that I had placed a limit on the impact the first week of PFAL '77 would have upon my life. God went far beyond my grandest expectations. The birth of a child is one of life's highest joys, a blessing to be shared. To have been privileged to share our joy with so many of God's household enriched our birth experience immensely. Because of the birth of Melissa Dawn, PFAL '77 was more than merely a memorable event, it has become a treasured once-in-a-lifetime experience to reflect upon God's love.

— Lonnell E. Johnson

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'77

## The Banquet

Everything at the President's Banquet was polished to perfection. I gazed upward and followed an endless garland of roses which wound its way down the walls and across the ceiling. Next to me were classical columns laced with vines and roses. Four very regal looking musicians sat on the stage and played classical pieces in a controlled majestic tempo. One man, an elegant violinist with a slender frame and royal bone structure, slowly turned his head to view the guests as they filed in. With a graceful nod of his head, he acknowledged the audience by winking and pulling back his lips into a wide cheshire-cat grin. The rest of the quartet broke into smiles and short nods of their heads, and then as suddenly, all four of them were as somber as statues. It was as if the Venus de Milo had leaned over and winked at a passer-by. I had never seen classical musicians look jovial. We certainly are different from the world.

– Alison Heaney



Dr. Wierwille held one up, beaming with pride. Each of the special guests received one. In fact, *all* of the guests received one. Even the waiters, waitresses and cooks each received one. If you attended the President's Banquet, *you* received one.

Take a good look at that plate. We'll start with the outside perimeter.

Amid a flourish of gold, you'll notice reproductions of buildings which represent our property in Ohio, Indiana, Kansas and Colorado. At the top, of course, is The Way Tree, symbolizing every Leaf, Twig, Branch, Limb and Trunk of our world-wide ministry.

And at the center? Thirty-five years of research, culminating in a gathering of 4,000 who've come from around the world to hear one man teach; also represented – pioneer work in the translation of the Aramaic language, a seemingly insignificant farm town in northwestern Ohio; the proclamation of the Book of Ephesians as a pinnacle of God's revelation to man and a class called Power for Abundant Living.

With all of its land holdings, classes, scholarly achievements and banquets, with followers from all 50 states and over 50 countries, The Way International is a massively impressive organization. Have you ever asked yourself, "What's behind it all?"

Turn the plate over.

"The Word of God is the Will of God."

– Tom Burke



## Seeing It In Little Things

Being human and therefore susceptible to making mistakes in even the most heavenly of surroundings, I proceeded to make one the very first day I was here. But God's grace is so big and the work of Jesus Christ so complete that not only have we been redeemed from our sins, but the consequences of those sins as well. Let me explain.

By 6:00 p.m. Saturday, June 25, my suitcase which I should have taken to my room when I arrived but didn't, was missing. No one I talked to knew anything about it. I struggled with my mind not to despair as the first night passed without my finding it. I kept thinking of Colossians 3:15, "... let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body; and be ye thankful." I understood my present need to allow the peace of God to rule in my heart and I know I have the responsibility of being thankful but I couldn't quite see how being called to the one Body fit in. Of course, my personal tutor, God, never leaves me ignorant for very long and I soon realized there was more involved in the peace of God reigning in my life than just me and God. I realized that I can let the peace of God rule because I'm a member of the Body and God can work in any one of them to meet my need which at the time was finding my suitcase. It is according to the believing of the whole Body that we meet needs and that we get needs met just as it took the believing of some-

one else to listen to God and take care of my suitcase for me.

So much understanding! So much new light! But, still no suitcase. Where, I wondered, could it be - wasn't I believing?

The next afternoon while "on the drought it came to me . . .," of course I was going to find my suitcase. This wasn't a positive confession; it was an absolute knowingness. I knew without a doubt that I had just heard that still small voice. God had told my spirit and my spirit had just told my mind that I would find it. I believed.

About three hours later while on duty as an usher a friend came up to me, "Mary, I've got your suitcase. I don't know how it got there, but it's in my room." Every operation of the manifestation of believing results in the working of a miracle or a gift of healing!

I was thrilled and thankful to get my suitcase back, but the real thrill was in knowing that God had actually talked to me and that another miracle had been wrought by the power of God within His people. The fact that such occurrences have become rather commonplace in my life in no way deletes the joy and rejoicing that fills my heart nor the awe I stand in at the grace and love wherein we stand (I Kings 19:11,12).

God is our Father, not a Cecil B. DeMille. The very greatest of His miracles is what He has made you and me and the spectacle of His love is found in our day-by-day victory walk with Him.

- Mary Lawler

## Central Office

The first thing about Central Office to greet the eye in walking toward it is a long table, draped smartly in white pleated cloth. From 8 a.m. to 11 p.m., when the office is open, someone is seated at this table to answer questions and to direct the saints to the right departments at the other tables in the office.

Around the perimeter of the room are departments – Travel, Transportation, Housing, Mail, Manpower. There are typewriters and a printing press, a lost and found locker and a bookshelf with the class materials. At each department there is work going on. Arrangements are made for getting someone to the airport, the daily Powerline newsletter is being printed, a pair of sunglasses are retrieved from lost and found.

This could be like any office in the world, but where God's people are, there is something else going on. Rev. Martindale is talking to John Kish. "I heard Dr. Wierwille say give John some cloth and baling wire and he can make anything look like the Taj Majal."

John smiles and his eyes sparkle. One of the two girls on the couch is wondering how she will be able to get everything done in the remainder of the day, and the other offers to help. One man comes in to thank the girl at the Manpower desk, and tell her that the job he'd gotten help on was done beautifully.

There's always work to do. But where God's people are, the work gets done because things are used and people, loved.

– David Walker



## Toeing The Line

I walked in the bathroom and Dave, a believer from Ohio, was running cold water over a black and blue toe. He had just smashed it into a door. I asked him if he would like for me to minister to him and he said "yes." After ministering I told him to walk around and it would be okay. But on the inside I felt he needed more but I couldn't exactly place my finger on it. So I lifted him in perfect prayer and continued believing for his deliverance. Later that day coming down the stairs of the dorm, I met Dave and asked him how his toe was. He said, "Oh it's better. I just need more believing." I looked at him and said cheerfully, "You've got it." Immediately his face lit up and I knew he was healed.

Later, after talking with him he told me one of his goals for PFAL '77 was to prove to himself he could believe God. He told me he got his answer that day when I told him he had believing and his toe was healed.

– Mike Van Dyke



### Only Believe

Mrs. D. and a group of believers were stuck in an elevator on the eighth floor of their dormitory at 12:30 a.m. one day last week. No mechanics or helpers were around at that hour, and it looked as if these few sons of God might have to walk eight floors. Undaunted, Mrs. D. took charge. "Now we'll get a chance to prove where our believing's really at!" she announced, and rapping on the elevator door she commanded, "In the name of Jesus Christ, you be downstairs in five minutes!" It wasn't two minutes before the elevator moved and they were on their way.

Mrs. D. has also had the chance to operate God's healing power at PFAL '77. She was with another woman who had suddenly lost her balance due to a serious ear infection and had to be seated in a chair near Mrs. D. The woman asked Mrs. D. to minister to her and "trembling and shaking," Mrs. D. did.

"It felt like a balloon in my ear had burst," said the woman, who was completely delivered on the spot. Afterwards, the woman inquired how Mrs. D. knew where to touch her and what was wrong. "I only know what God showed me," said Mrs. D.

The reason Mrs. D. had been trembling and shaking was that she had never been taught how to minister healing. She only believed.

- Power Line

## Family Game

The basketball teams had been picked and the full-length court was now populated with all the participants of the contest. Five young men from the ranks of Ball State's athletic program who had been working in the gymnasium this summer banded together against five young men from different parts of the country who had come to the University for Power for Abundant Living '77. The gym wasn't air conditioned and the large overhead lights seemed to add to the heat of the summer afternoon. Beads of sweat had begun to trickle down my face as I warmed up at the free throw line.

The men on our team were introducing themselves to one another. "Hi," a tall blond man said as he shook my hand, "my name is Tim." "Mine's Bill," I said as I smiled back at him. Around we went until we all knew at least the first names of our teammates.

We were eager to start, welcoming the playtime and exercise. Joe and Gerry were brothers, dark hair and eyes, good stocky builds and big smiles, made them look like twins.

I asked, "Are you guys, twins?"

"No," Jerry laughed, "everybody asks us that. We just look alike." Jerry threw the ball to his brother. Joe caught it in his big right hand and laid it right up into the basket from underneath where he was standing.

"Yeah, we do get asked that a lot," he said. "I like to get everyone to admit I'm better looking." The brothers looked at each other and laughed.

The fifth man's name was Larry. Larry whistled "I Saw the Light" from over in the corner where he practiced his jumpshot. He looks blessed, I thought. The other team suggested we have a game of fifteen baskets. We accepted, picked who we wanted to guard and brought the ball into play.

My man was approximately my size, quick and rough. The other men were evenly matched in height as the contest got off to a fast start. Our opponents caught the first rebound and scored the first basket and increased their lead to 2-0 after we missed our second shot. "Wait a minute, time out," called Larry the whistler. "I

knew we forgot something," he said, as we huddled around him. "Let's pray. Thanks for a fun game, Father. Thank you for your love and protection about us and that we all play together as a family to glorify you, through Christ. Amen."

That was just what we needed – to get like-minded. I brought the ball in from out of bounds and dribbled up toward our basket. From the corner, I saw tall blond Jim break for the basket. I picked a point in space between him and the basket and threw a high pass which he caught on his way up and dropped into the basket on his way down. My goodness that man can jump, I thought. Jim's opponent looked more surprised than anyone.

On the next play, Joe and Jerry double-teamed Jerry's man, stole the ball, threw it down court to me on a fast break, scoring the tying basket. From that point on, we dominated the game with the authority of love; a family team playing together. The other team played well, but their skills as individuals were no match for our mobile Twig fellowship.

After the game, the young man I had guarded during the game came up and shook my hand.

"Nice game," he said in between heavy breaths. I thanked him and he asked, "What did you say in that huddle?"

"Well, we're all here together as grads of a class called Power for Abundant Living. We've never met before, but we all believe the same things from that class and so we have a lot in common."

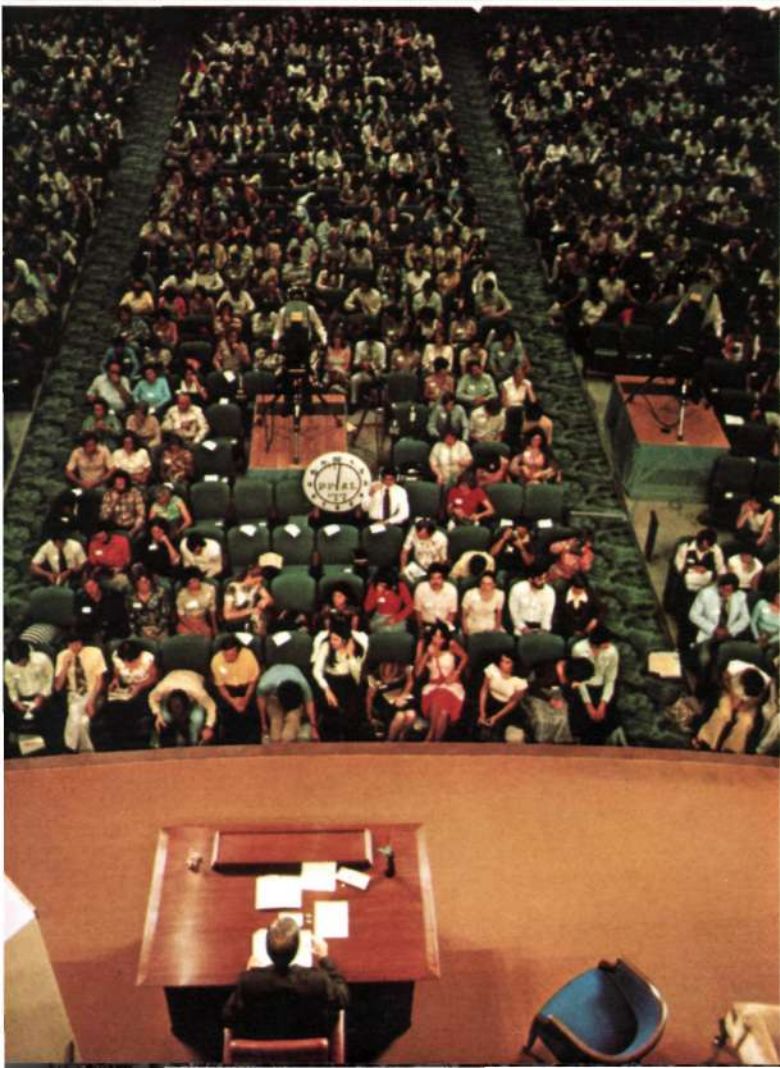
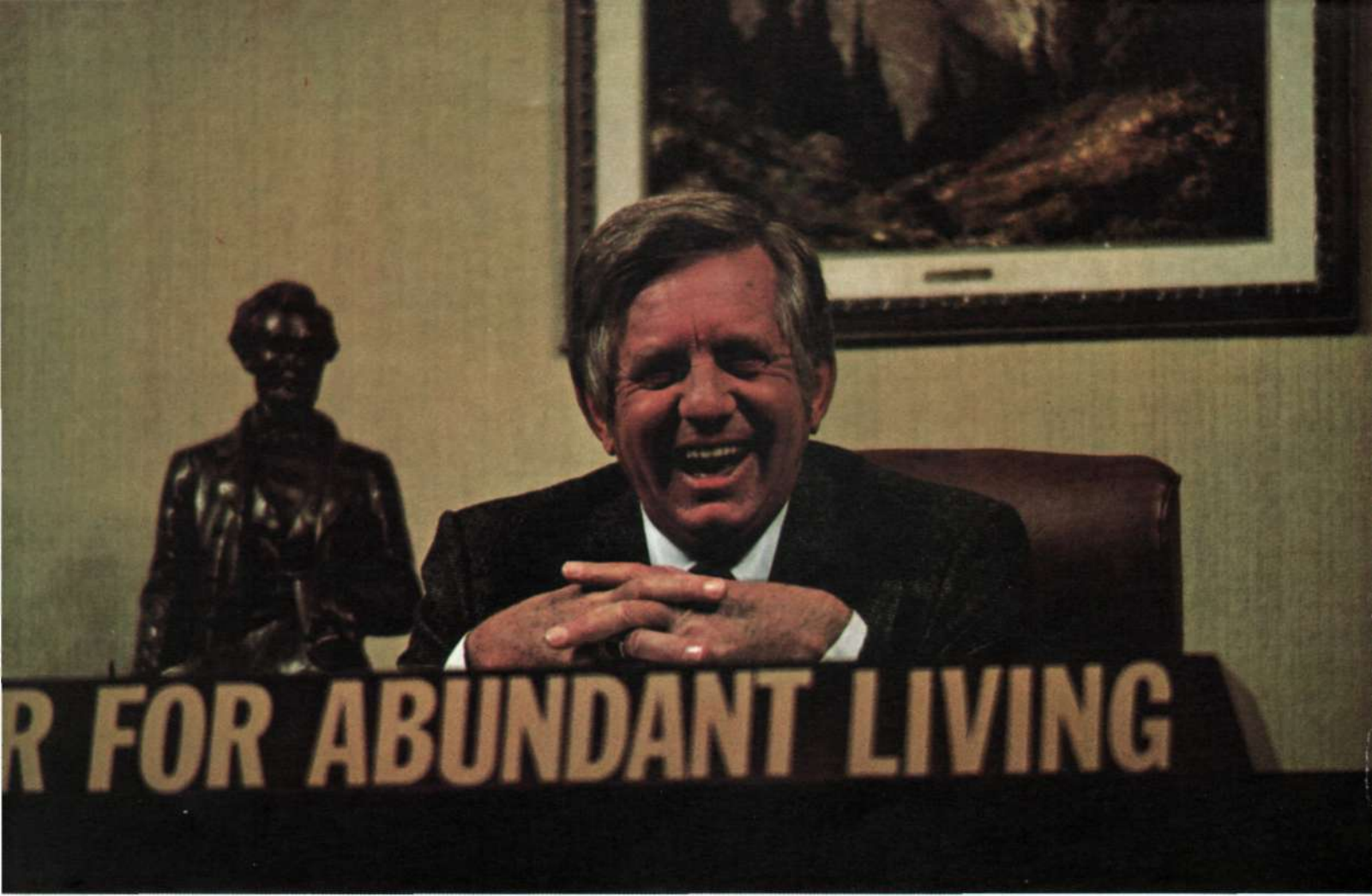
"Yeah, man," my friend said, "you played like a team."

"You know, that's what we were doing in that huddle; thanking God that we could play as a family."

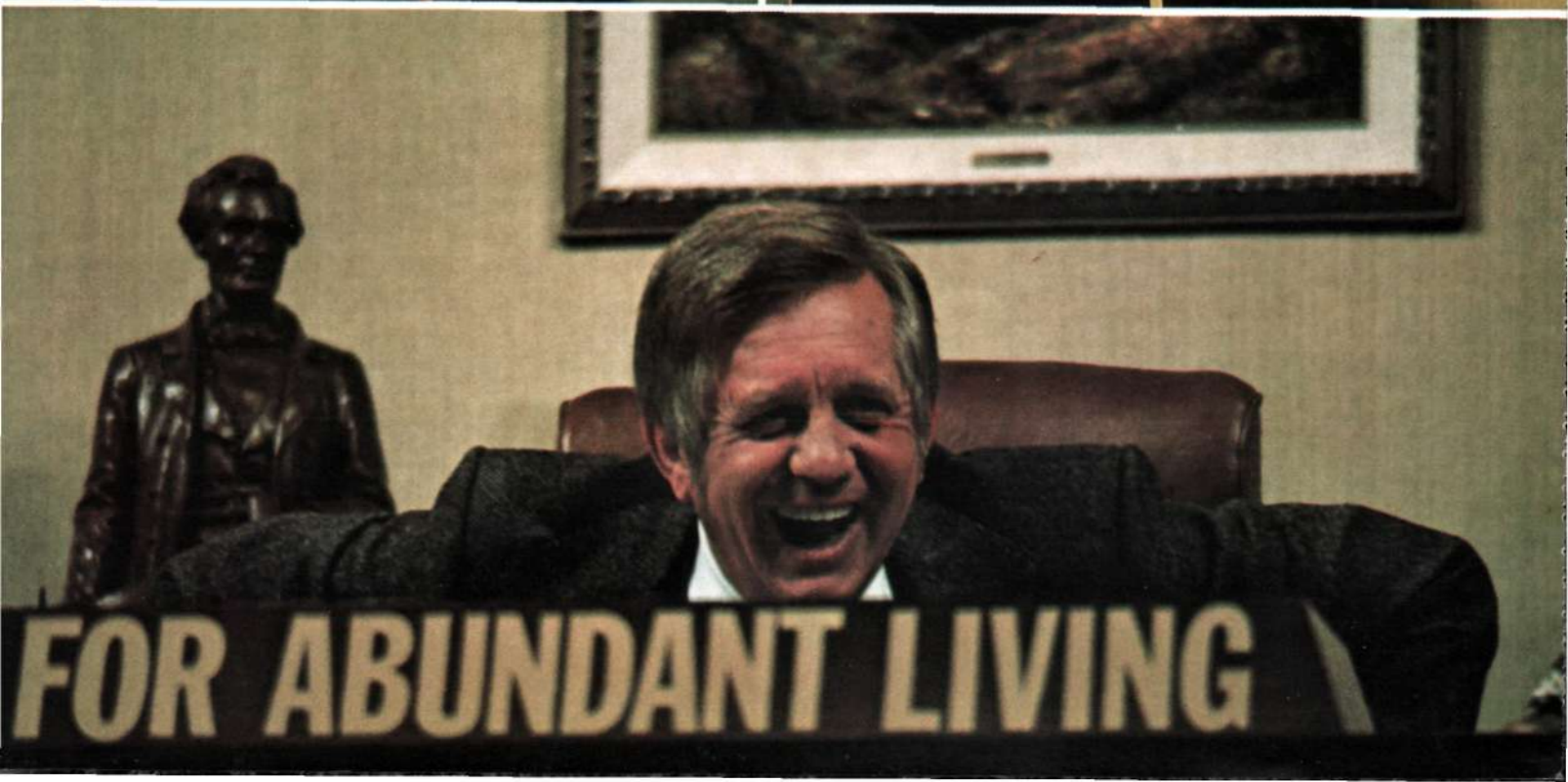
"See you around," he said and walked off the court with a pensive look on his face. "Maybe you can come back and play us again sometime," he concluded, turning toward me from the doorway as a smile broke across his face.

"We'll be here for two weeks; you'll be seeing us. God bless."

"Yeah," he said, still smiling, "You too."





















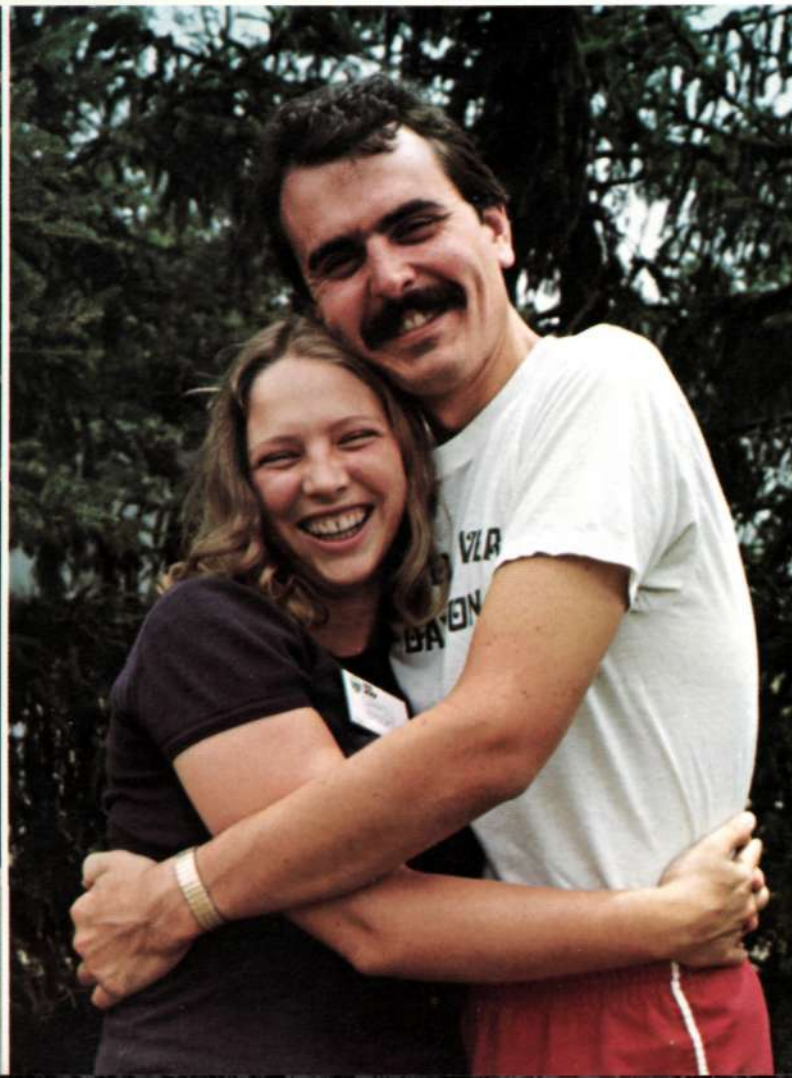




I AM AN  
AMBASSADOR  
FOR CHRIST!



PEARL '77





**Part V**  
**The Closing**





## Last Session Of the Class

Joe Coulter looked around the lounge at his solemn crew members. "Well, tonight's the last hour of PFAL '77," he said. "Yup, she's over," and his lips closed tight. After several moments of silence he began to pray. "Father, thank you for this night, for perhaps the last time Dr. will teach this class live . . ." His voice broke and then slowly began again in a softer tone. "Let this class tonight be without a flaw that it may bless our children and our grandchildren for years to come." One by one the crew lifted their responsibility. "Let the tapes be perfect, Father." "We claim perfect health God; don't let us get tired." "Guard the equipment, Father, we can't have any complications." They sang together and then took one last check at their clothes and watches before going upstairs to start the cameras.

It is 7:00 p.m. on the last night of the class. Dr.'s family arrives and comes on stage to be introduced. There is a pleased hush as Dean Wierwille sings the "Ninety and Nine." Its words bring comfort as he sings in his deep easy voice. "And although the way be dark and steep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."

No one can guess at the memories and dreams Dr. Wierwille reviews in his mind tonight. The Doersams come forward and speak of the ministry from their twenty-one years of experience. Dr. laughs in delight at the memories they recall. Then Mr. Doersam remarks that it is exactly the same Word tonight as it was twenty-one years previously. We all know that, but it's nice to hear him say it.

Later on the teaching starts and we can feel Dr. Wierwille's excitement. He teaches fast and often interrupts himself with short bursts of laughter. In glee, he makes each record come alive, acting every part and constantly showing the "humanness" of each incident. "Oh people," he pleads, "can't you see? This stuff is living, it's as real today as it was 2,000 years ago." "Oh boy, he's hot tonight," say those who have watched him

teach for years. One time Dr. stops himself in a sentence and says, "God says 'shut up,' I'll teach this later. I work for Him you know!"

There is an amazing sense tonight of Dr. Wierwille being our father. As he reaches into the Old Testament to tell us about Jeremiah, Isaiah and other prophets, one cannot help but connect this great man with the men of God of old. Each word he teaches has been backed up by his action which we have all witnessed. In a voice of experience and great love, he describes the work of a pastor because he knows what it is.

"And that ladies and gentlemen is Power for Abundant Living." The class is over and we rush upstairs to catch the final moments on video. A man's life has been poured into two weeks of teaching and it's over. I pull a chair over in front of the TV screen and watch the closing events. Several others are gathered around, for the first time in two weeks, no one is really sure what to do.

After the stage is clear, we sit for a minute with our thoughts, some of us with our eyes still wet. Then I look up and see that unmistakable figure walking through the back of the stage among the ropes and musical equipment. He's walking towards us and we rise instantly to greet him. For a second he holds my arms and kisses me and seems to thank me for coming to the class. Then he walks on and I watch him greet each person in turn. Soon I see him in his shirt sleeves moving some box that has gotten in the way. There is really nothing else to be done except start the final process of cleaning up. We need to move on, there is no time to sit and dwell on the class. I remember something Dr. Wierwille taught at a summer camp years ago when I attended my first one. "We've had a mountaintop experience here," he said, "but you can't stay on the mountain forever. It's now time to go back into the valley of human need and minister the Word that we have learned." No one questioned this; we were ready to go.

- Alison Heaney

## The Teacher's Final Words

"The Church ought to be the most healing place in the world. You don't know this, but it's very lonely for me at times. I'd just love to come to your little Twig and kick off my shoes. But I can't. It's not that you don't do enough. You just do too much.

"The hardest thing for me to learn was how to receive from my people. I would have been content last night just to have climbed in my motor-coach and snuggled up and said 'good night,' but instead I was out with you, hugging and kissing and sharing tears. That's the hardest. I'd just as soon teach the Word and say 'That's it.' But I had to learn to let others give to me."

That was the last thing he said to us before giving his final salutation. He and Mrs. Wierwille, garbed in formal wear, celebrated their 40th wedding anniversary before a crowd of 4,000. As a token of love, they had given each believer a "before and after" picture, one at their marriage and the other forty years later. On the left, a boy of twenty with his young bride, both untouched by the criticism and sting of the

world. Undaunted, courageous and poised with an unmistakable glint of determination. At his side, a trusting bride, poised with quiet strength. Who could have told them, save God Himself, of the picture that was to appear on the right?

Dr. Wierwille did more than pioneer Biblical research and teaching in America. He and his wife accepted the responsibility that inevitably attaches itself to the words of life. They, as spiritual trail blazers, stepped into the roles of president and first lady, of sitting at the head tables, of wearing fancy clothes and riding the fancy bus . . . of being up front. But underneath it all, in the solitude of their private lives, they accepted the responsibility of standing on what they taught, of setting the example, of walking in Godly courage and fortitude before the entire world. When Dr. Wierwille said that receiving was his hardest lesson, he was merely telling us that with teaching comes an obligation of living and sharing and being the broken bread until others can learn to break their own. He learned that lesson for us.

*"Well, it's still God's Word!" – VPW*

*– Kris Skedgell*

## Closing the Prayer Vigil

"Father, thank you for the prayers that have been lifted to you perfectly these two weeks. Thank you for our country, for the nations of the world; and Father, for our prayers working to change the course of history."

The small parade walked in silence toward the auditorium. Behind was the House of His Healing Presence. The two weeks of continuous prayer were at an end. Three people walked ahead of the main body of the procession. First, Rev. Walter Cummins carried the pennant of PFAL '77, the same one that was carried by the four runners from the Indiana campus. The pennant was attached to a miniature javelin, signifying God's Word hurled over the world.

Next in line, a dozen yards behind, came Rosalie Rivenbark, PFAL '77 coordinator, carrying one of the oil lamps which had burned in the House continuously during the two weeks. Another dozen yards behind her came Bob Winegarner, PFAL '77 business manager, carrying the other lamp.

Behind them came Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille. Dr. Wierwille carried the scroll signed by the 4,000 participants in the class. This scroll, contained in a beautiful leather case, would be sent to President Jimmy Carter.

Following them were H. E. Wierwille, Ermal Owens, Howard Allen, Rev. Bo Reahard, Rev. Craig Martindale, Rev. Del Duncan, Rev. Ian Murphy, and others, each carrying one of the dozen books full of prayer requests made during PFAL '77.

The procession walked across the campus and into the auditorium, down the aisle and up onto the stage.

The auditorium was filled and everyone was silent. Dr. Wierwille walked to the microphone.

"In my heart I believe that the greatest thing during these two weeks has been the continuous prayer vigil at the House of His Healing Presence. Everyday, several times a day, I would

think of it and lift the place and the prayers going up from there."

After Rev. Cummins shared about the pennant, Dr. Wierwille displayed the lamps and the scroll. Of the scroll he said, "We have done our best with this. I am believing to the best of my ability that it will reach President Carter and that it will bless him. It is a gift. As a gift, the recipient is responsible for its utilization."

Next he told us that the twelve books of prayer requests would be taken with him to International Headquarters. There, at the first available time, he would have a fellowship in the woods and there burn the pages to indicate that now all the requests were totally in God's hands.

Then Dr. Wierwille changed his tone and said, "Do we have men in uniform in the auditorium, the uniform of the armed forces of the United States?"

Quickly five men in uniform walked to the front of the auditorium and stepped up on stage. They were greeted with thunderous applause.

Dr. Wierwille announced the Pledge of Allegiance to the flag of the United States. Everyone turned to face the flag to the left of the audience and with hands over hearts and in one voice: the pledge.

Rev. Cummins stepped forward and lifting his hands led the multitude in a resounding chorus of "God Bless America" followed by "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Dr. Wierwille then closed PFAL '77 with a benediction, with prayer for us, for those who will be reached by the film of the class, for the President and all in authority, and finally with these words:

"This officially closes PFAL '77, not the effects and repercussions of this time, but PFAL '77 here in Muncie, Indiana is now closed as of this moment."

Four thousand hearts already prepare for what's next in the outreach of God's Word over the world.

- David Walker

## Freedom Preserved

Yes, we're preserving our freedoms—  
They're pressed in glass,  
Framed in wood,  
And fading fast.

Freedom's but a museum piece.  
"Please don't touch,  
It's very precious.  
Thank you much."

O! That's not the freedom my fathers knew.  
They held it high  
Through hell of war—  
For it they died.

'Twas won by the challenge of a few  
Who left their plows,  
Ran to the fight—  
Made solemn vows.

'Twas loved by the principled men  
Who, pen in hand,  
Wrote their vision  
For the land.

They held these truths in honest hands,  
Standing alone  
To fight for freedom,  
Save their homes.

Now, let's peek behind those powdered wigs,  
And musket balls  
And Valley Forge  
And sacred halls.

Freedom is found in these, but stems  
From older seed—  
It's Christ who made  
Us free indeed!

Our precious freedom – so dearly bought  
With blood of the brave  
Must not be lost;  
God so loved, he gave.

Rise up! Our stand here in Muncie  
Can mean salvation  
For love-starved sons  
And a wandering nation.

And if we want to be known  
As the land of the free,  
Let's show God's freedom  
From sea to sea!

Then, our freedoms are truly preserved  
Within our eyes  
Framed in hearts,  
Displayed in lives.

– Frank Herron

## Burning Of Prayer Requests

Everyone was tired, the good kind of tired that comes at the completion of a job well done. The boxes were packed up, runaway plants and posters collected, the House of His Healing Presence carefully dismantled, the sets moved. Ball State University looked as though we had never been there.

Back at Headquarters the man of God had a promise to keep, one last thing to do before Power for Abundant Living '77 would be a closed book, a complete whole. He asked us to meet him in the woods.

All of the staff from the class gathered, many of the Corps and believers who had stopped by Headquarters on their way back home. The campfire carefully laid by unseen hands, the torches lit, a few chairs set up and here we were in that special place which meant so much to all of us.

The group was quiet yet electric somehow in anticipation. No one had said too much at the staff meeting that morning about the class. It was too close to us. It had meant too much. Tired, yet expecting, relaxing, the night had the feel of similar gatherings after the Rock, or after an Advanced Class when everyone had gone, yet the heart fire embers were still glowing. Joe Coulter and I sat and aimlessly teased each other. I knew he was pleased with his work over the past weeks. A few jokes bounced back and forth between Joe and Paul.

Dr. Wierwille sat on the other side of the circle looking younger than I could have imagined. He pulled us in toward him. Someone started a song.

"Yes, it is Jesus."

"My Jesus, I love thee."

"In the Garden."

The voices in perfect harmony reached through the trees heavenward. "Home again," I thought. It felt good.

As the music stopped he leaned back. All of us knew what he would say and he didn't disappoint us.

"Well kids, it's like a dream to me, everything that happened these past two weeks."

I smiled inside. He always said that after something momentous had taken place, as predictable and lovable as Uncle Harry's prayer for a healthy body and sound mind. But someone was missing - Mrs. Wierwille. Then I remembered. She'd packed and left early that morning for her

class in Emporia. Bless her heart. How she would have loved to be with us sharing this moment, but her life was needed elsewhere.

That voice again talking about the dream, rich and full.

"Rosalie, what was the greatest thing that happened for you at PFAL '77?" And so it started, the sharing of all of us who had been so deeply involved in making the two weeks a success; laughing and crying as incident after incident of God's deliverance came out. No one was shy. It had been our class too in a way. We had been the skeleton that framed the building and made it a cohesive unit "fitly framed."

Finally, after much reminiscing, Dr. Wierwille stood up and said he had a promise to keep. As he talked he brought out a huge stack of prayer requests. It was awesome in size alone. But the thought of so many needs, so many hearts who were sick, for unbelieving husbands, children, parents, beautiful prayers of thanksgiving for God's love. No more pieces of paper, but human lives on pages, the very breath of God's children.

He passed us each a page. "You don't have to read them, just hold them and speak in tongues."

I looked down at mine anyway, drawn to the words and found the loveliest Father's Day prayer to God. It looked like a girl's handwriting. She had listed things she was thankful for, prayers for friends and loved ones and at the end with a dash - "and by the way, Dad, Happy Father's Day!"

My heart got bigger in my chest. How wonderful a Father's Day that must have been for God to see so many of us gathered in His name. He had given His only begotten Son and what He had received in return . . .

Dr. Wierwille was praying, I could tell he too was fighting back the tears.

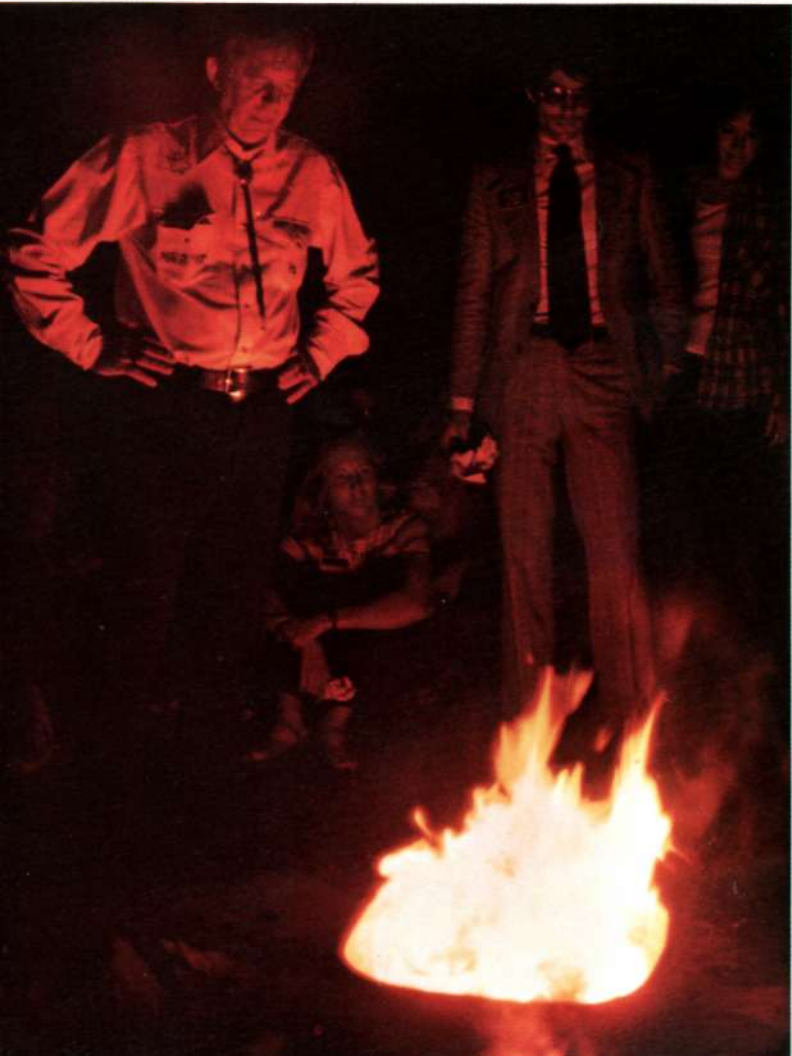
"Lord, I've done all I can for your people. I promised them that we would burn these prayer requests here tonight, releasing all of them to your care . . . These are the hearts of your people, Lord, these pages. I thank you that their prayers are heard and they are answered."


Silently we came to the warmth of the fire offering the requests we held in our hands, releasing them to the Father's infinite mercy and care.

The last promise of Power for Abundant Living '77 was kept. The last chapter closed. Now it was God's turn.


- Stanley Reahard







**Part VI**  
**Deliverance, Praise, Thanksgiving**





## A Bit of Heaven in '77

With four thousand saints, on my way to Heaven,  
I took a break from the world at PFAL '77.  
Not since the first century was heard  
Such greatness of God's matchless Word!  
Learning again God's Word is God's Will . . .  
Taught from His Word, and the heart of  
Victor Paul Wierwille.

Searching our lifetimes, the truth we did seek;  
Then turning to Jesus, our hearts became meek.  
Now Power from on High has made us so bold;  
Our new goal in life – that others are told!  
The accuracy of God's Word starts the heart to mend . . .  
Putting it in application, with believing, we win.

Thank you, Dr. Wierwille, for your life and your love  
For teaching us Heaven's ability is not just above;  
Videotaped, live, PFAL once again  
Continues to roll so more lives can begin.

– Sherry Rose



## The Wonder of the Word

If I could pluck a star from the heavens  
and set it in your soul  
It would not measure light enough to  
shadow the Word that's made you whole.  
For far brighter than anything weighed  
or measured is the endless source of life  
to us – God's Word.  
Only His promises when mixed with our mind  
delivered that quickening spirit; but our believing  
only began when we heard . . .  
the statutes and testimonies of our God!  
How can we let so many men plod  
on life's course without giving them a  
glimpse of the power that would enlighten  
them inside?  
I am not duty bound but love bound to  
speak of God's enduring love – this I  
cannot hide.  
For seems His love poured out to me in  
His words so perfect and pure  
Nothing but His unchanging status could cement  
My foundation so sure.  
I stand in wonder and awe at what  
has been done  
God-breathed, His words fill us with life  
through His Son.

– Shelley Barrier



## Rhapsody in Truth

And here we stand  
Solid, unmovable, hearts  
On fire with life.  
A gleam of purpose in  
Every eye. A stroke upon  
An instrument of four thousand  
Strings. Each smile a symphony,  
A swirling, simple harmony in  
Every well-met friend.  
Every throat a resonant pipe  
In a mighty organ, blending, thrilling,  
Sounding the swelling rhapsody of  
Our spiritual nature.  
All tuned and tempered, all rehearsed  
In our Father's composition. We play  
And pluck, and sing, the sound in  
Styles that we decide. We learn  
Of grace and life and truth in  
Chords of God's design.

– Bob Darnell



## Eyes Enlightened

I heard the Word, I came to Twig,  
Began to dimly see  
The wonders of God's matchless plan,  
The love He has for me.  
And then I learned to speak in tongues,  
And later, prophesied,  
But still deliverance had not come.  
My heart still ached inside.  
I may have needed one whole year  
To finally believe,  
To fill my whole heart with God's Word  
And meekness to receive.  
And I thank God with all my heart  
For you, His ministry,  
For our great Teacher's love and stand,  
And for God's grace toward me.

– Anonymous



## Freedom From Fear

For an hour, for a day, a month or a year  
I can claim each day for freedom; freedom from fear.

It's the light of God's Word showing the Way.  
It's the positive confessions made each day.  
It's the love in my heart for my fellowman.  
It's reading God's Word and saying, "I can."

For an hour, for a day, a month or a year  
I can claim each day for freedom; freedom from fear.

It's starting each day on a spiritual plane.  
It's talking with God and staking my claim.  
It's putting God first, the apex of my vision.  
It's claiming His promises in every decision.

For an hour, for a day, a month or a year  
I can claim each day for freedom; freedom from fear.

It's the comfort of knowing the victory is won.  
It's no longer a servant, now I'm His son.  
It's meekness, yet boldness, one of a kind.  
It's a life of power and love and of a sound mind.

For an hour, for a day, a month or a year  
I can claim each day for freedom; freedom from fear.

- Sonny Culbreth

## Christ In Me

Here I sit  
In tears of joy,  
Because of God's everlasting love –  
I can't thank God enough  
In heaven above  
For my family  
And friends, and all their love  
For peace of mind  
For perfect health  
For all my needs met  
According to His wealth.

I can't thank God enough  
In heaven above  
For giving me eternal life  
Through His love  
Just knowing His words are pure  
And not a fairy tale or story  
For surely I have  
CHRIST IN ME  
The hope of glory!

– Linda Meyer Harden

*PIBUB*  
77

## Coffee Christian

I'm a percolator for Jesus.  
I'm a coffeepot for Christ.  
My grounds are rooted in the Word,  
A basket full of life.

The liquid drips into the pot  
And warms me to the spout.  
I feel the warmth of God within  
And hear it pouring out.

Recorded in the Book of Life,  
My spirit is plugged in.  
No fear of condemnation  
With God in Christ within.

– Tom Thurman

*PIBUB*  
77

## Exhortation

Certainly God is alive and  
we need Him to survive.

But there's more to life than existence  
And more to work than subsistence.

Seek and you'll find,  
So sharpen your mind.

Just give the Holy Book  
A little closer look.

Watch words living, breathing,  
Their veins and capillaries seething.

With God's quickening council,  
You've no reason to be doubtful.

Jesus Christ can make you whole –  
That was his perfect role.

All the words you need to hear  
Are waiting, and they're very near.

Read the Bible, come out of your shell.  
Take a class called PFAL.

– Mrs. Jerry Claussen



## Dear God, I Thank You

Dear God, I thank you for your love that you  
pour into my heart,  
I thank you for lifting me up and giving me a  
new start.  
I thank you for all the little blessings that come  
with each new day,  
I thank you for the new life of Christ within for  
which Christ did already pay.  
I thank you for speaking in tongues,  
the proof that I am yours,  
I thank you for the path on which I walk that it's  
all open doors.  
I thank you that my heart has no more need of  
strife,  
I thank you most of all for giving me  
eternal life.

– Della Waite



## The Teacher

"This is the Word!" he boldly declares,  
And again, "This is the Word!"  
His adamant finger tapping the book,  
Once again God's will is being heard.  
Farmer and doctor, the trucker and cook;  
Parents, their children, all reading God's book.  
Secrets unfolding and mysteries revealed -  
We are now more than conquerors, and satan must yield.

"You are the best!" I've heard many times,  
"I love you, you *are* the best!"  
Well . . . I stumbled, I fell; thinking, this can't be true,  
Then I applied it, and it stood the test.  
The past is past, I'll now look ahead,  
Walking with God, for the "old man" is dead.  
Sing praises will I with the mind of Christ  
With the wiles of satan to be no longer enticed.

"This is the Word!" the teacher declares.  
The light will be shed 'cross the earth.  
Thank God for His Son Christ Jesus our Lord  
And the miracle of the new birth.  
Yet how should one know unless he's been taught?  
How would one know from sin he's been bought?  
Lest there be a teacher to stand for God's Word,  
And that teacher we've got, and he's making it heard.

- John S.

PIBUB  
77

## To Dr. Wierwille, Our Teacher

You taught me how to love  
And how my love to give,  
How to understand God's heart,  
And how, for God, to live.

You taught me so dynamically  
On tapes and videos!  
Of God, our Father's will for me  
And how His Word unfolds.

And here we are together now  
Meeting face to face;  
We have time to share the Word,  
God's Word of love and grace.

You've taught me this Word of God  
That's made my life worth living!  
This same Word I'll teach to others,  
For I've learned that love is giving.

If I could write down my heart in a poem,  
It'd reach from here to "Timbuktu"!  
I just thank my God for His Word of Truth  
And for a faithful man like you.

- Beth Bowen

PIBUB  
77

### Question

If I love each budding tree,  
Each flower, petal, leaf and stem,  
Then how much more should I revere  
The God who has created them?

*- Linda Meyer Harden*

*PERIOD*  
*77*

### His Tender Touch

In the lonely moments in my life when I reached out my hand into the  
empty, love starved world, I could never understand  
Just why no one's warm embrace extended to meet my heartfelt cry  
and held me tight within their arms until my well of tears ran dry  
But how could others hear the words too painful to be spoken  
or loose the chains that bound my heart, too strong by their  
hands to be broken  
For there is one alone who understands, and only He could see behind  
the shell I built to hide my heart, and by His Words bring peace  
of mind  
And still, He alone can love me in the way I need so very much  
And hold me tight within His arms, and heal me by His tender touch.

*- Lynn Keyes*

*PERIOD*  
*77*

### Landscape of the Mind

I know of all the paths in life to choose there must amongst them be  
one way that stands firm, unafraid when frailties are laid bare to see.  
I've found the place where that way lies, a land of wondrous grace,  
I haven't yet walked down its path, but on its promise a believing foot I'll place.  
For I've tired of seeing from the road life's forests hundred shades of green.  
For the forest's beauty lies in hundreds more that from the road aren't seen.  
As I step along its rich black earth my hand is held by one who knows  
the paths of knowledge where we walk, as far and fast as I can go.  
We track each rivulet of wisdom and at its broadened mouth will lie  
quiet pools of understanding whose waters question's thirst can satisfy.  
His seeds of truth implanted in my heart have taken root and there will stay,  
Though the wildflower's tender blossoms of ideas may last for just one day  
Before the pollination of believing cause the seeds to fall to earth  
and by the watering of actions bring its wondrous plans to birth,  
And the morning dew of peace around my heart His love has laid  
That we may hand in hand walk onward unashamed and unafraid.

– Lynn Keyes



## To Dr. Wierwille and Everyone at PFAL '77

To watch Doctor work  
As he holds forth God's Word is an  
experience of excitement like  
nothing you've ever heard.  
He tells it like it is  
He really lays it on the line  
He tells the mystery that's been  
revealed—  
The responsibility is yours and mine.

To hold it forth like never before  
To make that Word of God live  
To stand upon all the promises  
To serve, to love, to give.

To give to those who never had  
the chance to know God's Son  
And teach them Romans 10:9 and 10  
Let them know through Christ  
they've won.

They're born again, Heaven bound  
and nothing can stop them from going.  
Teach about speaking in tongues and  
that is the only way of knowing  
That Christ is within;  
He's been raised from the dead;  
You've been born of incorruptible  
seed  
And nothing is going to take it away.  
It's your power base when you're  
in need . . .

And you know today it's a reality that  
truly we are all going to Heaven.  
And my heart is so glad to be at  
Power for Abundant Living '77!

— Melody Ann Keesler

**PLAUB**  
**77**

## The Mystery

What we all reached for  
And sought for  
And fought for  
And searched for  
And hurt for  
And cried for  
And said we'd die for  
If someone would only tell us  
What it was,  
That somehow unattainable  
Peace of mind  
The unreachable  
Joy of heart  
The unquestionable knowing  
Of who we really are  
That eluded us daily  
Though we continued to reach  
Where was it to be found?  
No one knew.  
All we knew was there was  
Something wrong, wrong  
very wrong  
And so we raised our protest songs  
Without really knowing why  
Except that someone might notice  
We were dying.  
Only it seemed that those  
Who weren't singing  
Were sleeping  
Or causing the pain.  
And so in desperation  
Those with a heart for answers  
Finally turned to God.  
And with an outstretched hand

He brought us in  
And to the few, the very few  
Who really, really wanted  
To know  
He showed  
What it was that we reached for  
And sought for  
And fought for  
And searched for  
And hurt for  
And cried for  
And said we'd die for  
Was for the taking all along  
The unattainable peace  
The unreachable joy  
The unquestionable knowing of who  
We really are  
Was born in our hearts  
And lives there still  
And we needn't die, but  
Live for the mystery  
And continue to train  
Our eyes to see  
The spirit of life  
Alive in each member of the  
Body of Christ.  
And train our ears to  
Hear the call  
And train our mouths  
To proclaim it all  
And train our hearts  
To stand up tall  
And dare to live  
The mystery.

- Anne Robinson

## Letters to The Teacher

God bless you, Dr. Wierwille:

I just wanted to tell you how blessed I am after being here among the saints and hearing the Power for Abundant Living class taught live. I thank God for your stand on God's Word.

I have been in the ministry for about four years, since I was ten years old. My parents and my grandmother are also believers, which is a blessing. I have two Twigs, one high school Twig and one children's Twig at home.

The whole time I was here I felt the love between believers like I had never before. It set me free. Your teaching made me laugh and cry. You are such a great man of God, and your wife is so beautiful. I just love you both so very, very much.

I feel so wonderful. I know when I get home, I'll turn my town upside down like the apostles did in the first century. I feel so alive and ready to go.

God bless you. I love you. You're the best.

•  
- G.P.

God's healing presence is continually with us here at PFAL '77, and because of that, deliverance is coming in many ways. We would like to share a story of deliverance with you:

"Four days before PFAL '77 I was blinded in my right eye by an M16 rifle shell. The doctors refused to discharge me from the hospital since they said I needed surgery. I then proceeded to sign myself out and told them I would see them (healed) in two weeks.

My two friends and I hitchhiked here by diesel from Tulsa since my car broke down on the highway. I also lost my wallet somewhere along the way. Satan was trying his best to hinder us from getting here.

My eyesight was restored in the second session of PFAL '77. During the session my vision started to come back and while we were singing "I Saw the Light" my right eye was restored as whole as the left one.

I felt like walking and leaping and praising God just like the lame man did. We truly do have a power line through God's Word and it is generated right here at PFAL '77.

•  
- C.C.

When we heard that you would be teaching the class "live" at PFAL '77, my husband, Chuck, and I were so blessed. *No way* would we miss this!

Thank you for making it available for us to come and be a part of this momentous occasion. Thank you for letting us see your heart, the heart of this ministry, and the heart of God and His Word!

On Sunday, June 26, midway through this PFAL '77 class, Chuck and I sat in the very front row. It was a night when you walked out into the audience before the teaching. I remember how you had silently ministered to a fellow with a stomach cramp a few nights earlier. I also remembered you saying that we should get to the point of believing, just like in the early Church, where even the shadow of a man of God passing would heal us. In Twig that afternoon we had prayed for my ears (air pressure and Eustachian tube problems), which had been bothering me for some time.

Then, just as you walked by me in the audience, I thanked Father in the name of Jesus Christ for totally and completely healing my ears. From that moment on, I've had *absolutely no problems* with them!

Thank you for teaching us the Word in such a dynamic and practical way that we can simply believe (action!) that the Word of God *is* the will of God.

I certainly love you and thank God for allowing us to live during this day and time in history so that we could be "fathered in the Word" by His best - and that's *you!*

•  
- B.C.

I cannot fully express all the joy and thankfulness I have in my heart for the life that you and The Way Ministry have given me *through expounding God's Word more perfectly to me.*

This truly has been and is a year of healing! Although I had taken the class, I was so blinded to my needs that I didn't realize I could be delivered of my depressions and sorrows. These two weeks have healed me more than ever in my life. For the first time I am the girl I have always dreamed of being. At one time I even went to a psychiatrist to try to find the answer. I didn't have a leg made whole, get \$1,000 for school, but *I made friends*, friends faster than ever before (even in this ministry). No one could ever tell me how to do this or just be a friend. It may sound silly (well, maybe not to you), but being able to be an outgoing person without fear is my life's dream. I love you. Thanks.

•  
- S.M.

## Letters to The Teacher

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I just wanted you to know what a blessing it has been to be here for PFAL '77 for two weeks with 4,000 believers.

I shall never forget it. To have been here, to hear the class live with you teaching it, I feel I have become closer to God in Christ in me and much stronger in my stand.

I want to thank you, your wife, the staff and everyone who has made it a blessed stay.

I want to tell you of my experience. I believed if I could get here with all these believers I would be delivered.

I have a steel ball in my hip due to a fracture four years ago. Last fall, I started limping and having pain. X-rays showed the ball had settled deeper in the socket, shortening my right leg 2" and causing a lot of pain.

Well, I was ministered to by Fred McCulloch. He said my knees and back problems were due to the ball. He said, "What about the ball," and I told him I believed that God would heal it by pushing it up in place once I got here. Praise God it's now in place, and I won't have to have a total hip operation. I just knew it would happen along with all the believers.

Everyone has been so thoughtful in trying to make things easier.

I know you will hear of many more miracles.

I thank God for giving us a man of God who teaches how to rightly divide the Word.

• - G.G.

About three years ago I first started to come to Twig, and I was so amazed how tough and tender they were. They were tough on the Word and so realistically tender towards each other that the two together were just so healing for me.

When I first attended Twig, it had been 1½-2 years since the last time I cried (never for joy, of course) and significantly enough, it was during adolescence, where for most people it is one of the most emotional times of their lives. But *my* heart was too hard to feel anything. So I longed to have the Word soften my heart to the point that I, too, could cry freely again and for joy to boot.

Well, about a month ago I noticed myself getting tender towards the heart of the family and of God and slowly that kept on increasing. But

then, I was sitting in the auditorium listening to you share your heart with the family, and I got so blessed that tears rolled down my face, not forced tears or tears of sorrow but of joy and love. It was the greatest deliverance for me since I took the class and spoke in tongues.

I see people tell about deliverance in the physical realm, but my wholeness was in the heart. I am so excited and thankful for my prayers and heart's desire getting met.

I love you and thank God for you and your love for me.

• - L.R.

I feel that the best way for me to share my heart with you, at this most wonderful time for us all, is through a letter to my son, as God has shared His heart through His wonderful matchless Word to His sons.

Dear Son:

I am writing this letter at a time when my heart is filled to overflowing for the wonderful love and grace which our heavenly Father has bestowed upon us through His Son, Jesus Christ.

You would never have been born if it were not for God. Your mother and I had gotten a divorce and neither one of us had any hope for our lives or the future.

At that time, I could not see any reason to bring a child into the world which had treated me so cruelly. Indeed, I felt that all life had to offer was not worth the hassle of living.

I reached the point where I knew that I could not go another day without a definite answer. God honored that cry and reached into my heart through a class called *Power for Abundant Living*.

After taking that class, your mother and I remarried and found out what life was all about.

Many times since you have been born you would have lost your life if we did not have the knowledge of God and His Word. My heart swells so to remember the times I've seen you delivered by God's power.

So you see, Son, you owe your being, your health, your joy and your abundant life to our wonderful heavenly Father, who reached into the heart of Dr. Wierwille, the man of God, who teaches us *Power for Abundant Living*.

- F.S.

## Letters to The Teacher

God's most tender and best blessings to you this glorious day. I greet you in the name that stands above all others, Jesus Christ. The love I have for God and His word surpasses anything I could express or write down on paper.

My heart is knit together with your heart in this great family of God in which you and I live. It's the tenderness in each of our hearts extended towards one another that will keep God's Word alive in the family of God. A twig on a tree only grows when it is tender.

The other day, I was standing outside my dorm waiting to eat lunch. I reached up to pull a leaf off a twig of this tree I was standing by. The song that Pressed Down does, "I Am A Leaf," was going through my mind. When I tried to pull off the leaf, I had a difficult time.

I could not understand why that little ol' leaf hung on to that twig so tight. It was then that I looked at the twig and noticed that the twig was very green and tender. The leaves on a twig hold to that tree when the twig is tender. It is the same as with the family of God.

That tender love of the leaves in the Twig on The Way Tree of life has been greatly manifested during this PFAL '77.

It's because of that love (*agape*) of the family of God manifested here at PFAL '77 and the principles of the Word taught that has made the Word of God more of a living reality than ever before in my life.

All of my needs and wants have been met. One morning I woke up with a back pain. Later during the day, the pain became so intense that every step I took caused me agony. That evening I was believing to be ministered to for healing. I found a believer to minister to me, and I was healed of a shoulder blade that had slipped out of place. The day after that I was healed of a blocked lung. If it were not for the believing taught in the class and the love of God (*agape*) in the hearts of our brothers and sisters present at PFAL '77, I would not have been healed.

Dr. Wierwille, I cannot express the joy and freedom that is ringing in my heart because of PFAL '77. All of the love in my heart goes out to you and your family.

The next few days, weeks and months are going to be the greatest in the whole history of the world because of the signs, miracles and wonders that will prevail as the grads of PFAL '77 walk on the greatness of God's Word.

• - V.A.

We thank our God for making it possible to be here and to be able to fellowship with four thousand beautiful saints. I know that we will

never get over the greatness of these two weeks. We can never, never thank you enough for PFAL '77. But we can tell you that we love you and your family with all our hearts. You and your family are always in our daily prayers.

I would like to thank you at this time for our son, Vincent. You must know that you made us very proud parents because of the way you took a boy like Vincent and shaped him into being the man of God that he is today. We love you for this and also that our other children (Margaret, James, Angelo and Donnie) have all taken the class. So we are one big happy family because of this great ministry that God has made available for all of us.

At this time, we would like to thank the hundreds of The Way people who took part in putting together this great class because they sure made our stay here joyful and pleasant. God bless them all. We love them. They are the best.

• - Mr. and Mrs. P.F.

PFAL '77 has surely met my needs - physical, mental and spiritual. It has been an honor and privilege for me to be here. I thank God for your life, this ministry and everything that it stands for and represents. If it weren't for this ministry and God's Word, I would not be alive today.

I know that when I go back to my area, I have a lot of knowledge, love and inside joy to share with everyone I meet. My commitment as a WOW has deepened, my strength has increased. God has surely set me free from all of my bondage and fears. For the first time in my life, I have the answers instead of questions.

You see, when I was fourteen years old, I had tried to commit suicide. I was in and out of mental institutions and psychiatrists' offices. When they could not help me out, they put me on their records as mentally insane, uncooperative, etc. They said there was no help for me. At the age of sixteen, I was baptized a Pentecostal, but when I asked the elders of the church how to get me off drugs and alcohol, all they told me was Jesus would take away my sinful ways. Well, he didn't. I was getting more confused; my nerves were shot. I couldn't talk without stammering. I would be engaged in conversation when I would black out for a couple of minutes.

It wasn't until I met WOW Ambassadors, heard God's Word, took a class called PFAL, that I got totally set free. So once again, I thank you for letting me be here to hear you teach God's Word with simplicity, patience, love and understanding.

God bless you more than abundantly, always.

• - M.B.

## Letters to The Teacher

---

I am thirty-three years old and ever since I was about twelve years old, I was taken over by alcohol and all the torment therein. I have been hospitalized over thirty times and jailed many times. I have also been on some drugs, anything to get out of this world mentally. I had only fear and hate most of the time, and the rest of the time I spent feeling sorry for myself.

I have always thought I had a special relationship with God because many times I have called on God in a very bad situation, and He answered my call.

I was on the Bowery in New York City (Skid Row) six times, and God has always managed to get me out of there before I was killed or trapped forever. I could never understand what I had done in my life that was so bad to deserve such a punishment from God. I was brought up in the Catholic religion and was taught that God punishes you sometimes and is good to you sometimes, but I always believed that my God was a loving God.

During one of my sober periods, I was working as a chef (that is my trade) in a small restaurant, and there were three waitresses working there for the summer and I would talk to them and share my life. I thought them a little strange because they used to pray together, sitting quietly at the corner table. At the beginning of their shift, they also carried Bibles and had S.I.T. written all over the place. I know now they are three of our beautiful women of God.

One day at the restaurant, as was my custom in every other job I had, I got to drinking and quit (About August 10). During a week-long drunk I must have agreed to go to the Rock of Ages. Then one morning I woke up in the back seat of a car and said to the other people in the car, "Where in the hell are we, New York?" And they answered, "No, we are in Sidney, Ohio at the Rock of Ages," and I said, "What in the hell am I doing here?" I soon found out what I was doing there, when after a couple of days I realized that this was the place and the people that I had been searching for all those dark years.

As I sit here and reflect back upon this last year of learning God's Word and walking out on the promises of God, tears of gratitude well up in my eyes knowing that I have such a loving and giving Heavenly Father that has shed His love abroad in my heart and opened the windows of heaven, pouring out His blessings upon me that I cannot begin to count. That He, God, gave His only begotten Son for me to make it possible for me to be here in this time and this place with God's best.

I have been delivered from my bonds and set free from fear by His mercy and grace.

Dr. Wierwille, I cannot express in words the feeling of gratitude I have for your life and your

stand on God's Word. I believe you are truly the apple of God's eye!

— R.F.

P.S. I am getting married to one of those three beautiful women of God August 13 and spending our honeymoon at the Rock where it all started. God bless!

•

The impact of PFAL '77 on my life has been unbelievable. Of course, the impact of the first PFAL class I took in Baton Rouge, Louisiana in March of 1976 did nothing less than turn my life around. (God bless the WOW's!) I was so hungry for the truth of God. I had drifted from denomination to denomination looking for a little truth.

No one could explain to me why Christians were so miserable if (as they did declare) God is love. No one could tell me why God quit talking to people on a senses realm level after He spoke to Paul. No one could tell me how there could be actual bodies floating around in heaven (but they taught we go to heaven immediately after death and the body is resurrected?!). No one could explain my favorite hymn — "In the Garden" — although everyone liked to sing it. Above all, no one could tell me what it was to be saved (although they were always telling me I should do it) or why we needed Christ to redeem us.

When I heard about a "Bible class" being offered, my church group had just finished studying the Book of Acts. Do you know how we did it? Each one of us took a section and taught it. Talk about the blind leading the blind. I was so disgusted with that group (which had by that time gone to study some secular work on man in the world) that when I heard about PFAL, I wrote out a check for the money on the spot, told my office I would just have to postpone a planned business trip until after the class and was *ready*. I couldn't see a reason to go to Twig, but I think they got me to one before the class started.

Session One made me look at the medicine I had been taking for rheumatoid arthritis for 17 years and see it as it was — negative believing. So I believed I could quit taking it and for the first time I felt terrific. PFAL answered questions.

I've been practicing law for four years, and I had a great desire to continue my studies in International and Comparative Law, so I went back to school this last year to work on an L.L.M. (Masters in Law). Since I was going to be in school again, I signed up for the College Ambassador program. (Even though at 31, I'm an "old" college student.) (I was sent with three "Free" College Ambassadors — all of whom are at least nine years younger than I am. I thought it was crazy at the time, but after this year, I surely see

## Letters to The Teacher

the wisdom of having a family to start with.

The greatest thing PFAL '77 has done for me is to build a vision of believers standing together—a vision I didn't have before. It has taught me how sweet it can be living with the family. It has opened my eyes to the devices of Satan which I never saw before—even after PFAL. I can now see how many times I was ripped off last year simply because I was not spiritually sharp enough to see opportunities as Satan's devices. I am not so ignorant now. I know from this Ambassador year how the only thing that can keep us together and likeminded is the Word, and I see that among all of us here. I can see now how important it is to put on the Word and speak much in tongues—daily—since the world offers next to nothing. Many different aspects of the program here have blessed me—from the minute detailed consciousness and care that goes into everything to the flexibility and willingness to share diverse talents on the part of the leadership—like Rev. Cummins singing which was so beautiful.

I'm beginning to see the necessity of *each* of us being a part of God's front line, crack troops and the habit patterns that need to be formed to enable us to have the stamina and endurance spiritually (as well as physically, mentally) of long-distance runners. If the Lord tarries, we will need to keep the mystery living and real for generations to come. I have not achieved yet what I can, nor have I had all my questions answered. But I have learned how to achieve and to train as well as how to hold some questions in abeyance for awhile until I have a deeper understanding.

These weeks for me have been weeks of great goal-setting, vision, peace, dedication and understanding. And it is all because the Word lives and abides forever in the hearts of Way people. I have a great desire to share the glory of God's Word with my natural family—who do as much as they know and operate many of the principles. But if they will not desire to take PFAL and renew their minds to the rightly-divided Word, the Word will still stand. I'll just love them.

I am in Washington, D.C. now and I surely will do my utmost to shed the light of the Word in that city. There are many people who hunger there, I know.

Bless you, Dr. Wierwille, and thank you for your stand so that I could learn the greatness of the true God and realize what I have through Christ.

I am a real babe in the Word—but I know it is truth and that it works. PFAL '77 set the vision of God's Word over the world firmly in my heart and all the people I've been around loved me into action.

I do not yet know what God would have me do as far as the direction my career should go, but I'm sure He'll show me. Meantime, I will work in building the Word in my heart and mind—so I'm rooted and grounded—and speak in tongues much.

These two weeks have been the greatest in my life—apart from all the opportunities of the world. Thank you for making it available to us—a bargain at ten times the cost!

—N.D.

This has been the greatest, most wonderfully miraculous day of my life.

For years I had been carrying a load that was destroying my life. I denied this load, this infestation which was eating away at my soul, polluting my mind, tearing my nerves to shreds, but I still carried the load. I had a host, a devil spirit: I was a homosexual.

Today I was at the end of the rope. I had begun to hate myself and everyone else, dying and dying rapidly. Before PFAL '77 I had experienced very little mental harassment from the spirit, but today I was being racked and tortured mentally and physically. I wanted out in my heart, but I didn't know what to do.

At 2:30 this Sunday afternoon we met in our Twigs. I heard nothing and had little control over my mental faculties. This was a chance for me to see deliverance and the spirit wasn't pleased.

A believer, S—, spoke to me. I had never seen him before that day. At first my thoughts were everything but pure, but the things he said in simple conversation were healing. Twig ended.

When I reached my dormitory everything came down on me. As I turned the key, I said in my heart—"No! I can't walk in the direction of death anymore. I know I can be healed. I know I can be delivered. I know I can. I believe I will be healed." At that moment I turned around and walked quickly back to the stairwell. When I turned the corner my eyes met S—'s. I knew God was working in my life, and I had no doubt that this was the time.

I asked him if he would talk to me. We ended up in his dorm room. At first I was rattled and tried to build up to what I would tell him, but out of my mouth in the middle of a sentence came "I'm a homosexual." The man of God didn't "freak out." He quietly said, "I know."

Doctor, it is my true desire to do God's will. I want to serve God and His people, and that's all I really want. At that moment I was sure that was my desire.

S— remained absolutely calm. I told him I wanted to be ministered to, and as those words spewed forth every nerve in my body turned to

## Letters to The Teacher

fire. It was then I realized that homosexuality is quite spiritual.

S— placed his hand on my knee and began to thank God for my life, my nerves, my eyes, my back, my stomach and my mind. Simultaneously, every member of my body froze, my eyes twitched and burned, my mind roared like a subway station, my vertebrae tightened and muscle spasms were rampant in my intestines, throat and tongue.

It was a fight. I couldn't breathe. Then S— openly confronted the devil spirit. Every nerve ending was screaming. S— poured out a spiel, quickly and loudly, even with Scripture and verse, the miracles of Jesus Christ when he walked on earth. My believing in Jesus Christ, my victor over the power of death, crescendoed.

Gradually my mind relaxed, yet my body was in indescribable turmoil. S— continued boldly, becoming louder and stronger. It seemed as if I was no longer a part of what was happening, that the fight was no longer between the three of us. It was between S— and the host-spirit. A smile began to form on my face, huge tears streamed down my cheeks, and my body became limp. I felt that I'd just come down on a fast elevator and come to a slow stop on the ground floor.

I wanted to shout with joy. S— embraced me and we both wept in the realization of Christ's victory over death. I could not remove the blasted smile from my face. I was a new creature and I was sure of it. Emotions could never begin to justly express the freedom I had fully realized

in my heart – that I had been liberated from a load I had carried for years. For a long time, that day of deliverance, I sobbed and laughed with joy and freedom and love in a capacity that never before in my born-again Christian life had I known.

There is no power that the ultimate power of the living God cannot overcome. There is not one temptation we cannot overcome. Homosexuality is spiritual, though I denied it in the past. No homosexual can tell me it's just his way of doing things or that it's his personal fetish. God clearly doesn't dig homosexuality, and if they want to do His Word, they'll believe God for deliverance. When I was being controlled by a devil spirit I thought I was free. Boy, homosexuality is no freedom – it's bondage to a master who wants you killed.

S— possibly as bubbling with joy and believing as myself, told me the cause was no longer present, but my patterns of thought were. The host had trained my mind. Those patterns must be replaced with the Words of Life.

Thank you Doctor, for your time and service to the Body. Because of the light you have shed on the Word, S— was equipped with the knowledge to cast out devil spirits. It was a miracle. I have been a part of a wonderful miracle. The joy I have, the relief, can only be expressed by the life I plan to live from this day on.

This is our year of healing, and there is no doubt that I am healed.

I thank God for your life.

—name withheld

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## Lead Captive Every Thought

As the sunrise golden shining rays that grow over the horizon's breadth  
brings peaceful tranquil beauty to the eyes of those within its stretch  
So are your Words within my heart each time I see their faithful rise  
o'er dark horizons in my life, and turn them into dawning skies.

As the delicate sweet scent of springtime's flowers in the field  
refreshes every soul as earth brings forth her fragrant yield  
So the savour of your Word's my favorite fragrance for I know  
that as I breathe in its scent my understanding blossoms and begins to grow.

As I hear the faithful, metered washing of the evening tide  
dispel impurities upon the shore the ocean tried to hold inside  
So the faithful, cleansing waters of your Words I love to hear  
As they purify my heart and wash away my deepest anchored fear.

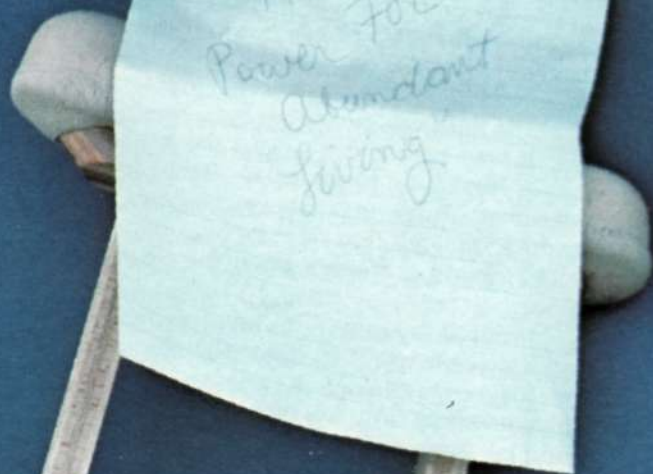
For when my senses serve the inner man, I live as life was meant to be  
and the nature of its maker earth displays and I can see  
that all that God had made expresses one detailed part  
that shows in depth a single aspect of the love within His heart.

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77

— Lynn Keyes



Healed,  
"1977"  
Power For  
Abundant  
Living.





**THE  
WAY**

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