FROM THE HEART
Letters

My Personal Growth

Dear Rev. Mathieson:

I am *so* blessed to be on the WOW field and to have been sent out with the people who are in my WOW family. It's as if I custom-ordered them! We are all thrilled to be WOWs, and we are all committed to making this year a success.

We found a beautiful home, completely furnished with beautiful furniture that didn't cost us a cent. We all had jobs within two days, also. I work at a university where I was told that the waiting time to get a job there would be six months to a year. All of our jobs more than meet our needs financially—God has kept His promises to us.

I am so blessed that the WOW program is made available and am very excited about the personal growth I see in myself and my child. She's only five years old, but she witnesses to her classmates and she's hot on the Word.

In my opinion, the best way to make the Word of God a life-style is to go WOW. It is the second-best decision I ever made—the first was to take Power for Abundant Living.

I thank God for this ministry that taught me how to live the more than abundant life and for the WOW program which helps me put PFAL into application—to the end that I'm the most fulfilled and happiest I've ever been!

In His service,
T.B., WOW Ambassador
Ithaca, New York

OUR TIMES
Insight

TIME MOVES ON

On February 2 of this year, we will recognize the twenty-fourth anniversary of the date we moved our family and The Way Ministry from Van Wert to New Knoxville, Ohio.

It was a cold, windy, blustery day. It snowed all day long and the wind blew like crazy through the opening of the patio doors of the east porch through which we had to move all of our belongings. Uncle Harry (my brother), Mrs. Wierwille, and others had been working for over two years to get ready for this move.

Time sure keeps moving on in a man's life. I was thinking also that time heals a lot of sores and wounds. Time seems to tenderize men and cause them to soften up a bit, so man is no longer so vociferous, doesn't want to fight all the time and have his own way. It seems that with the years men get much more concerned about others and less about themselves.

Shakespeare wrote:

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts. . . .

It was recently called to my attention that also on February 2, but over 150 years ago, in 1832, a hymn was written that many Americans consider our finest unofficial national anthem. Henry Carey had composed the music in 1740 when he was fifty-five.

Samuel F. Smith was born in 1808 within gunshot of the tower of Boston's Old North Church where during the American Revolution the lanterns hung from the belfry tower. It was Thursday afternoon, February 2, 1832, when this twenty-three-year-old theological student at Andover Theological Seminary in Massachusetts wrote the four stanzas to the hymn, "My Country 'Tis of Thee," referred to as, "America."

Smith noted that the tune, which he had found in a book of German school songs, had no composer's name but observed that the metrical pattern was 6.6.4.6.6.6.4., a meter not well known in the United States at that time. So on the spur of the moment, he dashed off the original stanzas that could be sung to this unusual melody. When the author of the words learned that the tune was the same one the British used for their national anthem, "God Save the King," he was blessed.

It is an exquisite hymn and the final stanza is perhaps one of the finest poetic prayers in the English language. This hymn was first sung in public in Boston's Park Street Church at the Patriotic Rally on July 4, 1832.

My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee, Land of the noble, free, Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee, Author of liberty, To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

Our land will indeed be bright as we continue to stand in our times on the integrity and accuracy of God's wonderful, matchless Word.

Victor Paul Wierwille