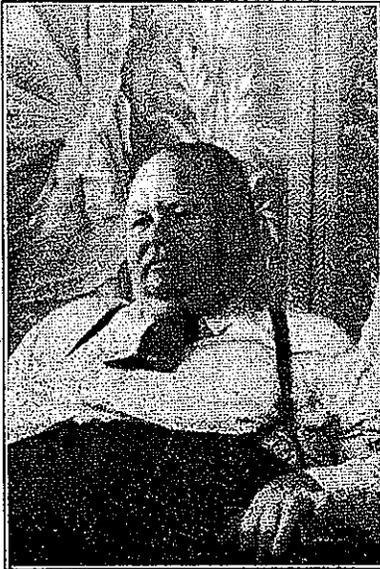


Dedicated to George A. Robinson, Founder

"Published monthly by Kenneth Morgan and Phillip Robinson, 5425 Shattuck Ave., Oakland 9, Calif. Sub. \$1.20 Year (Sec. 562, P. L. & R., Permit 3785")

Be Ye Comforted



GEORGE A. ROBINSON

"Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of Mercies, and the God of all Comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God. For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ. For whether we be afflicted, it is for your consolation and salvation, which is effectual in the enduring of the same sufferings which we also suffer: or whether we be comforted, it is for your consolation and salvation. And our hope of you is steadfast, knowing, that as ye are partakers of the sufferings, so shall ye be also of the consolation." (2 Cor. 1:3-7)

Peace, Perfect Peace

In the Tower Chapel, of the Mt. View Cemetery in Oakland, the relatives and many friends of George A. Robinson gathered on Wednesday, April 24th, to view his body for the last time, and pay tribute to his memory in a beautiful manner. The flowers rose in gorgeous array behind and about the casket, the last gift of those who had been helped by him, of those who had loved him as a personal companion, and of those who esteemed him highly for his work's sake. Four voices sang sweetly the beautiful, inspiring and comforting songs, which in his life had moved and delighted the deceased, and which had to him been the finest expression of his heart's delight in the hopes of a Christian. At approximately 1:35 P.M. Brother E. M. Zerr arose and stood in his place, and the voice of song was hushed.

It seemed so completely fitting that Brother Zerr should be within reach, to any of us who had been near to George and knew his love for Brother Zerr. From Romans, chapter 8, the text was read, and we know it was the most appropriate text that could have been chosen: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose." Called to our minds again was an outstanding example in which Brother George had felt that his afflictions had given him a privilege and opportunity that he would never have had other-

wise, that of attending a Bible Reading free to apply himself wholly to the study. That incident is recorded in the brief record of his life that Brother George wrote just a little more than a year before his death, and which is being reprinted in this issue. But that text must have applied to a great number of the things in Brother George's life as he suffered thru the years and continued to make a blessing out of every handicap, and refused to be cast down in spirit or release his hope for life until its end was upon him. He must have thought much upon it. I suppose it was only a coincidence that brother Zerr selected this text, with which Brother George closed his autobiographical sketch, reminding those who should follow that no matter the suffering, the opposition, or the sacrifice, "all things work together for good . . ."

To those who knew him, and to those especially who have been associated with him in this congregation, it will not be easy to forget the example of courageous, patient, and energetic pressing on and on and on, which he has set. More people will be in the meetings of the church as a result of the many painful, but unflinching, trips he made from his bed to the assembly, because of his love for the church: How can it be otherwise?

And finally, as I looked upon that face for the last time I saw written there in capitals PEACE. This was remarked many times to me by others. It was peace such as His suffering never permitted in life. Brother Wilbur Storm remarked upon it, and added, "I wish that we could feel as sure of the peace of all our fellows in the church as they come to death as I do of his peace!"

—KENNETH MORGAN.

A Personal Loss

On the morning of April 22nd I was called to the phone to be told that brother George Robinson had just died and to be requested to deliver the discourse on the occasion of the funeral. While his passing had been daily expected for some time the actual news came as a bitter shock. It came as a personal loss to me. For fifteen years I had been associated with him in various ways connected with the work of the Lord. He has supported and encouraged me both financially and spiritually. In times when my work was irregular and he thought that income was not sufficient it was not an uncommon thing to receive a letter from him enclosing the substantial encouragement. And this too when I often felt that he needed it more than I. But although I felt sure that such was the case, yet I received it with an indescribable kind of appreciation, because I knew that it came from a heart overflowing with love for me and my work for the same Master whom we both worshipped.

Brother Robinson's afflictions will doubtless be described by others who can do so with more detailed accuracy than I. But I knew enough about it to say that without doubt his case stands alone as one of continuous, increasing and staggering intensity that would have overwhelmed about any one of us. Sometimes I would think of troubles and difficulties facing me in my work for the Cause. Then I would think of brother Robinson and his unconquerable perseverance in the service to his God even amid his endless misery, and then I would feel so ashamed of myself that I would take courage and go on. The Cause will miss his faithful services more than words can now describe. His life is a specific instance of the statement of Paul in Romans 8:28. Instead of allowing his afflictions to hinder his work for Christ he wove them into a means and cause of all the greater service for him. But he has fallen asleep in Jesus and those of his friends and brethren who loved him for his work's sake must be determined to take strength from his example. Let not one single ache or pain or inconvenience or any other obstacle that can possible be overcome be permitted to lie in our way. Let us keep in grateful memory the indomitable faith and courage of brother George Robinson whose zeal knew no abatement and whose faith in his Lord upheld him to the very last conscious hour and finally led him down and through the narrow vale with his hand in that of his Saviour.

—E. M. ZERR.

In Memory and Tribute of our Kind Respect to our Beloved Brother George A. Robinson

I became acquainted with brother Robinson by correspondence twenty-six years ago. It was by his influence that I came to California shortly. He as a Christian brother and friend met me and family at the train, took us to his home, gave us a place to stay, with many other favors added; this kindness I have never forgotten. After our arrival, and we were added few in the church here, the Zumwalts, the Kitsons, the Robinsons, we numbered ten members, and were meeting in the good home of brother and sister Zumwalt. Brother Robinson gave a lot, secured the material for the house, and we erected a nice little meeting house for the church. We worshipped together for a number of years. Circumstances seemed to make it necessary for the Robinsons and Zumwalts to move to Oakland, and that was a severe loss to the church here. Brother Robinson's never tiring zeal we trust has brought blessings and comfort in Oakland. . . . We cannot sorrow as those who have no hope. While his presence, form, and good works, will be missed by his loved ones, lamented by friends and all who knew him, we can, on the other hand, rejoice and praise God that his life of awful suffering is over. Let us so live and conduct our lives in that manner, that when we are called to cross the chilly tide of death, that we may meet him with all the redeemed in that home of the soul, in the bright sunlight of eternal day. May God bless his dear ones to that end. Amen.

—J. D. POWERS.

Crossing the Bar

By Tennyson

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

I send this contribution to the paper as my expression of appreciation of his value to the Cause and as a friend . . . with loving memories of a dear friend.

Another of God's Children Called Home!

Our brother George A. Robinson, whom it was our privilege to know and to work with in the Lord's vineyard, was the greatest example of patient suffering of physical pain, while at the same time being cheerful in the work of the Lord, that has ever come to our attention. From his example we should all learn a great lesson. In this regard I am made to think of the great example of Job, and in some measure compare George with him.

His body, maimed and full of deformity, has been laid to rest, to return to the elements from which it was taken and by which it was sustained. His spirit has left its house of clay, and has gone to the paradise of God, there to be with the spirits of all the redeemed of the earth who have been washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, there to await the redemption of their bodies and the final reward of

PAGE TWO

the righteous. His body when it shall come forth from the grave will be without defects, and like the body of our blessed Redeemer. He has put off the veil (his flesh), and has passed through the portal (death), and has gone to the other side where there is rest forevermore.

To his family and all his dear ones, "let us not sorrow as those who have not hope," but let us rather rejoice for his sake that his sufferings are over, that he has gone to rest. May each of us labor to enter into that rest, may we too be faithful unto death, and receive a crown of life that fadeth not away.—C. H. CASSELL.

A Tribute to the Memory of George A. Robinson

George Robinson, a true disciple of Jesus Christ, has gone to his reward. In the minds of those who have known him down through the years there can be no doubt but that our dear departed brother has his name entered in the Lamb's Book of Life.

When an individual's spirit leaves the temple of his soul bearing with it such a magnificent record as that lived by our dear departed brother, the sorrow which is often grievous over the death of some, is abated, and mixed with satisfaction, confidence and joy. Satisfaction that there are promises extended to those who live as has brother George, serving one's Creator and Saviour, of a Wonderful Home Over There. Confidence that brother George has laid up for himself spiritual riches which will bring the promised reward to him. Joy that one more warrior of the Cross has been called home with such a record to his credit.

Our sorrow is for the things that brother George could have continued to do for the Faithful Brotherhood had he been spared a little longer in the Vineyard of his Lord, there to labor with his talents of Christian teaching, writing and living. We sorrow in sympathy with the immediate family and close relatives. We sympathize with the home congregation in their great loss. Words are but weak tools to describe our feelings. Actually the feeling of the heart cannot be put in writing. We will all miss brother George more than words can tell.

PAUL F. MCKENZIE Jr.

We Will Miss Him

When informed by long-distance telephone on April 22nd that brother George Robinson had died, I was stunned. Although he had been very ill, I had said, "George will somehow pull through."

We had been very close friends for nineteen years, and I loved him because of his unfailing loyalty to Christ. We shall miss him and his letters of encouragement. Yet I cannot help but rejoice with him in his hour of triumph. He earned his campaign ribbons in the army of the Lord.

Though the possessor of a heart of gold, George was fearless in opposing all forms of evil. His untiring efforts to advance the cause of Christ in Oakland have been crowned with success. But this was by no means the limit of his labors, for through his "Western News" he made his courage and conviction known throughout the brotherhood.

His body often wracked with pain, George was ever cheerful, never complaining though suffering upon suffering was multiplied unto him. With his mind set steadfast and unmovable in the service of our Lord, he fought the good fight. His is a crown that fadeth not away. In this world are many aching hearts, but his is forever at peace. His body was severely punished, but a new body awaits him in that Day, and he is at rest. As he awaits, in the Paradise of God, a grand and glorious Resurrection without pain or sorrow, his work lives on and will endure.

George Robinson was a Christian, one of God's noblemen. He has earned his reward. We who remain shall miss him.

ROBERT SANKEY.

In Memory

I am at a loss for words to express my true feelings over the passing of my dear friend and brother George Robinson.

I know of no greater and more outstanding example of service and

sacrifice in our brotherhood than that of George Robinson. His untiring efforts and unselfish attitude in the face of his great physical handicap have for many years been a source of encouragement to others to press on in Life's Greatest Work. The "News" through which he started contact with the churches of the western states, soon became a medium of contact with churches and brethren throughout the entire brotherhood. He kept it as a wholesome, religious journal through which we have received countless benefits and uplifting thoughts, lessons and sermons that will never be forgotten. While brother Robinson has changed his abode and gone on to his reward, he will continue to live on in the hearts and memories of his great host of friends and brethren who shall ever esteem him highly for his work's sake and faithful efforts in extending the borders of the Kingdom of Christ.

May God's richest blessing always abide with Sister Robinson, who was so faithful in supplying his every need, and with Phillip, who was a devoted and faithful son. We have all suffered a great loss, but we find consolation in the fact that our loss is brother Robinson's gain.

LEONARD BILYEU.

"The Spirit Shall Return To God"

These words of the ancient wise man stand out as a solemn reminder that man is not "at home" in this life. The spirit of our beloved brother, friend and neighbor has joined the innumerable multitude of the spirits of those who have gone "through the Valley of the Shadow of Death." Yet from our grief, we are impelled to look upward and forward, to the great reunion in the "city that hath foundations whose builder and maker is God."

Our sorrow at the loss of brother George A. Robinson is tempered with the hope that we have in Christ. Brother Robinson's humanity was painfully apparent to those of us who witnessed the severe bodily affliction. But that affliction was considered a blessing by Brother George. He told me, last year, that it was because of his suffering that he learned to work for the Lord as he did. This is similar to the attitude of Paul, when he wrote to the church at Rome, "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." This attitude coupled with the fact that the last ten years of life were years of suffering and uncertainty, such as most of us who read this have never known, serves to emphasize his great zeal for the cause of our Master. Brother Robinson will be remembered by those of us who have been associated with him in the Lord's work during these years, as an outstanding example of boldness and zeal seldom equalled by those in good health and strength, and never in my knowledge even approached by another so seriously handicapped.

There were three projects which engaged his attention most constantly. The first in both time and importance to him was the promotion of the church in his own community. Under his leadership the church has grown from just a few members meeting in his home to a much larger number with a very suitable building for public assembly. The second project of deep interest to him was the work of increasing the number and strength of the congregations in the state of California. This has been accomplished in some measure, and his share in the credit for what has been done is granted by those who have seen his activity in this field. The third activity in which he engaged principally was the publication of the News of Western States Churches of Christ. It was his purpose to make it a medium of communication between the congregations, that would encourage greater activity and closer cooperation in the Vineyard of the Lord.

Brother Robinson will be missed in each of these enterprises, and in his home, and in the homes of those he visited in the course of his work. But again I say, our sorrow is tempered with hope, for which we praise God. Bay the God of all grace comfort all the sorrowing ones, especially his faithful companion, without whose help George could not have carried on as he did. This we pray in Jesus' name.

JOHN C. PACE.

"How Is The Church?"

About fourteen years ago, my wife and I visited a sick man in an Oakland hospital (whether this man was in the body or out of the body I could hardly tell). He had lost much blood, and those in attendance had worked with him for hours. About this time a certain doctor came in and callously stated that the man was anemic and that

he was dead. Whereupon this man (whether in the body or out of the body I could hardly tell) vehemently declared that he was neither anemic nor dead, and held to his argument long after the said doctor had passed away.

Now when we came into the room where this man lay (whether in the body or out of the body I could hardly tell), he said, "Hello, Emmett, how is the church?" Folks, that man was George A. Robinson; a man that I was greatly privileged to know the greater part of my life. I know I have greatly benefitted by having had such a man for a friend. That one instance has always been and always shall be a great inspiration to me in this life and will better prepare me for the life to come.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth, yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."—EMMETT POWERS.

Though He Has Gone

and we will never realize the suffering he endured physically—I am greatly impressed by one outstanding quality of his: when all those who were trying to wait on him got excited, lost their sense of what to do, George came to the rescue and helped them to help him—always calm. Could it be when God sent his angels to bear him to them—could George remain calm?—PAUL F. MCKENZIE Sr.

In Behalf of the Churches In Kansas City

I first met George A. Robinson in Kansas City, September 21st, 1942. His first comment at our introduction was, "I want you to go back to Oakland with me and work for the church there." Although I thought little of it at that moment, it was the beginning of an acquaintance with a man I grew to admire and respect. I talked with him several times within the next five days and at the end of the week had decided to go to California. I was in the Robinson home approximately nine to ten months, and it was home to me.

It was the first time I had gone that far from home, and the longest time to stay. I was young in years and in the work of the Lord, therefore I needed help, from the standpoint of a father, also from the relationship of Paul to Timothy. In brother Robinson I found both. My behavior as a young man and a preacher was watched, and I was shown my mistakes or commended for the good, as a father and as a man older in the work of the Lord should.

My first contact with the man was through his then mimeographed "News from the Western States." I received this for some time before we met. Later as I knew him, and saw the paper grow from the mimeograph to the printer, I saw the personality, zeal, interest and love of God's work in brother Robinson flow into the paper. If you knew the man, you could see him reflected in his printed work. He was direct and unwavering in his desire to see the cause of Christ in California and elsewhere move forward. He felt that the paper was a great deal of benefit to the west coast, possibly realizing it more than any man there, and was therefore determined that it should go to press on time each month. Often it was necessary for him to dig into his own pocket so that the paper could go forth, and his pockets were never very deep or very full.

Handicapped beyond the imagination of the average person by ill health, he made up for it in zeal. I have seen him in the bed unable to rise, because of an attack from the dreaded disease osteomyelitis dictating the monthly edition of the Western News. Often with a tremendous headache and a temperature he laboriously entered the pulpit to give words of encouragement to others with less interest than himself. Thus handicapped with a crippled and disease ridden body, he was an example for all who knew or knew of him. Brother Robinson must have been of the same mind as Job, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

P: WILFORD LANDES.

PAGE THREE

An Autobiographical Sketch of GAR

"But none of these things move me, neither count I my life unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy . . ."

—Acts 20:24.

This Autobiography is not written in the spirit of boasting or glorying in my affirmatives, but to provoke others to greater works for Christ, and to, insofar as is possible, forget discouragements, and look for the silver lining in the clouds. The word "move" in the above quotation doesn't mean "affect," in the usual sense of the word. Like Paul, our infirmities and discouragements necessarily affect us, but should not move us to forsake the things that cause persecution, if those things are right. Furthermore, misfortunes such as I must necessarily enumerate, which are results of disobedience to laws of nature, perhaps, should not be counted as persecutions nor credit claimed for their patient endurance.

The writer was born January 18, 1896, on a farm northwest of Jamesport, Daviess County, Mo., to Quintus Jerome Robinson and Martha (Thomas) Robinson; the latter's father, I. N. Thomas, being a relative of "Uncle Dave Terry" and associated with him until death in the Old Scotland church, where in the adjoining cemetery, back as far as three generations, "on both sides of the family," many of my relatives' remains have crumbled to dust, while their spirits are in the hands of God, awaiting the resurrection morn.

My mother died when I was three weeks old; then her sister, Mrs. S. J. Goodvin, "took me to raise," and when I was six years old my father took me home, but he passed away a few weeks later; my older brother and sisters managed to keep the seven of us together; Leslie, then 15, had to assume the position as "man of the house" and my sister Bertha later became my official guardian. I attended three country schools in Daviess County, the first while I was only four years old; then after father took me home, the "Charity" and "Red" one-room schools.

While enrolled in the latter school, still living on a farm, my left ankle was bruised while helping my brother haul the winter's wood from a neighboring timber, on a home-made sled. Five miles of country roads lay between us and the nearest physician. The folks called in one who "happened to be in the neighborhood," who had not the experience of some. When the case became quite serious, they called in the old family doctors, Thompson and Sutliff, of Jamesport, who identified the trouble as OSTEOMYELITIS and urged amputation; so, on April 2, 1907, Drs. Thompson, Sutliff, Songer, and Claggett drove out in a livery carriage, with their instruments, put me on the dining room table, amputated above the knee, burying that part of me under an orchard tree. Not long afterward the folks drove me to Jamesport in the "spring wagon" to have my infected right arm amputated, in Dr. Sutliff's office, but he and Dr. Thompson "scraped the bone" and saved the arm with which I now pen this autobiography 37 years later.

The summer after my 12th birthday, following up the line of thought that had lurked in my mind during past illnesses, I obeyed the gospel, being baptized in the Jamesport, Mo., baptistry, on crutches, by Daniel Sommer; P. H. Lilly was then Elder there.

At the age of 15 (1911), after attending Jamesport Public School three years; my sister, Bertha, and I followed the other four sisters to St. Louis, where we began meeting with the church at 13th & Benton, in North St. Louis. In 1915, when A. P. Zumwalt, then the leader, moved to California, it was left to me to guide the destiny of the church, insofar as man-power was concerned, with the advice of older ones. When I left St. Louis in 1917, to come to California, to marry brother Zumwalt's daughter, Iva, the church was meeting in a store building in about the 4100 block on Manchester Ave. Three years of the six years in St. Louis was spent in the Soldan High School; and three years with the "Frisco Lines" and going to night school to secure business training.

We were married in Corning, Calif., July 11, 1917, and immediately came to Oakland to seek employment in San Francisco; but found a job with the WESTERN PACIFIC RR at Stockton, working there and at Oakland 9 yrs., then in the goat dairy business one year; next to the Santa Fe Ry. at San Francisco, while we lived in Berkeley, until Feb. 24, 1935, when I was taken to the Santa Fe hospital, first San Francisco, then Los Angeles, for an eight months stay.

In Berkeley, Jan. 27, 1922, a son, Phillip Jerome, came to bless our home. After returning to Berkeley in 1927, he went from kindergarten thru a year at University of California, leaving there in 1941 to seek gainful employment in support of himself and parents. He was, however, inducted into U. S. Army in June, 1943.

PAGE FOUR

While at Stockton, we were instrumental in obtaining a meeting house for the church, donating the lot and soliciting ALL funds for its cost; and in which the church now meets. In Sept. 1928 we started meeting in a hall in downtown Oakland, moved the church meeting place from time to time, until after my return from the hospital in 1936, when we again started meeting in our home, then to Vasa Hall in Berkeley, then, on June 1st, 1942, the church moved to 5433 Shattuck, Oakland, having purchased the meeting house from "Trinity Church." Soon after we moved from Berkeley, to 5425 Shattuck, Oakland.

The stay in hospital, last above mentioned, left me with a useless right elbow, with my arm in cast. In this condition I went, alone, to Bro. E. M. Zerr's Bible Reading, Palmyra, Ind., winter beginning Jan. 1936. Stayed in St. Louis and vicinity awhile in the Spring, and soon after my return home, went to the hospital (Oct. 31) with same trouble in my left arm, resulting in that elbow also freezing as did the right. Thus, since then have been unable to wash, dress, shave or bathe myself, or to walk unaided, wearing my artificial limb only long enough to go to church, using a wheel chair around the house during the week. In addition to loss of left leg, impaired use of arms and excess weight due to inability to exercise, my right leg has been infected and draining above ankle since 1938; so every time I walk, further use of that leg is endangered. To the patience of my wife, Iva; I owe my life from then on out. All the agony, the scores of operations, the months of intense suffering, have perhaps not equalled the strain on her vitality in caring for me.

When I began to improve some in health and try to find something to keep my mind busy, and seeing the need of furthering a cooperative effort on the part of the weak California churches, made even weaker because of the "wolves in sheep's clothing" climaxed about 1923, I began to think about publishing what has become the News. Various manifestations of indifference hindered, as such an enterprise usually cannot be started on a shoestring. But this we did, starting with about \$3.75 per month, trying to build a religious newspaper. The first issue was mimeographed in June 1942. To several of the California churches, and some mid-west individuals, the NEWS owes its existence. It has grown "in spite of" opposition, criticism, withholding co-operation, etc., because some of our faithful brethren had confidence in the ability of its editor. Thus we have tried to use the talents God so graciously, if not so bountifully, bestowed upon me, to his glory, and in my declining years to make up for some of the shortcomings of my young manhood.

Thus to God's service I dedicate the remaining portion of my life, short as it is bound to be, and urge all my young readers to "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them," (Eccl. 12:1) and those who are prone to be discouraged by the disappointments of life, I exhort to take comfort from the inspired Paul's pen, "For we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose."

(Rom. 8:28)

Your humble servant,

GEORGE A. ROBINSON

April 2, 1945

(Editor's note: Little did our departed brother realize that another year would close the book of his life, as he sat writing these words in the spring of 1945. That he dedicated every day of that remaining year to the furtherance of the Cause of Christ, we know best who have been privileged to share a part of that last year with him. It seemed good that we reprint this story of his life in this issue. It shall be a high privilege to take up the torch which has fallen from his failing hand, and carry on to Victory!)

He Did What He Could

As I sit in my study meditating upon my past association with Brother Robinson, a panorama of varied events unrolls before my mind. I think again of pleasant chats about the work of the Master; of letters which revealed the soul of the man in their depth of earnestness; of mutual plans worked out for advancing of the Cause; of exchanges of views upon sundry items of scripture. I felt always very close to George.

But I cannot say that I am sorry he has gained release from his suffering. I feel about him as I felt about my father, that there is no cause for tears, rather there is a sort of inward exultation that he died triumphant, with his armor girded on and his face toward Jerusalem—the New Jerusalem! He kindled a spark of zeal wherever he was. He was not content to let men rest or be at ease in Zion. With a mind al-

ways alert to those things which would better the church, he was moved by a dynamic energy to get those things done! He liked to do the things for Christ which others thought impossible. While others pondered over how it could be done, George started doing it!

His life perhaps can best be summed up in the words of the poet:

"And now we only ask to serve,
We do not ask to rest;
We would give all without reserve,
Our life, our love, our best.

We only ask to see his face,
It is enough for us;
We only ask the lowest place,
So he may smile on us.

W. CARL KETCHERSIDE.

OAKLAND, CALIF., 5-6-46. "That the News must continue to be published seems to be the will of everyone. A number of leading brethren have asked that I assume this responsibility. I am willing to attempt the task, though I have had comparatively little experience with printers. I shall earnestly strive to carry it on in the tradition that it was founded, that of producing a more cooperative spirit among the churches, that of stirring the churches everywhere to more zealous prosecution of the work that is before us, that of encouraging and strengthening the hand of every faithful brother that finds a task for his hand and shows a willingness to work, that of welcoming inspirational and doctrinal articles for the education and edification and exhortation and admonition of the brotherhood. But it shall continue to be a Newspaper, and we shall publish promptly upon the tenth of the month, and publish reports that are fresh, and urge the brethren everywhere to report regularly and to tell their new ideas and their harvest of good fruits for the guidance and encouragement of others. I am only willing to assume this work by the approval of the brethren in the churches of the Western States, who are principally concerned, and with their support I am sure that we can carry on the fine work that was begun and so successfully prosecuted by the late brother Robinson. It shall be a high privilege to take up the torch which his hand has dropped. Brother Phillip Robinson has pledged his assistance to me. . . . some notes of the church: four placed membership on April 28th; a series of five analytical lessons on 1st Timothy began last night; distributing one thousand "Peaceful Valley" tracts; a business meeting tonight, to make necessary adjustments; the church has some fine, dependable men, able to carry on." — KENNETH MORGAN.

The reason for the omission of the regular News reports for this month is obvious. Send all communications hereinafter to Kenneth Morgan, 5425 Shattuck Ave., Oakland 9, Calif. Kenneth Morgan was asked by the congregation to take evangelistic oversight in the business meeting April 6th, in Oakland. . . . The "get-together-meeting" in Stockton will definitely be held June 30th. The churches should be well represented. Plan now to be there. Contact (write) Emmett Powers, 3103 E. Miner Ave., Stockton, Calif. if you plan to go, and for information. More details next month. . . . L. C. Roberts leaves Connecticut May 6th, making several stops enroute to Ockville, Ill., his next meeting. . . . Glendale, Ariz. reports increased attendance—full house. . . . San Jose brethren encouraged by visitors. . . . Bob Sankey reports the Compton determination for BUILDING; help them. . . . Carl Isham in person work campaign in Fairview community, near Kirk, Colo.

In Remembrance

"We who have lost our life partners know how lost we felt during the early days of our widowhood—and still do. How much more must she feel who has given such constant care for so many years. Yet what a satisfaction it must be for her to know she was so faithful in her devotion to him. How we cling to our loved ones and how hard to give them up. Yet how happy they are who have spent long years of toil and care and pain, to be released and be with Him whom they have served so well. It would be cruel to wish them back to suffer—and yet the flesh is weak and cries out at the separation. Even Jesus wept at the grave of his friend and we are bidden to "weep with them that weep". And as this dear friend, I know, wept in sympathy with me—even so my tears flow in sympathy with her in her sorrow. And not for her alone, but for ourselves, one and all, who were blest in knowing him; bettered by our association with him and cheered and comforted by his words of encouragement and edification.

"HE HAS LEFT A MONUMENT BEYOND ALL EARTHLY VALUE IN HIS EXAMPLE OF PATIENT ENDURANCE; HIS TRI-

UMPH OVER OBSTACLES; HIS PERSEVERANCE AGAINST DISCOURAGEMENT. THE CHURCH AT 5433 SHATTUCK AVENUE IN OAKLAND STANDS AS A WITNESS OF HIS WORK. I PRAY IT MAY BE TREASURED AND KEPT PURE AND TRUE AND EVER ABOUNDING AS HE WOULD HAVE IT. He has gone on ahead but the influence of his life will live on and on. . . . In loving remembrance of all his kindness to me and mine," NANCY GINGRICH.

To Plant A True Church

Brother Robinson was born about the time that I began to preach. I remember him and his sisters, and their earnest efforts to plant a true church in St. Louis, Missouri. I stopped a few days with the little group in Berkeley, many years ago, and saw what a great task brother Robinson had to build a true church there; but he persevered and lived to see it on its feet. The church, and the Robinson home, became an oasis for the soldiers (and others during this latest war) so far as I can learn. I know of no one in the church who has accomplished so much under such physical pain. But this could not have been done at all, had it not been for his patient, self-sacrificing wife.

I do not know the plans for the Western News, nor have I been asked for my judgment, but it seems to me that Kenneth Morgan, being already there, is about as well fitted by nature and heart and training to HELP in putting out the paper, as anyone else. The Far West needs the Western News. — D. A. SOMMER.

God Has Called and He Has Answered

Our good brother George Robinson has, we think, been expecting the call for a number of years; it came, and he answered it; and he had made all preparations to answer it. Our loss is heaven's gain. I have known him since his youth when he lived in Northern Missouri. I knew him before he knew his wife, and I knew her before she knew him, and knew them both to be among the very best of God's intellectual creation. We often say at the passing of a friend, "He will be missed by the family, the church and community," but now we add, "and in the entire United States," wherever we have congregations, for most all knew him either personally or by reputation. We all mourn his passing, but "not as those who have no hope," for hope have we.

Brother George went to St. Louis where, I think, he began his public work mostly under the brother who afterward became his father-in-law, brother Zumwalt (who, once my neighbor, was very devoted to the Master and His Cause). Here brother George met the lady who became his life-long companion. She has suffered when he suffered, wept when he wept. I was in his home in California and he had a goat dairy then, and was doing nicely. Here I drank my first goat milk and liked it too. Brother George was seemingly in good health, with a bright future; and so it was for a few years. No living man ever loved his Lord more (I think) than he did in that year 1923, as in all his life. To a great extent his anticipations for the future were accomplished. His whole soul was in the Master's work; his Bible was his daily companion; and his Biblical knowledge has strengthened many a soul, assisting them along life's pathway, helping them to keep from turning from the truth.

He who continues the Western News will have much to do if the brotherhood is assisted, comforted, strengthened and blessed as they were under his steady hand, his council, his bright and learned way of meeting the brotherhood with his very deep thoughts in regard to knotty scripture explanations.

Even as a boy Brother George was religiously inclined. His thoughts were always heavenly, and Biblically expressed in his life; an epistle known and read by all who knew him; and the reading will continue right on. His works will follow him. He is an example. He had in life made his mistakes, like all of us, but his good deeds have hidden from our eyes and memories those mistakes, and we can not mention one of them today.

Sister Robinson, to you our deepest sympathy in your hours of mourning and sorrow. You have seen him suffer untold misery, and murmur not. You too were so patient, to look after that man of God, and suffer with him his hardships. God bless and keep you until you can go where you believe him now to be. He is better off than you, who are left to walk life's pathway alone, without his council and comforting words. God bless you in this hour of the greatest of your trials. One who loved the brother dearly—W. G. ROBERTS.

In Memory of A Beloved Brother

In the rush and turmoil of this busy life, we have been made to pause in silence at the sad news of the passing of Brother George Robinson. The loss to the brotherhood is greatly felt, and our heartfelt sympathy goes out to the bereaved family in this time of sorrow; but through the tears we rejoice in the consolation of the Spirit, as we think of him as one who has dedicated his life to the cause of Christ. In the past we see vividly the footprints of brother George in the sands of time as he strove toward the eternal goal. These footprints will remain as shining of faith, outstanding in the great initiative which he possessed and the memorials and fitting examples for each of us as we think of his works demonstration of magnificent zeal and determined perseverance in the face of such adversity as the physical ailments suffered by him. These he seemed to turn from handicaps to stepping stones; doing the things that many in good health and full physique have shrunk from doing. Should not many of us stop and hang our heads in humiliation and shame, when we, at the slightest obstruction, seek for excuse, falter, murmur and despair. George in his life exemplified the words, "None of these things move me." . . . efforts that he put forth in trying circumstances throughout the years of holding a meager few together and meeting in his home, by the teaching that they should be satisfied with only what the Lord has said, and in conformity with his earnest prayers, toiled toward the achievement that his life he spared until a house could be procured in his home city for those whom he loved to be privileged to gather and worship God . . . in the pioneering efforts to establish a medium through which the loyal congregations might keep in touch with and encourage each other, as well as the isolated individual . . . we believe that his admonition to us would be, "CARRY ON!" Let us fortify our determination.—DALE STEPHENSON.

"For the records, we are desirous of publishing for the California brethren a correction of a misleading statement appearing nearly four years ago in a special California Edition of the West Coast Christian; reviewing California churches, under Stockton, the record begins, "The church began peaceful worship here March 22, 1936." A little further down, acknowledgement is made of a church founded there in 1851, but long since non-existent. In this issue of the News, in the article by J. D. Powers, and the autobiographical sketch by GAR, you will read of the beginning of a congregation at Stockton, in the home of brother George Robinson in 1917 (July), and later (spring, 1918) moving to a store-building on Miner Ave., then in 1923 brother George Robinson gave a lot, and solicited building funds, and the church was meeting in its own house by 1924, the same house in which that congregation meets to this day. The congregation in the above mentioned report, is another that was founded in opposition to the things the faithful brethren in Stockton have stood for all the years of the history of the church." — KENNETH MORGAN.

Our Appreciation

We wish to express our deep appreciation for the wonderful way in which our Christian friends have shared with us the grief of this sad hour. To everyone, everywhere, who in word or deed or thought has taken our grief to their own heart, we take this means of saying thanks. Our grief has been great, but through your aid we have received reassurance, and it has been alleviated by the hope which we have in Christ. — THE FAMILY.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

LISTING OF CHURCHES FREE OF CHARGE TO REGULAR CORRESPONDENTS

ARIZONA

Glendale, American Legion Hall

CALIFORNIA

Compton, Pathfinder Hall, 601 E. Palmer
Exeter, C and Chestnut Streets
Home Gardens, Blair & Magnolia Avenue
Long Beach, Masonic Hall, 835 Locust
Modesto, 207 Linden St.
National City, 8th St. & National Ave.
Oakland, 5433 Shattuck Avenue (at 55th St.)
Oildale, 613 Lincoln Avenue
Perris, 256 W. First St.

Pomona, 1006 So. Garey (10th and Garey)
Reedley, 1230 - 11th Street
Riverside, 11th & Lemon Streets
(West) Riverside, Nakoma & Molina Way
(East) Sacramento, Fair Oaks Blvd & California
Street, Carmichael
San Jose, 538 Vendome
Stockton, Windsor Ave., Near Linden Road
Tulare, Legion Hall

COLORADO

Colorado Springs, Cedar and Cimarron

"Fairview", c/o Evelyn Seaman, Kirk
La Junta—8th St. and Grace Avenue
Denver, 3822 W. 39th Street

OREGON

Bend, c/o E. O. Huffman, R. 1, Box 472
Estacada, 6th & Main, W. of Grade School
Klamath Falls, K. C. Hall, 413½ Main

WASHINGTON

Pasco, c/o Creed Thomas, Box 612
Spokane, W. 2002 Boone Ave.