

Willie and Elisabeth Jamieson

Willie, Elisabeth & Violet Jamieson

Early Workers

Revised January 5, 2026

Willie Jamieson's Testimony#1

Willie Jamieson's Testimony #2 (Ronan, MT 1969)

Willie Jamieson's Letter from China Apr. 1, 1927 to J. Carroll

Willie Jamieson – Imprisoned in Los Banos Internment Camp in Philippines in WWII

See: <http://ithascome.bravehost.com/Wim-Jamieson-Internment.html>

Willie Jamieson – Funeral, 1974

Willie Jamieson – Newspaper: 2,500 attend funeral rites in Whittier, California

View photo of Willie's Tombstone

Elisabeth Jamieson – Obituary, Nov 15, 1977

View photo of Elisabeth's Tombstone

Elisabeth Jamieson's Reminiscences

Jamieson Family Tree

Notes by Willie Jamieson:

Deuteronomy 32

Los Angeles CA 1945

Gilroy CA 1974

Letters by Willie & Elisabeth "Lizzie"

January 7, 1911 by Willie Jamieson from Scotland to Henry & Cordia White

Click Here to View Photo of Letter

January 7, 1911 by Lizzie Jamieson to Cordia White

Click Here to View Photo of Letter

December 3, 1910 Letter by W. Jamieson to Whites – Earliest known use of name: Christian Convention

Click Here to View Photo of Letter pages 1-2

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August 13, 1913 Letter by Lizzie Jamieson to Dear Brother

August 14, 1913 Letter by Violet Jamieson to Dear Brother

Willie, Elisabeth and Violet Jamieson

Willie, Elisabeth and Violet Jamieson were siblings from Scotland who all became workers labored in America.

William (Willie) Rankin Jamieson entered the work in 1905

Elisabeth Lawrie Jamieson entered the work in 1905

Euphemia Violet Jamieson entered the work in 1905. Due to poor health, she returned to Scotland and relocated in Australia in 1928 where she died.

William (Willie) Jamieson was born April 28, 1882. His family's home address was 18 Bridgend Street, Duns, Berwickshire, Scotland. He professed in a mission of either Eddie Cooney or William Irvine; three weeks later he entered the Work. He came to America in 1905 and died in California on October 11, 1974. He professed in his first meeting, according to his sister Elisabeth's Reminiscences. He was brother to Sister Workers Violet and Elisabeth. He pioneered the work in Peoples Rep. of China.

Excerpt from Funeral handout: *William Rankin Jamieson was born April 28, 1881,[most documents have 1882] in Scotland, to William and Elisabeth Jamieson. He heard the gospel and made his choice January 2, 1905. Later that month, he entered the ministry. In the fall of that year, he came to California to work. He labored in Oregon and Manitoba before going to China in 1926. He spent six years in the Philippines, from 1939 to 1945, being interned part of that time. Uncle Willie has been in California since March, 1957. He became ill January 11, 1974, and passed away October 11, 1974. The funeral service is October 15, 1974, at 7:00 p.m. at the Whittier High School, Whittier, CA. The interment will be at 10:00 a.m. at Pacific Crest Cemetery...on the corner of 182nd and Inglewood Avenue, Redondo, CA... Officiating: Tharold Sylvester, Ernest Nelson, Howard Mooney and Eldon Tenniswood." (The*

overseers under Willie)

Note: Jack Carroll passed away March, 1957; and Willie J. came back to California in March, 1957, and took over Jack's place as Overseer of the Western states in the USA. Willie Jamieson, along with some other brother workers (Herman Beaber, Ernest Stanley, Cecil Barrett and Leo Stancliff) were all imprisoned at Santo Tomas, Philippines by the Japanese on January 6, 1942. They were finally liberated on February 23, 1945.

William Rankin Jamieson was born in Scotland and made his choice in his first meeting on Jan. 2, 1905, when he was 24 years old. Later that month, he entered the ministry. Sydney Holt wrote:

*"On Saturday Robert took me about 15 minutes ride to just outside the town of Duns where we saw the home where Uncle Willie Jamieson was raised and the hills where his dad shepherded sheep. Drove down the road Uncle Willie walked down after he said good-by to his parents who weren't in agreement with his going forth to preach. Also saw the spot where he sat down and looked back wondering if he were making the right choice! Then the train depot (not in use now) in Duns where he caught the train....We then drove to Chirnside where Uncle Willie worked for a butcher in his shop. Saw the very hall in Reston where Uncle Willie first heard the truth at a special meeting! In Chirnside we saw the farm where the first convention was held (1911) in this part of Scotland. Across the road is a very old church (still in use) with a large cemetery with grave markers dated in the 1600 and 1700's. Five workers are buried here (saw John Martin, Jean Gibson and Sarah Skerrit's graves)" (letter to Fellow laborers and Friends, **May 1, 1985**).*

Elisabeth Jamieson, sister of Willie said: "After Willie heard and accepted the Gospel (in his first meeting), he asked the worker who held that meeting, if there would ever be an opportunity for him to go into this ministry? This worker asked him, 'How soon could you be ready?' 'In two weeks,' replied Willie. It was a little longer than this before he went, but during this time of waiting, he came to Edinburgh, where my older sister, Violet, and I were working. He told us about the Truth he had found every day for a whole week. One morning, by my bedside, I yielded my heart to God, and at the same time, offered my life for God's great Harvest Field. My sister, Violet, went out then in the Work in July or August, 1905, and I followed on the 27th of October. I was nineteen, my sister older....It hurt Father and Mother to have Willie go, and then Violet, but it nearly broke their hearts when I left. Tears were streaming down their faces, and mine. They were Presbyterians. Father an Elder for as long as I could remember..." (Elisabeth Jamieson's Reminiscences, Hayward, CA, 1969).

Ellis Island records show that **William Jamieson**, male, Scotch, single, 25 years old, residence Chirnside, arrived in New York on August 14, 1905, aboard the SS *Numidian*. Willie went straight to California from New York, arrived there on Aug. 22, 1905, and joined Irvine Weir who had arrived there the year before. Their first mission was in San Luis Obispo.

"Willie Jamieson went straight to California from New York. Irvin Weir was in California and Walter Slater was with him. The Waites professed in the third meeting they were in at that time....Their home was the FIRST in California that was opened and which continued so. Through the efforts of the Waites, the Workers went to Paso Robles and set up a tent in November where Willie J. joined them" (Early Days in California, 1904-1910 by Mrs. Alex McPhail).

"Arthur Waite and wife went to meeting. Bert and Reta Waite were visiting and heard them and wanted them to come on up to Paso Robles and have some meetings. They put up a tent in what is the middle of town now—and a sign, "Gospel Meetings." They had a lot of opposition—the baser sort were put up to throwing things at them and making holes in the tent. There they found the families of Waites, Weibe, McPhail, Hill, Esther Hanson, Hilma Johnson (a blind woman), Maude Hilton and some others. Most were baptized in Lake Isabel near Creston" (Early Memories of Iona R. (Hill) Wood, California).

In World War II, on January 6, 1942, Willie, along with some other Brother Workers (Herman Beaber, Ernest Stanley, Cecil Barrett and Leo Stancliff) were imprisoned by the Japanese in Santo Tomas, Philippines. Willie wrote an account of this time, as did some of the other workers. These are posted on the website **Deliverance-It Has Come!** owned by John Beaber, son of Herman Beaber, POW, who is also the Author's uncle. They were liberated on February 23, 1945. Willie passed away October 11, 1974, and is buried in Pacific Crest Cemetery, Redondo Beach, California. **See: <http://lithascome.bravehost.com/Wim-Jamieson-Internment.html>**

Elisabeth (Lizzie) Jamieson was born June 2, 1886, was from Duns, Co. Berwickshire, Scotland and died on Vancouver Island, Oregon, on November 15, 1969. She is buried in Royal Oak Burial Grounds, Victoria, B. C. Her home was at 18 Bridgend St. She is not shown on the July 1905 Workers list as she entered the work on October 27, 1905 per her **Reminiscences**. She went to California in Sept. 1906, where her brother, Willie, had a companion waiting for her, Florence Langworthy, one of Irvine Weir's converts.

"I got a letter just then from Willie, offering me a place in the Work in California. He and Walter Slater were at Pismo Beach, 'a grand training ground for preachers,' he wrote. Later in the letter, he said, 'we're living on bread and water'....So I came then, to California, at the age of twenty. I had been in the Work less than a year. Florence Langworthy (age 22) became my companion. We came to Paso Robles and worked in that area." (Elisabeth Jamieson's Reminiscences, 1969).

Euphemia (Violet) Jamieson was born December 8, 1872 and died Dec. 31, 1962 in Chatsworth, NSW Australia. She entered the work in 1905, preached in South Dakota, Nebraska, and Oregon. Due to poor health, she returned to Scotland. She relocated in NSW Australia in 1928 where her brother John Lawrie and wife Agnes had immigrated in 1915.

JAMIESON FAMILY TREE**Parents:**

William Jamieson, b. Sept 10, 1845 in Langton, Berwickshire, Scotland
 married 1869:
 Elizabeth Darling (Lawrie) Jamieson, b. 1845

All 7 surviving Jamieson children were all born at Hardens Farm Cottage, Langton, Berwickshire, Scotland:

1. George Darling Jamieson was born abt 1871.
2. **Euphemia Violet Jamieson** was born December 8, 1872; died Dec. 31, 1962 in Chatsworth, NSW Australia.
3. Mary Lawrie Jamieson, b. 31 December 1874.
4. John Lawrie Jamieson born 20 March 1877. Lived in England
5. Welhelminia Jamieson born abt 1879.
6. **William "Willie" Rankin Jamieson** was born April 28, 1881; died October 11, 1974 in Westminster, CA. Buried in Pacific Crest Cemetery, Redondo Beach, Los Angeles, California. See Tombstone: [Findagrave](#)
7. James Lawrie Jamieson born abt 1883; died 26 March 1957 in Cowra, NSW, Australia.
8. **Elisabeth Lawrie Jamieson** was born June 2, 1886; died on Vancouver Island, Oregon on November 15, 1977. Buried in Royal Oak Burial Grounds, Victoria, B. C.

Willie, Elisabeth and Violet Jamieson were siblings from Scotland who became workers and all 3 labored in America.

William (Willie) Rankin Jamieson entered the work in 1905

Elisabeth Lawrie Jamieson entered the work in 1905

Euphemia (Violet) Jamieson entered the work in 1905.

Violet left the work in 1915 due to poor health and returned to Scotland and moved to Australia in 1928 after her father passed.

William Jamieson arrived in New York on **August 14, 1905**, aboard S.S. Numidian, from Glasgow, Scotland; Age 24 years old, Ethnicity: Scotland.

William Jamieson, Evangelist, sailed 3rd class on the Ship Baltic from New York to Liverpool, England on **June 11, 1911**.

Willie Jamieson's Testimony #1

When I first started in the work I used to feel that I would get better as I went on in the way. After ten years I felt if there was any change it was for the worse, this selfish greedy, human nature is always cleaving to the dust, and it will until you pass away. Many make the mistake of thinking we will improve as we go on, I did too, but I don't now. I used to look into the lives of others who were, I thought, superior to me and felt they were better than me and wonder why, was I made like I was, with the nature like some of the others. Have you ever reasoned like that?

There is a religion in California, I don't know if you have it out here also, they teach that as you go on you gradually have your Human Nature taken from you, just like drawing a tooth from the jawbone. No it is not like that, we have this human nature as long as we live.

My father was a good man. He had no bad habits, He brought us up as he thought was right. But at the age of 20 years, I felt I was drifting. There was a Stream through our property and after the rains that water would rise and break its banks and spread out to the right or left hand side. I used to notice how the driftwood would all be carried down the stream. I remember feeling, "Your life is like that." You are not what you were last year and if you continue drifting in the way you have this year, by the time you are 40 years of age, if you live that long, your father will be ashamed of you.

I had as they say sown wild oats. I used to go out with the boys and each Saturday night we used to go to the public house. I purposed I would not go with them. My pals asked me every Saturday for a month, and made me feel a weakling. I purposed I would have nothing stronger than lemonade. I remember when I was in that place, thinking, if your father and mother could see you here, what would they think of you, but I put that thought in the back of my mind, thinking, that they were over 100 miles away. Then I remember another thought, "Your Father that is in Heaven, He can see you." That went on I got past lemonade, and started taking wine and beer. I felt disgusted with myself and at last went to my father and confessed and asked him could he show me how to become a Christian. He said, "Well I can tell you no more than I taught you as a child, why not go to the preacher?"

So I was miserable and unhappy and I decided to go to the preacher. Can you picture, just what that meant to me? As I walked up to that great Manse, the servant girl answered the door. She took me in and the preacher came in and I told him what I had come for, and he said, "God bless you, son, you are a Christian already." I said, "Well, why am I so miserable and unhappy?" He said, "Oh, that's because you have not joined the church." So I asked what should I do and he talked to me for a while and gave me some

questions to learn and he told me to come back again.

So I went again for about half an hour and answered some questions. Then I was invited to church to the Lord's supper and there I was invited into the church. So when I went on the Sunday morning the preacher was there, and the Twelve Elders of the church, my father, one, and eleven others. I was called to the front and asked my questions, then the preacher shook me by the hand and said, "I give you the hand of fellowship." After that the twelve elders shook my hand in fellowship, and one of them was a confirmed drunkard, two others would not speak to each other. They it was, who gave me the hand of friendship. I went home very glad, but by 24 hours I found I was no different, I found it was only a religious veneer. One thing it could not do for me, and that was, it could not stop me wanting to get to know God. I was so much in earnest that I used to get up at 3 am. of a Sunday morning, and feed my sheep and walk 7 miles to church and walk back, because I felt that the preacher at that church might be able to do and tell me more, than the preacher over the road. This went on for three years.

I was not a Shepherd now, I was in business, when a friend came and asked me if I'd like to go to some meetings. I said, "I don't know if I would or not," for I felt like I'd just about given up trying to find God. I'd read the Bible and hadn't got very far. I said, "What is the preacher like? Do you know anything about him?" He said, "Well, I don't know very much, only that he has had plenty of money and when he asked himself what was the right way for a preacher to go out into the Ministry and tried to compare the different men who were preaching, when reading in the New Testament of the rich young man who came and asked that question of Jesus, he said, "Does that mean I will have to sell all that I have and give it to the poor?" Then he read where Jesus said, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life, no man cometh unto the Father but by me." He felt that if that was God's way 2000 years ago it's right for the 20th century and I want to go in that way."

I said, "This preacher sounds like Peter and John to me and I'll go and hear him." Three weeks later he called for me. The first thing that I looked at was the hymn book. It contained the same kind of hymns, then I thought I would get a look at the preacher. There were 7 or 8 men on the platform, but I could not see a preacher among them. In Scotland the preachers would have their collars turned back to front. I couldn't see a preacher among them and I said to the friend, "Have you made a fool of me?" Well, one of the men stood up and gave out a hymn. I stood up with the others and I sang with all my heart. Then the man stood up and said, "I wonder how many of you played the hypocrite, when you sang that hymn. Some of you sound the words but have no desire to make it practical. Now I will ask you to read through those words and we will sing it a second time. Now will any of you be honest enough, if he feels he can't sing those words from the heart, will you remain seated. Some of the words of that hymn went like this:

"Send me forth, O, Blessed Master,
Where souls in sorrow bow,
Send me forth to homes of want and homes of care,
And with joy I will obey Thy call,
And in Thy Blessed name,
I will carry the light of the blessed Gospel there."

I said to myself, "No, you will not stand up." All the others got up and sang again but I sat there. But they were not all saved that stood up. After they sat down the preacher got up and said, "What I am about to say to you will make you angry, some of you will hate me for what I am going to say to you. I listened and listened and listened. After some time I noticed it was getting dark and thought a storm must be coming. I happened to notice the time, and do you know he had been speaking for four and a half hours and we had not noticed the time getting away.

After the meeting I went straight up to the preacher, and told him, "This is what I have been searching for, and that I wanted to serve God in that way." Do you know he was a big man, but tears welled up into his eyes and he wept, as I told him. He asked me to go out into the country road for a talk, and he did something, he offered me his arm and I took it and like a pair of sweethearts we went onto the side of the road to talk. He offered me love and that which I had been searching for and after talking to him for a while I asked him a question, now, you will think it a silly question for me to ask him. I said, "Do you think I could ever be a preacher like you?" He said, "How long will it take you to give up your business? And I said I would have to give two weeks notice, so he said, "I'll have a companion for you in two weeks time." And that is how I started out to preach.

God has a plan and a purpose for each one of us and if we accept that plan God will be with us. That has kept me these 47 years that I have been preaching the Gospel. The only thing we can do with life ourselves is to make a mess of it. My nature was one that made me drift down and down, but when I got the new nature it made me feel that God had a plan for me.

TTT Editor's Note: * "the preacher," although unnamed in the above account, was **Edward Cooney**. Reportedly, Willie always considered Eddie to be "a man of God" and felt that his expulsion from the fellowship was more of an administrative issue than a salvational one.

WILLIE JAMIESON'S TESTIMONY #2
RONAN, MONTANA – 1969

What a wonderful day it was in my life when this word came to me 60 years ago. When I reached the age of 20, I was convinced I was drifting like a piece of wood on the water. I said to myself, "Suppose you live to 40 and live the way you are now, you will not only be shamed of yourself, but your people will be ashamed of you too. You must do something." I was away from home and decided if I went home, I might get help. My father was an elder of the Presbyterian Church for over 20 years at that time. If any man could tell me how to be a Christian, it would be he.

I asked him one night if he could tell me how to become a child of God? He said, "No, I cannot tell you how to become a child of God." I asked him who could? He said, "Maybe the best thing you could do is go to our preacher and explain your situation to him. Maybe he can help you." I was only 20, bashful, backward and very slow of speech. I came to the conclusion I must go to that man and tell him. I went to the preacher's home. It cost me a lot, but I was desperate. I wanted to be a child of God. I hated to think of my life going to destruction, so I went to that big mansion where he lived and rang the bell. As I waited, my heart was thumping.

The servant girl came to the door. She wanted to know what I wanted. She said, "Wait, I will let you know if he will see you or not." She returned and said, "You may come in." She brought me to a little room where there were two chairs and a table, asked me to sit down and told me the preacher would be there immediately. He came and I stood up. He asked me what I had come about.

I told him I wanted to ask how to become a child of God. He said, "God bless you, young man. The fact that you talk as you do is proof to me that you are a child of God." I said to him, "Why am I so unhappy? Why do I feel that if I pass away I cannot go to heaven?" He thought a while. "The reason you are so dissatisfied, even though you are a child of God, is you have never joined the church or taken an active part." I asked, "If I join, can you assure me the satisfaction and assurance I am craving?" He said, "I can."

I asked him what to do. He said, "I couldn't tell you tonight." He made an appointment with me to go to his study another night for a half hour. We sat down together and he began to teach me what I must know in order to become a member of that church. In that time he wasn't satisfied that I was wise enough to answer all those questions which he would put before me. So I came back and at the end of the second session, he was satisfied.

He said, "Next Sunday it is communion Sunday. They would break bread and drink wine which they did four times each year. After I have preached my sermon, I will come down from the pulpit and ask the choir to leave. Then I will call the elders by name, one by one, to come from the congregation. I will call you and you will take your place."

Can you picture this situation? A preacher in black robe—I was almost afraid to look at the man. He came down from the pulpit, asked the choir to vacate their chairs, called the elders, and called upon me, and I stood in front of him, while 500 members in that church looked on. He asked the questions, one by one, and I answered them, one by one. He took me by the hand and said, "I am giving you the right hand of fellowship into this body of Christians." He asked the elders to do the same. The Lord's Supper was served and I took part for the first time with a spirit as light as a bird. "Now I am a member of this church. Now whatever happens, I will go to heaven, I will go to heaven when I die."

For three days I was very happy until it dawned on me, "All you have done is go through a ceremony in which you have had no dealings with God. He hasn't asked you to do anything he hasn't before." I became very discouraged, more discouraged than ever before. My father couldn't tell me, the preacher told me something that wasn't true. I'm left stranded, what will I do?

I was brought up to believe the Bible was God's Word. When in my desperation I saw all that I'd done, I said, "Maybe if you read the Bible carefully and prayerfully, sooner or later, you will get the something you are looking for." I promised God I would read and pray three times day until I knew from God himself I had become his child. I started and was diligent. I went to every religious meeting that I could go to. I read my Bible and prayed three times every day. Sometimes the situation was such it made it impossible. After three years, I found myself going to six religious meetings every week and taking part in some of them.

At the close of one of those services, a young friend of mine came to me. (He was a child of God.) He said, "Willie, I am going to invite you to a meeting such of which you have never heard before." I said, "I don't believe you can take me to any place where you can assure me I can hear a different kind of preacher. I have been to all kinds of churches, heard the best preachers and those that were otherwise. What do you mean when you say this preacher is different from any other?" He told me, "This man is living and preaching like Jesus, James and John. He has given up a wonderful station in life and is pouring out his life for the sake of the gospel." I said to my friend, "Is it true that there is a man like that living in Scotland now?"

Afterward I remembered when I was 11 years of age, just a young boy, as was the custom, every Sunday I went to church with the rest of the family. It was the custom before every service and sermon to read a few verses from the New Testament. This morning he asked us to open our Bibles to Matthew 10. I didn't have a Bible, but I had two ears that were open. He read that wonderful commission Jesus gave to his own disciples. "When ye go, preach saying, the Kingdom of heaven is at hand, etc." I said in my young

heart, that man is reading something he is not living himself. I was sure we were paying him a bigger salary than any man in the congregation received.

Isn't it strange that that thing pierced my soul and impressed me so much? At the table, I said to my father, "Wasn't that a wonderful portion of scripture he read this morning?" He said, "What was so wonderful in that part of scripture than any other?" Jesus was telling his own preachers how they were to preach and what they were to do. The thing that impressed me most of all was, "Freely ye have received, freely give." I said, "You know, Dad, he is not living like that." My father gave me a look I won't forget if I lived a thousand years. He said, "God doesn't expect ministers to live like that." I dismissed from my mind ever meeting a preacher like Jesus.

Now this young man was telling me he was going to take me to a meeting where there was a preacher like that. It was a Special Meeting. One hundred and twenty people were gathered and all but me walking in the way of Truth. Eight workers got on that platform. When the meeting hour came around, I looked at them and said to myself, "Where is the preacher?" Every preacher I had seen before was dressed in a certain garb. They generally buttoned their collars at the back instead of the front. As I looked at those eight men, I thought, "This friend of mine has invited me to go to a meeting with no preachers."

By and by, one of those men got up and gave out a hymn. We were taught to stand when we sang hymns, so when that hymn was announced, we all stood up to sing. They sang from their hearts and I tried to keep up with them. We sat down and that man of God got to his feet, and he said, "I wonder how many of you people, when we sang this song, were playing a hypocrite." I said to myself, "He is different from any preacher I have ever heard. I have come here to get some help and he insinuates I am being a hypocrite."

He said, "It is very possible that in this meeting there are some who sang these words and had no intention of making them a part of their life." He said, "We are going to sing this hymn again; if there is anyone who doesn't want to live these words out, would you be honest enough to keep your seat while the rest sing." I thought that was straight talk. I read the first verse:

"Send me forth, O, Blessed Master,
Where souls in sorrow bow,
Send me forth to homes of want and homes of care,
And with joy I will obey Thy call,
And in Thy Blessed name,
I will carry the light of the blessed Gospel there."

and said, "Now I know what he means. If I stand up and sing those words, I am placing myself before God as a hypocrite. I don't feel capable of living what these words talk about. I cannot and will not sing them the second time." How you couldn't do that, you are not even satisfied that the life you are living is according to the mind of God.

By and by, they sang again just as heartily, but I sat in my chair with my head down and God spoke to my heart giving me the consciousness of this one fact—that I had been led to that meeting for the purpose of something being done within my soul never done before. They sat down and that man of God* got to his feet and he talked to us—not preached to us. He didn't tell us how bad we were, but the way he spoke made us know how bad we were. He didn't tell us we needed to be saved, but I knew I wasn't. In ten minutes, I said to myself, "I have never seen anything like this before."

The next day it came to me that the reason that man made it so clear was because he himself was living it. He is a living witness and he testified to what God has done in his life. He speaks of those living in his day as [if] he is speaking with authority.

I asked myself, "Now, if you live this, you change your way of living, what will your father and mother think, and what will they do?" I was convinced everything that man had spoken was exactly opposite to what my mother and father believed. "They will be against you." But the thought came to me, "Your father can be your father for a few more years, and death will take him away, but in this meeting today God, He who is called the Everlasting Father, is speaking to you." I asked, "Is it better to live so that your father and mother will be pleased; or to be misunderstood by them, but have the smile and approval of God in heaven?" I said, "If I take God to be my Father today, He will be mine forever, even after my natural father has been in the grave."

Even in that meeting I said, "Even though I have never lived for God, I intend by the mercy of God to start living for Him." That meeting lasted a long time. Maybe it took that long for the light of the Truth to penetrate my heart. I settled it in my heart I would walk with Christ. When the meeting closed, I was sitting in the back of the hall. I felt I must go to that preacher and tell him what had taken place.

I went right up to that platform and told him what a wonderful experience he led me into. He had never seen me before; but when I spoke, I saw tears in his eyes—not tears of sadness, but joy, gladness and thankfulness to God that He had used him that afternoon as a messenger to me and the word had been effective in my life. He took me by the arm, one thing my father had never done. He said, "Let's go out and have a visit together." I began to ask him questions, and he answered them all.

I asked him one question I almost killed myself for doing afterward. I said, "Do you think there could be a possibility in my life of

becoming a preacher like you have been talking about: a man like Jesus willing to forsake everything to preach this Gospel you have been preaching this afternoon?"

He hesitated a minute or two and said, "What are you working at? What are you doing?" I told him, and he said, "How long would it take you to get out of that job?" "I would have to give two week's notice." He said, "You go home and tell your boss you will leave in two weeks, and I will have a companion for you." I went home that night and said, "You certainly put your foot in your mouth. You didn't even stand up to declare you would live it, now you are launching out for a life you are unqualified for." There came a sweetness into my soul that night remembering when Jesus called Peter, James and John. He said, "Follow me and I will teach you how." I said, "I am prepared to start like Peter, James and John, even though I am incapable and unworthy."

* TTT Editor's note: "the man of God," "that preacher," although unnamed in the above account, was either **Edward Cooney** or **William Irvine**. Reportedly, Willie always considered Eddie to be "a man of God" and felt that his expulsion from the fellowship was more of an administrative issue than a salvational one.

**Notes by Willie Jamieson
Los Angeles Special Meeting
April 29, 1945**

Romans 8:12-19. We have learned in our experience of the past 3 years, that man lives by the bread he eats—this is all the more true spiritually. The man who spiritually eats daily, sincerely and religiously, is the one who will make the most of spiritual life. This is one great lesson impressed on us as we were deprived of natural food. Many of us know what is right, but we do not do it. Like having food on hand and not eating it. When one realizes he is starving, any form of food looks good.

I used to think the Bible was a book comparing those inside Gods family with those outside. Now I see it differently. It is to show how those in the family live to continue right as time passes. Snake charmers in India can mesmerize snakes with music. I sometimes fear greatly that some of us in Gods family seem to be like those snakes—in a spiritual daze, singing hymns, not realizing the meaning of the words, not realizing **that it is a serious thing to be representing God's chosen people, the purpose for which He created the whole world to choose a people for Himself**. One of the first steps in getting wrong is getting into this spiritual daze.

These verses give a picture of what God has purposed for us. We should be alive and awake to it. **False prophets** get people charmed by music and surrounding beauty and form until they are influenced by emotion "to come to the altar" and to do many things in the name of religion. We are no better off than they are if we get our help in that way instead of feeding on spiritual food. I hope you'll not allow it. Any **preacher**, whether in God's way or out of it, who tries to influence people by emotion or form or appearance, had better be home planting corn than being a preacher; he is not a **true preacher**. I am convinced that the greatest thing in the whole world is to be a **true preacher** and one of the rarest things too.

Some **false prophets** even have to dress in a way to make them seem different and holy. Your outward dress has nothing to do with it, but the dress you must have is what Jesus showed in the little child He set up before them—"a meek and quiet spirit" and "become as a little child." The more you learn and know, the less you'll think you know. If you think you know pretty much, it is a sure sign you haven't learned much yet. I would like to make a diligent effort every day of my life to that end, to make it possible for God to give me the spirit of a little child. There is a mock humility and I hope it is not in us! It is one of the worse devil-made deceivers. Be what you are and don't pretend to be any less or any more. No use in having that meek and quiet spirit in outward actions unless it first comes from the heart, unconsciously. Only God can put that in us—we can't put it in ourselves. We need to pray for it. We are debtors. You can rejoice if you can say this is true of you. It doesn't mean you are faultless every day, but that you are being led by the true Spirit.

"If ye live after the flesh ye shall die"—were you ever near death? You weren't very comfortable, were you? If we could only realize the seriousness of these words naturally speaking, we would see more clearly how it is spiritually. Did you pray this morning? Did you ask God to speak to you and lead you? Do you have any idea what it might mean when God answers that prayer? Jesus was led into the wilderness to be tempted by the devil. He was led into a great battle. If you've ever been in a battle field of war, you will understand better what a spiritual battle should be. The natural tendency of a soldier when the Japanese are winning all around is to say, "I surrender," but there is something in him that helps him say, "No, I won't, I'll be true to the flag no matter what happens." That is enduring. It says that "He that endures to the end shall be saved."

Have you ever been sick in bed and try to get up and walk? You are too weak, you want to give up and lie down, but you know you must make an effort or you won't get strength and you may never get up again. That is what you must do spiritually when in that battle of temptations. That is enduring. "Let patience have her perfect work." What does perfect mean? A perfect body is a picture of a perfect soul. We saw many bodies in sad condition in the camp. It was a comfort to remember we may leave these imperfect bodies and receive a perfect spiritual body. No one can deprive us of this.

You must not think that to be led by the Spirit of God is always to be full of joy and singing. We'll never learn how much we can enjoy the glory of God until we first bear the burdens and suffer temptations. We can expect to have deep wrinkles in our spiritual brow before we reach that time of perfection. There is also the other side—the reaping. There is only one reason why God made the world; not for a battlefield, but that He might choose from the world a people for Himself. Why then should not Gods people be the most important people on earth? It wasn't a nice thing to be in that camp nearly starved to death — 3 years of hunger—but it gave me a wonderful feeling of joy of what awaits God's chosen people. It seemed more real and near, being so close to death.

When we first profess, the devil tells us we are all wrong—our friends tell us this, too. The Spirit itself within is what bears witness and makes us know we are on the side of the children of God (v.16) Another time the Spirit itself bears witness and proves itself in us, is when we try to get something out of the world and can't anymore. I have seen many try it. They have tried over and over again and come back disappointed every time! There are some in the world who do really enjoy what the world holds out, but others are so desperately displeased with their state that even the world can't please them and give them a good time. I was one of those who did enjoy the world when I lived for it, but still my heart was troubled at the waste, and since I have become one in the family of God, I have had a greater joy and peace.

Paul said that now we see through a glass darkly, but one day we'll see Him face to face—the Son of God. We cannot look at the sun of the heavens with a naked eye; we aren't quite capable of taking in so great a light with the human eye, but we can look at it through a darkened glass, which shuts out much of what is really there. The same is true looking at the Son of God. Imagine how it would seem to be able to see and to know all about the sun, closely—how great compared to what little we can see. Light is always seen but never heard. The **false prophets** put it the other way around. They go to school to learn how to be good deliverers before they think much about how to bear the light so it can be seen in them. Do you often think how it will be to see Jesus face to face with eyes that can see Him in all His beauty? Not weak human eyes that cannot stand the light and must see only through a glass darkly. "Not worthy to be compared with the glory that will be revealed." (V.18) Wait, and pray, and pray until you can look upon God as you should.

Praying gets more difficult as a person grows older. I must first of all be rewarded in the secret place before I can stand before others and give them bread that is of Christ. "Love is blind" and we often see a bride so taken up with the bridegroom that she cannot see but what he is the most wonderful man in the whole world as far as she is concerned. This is the way Christ will seem to us if we truly try to learn to love Him as we should. "We will know as we are known"—we will know Him as well as He knows us. Is there anything in the world worth so much as this? But there is "suffering" mentioned in Verse 18 first. Would a bride be true if she said, "I will stay by you as long as everything goes nicely, but not if you must go through hard times."

Now, before closing for lunch, I would like to say you may be tempted to put me in a bad place—thinking of a man from a concentration camp as sort of a hero who is still alive. There were many who suffered far more than I and are now in a far worse condition. I hope you'll not make it hard for me by trying to make a hero out of me. Before I could go out to preach the Gospel again, I would have to pray to God to give me more love for the world in general. I need more of the love of a mother has for her children. I never did like the shame and I don't like it any better today—people turning up their shoulders at such an unrecognized thing to live for, saying "No good can come of one wasting his life that way." This is suffering. But I have no right to speak of suffering when I think of what Paul suffered there in that prison. When you are in prison and wonder if you will ever get out, you have no idea how then the people of God are desirable in memory.

I used to lie on my couch and take a trip, let my mind have a real and go where it wanted to go. I would go back to the friends, YOU friends, and see your faces. How it helped! There might be times we are tempted to be ashamed of God's way but not at a time like that. They are the best in the earth to think about. There is always something wrong in a person if he thinks he is getting better and is better than some other brother. Paul said, "Oh wretched man that I am," and he felt more that way as he grew older. If you feel shame at your own flesh (foolish blunders, words and mistakes), there is hope for you. But not if you feel you have done all things right, you can't then be blessed by God. Jesus had to get away alone to the mountain to pray because the people were emotionally stirred to praise Him and wanted to make Him King.

It is dangerous to be considered a hero—that is why I hope you will not be so sentimental that you'll make it hard for me to get away from myself and remember who I am. We as workers often feel the necessity of getting away among hardened misunderstanding people who don't know God so as to get ourselves humbled to where we really realize our need of God.

Afternoon Meeting

Romans 8:22-39: When in the camp, I used to dream that I was at convention and couldn't find Jack and couldn't find anyone else to preach so I was left to preach and couldn't find anything to preach about! Verse 28 "All things work together for good ..." and "The earnest expectations of the creature waiteth for the manifestations of the sons of God." One of the most foolish things we can do is to try to improve upon the creature—the human side.

All of us, no matter who we are, are subject to vanity in one way or another, and in many ways. The reason we are groaning now (v.23) is that we are bearing fruits of the Spirit in a body subject to vanity, hoping for the day when we will be freed from that vanity. One way to be bad to this body is to pamper it too much so others will admire it and feed that vanity, the very enemy of the Spirit. No matter how you look, it is better to be true than false. Verse 26. That is the way I felt when in camp. I didn't know how to pray. I didn't once ask God to take me out of there but only asked to be willing to stay as long as He wanted us there. Sometimes when we can't pray (we feel we don't know how to ask), the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us.

The next verse is a comfort to read when in this condition (v.27). That is why we should know these verses that come before the 28th verse. I never once doubted that God would deliver me from the camp in this life because one day shortly after the Japanese took over I sat alone thinking what it might mean and wondered if I would ever see my friends in the States again. Then just as clearly as if a voice had spoken to me, it came to me that some day I would again see you in this life. I never once lost that faith that I would.

One way to tell a true preacher from a false one: A true preacher is natural and human. I believe if we could meet with Christ as He was when on earth, we would meet a very common man. The common people felt near to Him and came to Him. God will never give

the words of eternal life to one who gets a sermon out of the concordance only—but **He will give to those who wait upon the Lord and who practice living as God's preachers lived 2000 years ago.**

The best soil in this city can be cleared of weeds, be well worked and watered, but it is of no use unless seeds with good life are planted. We learned that in camp too. For awhile they let us have a garden and seeds to plant but later on when we had no seeds to plant it did no good to work the soil and rid it of weeds. The **false prophet** tries to take the weeds out of men's lives by saying "don't smoke, don't drink, etc." but no seeds are planted. Plant some seeds and then stop digging awhile, give the seeds a chance to grow and see what happens. **False preachers** clean up your human life, God doesn't. He takes your soil and plants a new life—"Whom He called, He also justified."

Faith is not only that which makes us believe in Jesus, but mainly the faith of Jesus. **We don't preach salvation by works (as some accuse us of), but works by salvation.** If you are doing things right because of the new life that is in you, urging you to do it, then it is right. But if only by self will, human will, the will of the preacher, then your righteousness is no better than that of the **Catholics**. "Whom He justified, them He glorified." When God dwells in a life, it becomes as an occupied house, well kept and furnished. A house is not attractive (glorified) when no dweller is there to keep it. And if we have all these things, what need we care if everyone in the whole world is against us, if we have God dwelling within, the seed is growing. LIFE is all that counts.

Uncle Willie's Message Gilroy California #1, 1974

I would like this morning to read the first three verses from the third chapter of Paul's letter to the Philipp1ans. "Finally brethren, rejoice in the Lord. To write the same things to you, to me indeed is not grievous, but for you it is safe. Beware of dogs, beware of evil workers, beware of the concision. For we are the circumcision, which worship God in the spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus and have no confidence in the flesh. When I thought of coming to this meeting this morning, I wondered very much what I might be able to say that would be of benefit and blessing to one and all.

This is the first convention I have had the privilege this year of attending. I missed all the special meetings and have been living more or less all by myself the last six months of the year. **When I landed on the grounds a few nights ago, I couldn't help but think how different it was when I first landed in California. As far as we knew, there was no one but my companion and me professing.** We were encouraged to believe God would work in us. We started gospel meetings. What a wonderful sense of joy and gladness came into my heart when I landed on these grounds. We don't go very much on numbers, yet numbers tell a very big story.

These verses seem to be wonderful verses to give us the key note of how to become and remain useful and fruitful in God's family. "Finally my brethren, rejoice in the Lord." Every man and woman has something special in which they rejoice, above all else. When we think of the wonderful privilege God has given us, our rejoicing is in what He is. The older I become and the more I read my Bible, the more my thoughts are turned to the last night in the life of Jesus and to some of the things He said and did. The 1ast thing we read of is Jesus praying to His Father for His disciples principally. He gave a wonderful record of what He had done. He looked at His Father and said, "I have finished the work that thou gavest me to do." That was the greatest example God could ever give to the world. He was the only man who ever walked the face of the earth without making one single mistake. God spoke from heaven, saying, "Thou art my beloved Son." Much has been said already about this example.

The last thing Jesus prayed for the eleven was "I have manifested thy name, etc." That gives us to understand the wonderful legacy Jesus left behind Him for those men who were to carry on the work of God. Sometimes people ask us what the name of the Lord means. It is difficult to explain it. When we think of the love the Father had for His Son, we see that Jesus prayed for this when He was leaving them. To me the word "name" there means "personality." "I have declared your personality." Over and over again I have been led to check on what I have been preaching and the motive of my preaching. All true preaching from God's true servants is declaring the name or personality of God our Heavenly Father.

There is something so marvelous in the love the Father had for the Son. It is impossible to explain why Jesus spoke like that. How great was this love of the Father for the Son? One thing comes to my mind for an answer – the creation. God created with one purpose in mind, that He might get out of humanity a bride for His Son and those who would love Him the same as Jesus loved the Father.

"I have declared unto them thy name, and will declare it that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them." Is that what you are preaching? Are you making it more clear to men and women what God is like? God is the only one who can supply the need of the human heart. God created the world with the purpose of getting a family for Himself to live with Him for the countless ages. This is the immensity and intensity of this love. Jesus prayed that after He was gone what He lived for and what He taught would be heralded the world over. Before He went back to heaven, He said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth," Mt. 28:18-20. The greatest reason that God created the universe was that He might have out of it a family of Himself, men and women who would love Him the same as Jesus loved Him and would tell other men and women what that love consisted of. Jesus said, "God is love," "He that dwells in love dwells in God and God in him." It isn't the servants—it is the love that prompts these servants that is the wonderful thing.

Every day we have the privilege of not only talking about God as our Father but knowing Him as our Father. There is so much difference between knowing about a person and knowing the person. Some people tell their congregations more about God than we

can, but they lack the love that impelled God to give His Son. We should measure ourselves by the degree of that love dwelling in us. The same night that Jesus spoke that prayer, He said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another." Our wonderful privilege today is to live so that love is being manifested and people anxious to know what is right in the mind of God can see it in the love expressed in our life. One thing I would like to have above everything else is a deeper supply of that love that impelled Jesus to give His life.

Quite a number of years ago, I was going to a convention in Manitoba, and there were about ten workers older than me going to that convention. When I looked over that list, I felt so small and insignificant and I said, "What would be the use of speaking where men like that had spoken before me?" The voice of God seemed to speak this message, "If you can go and promote the love of God among the people of God, even though you can't say much or what you say can't mean much, this is the mark of true discipleship and it will help people in the meeting." This love of God has been prevailing here, and He has poured out His Spirit on His people, and all in their testimonies thank God for that love that was poured out and that sent His servants and gathered them apart into this wonderful fellowship. These verses say, "Rejoice in the Lord." It is an inexhaustible subject for no man can get to the bottom of the character of God, but God keeps revealing that character to us as we keep true to Him. What I say I want to take to myself first of all, to endeavor to get a fuller measure of this love. It will do more than anything else in the world.

There was a lady who was a widow with ten children when the youngest was just a baby. She brought them up doing menial labor, but she never neglected giving her children a true example. Everyone talked about that wonderful woman. There was a man interested in child welfare who went to visit her. He asked many questions and then as he was leaving, he said, "The last question is the most difficult to answer. Can you tell me which one of your ten children you love the best?" She said, "Yes, I can answer that." He didn't expect that for he had expected that for he had expected that she would say, "I love them all the same." She said, "The one who has been gone from home on a visit for a day or two, when he comes back home I love that little boy or girl more than all the others." The man was leaving and she said, "There is one I love better than that one." He asked, "Which is that?" She said, "Sometimes a child gets sick and sometimes nigh unto death, and I have sat by the bedside night and day, maybe for two weeks, watching that little child. When they turn for the better and by and by the child is restored, that is the one I love more than all the others." You parents understand that – how you sit by your child and when he is spared you are thankful and you think more of that child than you do of all the others. Why do we tell a story like that? It is a picture of the love of God. Sometimes you fall sick in a spiritual sickness and are nigh unto death. You can't do anything for yourselves and others can't do much for you, but the Lord brings you back to spiritual health again. That is how He wants to deal with His children even at a convention of this kind. Love is the hall mark of the children of God.

May these few words have the effect on our hearts to give us a deeper desire than ever to have compassion and love, not just to the ones whom the world thinks worthy but to the unworthy. Sometimes we come to convention and are very sick and hardly feel worthy of a place in God's family. God speaks and manifest Himself and gives us of that love and then doubt and fear and perplexity leave and we have a real desire to be true and faithful to such a Father as we have. The reason it was pressed upon me to take part was to show you that your prayers have been answered and I am still on my feet, hoping I will be back at the front of the battle again telling the story of the love of God. You know I am still alive and whether I have written or not, I am thanking God for you.

Gilroy California #2, 1974

Philippians 2:5-11; I am glad for the privilege of being with you a11 another time. I missed all the special meetings and all the conventions so far, and you can understand when a person is in such experiences as these, the greater measure of the provision that God has made is missed by that person. It is always very wonderful to me to hear God's people giving their testimonies of what they are experiencing in the world today. These verses I read to you say, "let this mind

be in you." Many-a-time I have pondered over that part of the statement that Paul wrote. I have asked myself the question, "What was the experience Jesus was passing through, making Himself of no reputation and taking upon Himself the form of a servant?" He was found in the form of God and thought it not theft to make Himself equal with God. That part in the life of Jesus took place in eternity before the world began. As the Father saw His Son willing to become a servant and serve among men, He made the arrangement, and Jesus became a servant among men. He was in the form of God, and He was made in the likeness of men. One of the wonderful things in the Bible is the manifestation of what took place when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea. The angel said, "Fear not." The multitude of angels came and announced the birth of Jesus into this world. Some of our men have gotten to the moon and were walking on the moon, and the president phoned them and said that it was the greatest event since the world was made. It was nothing in comparison to when the angels came and announced the birth of that little baby. If Jesus had not been willing to become a servant this would never have taken place. Not one of the religious leaders of that day was prompted to go and find that young child. Those shepherds were impressed, and they went and saw the little child and Mary and Joseph just as the angels said they would find him. That is the standard God has given us. "Let this mind be in you that was also in Christ Jesus."

Furthermore, he humbled Himself and became obedient. Everyone around Him was living just like the people we rub shoulders with day by day. Almost everyone is trying to get up and push others down so they can have the place they want. When I see men and women like they are, it makes me think of a barrel of snakes; in trying to get out, they knock each other down. This is what the world is like today – snakes in a barrel knocking each other down and taking each others' place. Jesus humbled Himself and became obedient unto death. Not long ago, I read about the pope going to Jerusalem. We came to the place where Jesus footsteps were left and got on his knees and kissed the place. At the end of life everything is going to take place just as Gad said it would. Every person who ever lived will one day bow their knees and confess with their lips that Jesus is Lord and Master to the glory of God the Father. It

was easy for people when Jesus was crucified to believe He was an imposter and getting due punishment for His sins. Now each one will bow their knee and every tongue must confess. This makes us thankful that the time came into our lives when we voluntarily wanted to bow our knees and make Him Master of our lives, not having to do it at the end of life, but now – by choice.

We would see Jesus, It is wonderful to think that as we are gathered together the main subject is Jesus of Nazareth. Although sometimes what was said was hard to take, it was from the heart of God. Jesus humbled Himself when others exalted themselves. When Jesus went to that death, we understand the price that was paid for our salvation. You are not your own, you are bought with a price. I have no more to say this morning except I am thankful to the Lord for the privilege of giving my testimony among you all. I look back to when I was sick and so many were praying. I am here today because your prayer moved the heart of God, and He answered your prayer, and we are here with our feet on "terra firma" with a desire to live only for these things. As we separate tomorrow may we take something with us that will enable us to live in a way so as to leave a deeper mark on the sands of time than ever before. This is all and you will have to forgive us for, being able for so little. I have the one desire as always to keep true and faithful to the wonderful truth God has revealed to us in Christ.

Notes of Willie Jamieson

Deuteronomy 32

Deut 32:1-5. The older I am I try to understand what God's servants in other ages tried to put God's truth before God's children. The most worthy place in the world is to be a mouth piece for God. Some think the difference between a false prophet and a true servant is that one has left his home and one has not, but I don't possess the kind of a spirit that made Jesus the man He was, that move Him to do the things He did, I'm not a true servant. I may be able to tell you all those things in the scripture and yet God is not speaking to me and through me. When God speaks to you, you will know it. "The voice of God crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord".

The voice of God must cry in the wilderness to crying out souls through a voice. Moses was nearly at the end of his life when he wrote Deut 32. It was practically the last words that he spoke. At every Convention we as servants and saints have the privilege to all that God can speak to us. It is proved through our speaking and our testimony.

Every time a child of God disobeys Him, He gives them a taste of Hell. I am glad He chastises and punished us, and the mark of God's people is that He does chastise and punish them. If God ceases to chastise me, it proves He doesn't love me. PS 18:5. The sorrows of Hell compasses me about or has taken hold of me. David said, Moses, the old servant of God, died on the mountain. God took him away from the people. He was so dear to the heart of God that He buried him by himself and didn't invite anyone to the funeral. Would you like to die on the mountain and above the mist of the world and every thing in the valley that would hinder or would you like to die in the valley? Some men are retired at 65. If I had a business, I would want to keep the old man who has grown up with the business. Experience has taught him valuable lessons. I'm glad God's way isn't like that. Some of the most useful years in the lives of God's people are at the end of their lives. Your perilous days are also at the end of your life. There will also be greater victories and spoils, so the best days in your life are ahead of you, if you keep true. One should be able to always look ahead and see greater possibilities of usefulness and fruitfulness to the very end.

My Father and Mother were not professing when I decided to give my life to the Lord in his work. They were not in favor of my going to preach, and the day I left home there was quite a strain. Everything was very quiet nothing was said at the table. When I was packing my suitcase, I thought my father would offer to take me to the depot, but he didn't. When I started down that road, I was conscious of someone walking down that avenue beside me, and it wasn't God either. I sat down on my suitcase and wondered if I should go back. I'd always loved my father very much and didn't like to grieve him. I saw my father two time after I left home, and after he had decided for Christ, I saw the joy in his life. After he decided, my father sat down one night to figure the number of miles he had walked to the synagogue to hear the false prophet. He said he made it as conservative as he could, and it was 10,000 miles. He didn't go back again. He felt the power that moved his son to leave his home and go forth was something he wanted to find out for himself.

I have been in this work 52 years and I have never prepared a sermon. I have spent a lot of time getting ready for meeting. A violin cannot play alone. If you ask it to play it would be impossible. It expects the one that takes it up to be able to pour a tune into it. The Priests could not, dare not serve until he had cleansed himself and his clothes, then he put them on. This is the same cleansing that must take place before God's servants can speak. Iniquity and all of self must be cleansed or God's judgment will come on them. God sent fire to destroy those who served in Lev 10:2. One thing that makes me glad when I try to minister is soul's eager to hear. "Give ear, O ye heavens and I will speak and hear, O earth, the words of my mouth." When the Pharisee's saw publicans and sinners drawing near to hear, the murmured. I would rather have the reputation of a sinner than a self-righteous man. If God truly speaks through his servants, you get a little foretaste of heaven.

I have heard some say Convention is a waste of time. I would like to take you back to the feast in the Old Testament which lasted 7 days and then the great day followed. Their were 70 bullocks offered. After a feast like this, Jesus cried, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." The reason God had his children keep this tabernacle feast was to show the outside world we dwell in booths and this world is not our home. If you never get to go to another convention on earth, you will be at a greater convention. In

Rev 7:9, to the end of the chapter, we read of great multitude which no man could number. When he heard God's people saying salvation to our God which sitteth on the throne." He was told "These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the lamb." These verses are a fulfillment of Jesus' words in Math 28. "Go ye and make disciples of all nations," and spread this wonderful Gospel.

It thrills me to think of my past 53 years. This Gospel seed had been planted in the hearts of his servants to take to the whole world. God's people are a hungry people I am not ashamed to be hungry at every meal. I am not ashamed to sit down to the good breakfast after a good supper. Neither am I ashamed to be hungry and thirsty before each meeting.

Deut 32:2 "My doctrine shall drop as the rain," Proves it comes from above. Did you see rain come from beneath? God's servants don't get what they say from the dictionary, from the Bible, either, but from above. "My speech shall distil as the dew," A Proverb in Scotland is "Every blade of grass has its own drop of dew." It has distilled there and refreshes that blade of grass. It is wonderful as I sit in these meetings and God's word is like dew that comes from heaven and refreshes this heart of mine. We raised vegetables in the Philippine Islands that were very tender. If a big rain came, it would break them down. If a gentle rain came, it would refresh and make them grow. A small rain upon the tender herb. What do sheep need most? An old shepherd once told me when I was a shepherd, "Willie, if you want your sheep to flourish and do well, take them to fresh green grass, preferably no more than 24 hours old." They tell us that every sheep chews every mouthful 36 times, in order to make it into flesh and bones V. 3- "I will publish the name of the Lord" If every servant of God is publishing the name of the Lord, he will be giving a picture of His nature, life and power, so others can see Him. Everyone who has spoken from this platform has ascribed greatness unto God. "He is the Rock". A rock at the edge of the ocean, stands firm and solid, though the waters dash against it yesterday, today and tomorrow.

Can you bring anything against God's way to change it? "The foundation of God standeth sure." "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither show of turning. Deut 32:4, He is the Rock, His work is perfect. The false prophet tries to tell you that His way has changed since 2000 years ago. If a work is perfect you cannot improve upon it. To change it makes a botch of it. I can take a walk and see wonderful scenery, and can tell you about it, but it is never real to you until you take the same walk. The Gospel is like that.

Funeral Service for William Jamieson

William Rankin Jamieson was born April 28, 1881, in Scotland, to William and Elisabeth Jamieson. He heard the gospel and made his choice January 2, 1905. Later that month, he entered the ministry. In the fall of that year he came to California to work. He labored in Oregon and Manitoba before going to China in 1926. He spent 6 years in the Philippines, from 1939 to 1945, being interned part of that time. Uncle Willie has been in California since March 1957. He became ill January 11, 1974, and passed away October 11, 1974. The funeral service was October 15, 1974, at 7:00 p.m. in Whittier, Ca. The interment was October 16 at 10:00 a. m., Pacific Crest Cemetery, Redondo Beach, Ca.

Hymn sung by congregation: "I've a Friend Who Meets My Ev'ry Need."

(Author's Note: This Hymn was written by Willie Jamieson. It is No. 75 in the 1987 edition of Hymns Old & New; No. 20 in Leaflet to 1951 Edition)

Prayer: Sydney Holt

HOWARD MOONEY: II Kings 2:9: "And Elisha said, I pray thee, let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me." These words were spoken at a time when great transition was taking place in Israel. Elijah, an old servant of God upon whom the Lord's people had depended, and who had been such a comfort to them, was being taken away. You can understand the apprehension that would have filled the hearts of these people. They would have felt, "How can we get along without him?" But before this transition took place, the Lord was already preparing for the future of His people. In this verse, we read that Elijah, that old servant of God, had turned to his young companion and said to him, "Ask what I shall do for thee, before I am taken away from thee." or. "What would you like me to do for you before I leave you?" This young companion said, "I pray thee, let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me. Elisha knew that it was the spirit of God in Elijah that had made him the great servant that he was, and he knew that it was the spirit of God in Elijah that had enabled him to be such a help to God's people. This was the thing he prayed for, that he might have a double portion of that spirit. He knew that this was so vital if he was to have a little part in extending this great work on the earth after Elijah was taken from him. There was something outstanding about the spirit of Elijah. In the New Testament, even, when the angel announced the birth of John the Baptist, he said he would come in the spirit and power of Elijah. He would have the same spirit that Elijah had and the same power of heaven would accompany that spirit. When Elisha stood this day looking upon his old companion for the last time, he was given this great grant as to what he would like, and he prayed that he might have a double portion of that same spirit. "I would just like to have the same help that you had, the wonderful something in my life from heaven that has blessed your life."

There are two glimpses we get into this spirit of Elijah in this 2nd chapter of II Kings. He said, "Isn't there something more that I can do for you, that I can give you before I leave you?" That is the spirit of God as it has always been manifested in the lives of His servants, "I would like to do everything I can to help you before my life is taken from the earth." The other glimpse was when he was taken and Elisha cried out and said, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horseman thereof." God's people had known him as a wonderful father, the spirit of God made him that way. He had been a tender father in instructing and feeding and comforting and guiding the Lord's people. But to the enemies of Israel, he was a mighty warrior, the chariot of Israel and the horseman thereof. Israel

had profited under that ministry. I don't think Elisha was asking for any great prominence when he prayed for a double portion of Elijah's spirit. He was a humble man. I am sure he felt that if he was going to have a part in carrying on this great work that Elijah had a part in, he would have to have twice the help that he had – a double portion of that spirit that was so enabling to Elijah.

These words have been a real comfort to me since the passing of our Uncle Willie. I feel perhaps we can understand in a measure the apprehension that filled the hearts of these people when Elijah, their old prophet, had been taken from them. We have much the same feeling in our hearts today. But in the midst of this, we have the wonderful comfort that although God buries His workmen, He carries on His work. The spirit of God which enabled those great men and women who have gone before us still lives on. This same spirit of God in His people today can enable us to carry on that same great work.

It was my privilege to be a companion to Uncle Willie. We have also had a lot of close association along the way. I will always remember him because of his special spirit. This wonderful spirit enabled him to give comfort to God's people, to help them and encourage them and lift up their heads wherever on this earth that he went. I have always appreciated that spirit. If there is one prayer I am earnestly praying, above another, and one we should all pray earnestly, tonight and from now on, it is that God would give us a double portion of that same spirit. This alone will enable us to carry on that wonderful work on the earth in the same wonderful way as it has been handed down to us.

ERNEST NELSON: I might read to you just a few verses: Philippians 1:20-24, "According to My earnest expectation and my hope, that in nothing I shall be ashamed, but that with all boldness, as always, so now also Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life, or by death. For to me to live is Christ. and to die is gain. But if I live in the flesh, this is the fruit of my labour: yet what I shall choose I wot not. For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart. and to be with Christ; which is far better: Nevertheless to abide in the flesh is more needful for you.

The writer of these verses was summing up life as he had seen it. Perhaps if the people in the world were to give their conception of Paul's life, they would say that it was a wasted life. had never attained to anything great as far as the world was concerned, an unseen ministry in a sense, and unrecognized. But he wrote some words that I felt were quite fitting when we were thinking of the departure of our beloved brother Willie. We look back on a life of faithful, loving, kind service that we all have shared, and we think of the unselfish sacrifice that was always so evident in his life. We thank God that this is the work of God and the gift of God that it might influence other lives and be preserved for future generations, When we were watching him during those last days that we had the privilege of being with him, the pain and suffering he had to endure didn't seem to count so much to him, but his thoughts were continually with the family of God and with the work that was still going on. I am sure that in his own heart he could say what Paul said, that Christ should be magnified in his body, whether it be by life or by death.

There is one thing we are very much aware of, and that is the finality of death and the fact that the human cords are broken. Whatever we have shared and the future possibilities along that line are now gone, but we are reminded that there is a finality always about death. We are thankful for the fact that God would endeavor to help us put into our lives that which would make death a triumph rather than defeat.

There was one man who was summing up his life and he referred to it as a tent that was removed. Perhaps he had a picture of the situation better than any one of us, possibly because he had seen this taking place many times – a tent being put into position and, when removed, every trace of that temporary dwelling would be erased in a very short time. We know that this is true in a general sense in the world. Usually every trace is removed eventually after death occurs. Tonight we can say that there are many people who are thankful that Willie, when he was yet a young man, lifted up his eyes to a field that was white unto harvest and that he was prepared to turn his back upon what the majority of others were considering their course in life. He went forth hardly knowing where he was going, but preserving in his heart a love for God and a love for His work and a love for His people as he moved amongst them. We needn't fear that the removing of his tent removes the evidence of his existence amongst us. We are glad for his influence today that will remain during coming days .

There was one other thing that man was referring to. He spoke of the work of a weaver. It seemed to him that his life had been cut off before the work was finished. He looked at the pattern and it seemed incomplete to him. We may look at life thinking the pattern is unfinished and there are still things to be done, but the Master Weaver has woven every thread we have provided into the pattern He wants to produce. We can be thankful as we think of the various threads that have been woven into the life of our Uncle Willie, that it was a finished work. He was thankful as he looked back over his life for every experience — difficult or otherwise — that had helped to bring him the satisfaction and joy and eternal hope he received. For my part, I feel very grateful for the few years it has been my privilege to work closely with him, and I feel like his kindness and love and sacrifice will be a precious memory to me.

THAROLD SYLVESTER: I feel it is with a sense of loss that we gather here this evening, but I do feel there is a great sense of triumph going up from our hearts, for the simple reason that God has done so much for the one He has taken home. Personally, I can look back over a great many years to the time he first came to our district, and I feel I owe him as much as I owe any one living man. But as we gather here this evening, I feel there are some eternal truths that are very, very evident and one of them was that when we first heard the gospel he came into our district as a poor, homeless stranger, but his love for souls and zeal for preaching the truth touched our hearts and won our hearts, and the seed that he planted has been growing ever since. Another thing I am grateful for is that that poverty that he started with was still maintained to the very end. He wasn't seeking earthly possessions or fame or anything else, but his one desire and one purpose and one objective in laboring was that Christ might be upheld.

I do feel he has left us a wonderful heritage, an inheritance, and if you were to sit down this evening and just consider what are the gifts that have come to us through his ministry, do you believe that you will be one of the most indebted persons as you go out into the

coming days? You are a debtor, and this debt that you owe, not only to the Lord, but also to the world, is faithfulness on your part. But don't forget — as much as you owe to Willie, you owe to the Son of God far, far more. Jesus Himself was the trail blazer, He laid the foundation, and He gave us an example and a life to pattern our lives after, and you know that it was that life that appealed to every one of us. Think of the inheritance that God is wanting to give to His people — a living faith that is more precious than gold that perishes. That living faith accomplishes something. You cannot read the 11th chapter of Hebrews without realizing that faith produces something solid and something eternal. This faith comes by hearing. One thing I am glad for is that we were given a message that is living. I don't think anyone here could sit in his meetings without realizing he had a living message that touched our hearts and brought us to the feet of Christ. Can any of us ever say that he didn't preach Christ, that he didn't live Christ, and that he didn't manifest Christ in his daily life: in such a way that has humbled us and brought us to the place where we could enter more into that great eternal treasure? It is said of Jesus, "that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." Hasn't Willie manifested that to us? The heritage, the inheritance, that he has passed on to us can be yours and can be mine. When a person dies, all of their treasures have to go through court to be divided by law, but you yourself determine how much of that treasure you are going to possess, and there is nothing to fight over, for the simple reason that if you put yourself in the position where God can use you, as He used Willie, you will know the unsearchable riches of Christ, the exceeding greatness of His mercy and His love.

He has also given us the truth. He lived the truth. He would take us to the Bible itself, because he knew the effectiveness of God's word — unchanging, eternal, and as that is planted in the hearts and lives of men and women it does something, it brings life to them. That is the reason I am grateful his message was a living message. Then, he could show mercy to the sinner, and that is where every one of us were, but it was that mercy and love that was manifested that humbled us and brought us to the place where in glad, willing obedience we were willing to turn to the Lord and take up our cross and follow Him, even though the pathway was strait (sic) and narrow. It is the pathway that leads to security and life, and for that reason I feel that Willie has certainly passed on a wonderful inheritance.

Then, we have his example. Is there anyone here that does not remember the story of how he first left home, how the gospel came to him and he was willing to turn his back upon every prospect in life? He even faced the ministry with the disapproval of his own parents, but I do believe that was something that emphasized this great eternal truth, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." For that reason. I feel that Willie has given us a wonderful example. He was the pioneer, stepping out on the promises of God even when he didn't know what lay before him. We have often heard him tell of the time when he first came to California, It was 69 years ago that he arrived in Los Angeles — but look at the harvest. You might ask, "What can one person do?" One person in God's hands can accomplish miracles. There are many miracles here. He was the pioneer, but he was also the one who loved to preach Christ. That was above everything else, and, at I have already said, he was a living message that touched the hearts of men and women and brought them to the feet of Christ.

He was a shepherd, and his interest in babes as well as the older ones is a wonderful example for every one of us servants. He cared for the lambs and sheep of God's flock. They need it. They are quick oftentimes to follow the wrong thing, but we are grateful that he had the heart of a shepherd. He also had the heart of a brother. One of the things John said in the 1st chapter of Rev. is, "I am your brother." Didn't he by all of these things declare to the world what Christ was to him? I will say again, as much as you owe to Willie, you owe to Christ, the Son of God, far, far more, and you should set your affections upon Him. Willie didn't want it, but he wanted you to turn your affections to Christ. Because of that, I feel there are lessons you and I can learn this evening.

Did he invest his life right? People are looking for investments — safe investments. I am convinced that the servants of God, called upon to preach and live Christ and uphold the Kingdom of God have the great privilege of investing their lives in something that is going to be eternal. It is not going to decrease. You can picture the days and weeks and years that are buried in the foundation of the gospel here. To my mind, that is a wonderful investment. While it is true that you have come here to pay tribute to Willie, yet remember that on that great day a multitude which no man can number is going to be gathered to pay tribute to the Son of God Who invested His life for us. Because of that, I feel that He has given us a vision. Does death clear your vision? There are tears in this audience this evening, but you can see further through a tear, especially in spiritual things, and if you can see the path He is marking out for you, remember that this service is not going to be in vain. Every one of us have the same length of time every day — 60 seconds in a minute, 60 minutes in an hour, 24 hours in a day. How much are you investing in the greatest work of all? I have oftentimes said that I look upon the scriptures as a gold mine, but if I had a gold mine of great value and only worked on it five minutes a day, what would you call me? A word of four letters would describe me. Every one of us know that Willie didn't just spend five minutes a day digging in that gold mine, because he wouldn't have had so much to share with us if that was all he spent in God's presence. I would like to tell you what God can do for you if you give Him the chance. I feel there are possibilities if God can raise up others just as faithful, just as willing and zealous and patient and willing to serve and give of themselves as Willie did. Isn't that a wonderful investment? God Himself felt it was worthwhile when He sent His own Son first. He invested heaven's best in the earth that He might get a people that would see the value of eternal things. Don't lose sight of that.

There is another thing — "Death is swallowed up in victory." Is death a loss to Willie? Death was only going home, and that is what he wanted. He mentioned it often, but finally the time came when he was released from that body of pain and suffering, to enjoy the fellowship of God and His people without limitations. Can you grasp that? "Death is swallowed up in victory." Remember — faith makes a Christian, trials prove a Christian, love confirms a Christian, but death crowns a Christian. When people can so live with that in view it will be a happy release to enjoy all that God has prepared for them that love Him. Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people, and I feel this evening that death is swallowed up in victory. Satan can never touch him again, and there will be no more

temptations. The last enemy that is conquered is death, but he has conquered it in such a way that he has left an example for every one of us. You know his prayers. He often gave us those words in John 17, "And I have declared unto them thy name, and will declare it; that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them and I in them." Declared unto them God's name, His nature, His character, His truth, His love. If you can carry this home with you and live in the light of it, I can tell you that your life will be different in the future. You can read in that 17th chapter of John what Jesus prayed for that last night of His life. "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil. And every servant of God is praying the same thing as He did — that we might be one. Jesus also said, "I pray for them: I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me; for they are thine." He isn't praying for the sinners. He is leaving that for you and me to do, because as we learn to fill the place of an intercessor we can understand Christ in a greater measure than we have ever done before — have His love for souls, seek the lost and try to win the prodigals (sic) and bring them, back in true repentance. Salvation never comes without repentance, and people have to come to the place where they will turn from their own ways and pride and selfishness and are willing to ask God as Paul and others did, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" That has been manifest among us. Willie, even in the close of his life, left us some eternal truths we cannot close our eyes to. This is the message of a dying man to you and to me, and I would like to feel I could have a little part in carrying on where he has left off. None of us can ever fill the place he has left, but we will try faithfully to have the interests of the Kingdom first in our hearts and to love as Jesus loved and labor and serve as He did. I believe God has sealed Willie's life and ministry and there was evidence of God's anointing upon him, May God bless us and may He bless you.

Prayer: **Eldon Tenniswood**

Hymn sung by workers: "Precious Thought, my Father Knoweth." .

Service at Graveside

JOHN PORTERFIELD: I would like to read a little portion from the Book of Job (19:25): "For I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth." Also, some words that spoke to Martha, John 11:25, "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that Jesus believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

There were some words of John that came very near to me whenever I thought of gathering here today. Those words were spoken about himself — "the disciple that Jesus loved." I don't think he had the feeling that Jesus loved him more than the others, but he had this kind of feeling, that Jesus had an individual interest in him. John was the one, you remember, who wrote those words about his Master, "having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end." He knew that didn't just include himself, but all of Jesus' disciples. I believe that all of us gathered here this morning have somewhat of this same feeling about our brother, Uncle Willie, that he had an individual interest in us. We are grateful for the influence of his life upon us. Well we know we will miss him. I will miss him, the letters he wrote so regularly, among other things, but we all know that he has left us much to encourage us to continue as he did. We ourselves would like to be faithful to all he was to us in his life.

The words I have read remind me very much of this occasion. None of us have made this arrangement, but the God of heaven has appointed that one day all of us will pass this way. We have gathered here because He has arranged it, and one would like to know a little more of the fullness of the things the scriptures teach, such as, "the day of death is better than the day of one's birth." He can be certain this is true as far as Uncle Willie is concerned, and it can be true of us if we will continue as he did. One would like to know more about living in the enjoyment of God's will, and, if we do this then at the end of life we will know that the day of death is better than the day of birth.

Job, who lived so many years ago, believed in a resurrection the same as you and I believe. We realize that, although Uncle Willie's body will be laid to rest here in the earth, one day there will be a resurrection, and God will bring him forth from the grave. God will speak, and all in the grave will come forth, "they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." So we feel very conscious that this really isn't the end. It is the end as far as this life is concerned, but there is another life, and we are living in the prospects of one day hearing those words of Jesus calling us forth from the grave. Job knew that worms would destroy this body, this tabernacle of clay. He also spoke about his life, that some days weren't all that one would like — "he was smitten with boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown." But he realized that that tabernacle of clay would one day return to the dust, but on another day Christ would speak and His redeemed would be brought forth from the grave. I hope that you and I, too, can live in the light of this, that one day we will come forth from the grave if we finish faithfully.

Then, there are those words that Jesus spoke to Martha, "I am the resurrection, and the life." This is something we all need to be more conscious of as we journey through life, that Jesus is everything to us, "the resurrection and the life." The rest of that verse says, "he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." I hope that all of us can see that the things that Christ prepared for us can be ours if we would just embrace the truth that others have embraced and lived before us as He Himself has done. Then we will have no vain regrets. This little day, although it has same sorrow, for the most part it is a better day in life, not only for Uncle Willie but also it brings us closer to our Maker. We hope that in the future we will experience more of this closeness to the One Who loved and gave Himself for us.

Prayer: **Cliff Toane**

Hymn sung by all: "It Pays to Serve Jesus."

Newspaper coverage of Willie Jamieson's funeral:

Whittier Daily News, Whittier, California – October 17, 1974

Title: 2,500 attend Funeral Rites Here for Minister;

No Author Given

Elisabeth Lawrie Jamieson died November 18, 1977, age 91 years old.

OBITUARY: **Elisabeth Lawrie Jamieson** was born in Harden, Parish of Langton, Berwickshire, Scotland, on June 2, 1886 to William and Elisabeth Jamieson.

Elisabeth made her choice to serve God in 1905 and went forth to preach the gospel later the same year in Scotland. In 1907, she came to California and after one year there came to Oregon, and in 1921 to Vancouver Island where she was active in the ministry until 1969. Elisabeth spent the remainder of her years with friends on the Island. She entered the hospital on November 6, where she passed away on the morning of November 15.

She is survived by relatives in Scotland, Australia and a great nephew, Ray Jamieson, who is in the ministry in Thailand.

Funeral service held Friday, November 18, 1977 in Victoria.

Internment – Royal Oak Burial Grounds, Victoria, B. C.

“Auntie Elisabeth’s Reminiscences...”

Elisabeth Jamieson

Hayward, California, 1969

After **Willie** (Wm. Jamieson, her brother) heard and accepted the Gospel (in his first meeting), he asked the worker who held that meeting, if there would ever be an opportunity for him to go into this ministry? This worker asked him, “How soon could you be ready?” “In two weeks,” replied Willie. It was a little longer than this before he went, but during this time of waiting, he came to Edinburgh, where my older sister, **Violet**, and I were working. He told us about the Truth he had found every day for a whole week. One morning, **by my bedside, I yielded my heart to God**, and at the same time, offered my life for God’s great Harvest Field. **My sister, Violet, went out then in the Work in July or August, 1905, and I followed on the 27th of October. I was nineteen**, my sister older... It hurt Father and Mother to have Willie go, and then Violet, but it nearly broke their hearts when I left. Tears were streaming down their faces, and mine. They were Presbyterians. Father an Elder for as long as I could remember. On my knees that night, for the first time, I realized the meaning of words in Luke 14:26 — *“If any man come to me, and hate not his father or mother... he cannot be my disciple.”* My parents were saying too, to each other, *“If what our three children are doing is right, we’re not right.”*

Later, after some experience in this work in Scotland, I became ill. I had then, two offers: one from my favorite brother, to come and housekeep for him. Ordinarily, I would have liked nothing better, but I got a letter just then from Willie, offering me a place in the Work in California. He and Walter Slater were at Pismo Beach, *“a grand training ground for preachers,”* he wrote. Later in the letter, he said, *“we’re living on bread and water.”* I had to answer my brother’s offer, then, and turn it down. He is now in Sydney, Australia. He has never professed. I wrote to him, *“no man putting his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the Kingdom of Heaven.”*

So I came then, to California, at the age of twenty. I had been in the Work less than a year. **Florence Langworthy** (age twenty-two) became my companion. We came to Paso Robles, and worked in that area. At one place, San Miguel, we had a **street meeting**, and people came out. We paid 25 cents a night for a room, and lived on bread and canned milk. I was young and always hungry! Florence said to me, *“You can surely eat considerable!”* About that time, we moved to Hames Valley. People were more friendly in this country district, but as it grew near to Christmas, they cooled off, and we were feeling they might be afraid we would be with them at Christmas time.

On a Sunday afternoon, they had a meeting and we attended. No one invited us home for supper, so we stayed in the school until our meeting time. The school would hardly hold the people that night, but nobody asked us home. There was a stove in the school, but no fuel, and it was too cold to sleep there so we wandered outdoors. We’d not gone far, when a young man caught up with us, and asked us to ride with him. He wanted to know where we were going and almost before we could answer, he said: *“You are wasting your time there. These people are not worthy of what you are doing for them. Imagine all these people there, and not one of them asking you home. Now I’ll tell you what I’m doing; I am taking you to town (Bradley), and paying for your room and breakfast.”* And that is what he did.

Next day, we went out to the school again, and the first thing we noticed, was a load of wood at the door, and as we crossed the yard, we found an apple that a child had bitten into. We cut out the bitten part and divided it, and that was our supper. One old man came out that night, and we slept in the school.

Next morning, we walked along the road, hardly knowing where to go, too discouraged almost to speak, when a man we had never seen before overtook us. Later, we learned his name, Dave Ray. He had heard about us, and asked us, *“Where are you girls preaching now?”* We said, *“We have just closed in Hames Valley,”* and then he asked us where we were going next, and we said we didn’t know. He said, *“Why don’t you come out to our place?”* When I asked him where he lived, he said, *“Bryson.”* That was twenty-five miles out in the mountains. I had been brought up in the Limmermoor (sp?) Hills in Scotland, two and one half miles from town, and to go out into the mountains with a man we had barely met, seemed rather doubtful. I said we would think about it. We came to a cross-roads, and he said, *“I’ll be here at 10 o’clock tomorrow and be ready.”* I had asked him how he knew we were preachers, and he said, *“As soon as I saw you, I knew who you were. You had meetings in San Miguel, and an old man came to those meetings.”* I said, *“Yes, and he quit coming,”* and he said, *“That man was my father, and we had to send for him because mother was sick, and since he came home, he has never quit talking about those meetings, and wants to hear more.”*

It seemed as if God was opening up the way for us, but still I was doubtful, and we decided to ask advice from the lady who had given us two meals when we were in Bradley before. We went then and told her all about it, and asked her to advise us, just as she would her own daughters. After thinking for awhile, she said, *"Yes, if you were my own girls, I'd say, 'go ahead,' and if you want to stay with me at night, you are welcome."* The next day, we met Dave Ray, and he took us to Bryson, to his eighty-year-old mother's house. He was a bachelor, and it was with much surprise that she saw her son handing down two young women from the buggy. *"These are the two preacher girls Dad told us about. They're going to have meetings in the school, and stay with us here."*

Then a few decided: **Aunt Dora Smith, and Hazel**, her daughter, others, too, until there were five. Then later, some others, and two meetings were formed, Wed. evening and a Sunday. Then later, we moved to another district. Grandpa Ray had another daughter and family. One relative was an infidel, Jeff –rris (?). His wife was Aunt Dora's sister. He gave us an open invitation to come any time to stay, but he had two very fierce hunting dogs, which he kept on his front porch. Well, one night, no one had invited us home, and we started out walking toward the Harris'. After a while, Florence fearfully said to me, *"What about the dogs?"* I was thinking of them too, and as we neared the house, I was sure we'd be rushed by them and attacked. We heard nothing, and continued up to the front porch where they ordinarily slept, and slipped into the house. In the morning, when Jeff discovered we were in his home, his face got white. He knew that his dogs, if they'd attacked us, could easily have –led (?) us. I told him, *"Jeff, when I preached about God closing the lions' mouths, you didn't believe it, but now you can see that God kept your dogs from meeting and attacking us."*

I had to learn a new language in this country. One word that was strange to me was *"joiners"*... *"Have you got any 'joiners' yet?"* we would be asked. In Scotland, a *'joiner'* is a carpenter! What would we do with a carpenter?

One evening, in one home, we were served supper, and with it, what we thought was tea. It had a peculiar smell, so my companion didn't drink any. One of the men at the table complained to the cook about its odd taste. A little research revealed that the *"tea"* had come from a shelf near the kitchen stove. This shelf held various tins of things; things such as coffee, tea, and tobacco. You can guess the mistake that had been made, and I, who had been enjoying such hearty fare, had to hastily arise and go out to the back yard, where I promptly lost my supper.

Later, we were at Lockwood, and then attending Special Meetings, I met **Jennie Butler**. She had professed near King City, through Uncle Willie. She was then thirty-five years old, and I was amazed that someone her age was still in the Work! Here am I, still in it, and I won't tell you how old I am!

Then, in 1907, some of us took a steamer from San Francisco to Portland, Oregon (a trip of five or six days at that time). **Willie and Jack Carroll** were seasick the whole time, but we girls were not at all, and how we laughed at their misery, singing to them...

*"Art thou sunk in depths of sorrow,
Art thou sunk so low?"*

Then we came to Willamette River, and **Jack Carroll** said jokingly to Willie and me, *"Why don't you take opposite sides of the river; one of you on one side and the other, the other side?"* And that's exactly what we did! I said to myself, *"I'll let Willie come to me, before I ever go to him!"* And that is what happened. On one side of the river (my side), Charlie Konschak, a bachelor, professed in our mission. On the other side, a number of young girls had professed in Willie's mission. His companion had left him, and he didn't feel free to visit them in their homes. On my side, folks were marrying Charlie and me off! Willie said he didn't know what to do! *"I do,"* I said. *"I'll go and help your girls; you come and help Charlie!"* And so we traded missions.

In late 1910, my companion and I had meetings in a district some miles from Boring, a farming community near Portland, Oregon. We heard from many about the Swedish Settlement, and several strange Swedes who thought they were the only people who were right. I decided if I came back to that part after convention, I would stay away from the Swedes! Sure enough, we returned to that part and found an opening on Sandy Ridge, about six miles from the Swedish district, but there was no real interest, so we closed. We then tried to find an opening farther away, but found no open door, either in any of the towns or country districts. Very reluctantly we decided we would have to go to the Swedish district. From the start, most were kind and friendly, and one very religious man even went around and took up a collection for us, which of course, we refused and this gave us a chance to tell him personally, what God's way was. He had to go around again and give back the money. After we had been several weeks there, Willie came and helped us for two or three weeks. We then had the joy of seeing Carl Hanson and his wife, and two brothers decide, and some others. Edith decided later, and a nice little church was formed. All kept true. We were there for seventeen or eighteen weeks, and left with thankful hearts. If we had seen ahead, that several years later, convention would be held at Carl Hanson's place, it would have been easier to tramp through snow, and over much roads. However, God does not lift the curtain, and as we sincerely seek to labor in faith, we can leave the results with Him.

In 1911, several weeks after the mission at Boring, I became ill. And early in 1912, I went to Paso Robles to the Hill's farm. Two different doctors had told me I had tuberculosis. Another had told me I was anemic, needed much rest, in fact probably wouldn't live very long. Sending me to the Hill's farm in Paso Robles proved to be the very best thing for me. They put up a tent for me, and gave me a dozen beautiful leghorn chickens to care for. The children also found two cats, which I kept in my tent (two holes being cut through which the cats came and went). One day, while sitting on my cot, I saw a white head poke through, and it was one of my chickens! She was followed by one, and then another and soon all dozen decided this was just the place to lay their eggs in my tent!

In Mountain Dale, I was having eight meetings a week, for six weeks. I had the local church for the evening and the afternoon, and was, as usual, getting ready for the afternoon service, when the Swedish preacher came up to me and asked rudely, *"Are you the woman who's been having meetings here?"* "Yes," I replied, *"I'm the LADY."* "Well," he said, *"It's MY service!"* I didn't argue with him

at all, but moved quietly to the back of the church. At this, a big tall logger got up and came back to where I was. "*Aren't you preaching this afternoon? Well, if you're not, I'm not staying.*" He stalked out and with him, about ten of his friends.

In 1920, Mable Pryer and I went to Vancouver Island. At that time, there were no friends North of Victoria. Here we discovered a man of the Plymouth Brethren sect who was going from house to house, influencing people against us. His favorite salutation when he met anyone was, "*Are you saved?*" **He accused me of being "a Cooneyite". I pretended I didn't know what he meant, letting on that the only coney I knew about was the little animal spoken about in the book of Proverbs.** And, of course, he was against women preachers. But in spite of all, a little church was formed at Sandwick. I'm happy to say that the children and the grandchildren are still going to that little church.

* * * * *

An incident which took place not too long after **I professed in Edinburgh**, comes now to mind. I had asked my parents' permission to go to a meeting, which was a little farther away than usual, and they had somewhat reluctantly agreed to let me go.

Bicycling along, it was very dark the last two miles, and it was ten before I reached home. Bedtime at our house was at nine, but I found my father still up and waiting for me. I had walked that last two miles, pushing my bicycle ahead of me in the dark. I found out later that father had watched through the window, looking at my bicycle light. When I reached the last two miles, he had come down to walk along beside me on the other side of the hedge, unbeknownst to me.

Had I needed him, he would have been instantly at my side, but he kept so quiet so as not to scare me. How like our heavenly Father this was, and how often I have thought of it and connected it with the words spoken to Moses:

"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." I can truly say, throughout these early days, and even until now, I have known His presence walking by my side, and giving me protection and rest of mind and spirit as I have tried to do His will.

(The above was taken from longhand notes).

Willie Jamieson Letter from China

Missionary Home

Quinan Rd.

Shanghai, China

April 1, 1927

My dear Jack,

This is my first attempt at writing for over a week. Things have been lively enough for us, as you will have learned through the papers and the fate of our wiring for help. We were cleared out to the last penny and lost all our clothes, but those we wore. Max had even his coat and vest taken off his back. The experience none of us will ever forget.

The majority of women and children had been gotten out of Nanking on the 22nd, something over a hundred men and women were left. No one had thought that the foreigners would be molested; in fact, we all were in a sense looking forward to the entry of the Southern soldiers, as those from the North had been ill behaved, especially among the Chinese women.

On the outside of the city [Nanking], the fighting between the two armies for the possession of the city began three days before the day of the looting, continuing all the time until the entry of the Southerners very early on the morning of the 24th. About five in the morning we were awakened by heavy gunfire very near the home. This was the beginning of the raid on the Catholic Church just about two blocks from us. About eight Mr. Drummond and I were sitting in the dining room just after breakfast when we saw about a dozen soldiers enter the compound and distribute themselves in the three houses therein (Max had been asked to stay in the Y. W. C. A. the night before to give the girls needed protection.)

Without any courtesy, they ran into the room and demanded our money, acting like fiends and unwilling to use reason of any kind, discharging their rifles in all directions as well as leveling them at us, threatening to kill us. I had my eye on what was going on in the next home as well, as there were two foreign women there for whom we had taken some responsibility. Before our gang got any money, I saw one of the women fall, having been shot twice. This opened my eyes to see what would be done to us if we offered any resistance, and we were glad to give up anything. They slapped me over the face several times and hit me with the butt of the gun more than once and made me go all through the house while they were taking what they wanted. Mr. Drummond had made his escape before they had been in the home, when the next girl was shot. In trying to reach her they shot at him also, but missed. He took refuge in a neighbor Chinese home.

I was detained in the home for the entertainment of the lot for over an hour, when they had decided they had gotten as much loot as they could carry away at once. All this time the yard was filled with a Chinese mob, who were enjoying everything thoroughly. The street without was filled with soldiers and people. Finally the soldiers left the house with their plunder and gave me a few threatening looks, as if to inform me that I had better not try to escape while they were gone. On leaving the yard the mob followed them, and left the servants of our own home who warned me to flee for my life. All the other foreigners in the compound had by this time found hiding places, the wounded women having been carried by faithful Chinese friends. The servants hoisted me over the wall into the

backyard of the neighboring Chinese home, and the safest place of concealment I could find was behind some tar barrels where I lay for 9 hours. All the time, more or less they were searching for me right around. That was one time when being small was a decided advantage. Several times I thought it was all up and was decided for the worst. About an hour after in hiding, the rabble entered the home and literally tore it to pieces.

My fear for the worst was made all the more keen when about 3:30 in the afternoon I heard the guns from the destroyer on the river open fire. I was sure there must be a very strong reason for such actions and could think of nothing but that all were being massacred. But the fire proved to be what was needed because very soon I could hear bugles blowing in various directions and very soon all the shooting that had been going on continuously since the morning ceased. About this time a neighbor boy found my hiding place, but he was true blue and said he would not give me away but if possible get in touch with some of the others and let me know. He also told me that there were over 30 soldiers making their headquarters in his home, so this did not make things took any more hopeful. About 7:30 he came back and said that the officers had now offered to come to escort me. I followed him, still with much doubt as to whether he was betraying me or not. To my great relief on getting to the home the first man I met was Roy Pryor; soon others were brought and seven of us spent the night there.

In the early morning, others were brought in and from there an escort of soldiers was given us to the University Building where the majority of the foreigners also had been accounted for. Only one American had been killed, but another five foreigners also had lost their lives and several wounded. About 6 o'clock on the second day we secured an escort to conduct us safely to the gunboat and by 8 all were safely on board. Then there was trouble, for aver 40 of us got ptomaine poisoning from sausage which was bad. I was very sick and just now able to be on my feet again. Others were worse than I and are still in the hospital. Max was not so very bad.

In Shanghai, things are warlike and it would seem the wisest to get out for a season. So far it seems impossible to continue our studies. Perhaps we could do some mission work in the Philippines. Hope we may be guided by the Lord in all we do anyway. We are still hoping it may be possible to get some tuition returned; this is very improbable at present. All the foreigners are anxious to get out of here, fearing a repetition of Nanking, or something worse.

Now, I've said about as much as I can today. Max will need to tell his own story. He has been out with a private family in the city and I'm at the Y. W. C. A. Many thanks for the two remittances, which were never more welcome or more gratefully received. We even lost our hymnbooks.

Love to all in Christ,

Willie Jamieson

RE: Max Bumpuss

Maybe I could add a note and tell you a little about Max, as I've heard Willie tell about him a couple of times when he visited Korea. Max's last name was Bumpuss. (I'm not sure if that is spelled right.) Max was a preacher and professed in mtgs. Willie and his companion had in Ontario. Max had just built a new church and was having some special services as an opening of the church. Willie and his companion had just closed their mission in a nearby place, so they went to a couple of his services.

Word came that Max' father had passed away in the U. S. and Max went to the funeral, and asked Willie and his companion to have some services while he was away. He expected to be back in a couple of weeks. A couple of weeks went by and he sent a telegram saying it was taking awhile to settle up the will and he would be delayed, but asked them to continue until he returned. He was away for over two months, and when he returned, he found that his best elder and a number of others had decided, and a Sun. a.m. mtg. had been started in the elder's home. He visited that former elder and said, "We can work out something. One Sunday we can meet in your home and the next Sun. we can meet in the church." But he replied, "Bumpuss, we just don't believe in you anymore." He was quite upset then.

Willie and his companion had started mtgs. in another area by now, and Max started going to each mtg., trying to find some fault. He sat on the front row and every time Willie would quote some scripture, Max would quickly look it up, and then a perplexed look would come across his face. After a few weeks, one night at the end of a mtg. he asked Willie if it would be all right if he said a few words, and Willie consented. He stood up and told all who were there, that he realized now that he had been leading them astray, and realized what Willie and his companion were preaching was the Truth, and he wanted to have a part in that from now on. He went in the work and went with Willie to China.

Willie mentions in his letter that Max had stayed at the Y. W. C. A. the night before, and maybe he was returning to the compound where Willie and the others were. Anyway he was stopped by a soldier and tied up to a pole and the soldier intended to shoot him. Some other Chinese gathered around and the soldier was showing them how his gun worked. While this was going on an officer came along and asked him why he had Max tied to the pole, and he said, "I am going to shoot him." The officer said, "He hasn't done anything to harm you, so you let him go." So he untied Max and let him go. Max had trouble with his nerves after and wasn't able to continue in the work. He married and had a mtg. in his home until he passed away.

The next three letters were donated to TTT in March, 2010 by the Family of Cordia & Henry White and Marguerite Fern (White) Petersen of Scappoose, Oregon. Cordia professed in or prior to 1910 through Willie Jamieson.

c/o F. A. Paine
R.F.D.1. Bosc I6B
Barton, Ore.
7th Jan, 1911

My Dear Sister, (Cordia White)

Just a few lines this morning, as I have been thinking about you lately, and wondering how you get on there. Annie and I have not had any mail for over a week, as we have been moving around, but expect some today, so hope there may be one from Gales Creek. We hadn't heard whether Mr. and Mrs. Chapman had got home yet or not. And I was wondering if they made the trip all right. I hope to hear all about it soon.

I was thinking too, last night, that I hardly saw you before you left conv. And if you got all your things. Am sure there is a great deal to worry your mother at a time like that, and I was blaming myself for not helping you more that morning, but trust that in spite of all the bustle, that you managed, and did not think the time in vain.

The more I think over the mtgs. the more I see how much there was to cause us to see how much we need of God and trust as we enter on another year, there may be more of that condition of heart when the Lord can work in us, and that the fruit of our lives may bring more joy to His heart. Can see more and more how the inward relationship we bear to God counts for far more in His sight than what we are on the outside.

Was noticing 1 Sam 16-7 this morning, and thinking that Samuel must have been surprised when he saw the choice of God's heart and probably thought that the other sons were the most likely, but it was the inward relationship between God and David, which made him the chosen one. There's much to encourage us in the thought that God has never changed, and is still looking for, and choosing those, whether saints or servants, whose hearts are won for Him.

I have often thought that after a time of teaching and hearing so much of the truth, we are very apt to sit down, rather than seeking to let God work in us and make us fruitful. Fruitfulness does not always mean that our lives produce a great deal in the eyes of men, or even in our own eyes, but is very often seen in that the relationship between God and ourselves is deepened and made more real. There's a longing in my heart since conv. to know more of this side, but desires and purposes amount to but little, unless there's also a willingness to walk in the path where God can truly teach.

After a lot of camping around, Annie and I have at last got an opening, and expect to start tomorrow night. We got a school house on Sandy Ridge about four miles from Eagle Creek, so we hope to be able also to help the little band there.

The three boys got home from Vancouver conv. and seem to have been much helped. According to all accounts they had a fine time there: Mr. I. spoke twice a day, and was in fine form. Six young workers launched forth for the first time, five of them being converts from last year's work. Primrose Carroll also went forth. She is the youngest of the Carroll family, and is to be May's comp. this year. Mr. I. will now be in Calif. and hope there may be good times there also. Four workers from Van. are down for S. Ore this year and hope that part may open up and prove fruitful.

There's more need than ever for all keeping faithful and doing our part as I'm sure Satan never sleeps, and the more the Lord is able to work, the more he works also, seeking to overthrow and hinder the Testimony of Jesus.

Now I must close and will be glad of a line soon. Remember me to all and tell Mrs. Storhow I'm not forgetting her. Tell Gretchen to keep on, and not get discouraged. I'll look for a letter from her too. Much love to self and all I the home

Yrs in Him

Lizzie Jamieson

NOTE: William Jamieson, Evangelist, sailed 3rd class on the Ship Baltic from New York to Liverpool, England on June 11, 1911. [Click Here to view photo of this letter.](#)

No. 18 Bridgend Street (**Note: This is the address shown for Willie's Father in the 1911 Scotland Census**)
Duns, Berwickshire, Scotland
August 2nd, 1911

Dear Bro. and Sister, (Henry & Cordia White)

This is my first time of writing you since landing in this Country – not because I had forgotten, but rather because time was scarce. Conv. has kept us very busy for the last month back but now it is over again and we will have a little more time for correspondence etc.

It was the best Conv. ever held on this side and all seemed to profit by it. There were very large crowds all the time. **Wm. Irvine as usual did the most of the preaching, and I never heard him better.** There was plenty evidence of God speaking to our hearts and showing us the need of having His power working in us and through us. More than ever we feel the need of having the desire to make the truth of God a practical thing. And this can only be so as we allow the Lord to have the first place in our hearts. It is when we allow

World, Flesh or Devil to come in Between us and the Lord that we lose the victory.

Our greatest privilege is that of yielding to Him and allowing Him to cause us to have an influence over our fellows as we come in contact with them. There is nothing but loss all through to seek to gratify our own selfish desires and nothing but gain as we seek honestly to deny ourselves. By losing our lives we save them for Eternity and by saving them, now for ourselves we lose them Eternally. So it is easy to see the value of being whole hearted and in earnest for the Lord. When we begin to place the proper value upon things divine, we soon feel how valueless other things are, and we are thus encouraged to let them along. I hope you all are having good times out there and that you enjoy the Lord's presence and become a blessing to each other.

It will likely be near October before I reach Oregon and the conv. there will likely be about the same time as last years.

Yours in Him,

Willie Jamieson

NOTE: **Chirnside** Convention was first held in 1911 (**See Syd Holt's Letter No. 1**). **Chirnside** (pronounced "Chir-sit") is a hillside village in Berwickshire in Scotland, 9 miles west of Berwick-upon-Tweed and 7 miles east of Duns. Chirnside was home to Willie, Elisabeth and Violet Jamieson. Willie was home from America for the first Convention held at Chirnside. Willie wrote where he mentions Wm. Irvine speaking there. **See letter in TTT Photo Gallery** This convention was later moved to Gartocharn, West Dunbartonshire.

Click to View Lizzie Jamieson's letter saying that Wm. Irvine preached at the 1911 Vancouver Conv: *Mr. I (Irvine) spoke twice a day and was in fine form.*

Earliest Known use of designation as: Christian Convention

c/o Mrs. Miller
1098 E. 21st Street
Portland, Ore.
Dec. 3rd 1910

Dear Bro. and Sister, (Henry & Cordia White)

Thanks for your very welcome letter of a few days ago. Glad you have some nice times together and also that you enjoy talking of the Way to outsiders when you get the chance. Nothing is so productive of good qualities in our lives as this is.

The true secret (if it can be called such) of obtaining power from God is in keeping going on and doing the little that lies within our reach for Him. There is very often the tendency within us to "cool off" and restrain from going forward. This is the easiest way to lose joy and all else that now makes life well worth living.

This last week I've visited the Saints at Canby, Aurora, Needy, Mountaindale and Thatcher. They are all longing for Conv. and most of them are trying to get out to stay as long as possible. Think we will all enjoy the time together and be helped thereby. There will be plenty need of bedding if you have any to spare for the purpose, and also knives, forks and spoons. All the dishes we will have to rent here.

You can get reduced fares from R. R. there. **Tell the Agent you are going to Christian Convention and ask for a Certificate with your ticket to prove you are going to attend the Conv. and this one being presented to Agent here when you go home will allow you to return for 25 cts. Give your Agent there my name as Secretary of the Conv. if he asks you for it.** Let the others know about it who intend to come. We are getting the work well done here now, only making beds, etc.

Hope you may all be able to spend a good part of the time at Conv. Anything you may not understand ask about.

Yours in haste,

Willie Jamieson

Click Here to View Photo of Letter pages 1-2

Click Here to View Photo of Letter pages 3-4