

FAMILY MEMOIRS

LOOKING BACK
Life's Stories

JIM AND GLORIA
Argue



FOREWORD

These family memoirs are written as a testimony to God's faithfulness in the lives of those who embraced and lived out the first and greatest commandment:

"You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, with all your mind, and with all your strength. This is the first commandment!" (Mark 12:30).

The many stories of God's faithful guidance, protection, and provision in this history include a mere fraction of God's loving work in our families over the decades.

TO OUR FAMILY

This record is for our children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. The roots of our family are in the lives of men and women who knew God and faithfully walked with Him. May that example ever be followed in all the coming generations is our prayer!

TO OUR FRIENDS

To the many dear friends our lives and ministry have touched, may this report encourage you in your walk with the Lord. We gratefully acknowledge the assistance of Peggy Musgrove, copy editor, and Jerry Falley, layout designer, of the project.

We, Gloria and Jim at 80 and 81, are on the homestretch of this journey called life. We encourage each of you to soldier on. May we all, by God's grace, be able to say with the Apostle Paul: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith!" (2 Timothy 4:7). My definition of faith is: having an unshakable confidence in the character of God!

GOD'S GPS & LIMITLESS POWER

To ensure our spiritual success, God has placed within each believer His Holy Spirit as a faithful GPS. With every point of guidance, He provides, He also simultaneously gives the power to make the right choices. May we ever be listening and radically committed to obeying Him.

We love you so much,

Jim/Dad/Papa and Gloria/Mom/Nana



Gloria's Story





Baby Gloria



Lura and Henry's wedding



James W. Shows

"The most beautiful baby!" My dad, Johnnie Shows, spoke those words as I entered the world in my grandparent's home, located in the piney woods of Sikes, Winn Parish, Louisiana. My grandparents, Henry and Lura McCarty, and great-grandparents, Robert and Frances Crain, lived side-by-side on 30-acre plots they had homesteaded.

As the time for my birth approached, my dad walked to the nearest telephone, which was in a fire tower several miles away. He phoned Dr. Moseley whose office was 35 miles away in Winnfield, Louisiana. Within a few hours the doctor arrived at my grandparents' home and had to spend the night. I arrived the next day on May 24, 1937.

I was the first of five children born to Johnnie and Violet Shows. Sandra Gayle arrived March 22, 1939. After contracting pneumonia and whooping cough, she passed away at age one. Wanda Sue was born July 19, 1941; she passed away at the young age of 32 with lupus. Glenda Joy arrived March 19, 1943, and finally a baby boy, Johnnie Sherrill, arrived on May 10, 1944.

BORN IN POVERTY

My father, Johnnie, was born November 6, 1912, into a very poor home; his father was a sharecropper in the cotton fields of Louisiana. His mother passed away when he was 10. My grandfather turned to alcohol for comfort during those years. When Johnnie was 12, his father promised him a new pair of shoes with his next paycheck. Instead of shoes for his son, he spent the money on alcohol. As a result Johnnie decided he could make a better life for himself and left home, hopped a train and headed to Texas.

Even though young and with just a seventh-grade education, he was

able to get odd jobs to keep body and soul together. Dad told us of applying for a job that required him to drive a gravel truck with three floor pedals and several gears. With confidence he told the foreman he could drive, even though he had never driven anything in his life. He got the job.

A GODLY HOME

My mother, Violet McCarty, was born April 12, 1917, the only child of Henry and Lura McCarty. Grandmother Lura was a godly saint, known in the small community as a New Testament Tabitha. She was full of good deeds, providing meals for the sick, sewing clothes for the needy, showing hospitality to the circuit-riding ministers who preached in that area. Grandmother Lura would take my mother, Violet, by the hand and walk through the piney woods, probably 1½ miles to Sharon Baptist Church. They would usually be the first to arrive; with lantern in hand. Lura would light other lanterns in the church and start a fire in the wood stove on cold mornings.

UNCOMPROMISING FAITHFULNESS

Even though I didn't have the opportunity to meet my grandma because she passed away at the young age of 38, I have great respect for her persevering faith during hard times. Her husband didn't support her walk with the Lord. Grandpa Henry chose alcohol instead of the Bible for his comfort. Mother told me of incidents when she and her mother were walking to church they would meet my inebriated grandpa coming home in his wagon, the horse knew the way home. Grandma and my mother would crawl up into the wagon with grandpa for the ride home. They would tuck him into bed, and back to church they would go.

GODLY HERITAGE

My mother was only 18 when her mom passed away. The following notes were found written by mother at that time. "On our way to the hospital in Winnfield, Mama said to Daddy, 'In case I don't ever come home anymore, don't you and Violet worry about me; I'm all right.' I went with her to the operating room; Daddy didn't go. When they started to give her anesthetic, she pulled me over and kissed me. She said, 'Where's Daddy?' I asked if she wanted him and she nodded yes. When he came in they were giving her anesthetic with a towel over her eyes and she couldn't see us. Daddy took her hand and said, 'I'm here'. Mama said, 'You all don't worry about me, we will meet again' and she went to sleep. When she began to wake up after surgery, she talked a little and then sang: 'Shall we meet, shall we meet, shall we meet in that home in the sky?'" She died May 3, 1936.

I'm grateful my mother didn't become bitter but, instead, chose to follow in her mom's footsteps and remained steadfast in her faith in God, regardless of loss and hard times. My grandpa came to faith in the Lord later, but that is another story.

ROMANCE AND MARRIAGE

Mother and Dad met one Saturday night at a dance hall in Sikes. They were married in Winnfield, Louisiana, March 18, 1935. They attended a church service shortly after at Sharon Baptist Church. My dad said he heard his mother's voice coming from the church choir (even though she had passed away years before). That touched him so deeply that he walked the aisle with his new bride and accepted Jesus into his life.

GIFTED AND HARDWORKING

Shortly after Sandra died, my dad heard about possible employment at the International Paper Company that was being built in Cullen, a city in the northern part of Louisiana. With that determination and perseverance he had with just a seventh-grade education, he applied and was hired as a machinist. He was a self-taught man, a quick study when it came to building and construction. Along with his regular full-time job, he built and sold many spec homes to pay the college expenses of their four children. Dad retired early due to a neck injury; he then turned his talents into building furniture. Each one of his children has treasured items he made.

GOD'S UNCONDITIONAL LOVE

Mother's father, Henry, moved to Cullen with us; he was not well and had lost the desire to live after losing his wife Lura. One day Brother Murphy Smith stopped by for a visit and prayed with mother and her



Violet with parents



Dad singing to mother



Johnnie and Violet's wedding day



Gloria with grandpa Henry



Gloria and Wanda dressed for piano recital, long gowns made by mother: also in pic: Glenda and John



Special shoes

father. During that prayer Grandpa McCarty asked Jesus to forgive his sins and he became a new creation in Christ Jesus.

That visit from Pastor Smith changed the direction in our family then and for future generations. Mother was raised Southern Baptist. Pastor Smith pastored the Cullen Assembly of God church, which became our church home.

THE DISCOVERY OF A GIFT

When I was about 5 years old my mother and dad noticed me pretending to play piano on a footstool. Dad determined to bring a piano into our home and start me on piano lessons when I was six. I remember as if it were yesterday when the big black upright 'Knight Brinkerhoff' piano rolled into our living room.

In recent years I came across receipts where my parents paid a \$45.00 down payment on December 3, 1943, and \$15.00 a month until the total of \$225 was paid off. I have memories of walking to my lesson once a week from the grade school to downtown Springhill, stopping at the corner drugstore soda fountain for a cherry coke. I began playing piano in church when I was 9, standing up so I could reach the foot pedal. Mrs. Lois Wilson was a good teacher and gave me a foundation in piano and theory that has stayed with me.

A LOVE AFFAIR WITH JESUS

A lady evangelist, Beatrice Helton, came to our Assembly of God church in Cullen. During her meetings I "fell so in love with Jesus" and received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. I was only 11 years old but I will always remember the experience of "being lost in the Spirit of God."

THE COW POND

Water baptisms are always memorable. Our church family gathered to worship and celebrate the goodness of God on the banks of the Orr family cow pond. I remember well making my way into the water and feeling the Louisiana red mud squishing through my toes; a scene witnessed by God, the saints and the cattle. I was baptized by Pastor Taylor, a powerful reaffirmation of my commitment to follow the Lord.

Miss Helton recognized my love for the Lord and the talent the Lord had given me; she asked my parents if I could travel with her the next summer in her revival meetings through New Mexico and Texas. That was quite an adventure for a little girl who had never been out of the state of Louisiana. A special memory was my first pair of black patent, Mary Jane shoes Miss Helton bought for me.

MY MUSICAL TALENT EXPANDED

The second musical instrument I desired was an accordion. Another evangelist who came to our church, Cecil Janway, played the accordion and he would allow me to play the piano keyboard on one side while he would play the bass buttons. I was in sixth grade when I got a beautiful lady-size, 111 bass accordion. Growing up in small churches worked to my advantage; I was needed on the piano.

Our family moved to Natchez, Mississippi, with International Paper Company when I entered eighth grade. An annual event in Natchez during March was the pilgrimage of antebellum homes and the Confederate pageant of reliving the old South. At age 14, I was asked to play my accordion in the "County Fair Tableau" as a gypsy, roaming through the fair with the accordion.



I was privileged to play for General Douglas MacArthur when he came to our city.

MY PARENTS INVESTMENT IN MY TALENT

An amusing story regarding my music – when I was 15, my parents decided I needed a nicer piano. Without my knowledge my dad arranged with the owner of the music store in Natchez to show me his pianos, starting with the least and ending with most expensive. At the end of the line was a Baldwin Acrosonic. When I played it I said to Mr. Heard, “This is the one I like the best”. Little did I know that it was the highest priced piano. It is still in my family today; a niece and her four children have made good use of it.

I LOVE THE LORD’S WORK

I was very involved in church my teen years, teaching a Primary Sunday school class. I would use my dad’s car to pick up children for my class; when they weren’t dressed I would help them. God placed a deep compassion in my heart for that class.

Occasionally I would make hospital visits with my Pastor Harvey Smith. One time I especially

remember was when the smell on the hallways got to me and I had to be given smelling salts or I would have passed out.

On Sunday afternoons I was also involved in jail and hospital ministries, usually with the accordion. The Charity Hospital in Natchez had large wards with several beds where we would gather to sing, play the accordion, and share scriptures. Another love on Sunday afternoons was going to various churches where they used the new shaped-notes songbooks from Stamps/Baxter Music School in Dallas.

My parents sent my sister, Wanda, and me to Dallas one summer, for three weeks, to a Stamps/Baxter Music School. I was probably 16. I took piano lessons from the quartet’s pianist and hung out in a group with Bill Gaither.

My parents believed in Christian youth camps for their children. Every summer we were off to youth camps in Mississippi and Louisiana with dad’s car and trailer to carry our musical instruments, which now included the standup bass fiddle I received on my seventeenth birthday.

During my teen years I had a close walk with the Lord and wanted to

Psalm 19:14.... "Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Your sight, O Lord my strength and my Redeemer."



Gloria and Jim courting

please Him. When I opened up the high school yearbook the end of my senior year, I was surprised but very fulfilled to read the following beside my picture: "We preach better sermons with our lives than with our lips."

The next day after graduating from high school in 1955, I left with a dear friend, Fern (Tidwell) Ron-sisville, to conduct Vacation Bible Schools. Our first VBS was in El Dorado, Arkansas where we stayed in the parsonage with Pastor Murphy Smith and his wife, the minister who led my grandpa to the Lord. I have a humorous memory from our first VBS when we were very short on money. At the end of the week Pastor Smith handed me an envelope. I hurried into the bedroom, jumped into the middle of the bed and excitedly tore open the envelope, tearing bills in half. The next morning I asked the pastor if

he could redeem the torn bills at the bank.

OFF TO COLLEGE

In the fall of 1955, I enrolled at Southwestern Bible College in Waxahachie, Texas. A highlight of my two years there was playing piano for the traveling Harvester Choir. In the fall of 1957, the Lord directed me to go to Evangel College in Springfield, Missouri, for my junior year. I sang in the choir at the beginning of school and later accompanied choir on the piano.

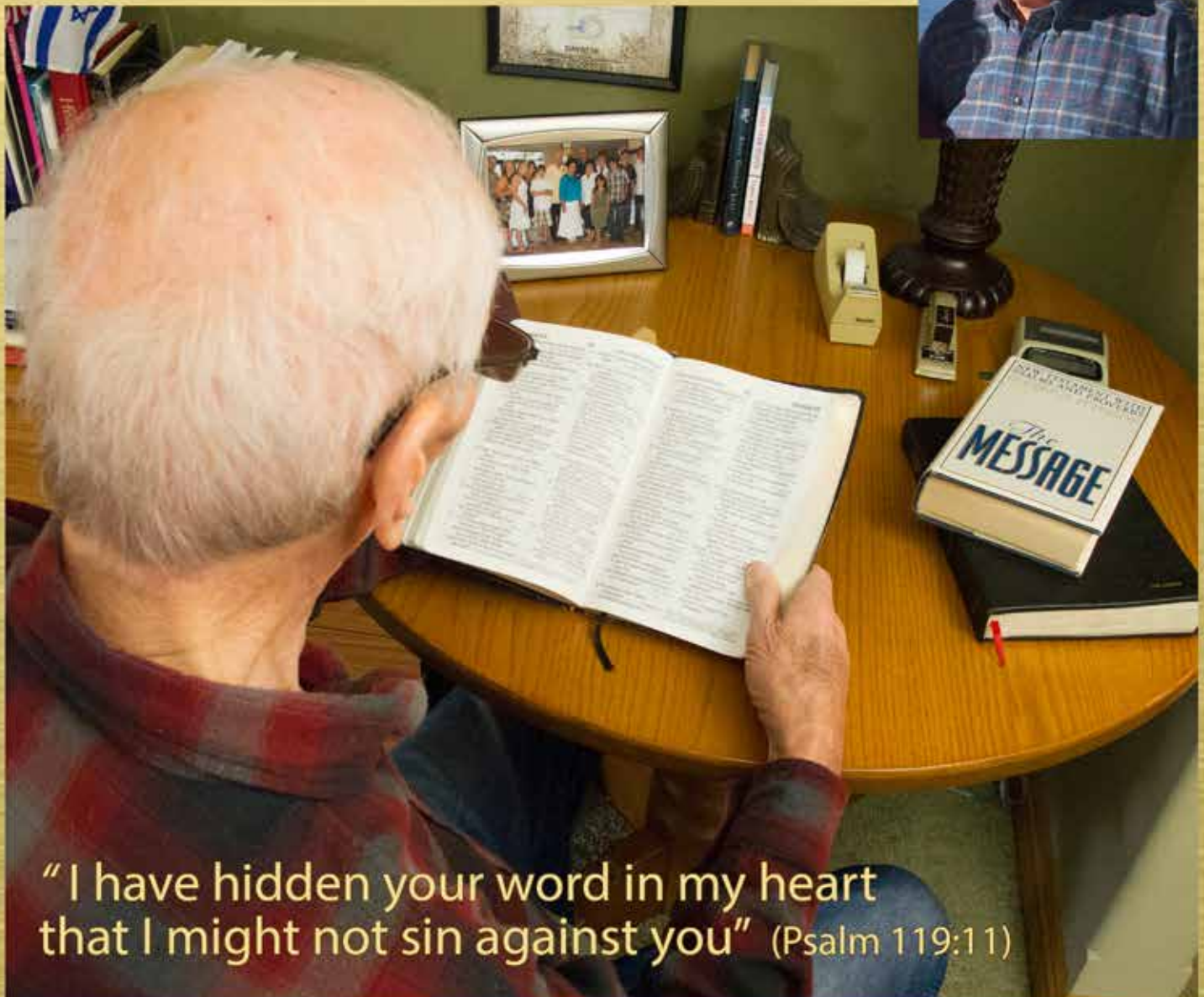
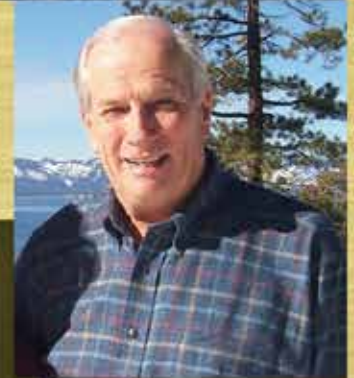
ROMANCE IN THE AIR

In October of that school year, a handsome young man came over to the Evangel campus from Central Bible College and asked me to go with him to an opera, "Carmen". We fell in love and at the end of that semester I went home to prepare for a summer wedding.



Jim and Gloria with Randy and Debbie

Jim's Story



"I have hidden your word in my heart
that I might not sin against you" (Psalm 119:11)



A. H. Argue family
L-R: Beulah, Watson, Al, A.H., Zelma,
Eva, Mother Eva, Wilbur

Matthew 6:33.... "But seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you."

The earliest records on the Argue family are of John and Mary Argue moving from Ireland to Fitzroy Harbour, Ontario, Canada, in 1821. They were godly people and he was a Methodist lay-preacher. The roots of both my parents trace back to Scotland, Ireland, then Canada.

FOND MEMORIES OF MY GRANDFATHER

My grandfather, Andrew Harvey Argue, some time later, moved to North Dakota and was a successful farmer. He was also very involved as a gifted fiddle player in a dance band. He loved the barn dance scene. The story is told that he would come home in the early morning hours, take his shoes off to walk up the stairs in his socks so as not to awaken his parents.

On one such occasion as he went past the open door to his parents room, he saw his father on his knees and knew he was praying for

him. He came under heavy conviction and shortly after attended a Salvation Army Church where he gave his life to Christ and experienced a complete life change.

He served on the county council and worked in real estate. He was very successful in building and selling homes. He later moved to Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, at the time that area of Canada was in a deep depression. With the money he had accumulated he was able to buy up large areas of land at depressed prices.

A MAN OF IMPECCABLE CHARACTER

The Winnipeg population at that time was 15,000 people. Soon after his land purchases, there was an economic boom and the population increased to over 100,000. He began to build and sell homes, which were in great demand. His real estate company, "Argue Brothers" and later "Western Homes" experienced incredible growth. They sold property, built new homes, provided financing and insurance. It was said of my grandpa in those boom days "you could only trust two individuals, God and A.H. Argue". Grandpa's brothers joined the company as it experienced exponential growth and profits.

HUNGRY FOR MORE OF GOD

In 1907 there was an outpouring of the Holy Spirit in Chicago. Grandpa was hungry for all that God had for him. He traveled to Chicago and told his wife he would not return until he received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Some days later he called his wife to joyfully report his experience.

In late 1907 a first meeting was held in Grandpa's living room; that small congregation later became Wesley Methodist Church and then

Calvary Temple. The church later affiliated with the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada.

Grandpa pursued full-time ministry as an evangelist, supporting himself to a large degree with the wealth he accumulated in business. He traveled extensively in Canada and the United States holding protracted gospel meetings and founding new church congregations. As his six children were old enough, each of them traveled with him contributing to his ministry with their musical talent.

My grandpa died at age 90. In the last years of his life, he developed circulation problems in his legs and became a double amputee confined to a wheelchair. In spite of that limitation, he was one of the most positive and upbeat people I have ever known. His life scripture that is etched on his headstone in Winnipeg is "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord" (Joshua 24:15).

One interesting insight into my grandpa's value system: toward the end of his life he directed that the final \$1,600 of his estate be divided between three of his grandsons who were in Bible College preparing for ministry. I was one of those! He was not only wise with his real estate business; he was a wise investor in things that would count for eternity.

GRATEFUL FOR A GODLY FATHER

My dad, Andrew Watson Argue, developed rapidly in his own ministry as an evangelist and later with my mother pastored for 22 years in Winnipeg, Manitoba, and Seattle, Washington, both churches called Calvary Temple. During their time in Seattle they led the church in the building of a beautiful new expansive facility.



Calvary Temple, Winnipeg, Manitoba

Dad and my mother, Hazel Bell May, from Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, met and married in 1930. My mother was reared in a godly home and seasoned on her own by many years of ministry

My father's ministry gifts included a special anointing for leading people to receive Christ as Savior, whether in regular church services or on those many occasions when he was the guest speaker for large rallies or crusades. The altars would be lined with folks responding to the preaching of God's Word.

DRIVEN TO WIN SOULS

Dad was a soul-winner. Sunday evenings were the biggest services of the week in the Canadian Church. The auditorium seating 1,500 was always packed. In fact the fire department would close the doors to eliminate dangerous over-crowding, an amazing evolution for a church that had been started in my grandpa's living room.

Following the Sunday evening service, Dad conducted a 30-minute radio program called "The Gospel Fireside Hour". The format included music and sharing God's Word. There was no TV competition in those days. The broadcast covered most of western Canada, North and South Dakota, and a very large au-



Calvary Temple, Seattle, WA



Hazel, age 21



Watson and Hazel's wedding

dience particularly in rural farming communities.

On one occasion Dad was scheduled to pray with a nonbeliever facing a very serious surgery. Dad arrived early that morning before scheduled surgery but saw the man he came to pray with being wheeled into the operating room. He stopped the attendants transporting the patient and said, "I am a minister and must have time with this man". The attendants protested but my dad insisted. Dad talked with the patient about his soul; the man responded with an open heart, repented and prayed the sinner's prayer. Minutes later he was rushed into the operating room and died during surgery.



Hazel's parents' wedding



Hazel's grandparents, Donald and Margaret (Thompson) Stevenson

INTERNATIONAL MINISTRY

As I conclude writing these memoirs, the national headline news this morning is of the death of Evangelist Billy Graham at 99 years of age. I have been reminded that my dad while pastoring in Winnipeg also served as a vice-president of Youth for Christ International. He served with many other leading evangelical ministers, including Billy Graham. At that time Youth for Christ was filling the largest stadiums in the U.S. and Canada with large numbers of youth coming to Christ. Dad was the speaker in a number of those rallies. I remember attending one such rally in Minneapolis as a youngster. I also remember Dad introducing me to Billy Graham during his crusade in Seattle. I was about 16 at the time.

A THREAT TO LIFE

When I was 16 years old, my mother was faced with breast cancer and a possible threat to her life. The symptoms were lumps in her breast and swollen lymph nodes. Her doctor was alarmed with her

condition. Fortunately he was a Christian and understood when my dad asked for two weeks to pray for God to heal the condition. The doctor agreed but said if they were not back in his office in two weeks he would not be responsible for the outcome. Mother said she slept with the promises given her from the Bible; she refused to examine herself in the mirror.

The next visit to the doctor showed major reduction in the lumps and swelling. Mother was given another appointment for two weeks later at which time every symptom of cancer was gone and never returned. Mother passed away at the age of 90.

A HEART FOR THE LOST & LONELY

My folks traveled for many years in missionary work that took them to over 50 nations. They made a powerful ministry team. Dad had a great burden for and ministered in many leper colonies to those forgotten people and led many of them to Christ.

A GODLY HERITAGE

My mother's parents were Fleming and Jessie (Stevenson) May. Fleming was a lay minister as well as a very successful businessman and homebuilder. He owned a lumber mill and many rental properties. When the Great Depression occurred in the 1930's, he lost everything.

It's believed that loss contributed to his death. He died leaning against his car as it was being fueled. He was said to have had a \$20.00 bill in his hands and he never even fell down. I never met him.

His wife, my Grandmother May, was paralyzed on one side from a stroke in her later years and lived

in my parents' home in Seattle. I could do no wrong in her eyes as I was born right after her husband's sudden death. I seemed to be a special help in her life as she worked through her grief.

MY ARRIVAL

I was born on May 25, 1936, the second of three boys all of which became ministers. My birthplace was a hospital on the American side of Niagara Falls, New York.

My parents at the time were conducting a revival meeting on the Canadian side of the falls; international travel was easier for U.S. citizens at that time so I was born a U.S. citizen by the length of a bridge.

GETTING TO KNOW GOD

I received Christ as my Savior at age nine in a parsonage prayer meeting. I was baptized in the Holy Spirit during my early teens at a youth camp. In my senior year at our church, Calvary Temple in Seattle, a revival meeting was held.

I experienced a powerful encounter with the Lord and received a call to full-time ministry. I cut all ties

with my wayward friends, sold my car and set off across country for Central Bible College in Springfield, Missouri, the fall of 1955. It was my first time away from home and a very important maturing time.

EXCITING, CHALLENGING YEARS

During my four years of classroom training, I also experienced extensive practical ministry singing in a male trio, The Crusaders. There were many opportunities to preach. I learned leadership as a team member, co-pastoring with classmates in a little Ozark Country Church, Greenfield, Missouri.



BIT BY THE LOVE BUG

In my junior year of college, I met Gloria Nell Shows, a southern belle from Natchez, Mississippi. She "swept me off my feet" and became a priority in my life. In only months, we were engaged and married the following summer of 1958.

We were married for my senior year of college.



Jim at nine months



Crusaders Trio



Dad sees Jim off to college



Argue boys: Watson Jr., Jim and Don

Our Story



Jim and Gloria Argue | August 29, 1958 | Natchez, Mississippi



THROUGH THE YEARS

"Through the years, I'll take my place beside you,
smiling through the years;
Through the years, I'll keep my place beside you,
smiling through your tears.
I'll be near, no matter when or where,
remember what is mine I'll always share.
Through the night, I'll be a star to guide you,
Shining bright, though clouds may come and hide you.
Through the years, till love is gone and time first disappears,
I'll come to you, smiling through the years!"

Gloria remembers when the end of the school year rolled around and Jim was leaving for the summer months in California, he and his parents asked if she would consider spending the summer with Jim's Aunt Billie and Uncle Phil Hawtin while working in an escrow company on Wilshire Blvd in Beverly Hills. What a cultural change for a Louisiana-Mississippi girl.



Our honeymoon cottage, Springfield, MO

WEDDING BELLS

Just before leaving California at the end of the summer, Jim's mother and her sister, Billie, gave us a beautiful wedding shower. Our best man, Bill Williams, drove across country with us, arriving in Natchez one week before our wedding.

On a very hot, humid evening in Natchez, Mississippi, August 29, 1958, we were united in marriage. The groom sang "Through the Years" to the bride.

Unknown to Jim when they met, Gloria was an exceptionally gifted musician on the piano, organ and accordion. We ministered together frequently that year in neighboring churches. That first year of marriage was so special as we developed our team ministry and grew in trusting God to lead and provide for us.



Graduation from Central Bible College



Spring piano recital

LEARNING AND GROWING IN GOD

One weekend we received an invitation to minister at a church in Joplin, Missouri. We had just enough gas to travel to the church plus 30 cents. That was it! I spent two dimes for phone calls trying to reach the pastor and locate the church. (There were no cell phones or GPS's in those days). We were down to 10 cents and not enough gas to get home. We had a wonderful service with two people stepping out to receive Christ as Savior. They took up a love offering for us and we were able to top off the gas tank; that had not happened for a while. In addition, during those days we learned many ways of preparing pinto beans. These were invaluable lessons in preparation for what lay ahead.

THE TOTALLY UNEXPECTED

One day I picked up our mail at the college post office and headed to my afternoon class. I opened a letter from Gloria's parents; amid the family news they mentioned their pastor had resigned and the church was praying about a new pastor. As I read those words, God spoke to my heart about applying for the opportunity. That evening I asked Gloria how she would feel about being the "first lady" in her home church in Natchez, Mississippi. It was the spring of 1959 and only months before my graduation.

LAUNCHING INTO FULL-TIME MINISTRY

We were invited to minister in Natchez First Assembly of God, a 10-hour drive for us. We had a good Sunday of ministry and meeting with the church board; we were invited to be their pastors. It was a great time of learning and growing. We enjoyed the challenge of a church building program made nec-

essary because there was considerable growth in numbers. Gloria was able to subsidize our income with a class of 29 piano students.

We served in Natchez two and one-half years. During that time it was a great joy to welcome our firstborn child. Deborah Sue was born December 11, 1960, a very special gift from God and the joy of our lives.

We concluded our time there by hosting the Mississippi Assemblies of God District Council and dedication of our new building. My dad was the guest speaker; I also received my ordination at that time.

WALKING BY FAITH

After the completion of these major events, we sensed a Holy Spirit release and moved to California. Although directed to move, we had no further guidance. We arrived at my parents' home in Santa Monica, California. All our worldly goods were in a U-Haul trailer. Within a few days, we received an invitation to minister in the Ojai Assemblies of God Church.

To this day, we do not know how they knew of us or how that invitation came our way. Following the Sunday evening service, the church board approached us because their pastor had resigned; they asked if we would consider coming as their pastors. After prayer, we accepted and moved to Ojai.

We were there three years and the church experienced much growth. We began to do some early planning on a new facility. We were shocked to be faced with a major rebellion coming from a significant group of the former pastor's relatives. The church continued to grow and with it the opposition by some against our leadership.

THE ENEMY AT WORK

On Mother's Day there was a special touch of the Holy Spirit in the morning service and several young mothers responded to receive Christ as Savior. That same day following the service, those opposing our leadership walked out the door, approximately one-third of the congregation. We were deeply grieved and sought the Lord for direction. We would love to have been released and move but the clear direction was to stay and guide the congregation through that discouraging time. The next nine months were a most difficult time but God sustained us. Finally, God brought a new mature pastor along who we realized was to be the next leader. At the same time, we were put in touch with a church in Oakland, California, Calvary Temple. The transition for both congregations went smoothly.

Just before leaving Ojai, God blessed our family with the arrival of a son, James Randall Argue, born June 14, 1963.

OUT OF THE BLUE

The Ojai church grew and built a beautiful facility. Some 40 years later, after we moved to Springfield, we were shocked to receive a phone call and invitation from the Ojai Church to attend their 50th Anniversary Celebration with all expenses paid. We did not know the Ojai Church had been plagued with disunity for many years prior to our time there. We, along with several other pastor couples, were invited to what became a vital time of the church making restitution to former pastors for the way we had been mistreated; it was powerful! What had been a most difficult time in our lives, God used to clean up a troublesome situation and prepare the church for a time of growth.



Baby Debbie



Natchez First Assembly



Natchez parsonage



Baby Randy



Oakland Calvary Temple



Calvary Temple parsonage



Santa Cruz Home



Speed The Light tour



Randy four years

OUR NEW ASSIGNMENT

We were at Oakland Calvary Temple for five years; it was a good, growing time for us, going from two small community churches to a big city setting.

Gloria developed and led a vital music program with choir and orchestra. I put a major emphasis on ministering to the youth. We involved the men in a number of church construction projects. The largest undertaking took place in Klamath, California; a mountainous area where a giant flood had swept causing major destruction. The Assemblies of God church had been literally swept out to sea. We marshaled many tradesmen and, with the ladies, worked from sunrise to sunset.

We needed many miracles; one such event comes to mind. We had made plans for the needed equipment to raise the heavy ceiling beams to support the auditorium roof. When the hour arrived to place the beams, the needed equipment had not come. Somehow a California Highway crew, restoring a bridge nearby, heard of our dilemma. They left their project and rolled onto the church property with a large crane right when we needed it. The beams were placed and there was no delay in our schedule. We completed our work in a week.

The church building included seating for 100, classrooms, nursery and bathrooms. We lodged at a nearby motel and set up tents for the ladies to prepare meals. What a blessing this experience was to our congregation!

PREPARING FOR CHANGE

During our years of ministry in Oakland, I became very involved in

the youth ministries of the Northern California-Nevada District.

ONE OF OUR MOST TREASURED TIMES

In 1957, I was asked to serve as the District Youth Director. We moved to beautiful Santa Cruz and the next five years were among our most enjoyable. Gloria was my secretary and we were part of a wonderful group of district officials; I directed youth activities for some 10,000 youth across the district. Among the many ministries included were a number of summer youth camps, annual youth conventions, Teen Talent, Bible Quiz programs, Speed the Light fundraising thousands of dollars to supply vehicles for missionaries, community outreaches and evangelism programs both at home and overseas. We also had extensive ministry, through Chi Alpha, reaching university students on secular campuses.

FACING THE UNKNOWN

When Randy was four years old, he began to experience a lot of fatigue. It suddenly worsened until he could not sit up.. After a thorough physical exam, the initial diagnosis was leukemia. With great concern we recruited as many intercessors as possible to pray for him. After a few weeks he went through another exam and miraculously all the earlier symptoms were reversed, he was pronounced completely well. Praise the Lord!

A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN ON EARTH

Yosemite Valley National Park has been our favorite getaway place most every summer since our children were very young. The pine trees, fresh mountain air, crystal clear river, spectacular waterfalls and majestic mountains make up

this masterpiece of God's creation. Few things rejuvenate us like a roaring campfire at night or a cup of hot coffee in the morning air, amid the echo of singing birds and a splashing stream winding its way through the towering granite peaks. At dusk when Gloria would begin to play her accordion, neighbors would gather around our fire as we sang, "Yankee Doodle", "This Land is my Land", "God Bless America", or something similar. Later, on a number of occasions in the fall of a new school year, we took Genesis students to this beautiful valley on retreats

A STRETCHING TIME

During my time in the district office, I was asked to oversee a project I had envisioned for some time - constructing a church building for a congregation meeting in a school. It was to be built in one month. The women of the church were to provide three meals daily from a tent kitchen.

This project involved many months of advanced planning; permits, building materials and precise coordination of tradesmen from across the district. On one Saturday a crew was to arrive and put on the composition roofing. Before they could do their work, we had to install exterior insulation across the roof. It was Friday and insufficient workers arrived to do that work. While I was praying and believing for provision, an old rusty car pulled up and out climbed six unkempt looking men. They said "We heard you would feed us if we worked for you." I said, "Yes" and showed them the work to be done. They completed the work, ate dinner, and left. To this day I have no clue who they were or where they came from. I am convinced they were angels sent to answer my prayer.

ANOTHER TRANSITION

After working in the district youth department for several years, I became concerned about the number of youth who lacked maturity and stability in their walk with the Lord. I designed a new weeklong camp to address this need. We called it a "Concentration Camp" and conducted three of them. We advertised them as only for youth wanting to experience a radical commitment to the Lordship of Christ, with no fun and games. The camp days were filled with lectures by outstanding teachers, carefully selected for their uncompromising call to know God in a personal way as His disciples. The new format began to produce major life change.

We ran three of these camps over a period of 18 months. The first camp was for pastors and youth pastors, as requested by them. They wanted to be prepared to work with their young people who would be attending, using the same format in each camp. As the first camp for ministers got underway, many lives were greatly impacted.

GOD'S LOVING WORK IN ME

As far as I am concerned the greatest transformation occurred in my life. I was born again as a child and received the baptism of the Holy Spirit as a young teenager. I was raised in a godly home but never understood the practices of a deep love relationship with the Lord. I experienced great conviction over the casualness of my walk. I was a graduate of Bible College, pastored for nine years, and was now a district youth director but lacked a vital, vibrant love relationship with God.

Camping in Yosemite National Park, California



Pleasanton Church

Psalm 103:17.... "But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting on those who fear Him, and His righteousness to children's children."

During the first camp in response to the teaching, I got alone with God and on my face in prayer. HE began to speak to me; HE said, "You don't love me". I thought how is that possible as I rehearsed some 12 years of intensive work in ministry, HE said, "You don't love me, you love the ministry". And then HE said it again, "You don't love me, you love being needed by the people."

Then HE said, "You don't love my Word." As I pondered that indictment and thought of the thousands of hours I had spent in preparing sermons, HE said, "You don't love my Word, you use it"! I realized the Bible had meant little more to me than a box of tools to a builder. It provided the food, clothing, shelter and transportation for my family. I was reminded I had never read through the entire Bible or treasured it. I only spent time in Scripture to sermonize. I had no consistent prayer life. I was broken & repentant in God's presence. It was spiritual open-heart surgery, painful but at the same time redemptive and transformative.

My life, marriage, and ministry began major and continuous transformation. The call of God to know HIM in a love relationship, agape love by definition, "Choosing for the highest good of the object of one's love" became clear to me. That's how God loves us unconditionally. That love enveloped my life. Now God's Word was a nurturing love letter I have continually devoured over the last 50 years. The fruit of the Spirit became a major focus in my life: "Love, joy, peace long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, and self control" (Galatians 5:22-23).

A GOD GIVEN VISION

As a result of this transformation, I realized what was missing

in the lives of so many of the youth I worked with. The concentration camp curriculum was designed to meet that need. We began to see immediate life changes in the youth attending these camps. It was following these camps and my own life change that God began to deal with me about the need for a school embracing the truths taught in the concentration camps.

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU ASK FOR

I began to pray that God would raise up the persons to establish such a school. As I prayed about this I began to realize I was to take on this challenge. I faced major opposition from my denomination's leadership who felt it would be competing with our local area Bible School. God's directive to me was too clear and I moved ahead. Some pointed out I was running a personal risk, leaving my good paying position, an excellent guaranteed paycheck, retirement plan and the provision of a new lease car every two years. I moved ahead in obedience. As we prayed, God gave us the new school name: "Genesis Discipleship Training Center", a place for a creative beginning. The curriculum God put in my heart was built on three parts:

1. Guest lecturers very carefully selected for their message and life.

2. Personal spiritual development through assignments in reading the Bible through and Bible meditation. Reading and reporting on selected books biweekly, disciplines in personal and corporate prayer.

3. Two days a week, we required practical ministry in the community.

All of these activities were carried out in a context of discipleship sessions, one on one, weekly.

The school offered a two-year

program. The first year included the emphasis mentioned above with constant evaluation of each student's study disciplines, time and money management, all of the things needed to produce dynamic Christian living. The second year was focused on leadership development while being disciplined one-on-one weekly with a staff person. Second year students, in-turn, disciplined first year students. With this system the staff could carefully overview the students in both years of study, guiding and mentoring their development.

A STORY OF CONTINUAL MIRACLES

This ministry ran for 22 years, from 1972 to 1994. It was the most exciting and productive period of our ministry to that time. God honored our obedience and step of faith. We began with no faculty, students, facilities or finances. He provided for every need during a growing, stretching 22-year journey. The results in students' lives exceeded our expectations. Graduates have gone around the world in every imaginable line of work and ministry in addition to raising godly families.

I NEEDED THE RIGHT HELP

One of the first needs we faced was hiring the right staff personnel. We needed strong, mature couples with proven abilities; capable of effectively discipling others. The first couple we talked to was Mel and Verna Grams, veteran missionaries who served in Africa. I had met and traveled with Mel raising Speed-the-Light monies. Mel informed me they were planning to leave shortly for Brussels, Belgium, and a new assignment there. I asked if he was willing to pray about joining the Genesis Team, reluctantly he agreed. Two weeks later God had redirected them to be pioneers in

this new school. Mel was vital for many reasons, as he had worked extensively with Bible School curriculum development in Africa. They served with us for seven years.

The second staff need was someone to oversee the student ministry program. Richard and Beth Anderson were happily situated, pastoring a growing church. I had worked on many youth outreach evangelism programs with Rich and always highly valued his talents in working with and mobilizing youth ministries. They said they would pray about the invitation. Some weeks later they agreed and joined the Genesis Staff. They served with us for 19 years.

These two couples exhibited great excitement about this new endeavor and serving with us. We were not in a position to promise them anything; at that time, we had no students, no facilities, or money, just a God-given vision and directive. We were invited to house the school at Santa Rosa as a part of Christian Life Center, a fast-growing fellowship, experiencing continual revival with hundreds of new converts.

EXPERIENCING CONTINUAL REVIVAL

At one point we were televising the Sunday morning services. I spoke one week and watched people walking the aisles to the altar, stepping over TV cables and around cameras, not at all deterred by the inconvenience. I remember times when there were services every night with the auditorium packed. There were seasons of great intercession when lights never went out and at any hour of the day or night the prayer room was a busy place.

It soon became necessary to relocate to a 50-acre campus and build much larger facilities. The biggest challenge was building buildings

Isaiah 26:3.... "You will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on You, because he trusts in You."

Psalms 37:23.... "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and He delights in his way."



Christian Life Center



Gloria at organ

fast enough to accommodate the ministries being conducted. My older brother, Watson Jr., and his wife, Bonnie, were the senior pastors. Their gifts were exactly what was needed to lead this move of God. He was a builder, excellent preacher and had amazing gifts as a people person. His influence in our city and county resulted in great personal visibility and influence. Bonnie was a gifted musician and led a dynamic musical program in the church and community. It was into this environment that our school was birthed. The church built us beautiful facilities, auditorium, classrooms and offices. Our students were housed in a large townhouse complex nearby.

EXPLOSIVE GROWTH

In 1979, we had grown to a student body of 298; 200 first year and 98 second year leadership students. We were blessed with seven full-time staff couples.

SUDDEN TRAGEDY STRUCK

During the 22 years of the school, we were wonderfully provided for, but also severely tested. After seven years in Santa Rosa experiencing miraculous provision, an abrupt conclusion occurred, due to a moral failure of the senior pastor. The church fell into bankruptcy, freezing all the assets and the buildings were eventually sold for secular purposes. The Genesis School and staff were miraculously released and moved out of state.

MAKING A WAY WHERE THERE WAS NO WAY

We actually thought the school would close and the staff be terminated. God had other plans and through a series of miracles and sovereign direction, the school moved to Corvallis, Oregon. Our attention was drawn there by graduates and a church building that was for sale. The staff planned to drive to Corvallis and look at that church. The day before we were to leave, a phone call notified us the church had been taken off the market and was no longer available.

FAITH STRETCHING DECISIONS

As a result the staff met for an evening of prayer; we needed to hear from God. After hours of prayer and sharing together, it became clear that God had directed us to move to Corvallis but had not told us to purchase the church building. In faith the next morning, our staff men drove seven hours to Corvallis, a town I had never been



Genesis staff, 2000 Reunion

L-R: Leroy and Jeanne Dillon; Roger and Elaine Hillegas; Mary Jo and Joe Ferrante; Beth and Rich Anderson; Gloria and Jim; Verna and Mel Grams (not pictured, Rich and Kathy Fuller, Ray and Janet Leblond)



1972
First Class
of Genesis

1979
First Year
Class



1979
Second Year
Class

in. We entered the city and had no other place to go but the church that was no longer for sale. As we drove across the city we passed an Assemblies of God Church and noticed Gene Ness was the pastor, a close friend I had grown up with in Seattle, Washington. We went in, and shared with him why we were in town. With church board approval, he invited us to move our school into their facilities. We were given a whole section of their building to renovate for our offices, a bookstore and a 24-hour prayer room.

SOMETHING OUT OF NOTHING

That was only the first of many miracles. We had no school money or equipment; all of that had to be left behind due to the Santa Rosa church bankruptcy. At that time, six couples served on our staff and several were gifted with construction skills. We renovated the facilities to meet our needs. Miraculously, all furnishings for our offices and student dorm facilities came in. God gave us favor with a leading realtor in town, John Fox, a charismatic Baptist.

GOD-GIVEN FAVOR

John Fox provided new townhouses, never lived in, for our students. We ordered and paid cash for furnishings in these beautiful modern accommodations. He also assisted our staff families in acquiring housing, using the commissions from the rest of our home purchases to provide the needed down payments for those unable to pay.

As we opened our eighth year of the school, after a 700-mile move, amazingly 200 students arrived. Those are some of our happiest memories. We loved Corvallis. Our daughter, a Genesis student, met and married her husband, David Pedde, a student from Canada. They launched into ministry as a team.



Corvallis Church



Corvallis student housing



Our Corvallis home



David and Debbie's wedding



Randy and Michele's wedding



Oregon to California

Our son, Randy, finished his high school education in Corvallis. He was a part of the schools golf and ski teams. After Randy's graduation from Genesis, he joined Youth With a Mission at their Discipleship School in Southern California. He did his outreach ministry in Samoa and the Fiji Islands. During that time, his God-given interest in photography led him to Vanguard University in Southern California. He graduated with a degree in Communications. While pursuing his degree he met Michele Bollier, who became the love of his life. They married and after graduation, he launched a film production career and is the founder and president of Argue Productions.

A DIRECTIVE WE DIDN'T WANT TO HEAR

As we approached the end of our second year in Oregon, God began to speak to us about moving back to California so we could assist in the restoration of my brother Watson, the fallen former pastor of Christian Life Center. He had been defrocked of his Assemblies of God ordination. This directive to return was very troublesome to all our staff. We had been treated so badly by the Santa Rosa church leadership upon our departure, we had no interest in returning to the place of our previous heartbreak and miraculous escape. This began a series of meetings with Watson and Bonnie as we discussed the terms of our return.

NOTHING IS EASY!

This move was accompanied with much difficulty. A part of our staff moved on to other pursuits. We had to deconstruct all the facilities in the Corvallis church and leave it as we found it two years earlier. This occurred during the U.S. President Carter's administration and inflation had risen to 20+ percent

on home loans. Miraculously all the staff, who had homes to sell, found buyers; again thanks to realtor John Fox.

MOVING A CARAVAN

Finally, after moving to Oregon with none of the school furnishings from Santa Rosa, we had now acquired what would require seven of the largest Ryder rental trucks to move back. God provided for every need we faced. Happily we did leave behind in Corvallis a major impact on the area. A number of our graduates continued to live in the area and others who moved there, stayed on in ministry, in businesses and to raise their families.

NO CELEBRATION

We moved back to Santa Rosa on our tenth anniversary year. What we had hoped would be a blessed tenth anniversary celebration, over the next year turned into the greatest trial of our lives. The protection and counsel of our eldership was rejected and Watson was on his own again. Because we had put considerable Genesis finances into this merger and the acquisition and remodeling of a building to house the school and church, we faced a substantial financial challenge. The money promised by the church for this merger was reneged on. In spite of this disappointment and parting of the ways some years later we were glad to see Watson restored as an Assemblies of God ordained minister.

IS THAT ALL THERE IS?

After a most trying year, it appeared we would have to close the school. We were forced to sell all the school's furnishings to pay

operational bills. Student enrollment was greatly reduced and with it needed cash flow. We told the students that all tangible evidence indicated the school would close, students planning to return the next year might want to make different plans. We continued to wait on God for direction.

D-DAY

The deadline for the final decision was July 1, 1982. Every student without exception decided to wait and pray with us regarding our future. A number of students lived out of the United States, but stored their belongings to wait until the July 1 deadline. When that day arrived, half of the staff had made other plans for their future. Only Richard Anderson and myself remained. We met the morning of July 1 and acknowledged nothing had developed regarding the school's future. As previously promised the students, I dictated a letter of release to each one and included refund checks for any monies they had advanced.

IT'S NEVER OVER TIS IT'S OVER

We were only minutes from mailing those letters and officially closing the school when the phone rang. The caller was an associate pastor from a prominent Assemblies of God Church in Fremont, California. He asked how I was doing and how the school was going. I told him we were about to officially close it. He was alarmed and said the senior pastor, Robert Goree, had asked him to call us that day and extend an invitation to move our school to their church. We were invited to meet with their pastoral staff that day and hear their offer.

MY EMOTIONS WERE SHAKEN

We were shocked and surprised

but within hours we were there in that meeting. I had never talked to the pastor or anyone in that church about our school or our need. We were in utter amazement at the generous offer they proposed to us. This was a sizable church, housed on two campuses in adjoining cities. We were offered facilities on either campus of our choice. When I mentioned it would take many thousands of dollars to be ready for opening in several weeks they said, you have it! I was in shock; I had just experienced the death of a vision. It was like returning from a loved ones funeral, only finding them alive and well, sitting in my living room.

OUR ADOPTIVE FAMILY

We opened the school in the fall and were in Fremont for seven years. We could not have been treated more generously, like family. The enrollment was down and we were not able to see the necessary increase that would cover our expenses. The church enthusiastically subsidized our operation several thousand dollars a month. Another miracle occurred regarding needed staff. We needed three couples to handle all the workload and we were down to two.

A PERSONNEL MIRACLE

Leroy and Jeanne Dillon gave their lives to Christ on a Sunday morning in Santa Rosa. I was on the platform and watched them raise their hands and walk from the balcony to the altar. They were sold out to the Lord from Day One. They walked away from lucrative careers as an engineer and legal secretary, sold their home, and enrolled in Genesis. Graduating after two years, they joined Youth With a Mission in Europe, serving there with distinction for many years.



Fremont First Assembly



The Dillons



80th birthday celebration with family on pontoon boat.

Before we knew we were going to need another staff couple, they sensed a prompting of the Holy Spirit to return to the United States. After submitting their plans to the YWAM leadership, they were released with their blessing. In their spirits, they sensed they were going to become a part of the Genesis Staff. At that time we had no need of new staff. They never mentioned their direction to us. As they arrived in Santa Rosa we were selling all the school equipment in preparation for the school's closing. They assisted us in our work for closure. That was the time when God's miraculous provision for our move to Fremont happened. It was only at that moment we realized we were in need of an additional staff couple. The Lord directed us to the Dillons; they accepted and only then shared with us the miracle of God bringing them from Europe "for such a time as this". They served with us for 12 years.

GOD'S PROPHETIC ALERT!

After six wonderful years in Fremont, Gloria and I sensed an urging by the Holy Spirit to get away for a week of fasting and prayer. The Lord began to alert us that some major change was about to take place regarding the school. We had no detail as to what that meant. We were directed to 2 Chronicles 20. King Jehoshaphat was facing a powerful army and his chance of victory in the natural was impossible. The king set himself to fast and pray, also marshaling all the people to join him. He was told by the Lord not to send out the fighters but rather the singers and they were to sing "Praise the Lord for His mercy endures forever". As they began to sing the Lord defeated the enemy and no one escaped. We taught the students that song as school began for our seventeenth year. We told them the Lord had shown us it

would be an unusual momentous year.

Just before our Christmas break we were called to a meeting with the senior pastor. He appeared troubled and explained to us that in planning a major building program for their Christian school, they were obtaining a loan from their bank. After looking at the church financial statement, the bank noticed a sizable deficit each year to subsidize our school. They were told the cause of the deficit (our school) had to be eliminated, then the loan money would be released. It meant we would either have to close the school or move.

As I heard the news I was filled with excitement and knew God was at work. I eased the pastor's troubled mind by assuring him God was leading us and encouraged him to move ahead with their plans. Over the next weeks, the Lord assured us the school would continue. We received three invitations from churches wanting us to join them. After much prayer, we chose to return to a church in Santa Rosa. This was the last place on earth we wanted to return to. After moving back to Santa Rosa, the student enrollment continued to require the church's subsidy. The blessing of God continued to rest upon the school and we were seeing powerful life change in the students. After three years we were released from the Santa Rosa church to operate on our own.

WE WERE HOMELESS

That summer we had no facilities; staff meetings were held in coffee shops. Our computers were in our secretary's living room; file cabinets in our garage. The phone and answering machine were in a staff garage. With no facility to house the school in the fall, and the start of

our twentieth year fast approaching, early one morning God spoke to me and directed that I speak to Hugh Coddington, a wealthy land developer who owned two regional shopping centers in the area. I had never met the man. He was most cordial and after I explained our facility needs, he moved quickly and we were provided the rooms needed for classrooms and offices at a very reasonable price in a prominent location.

GRADUATES TO THE RESCUE

The facilities were in great disrepair and in only weeks, school would open for the fall. The lights did not work but a graduate electrician fixed them. The place needed painting. A graduate with a painting company took care of that project. The place was filthy and a group of students made it spotless. Another grad, retired from the phone company, bought and installed office phones and classroom bell system.

NO PLACE TO SIT

The one remaining need was classroom furniture. A week before the school opening, I received a phone call from a truck driver working for Teen Challenge in San Jose, a city some two hours away. He said he had a truckload of desk chairs for us and asked where we were located. He was parked right outside our classrooms. When we walked out to the truck and observed the chairs, they were the same color as the classroom. We have no idea how they knew about our school or the need for classroom deckchairs, and the truck driver did not know why they were delivered to us.

MIRACLE MONEY FROM EUROPE

The next two years were memorable and filled with miracles of

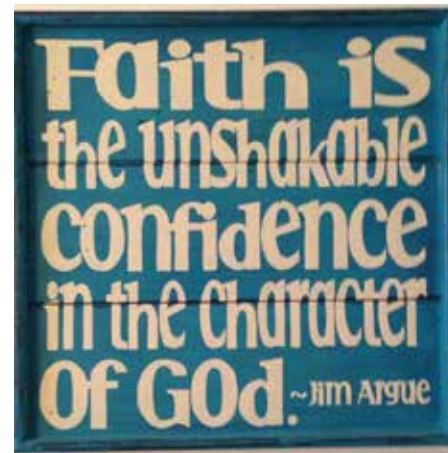
provision and student life transformation. One miracle, among many that occurred at that time, was a financial need supplied. I was in the office early one morning preparing for the day and praying for a financial miracle of \$17,000 to cover payroll and other bills. I noticed the light flashing on our answering machine; it was a message from a graduate over 10 years earlier who lived in Europe. She said if I got the message by 7:00 a.m. to phone her. She and her husband, people of means, were in a San Francisco hotel and on a tour of the States. It was 10 minutes to 7:00. When she answered the phone, she said the Holy Spirit had prompted her to call and that we had a financial need. I told her of the \$17,000 need. She thanked me and wired us the money. We were housed in those shopping center facilities for two years.

THE END OF THE LINE

On a staff retreat near the end of our twenty-second year, we were evaluating the school year and praying about our future. God spoke into our hearts that we had completed our assignment and were to close the school. Gloria and I took a week to fast and pray about this matter. God confirmed His Word to us on closure. That directive was as clear to me as His word to start the school 22 years earlier.

A NEW VENTURE

For the last two years of the school, I had been involved with a group of ministers in the city called the Pastor's Prayer Fellowship. The prayer group was comprised of ministers and intercessors from many denominations. When I first attended that prayer meeting, it was very small, usually four to six in attendance. After my first visit, the Lord directed me to make that





Pastor's prayer group

meeting a priority on my schedule, unless I was out of town on a teaching assignment. I was later asked to serve as the presiding elder and lead the group, which I did for the next 10 years. Over the years, some 60 to 70 ministers were involved in weekly prayer meetings, annual prayer retreats and conferences. We brought in noted facilitators and instructors. On many occasions, we did community prayer walks, and other activities. It was a vital time in our region.

A PERSONAL FINANCIAL MIRACLE

As our school's plan to close meant my income would end, I was facing an interesting financial challenge. The prayer group never provided any income for us. Weeks before the school closed, I received a phone call from a graduate who was a successful businessman. He said the Holy Spirit impressed him to call me about an investment in a new Christian-owned long-distance phone company that was paying monthly dividends to stockholders. We sensed this was God's leading for us and we were able to take \$50,000 equity out of our home. For the next 10 years we received sub-

stantial monthly checks that more than met all our needs.

IN A POTENTIAL JAM

Some eight years later, we were directed to sell our home in the city of Windsor so we would be free if God wanted to reassign us somewhere. The home was in escrow and appeared to be sold, so we located a rental home and signed a one-year lease. I was in the middle of moving our belongings when our house sale fell through and we were in a jam; now we faced a monthly mortgage payment and monthly rent on our new place. We sought the Lord for direction and I was impressed to get a "for sale" sign back on our home that same day. The next morning we had a big garage sale to downsize. As we opened the sale, a couple drove up and asked about the house. We showed it to them and they bought it immediately, what a miracle!

In the summer of 1998, we flew to Springfield, Missouri, for our 40th wedding anniversary. A family reunion was held nearby, at Big Cedar Lodge in Branson.



Windsor, California home

40th wedding anniversary



MEMORABLE GRANDCHILDREN HAPPENING

In June of 1999 we planned a special event with our seven oldest grandchildren. They flew in from Minneapolis, Minnesota, and southern California. We rented a motorhome and picked them up at the San Francisco airport. Nana Argue greeted them with an array of snacks, including chocolate-covered strawberries. Off we went for a week of fun that included playing in the ocean, campfires with s'mores, scraping melted marshmallows off sneakers, swimming and rubber rafting at Spring Lake, stuffing ourselves with pizza and pop; bedtime stories with C.S. Lewis' "Chronicles of Narnia", and bedding down nine bodies in the RV. What great memories!

ON THE ROAD AGAIN

After 10 years the Lord directed me to resign leadership of the Prayer Fellowship; shortly afterward, we were directed to relocate to Springfield, Missouri, to take care of Gloria's aged mother.

The Lord provided a beautiful home for purchase that would accommodate our needs as well as Gloria's mom. The income from the phone company provided all we needed to live on, for the move across country and the down payment on our new home. After 10 years that monthly income stopped but God continued to meet all our needs.

After 28 months it became necessary to move Gloria's mother to a care facility. We put our home on the market for a substantially higher price than we had paid and in short order, sold it.

HOME SWEET HOME

The money we made and other provisions allowed us to move into a brand new duplex, debt free, located in Maranatha Village, a senior development of 100 acres, resided in by retired Christians, primarily ministers and missionaries. We love everything about the place and I have often said my "next move is to heaven".

HEARTBREAK

In 2006, our daughter Debbie was diagnosed with a brain tumor after being taken by ambulance to the hospital with a severe headache, thinking it was possibly an aneurism. Devastated with the news, she and Dave sought the Lord for direction. Debbie's first neurologist recommended Dr. Mary Dunn as the best of surgeons in the twin cities and sent Debbie's MRI to her. While in the operating room, Dr. Dunn looked at the scans and said, "I'll take her as a patient", an answer to prayer.

Two surgeries for resection of the brain tumor were necessary. They were advised that results could be major disability or worse. We were there as they shaved her head preparing for surgery. It was an intense time!

Her husband, Dave, and I retreated to the hospital chapel and earnestly sought God. The scripture I was impressed to embrace was: "Though I have afflicted you, I will afflict you no more" (Nahum 1:12b).

After two surgeries, six weeks of chemo, six months of radiation, monthly MRI's for the first three months, Debbie now goes every nine months for a scan. No change has ever been found; 11½ years later in 2018, MRI's continue to-



Kuzins Kamp



To Springfield, MO



Wheatridge home, Springfield, MO



Maranatha Village, Springfield, MO



Debbie

show no change. God gave her back to her family and we are forever grateful to Him for this miracle!

A MAJOR MILESTONE

In 2008, we celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary. It was a memorable event as a host of family and friends gathered for the celebration at the Maranatha Village Community Center in Springfield.

DEVASTATING NEWS

In 2014, 11 years after our move to Springfield, I began having dental challenges that led to a diagnosis on June 30, 2014, of stage four, squamous cell carcinoma mouth cancer. What followed was one of the greatest trials of our lives. Over the next two years, I underwent nine surgeries including the removing part of my infected jawbone and part of my tongue.

My first surgery lasted 18 hours and involved a transplant of bone from my back to my jaw. My initial hospital stay was two weeks. I have undergone 36 radiation treatments and 40 one-hour hyperbaric oxygen treatments. I spent the first year after my first surgery on a feeding tube and for many weeks I had a tracheotomy. Since that time I have been limited to pureed food. When this challenge began God spoke a Rhema Word of promise to me. Because it was a personal word to me, I inserted my name. "Because Jim has set his love upon Me, therefore I will deliver Jim; I will set Jim on high because Jim has known My name. Jim shall call upon Me and I will answer Jim; I will be with Jim in trouble; I will deliver Jim and honor Jim. With long life I will satisfy Jim and show Jim My salvation." (Psalm 91:14-16).

This promise carried me through the ordeal. I have repeatedly practiced what I taught to thousands of students over the years: "Do not dig up in unbelief what you have planted in faith". My definition of faith is: "an unshakable confidence in the Character of God".

As I write this, I have been cancer-free four years. One of the great blessings during this ordeal has been Gloria's God-given love, strength and faithfulness. Many times a trial like this can be harder on the spouse than the patient. We celebrate our 60th wedding anniversary on August 29, 2018.

Although I have had to discontinue my traveling and speaking engagements, I have never battled with depression and have enjoyed a continual deep-settled peace in my life. Praise the Lord!



Gloria and Jim 2018
After surgery



Heritage Choir
Central Assembly, Springfield, MO



Jim Table Rock Lake



50th wedding anniversary

SO MANY OPEN DOORS OF MINISTRY

"Through the Years" I have had considerable traveling ministry in churches, camps and schools.

I have ministered most often in Discipleship Schools. Those travels have taken me to California, Canary Islands, Colorado, Hawaii, Idaho, North Carolina, Oregon, Texas, and Washington.

What a privilege I have had to invest in the spiritual growth of thousands of young people. We could not have been more fulfilled and blessed than by this 60-plus year journey.



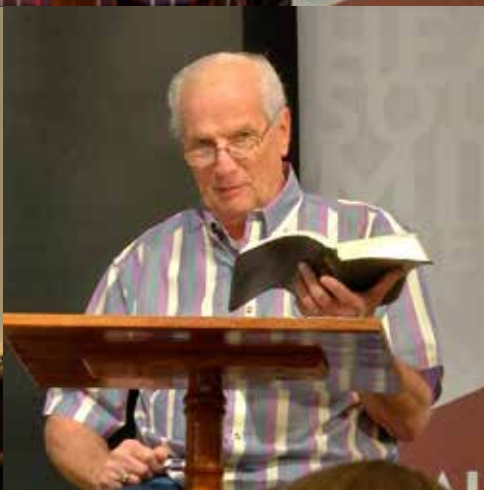
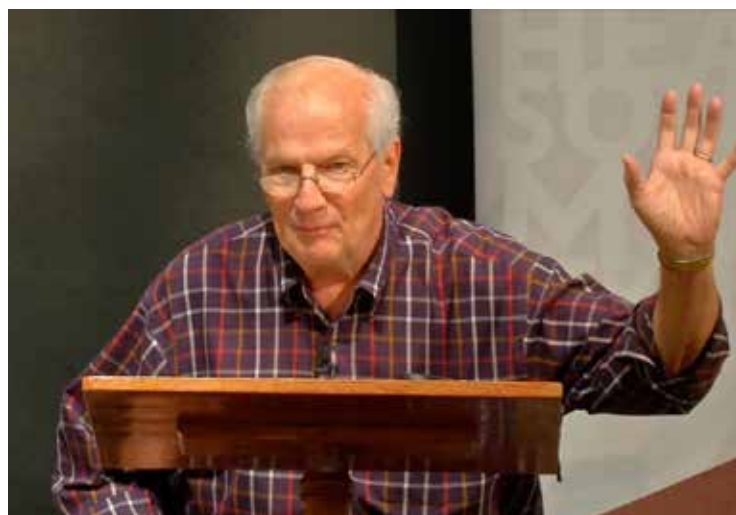
Anastasis ship: Jim teaching



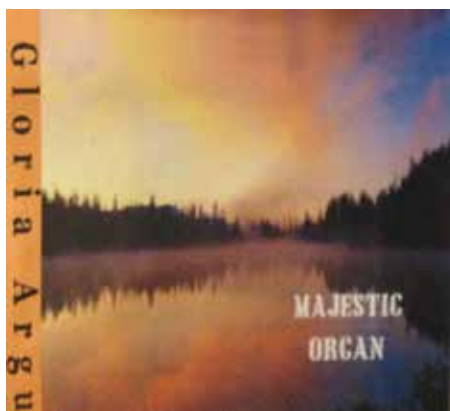
Together in ministry



Faith is
the
unshakeable
confidence
in the
character of
God.
...Jim Argue



Gloria's CDs



WITH A SONG IN MY HEART

Over the years of ministry, Gloria's exceptional musical talent on piano, organ, and piano accordion have played a major role. Additionally, she has frequently been involved in directing choirs and choral groups. She has recorded four CDs, (three piano and one organ). We hear regularly of the blessing her music brings

OUR LIFE SCRIPTURE

We have always sought to honor Christ as Lord of our lives; our life scripture is Proverbs 3:5-7: "Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding; in all your ways acknowledge Him and He will direct your paths. Be not wise in your own eyes, fear the Lord (respectful obedience) and depart from evil". A hymn that expresses our hearts of gratitude for God's loving oversight is: "Great is Thy faithfulness...morning by morning new mercies I see; All I have needed Thy Hand has provided, Great is Thy Faithfulness Lord unto me (us)!"

A VERY SPECIAL SURPRISE

One amazing provision of God has been the filming of my lecture series "GOD IS LOVE". Our son, Randy, being a film production specialist, surprisingly showed up and captured my teaching series in one of my last times to teach. The school, "Sanctus Discipleship Training Center", was founded and run by our son-in-law and daughter, Dave and Debbie Pedde in Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Unbeknown to me, they had made arrangements for this filming. Randy and his wife, Michele, edited and animated the series, and made it available on our website: www.godisloveseries.com

The material in this series is what brought revelation and transfor-

mation into my life and walk with God. This series has served as the foundation teaching of the Genesis School for the 22 years of our existence. Now the series is being viewed in churches, discipleship groups, and schools. It is a great encouragement to receive reports of lives being changed through viewing this material.

A VISIT TO THE HOLY LAND

God had another very special, unexpected surprise for us while teaching at Sanctus. We had a number of people audit the sessions. One day unknown to us, a wealthy lady attended who was married to a Jewish man. I happened to use an illustration about a Jewish Bat Mitzvah I had attended. As we were leaving after class, she approached me and mentioned how much she appreciated that story. Then she asked if Gloria and I had ever been to the Holy Land. I said "No". Then she asked if we would like to go. I said we had talked about going for years. She said you pick the time and tour, we will cover the expenses. About a year later, it all came together. Our lives were forever enriched as we walked where Jesus walked – in Jerusalem, the Mount of Olives, the Garden of Gethsemane, taking Communion at the Garden Tomb, seeing Calvary the place of a skull, praying at the Wailing Wall, sailing across the Sea of Galilee, standing by the Jordan River and the Dead Sea. It was the trip of a lifetime!

THE GREAT JOY OUR FAMILY HAS BROUGHT US

One of life's richest blessings has been our family. Our daughter, Debbie, and her husband, Dave, have blessed us with five grandchildren.

Our son, Randy, and his wife, Michele, have given us three grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

David Pedde Family
L-R: Garrett, Debbie, Alannah,
Dave, Taylor, Devin, Brennan



Holy Land Tour



Randy Argue Family
L-R: Colin, Kaylynn,
Atticus, Lauren, August, Lindsey,
Selah, Michele, Randy



Debbie, Jim, Gloria, Randy



FUN NIGHT with FRIENDS

Food | Rook | Prayer

FELLOWSHIP

"A cheerful heart is
good medicine"
(Proverbs 17:22)



TIME IS RUNNING OUT!

Our final word to our family and friends is regarding where I believe we are in human history as of this writing. No other nations in history have been blessed of God as have the United States and Israel. With godly favor comes both responsibility and accountability.

History gives us a very clear picture of what occurs when a nation is blessed by God and what happens when a blessed nation rebels against God. The Bible and secular history record the fact that no nation has been punished and suffered as much as Israel. They turned their back on God and continually endeavored to disobey and displace Him from their culture and national life.

MANY POWERFUL WARNINGS

God in love sent many prophets to warn them of their waywardness and the judgment that would follow, if they did not repent and turn back to Him and His plan for them. They not only continued their willfulness but their culture became increasingly corrupt. They ignored all the warnings; they disregarded God's Word; they sacrificed their children in fiery worship to the false gods of Baal and Molech. They called bad good and good bad. God brought severe judgment and death repeatedly.

America has followed the same pattern. God has been consistently removed from American life by idols of sensualities, greed, money, success, self-worship and self-obsession. The sacred has increasingly disappeared and the profane has taken its place.

Ten years after the Supreme Court removed prayer and Bible reading from the public schools, the nation legalized the killing of

the unborn; currently over 60 million babies have been destroyed. The nation that was established to bring the Word and Light of God to the world now fills the earth with pornography. America has become a civilization at war against the very foundation on which it was established. A person can now be banned from the public square simply for believing the Bible, where profanity is treated as holy and the holy as profanity.

In a new America, where the Bible is treated as contraband and nativity scenes are seen as dangerous, God and Jesus have become objects of comedy and mockery. Galatians 6:7 say: "Do not be deceived, God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man sows, that he will also reap." America is under God's judgment; as clearly seen by the breakdown of law and order, the loss of respect for human life and the growing corruption at every level of our society. Unless America repents, as millions of Christians are praying for, God will deliver us from judgment to destruction. It is a dangerous and challenging time.

May God help each of us to be alert, listening to the Word of God, and sensitive to the Holy Spirit's guidance. The Bible's secret in dangerous times is found in Proverbs 18:10 (LB): "The Lord is a strong fortress, the godly run to Him and are safe"! We are living in the last days; Jesus Christ is coming back very soon. Be ready!

God's promise to everyone is: "And you will seek Me and find Me, when you search for Me with all your heart. I will be found of you..." (Jeremiah 29:13, 14).

Titus 2:7.... "In your teaching show integrity."

"Don't dig up in unbelief what you have planted in faith!"
,,,,Jim Argue

JIM ARGUE

215 E. Village Ridge,
Springfield, MO 65803

417-833-5869 | Cell: 417-818-0593
genesisargue@mchsi.com
www.godisloveseries.com



Jim

Gloria