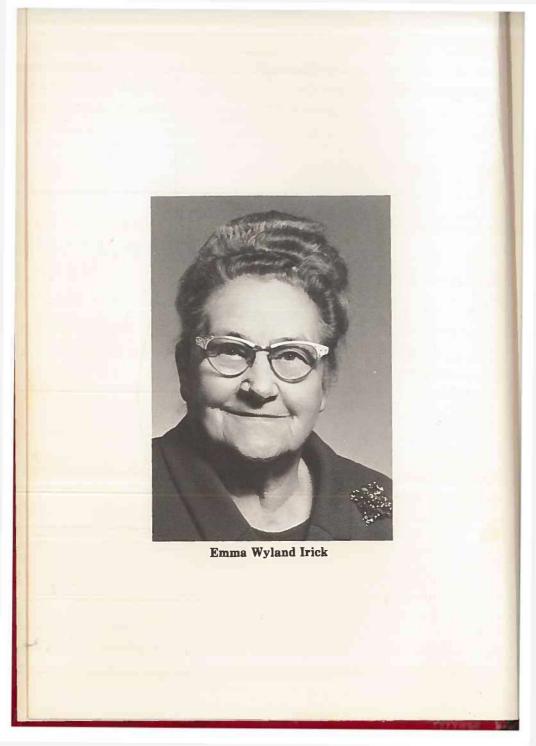


The King's Daughter



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The King's Daughter

by Emma Irick

The king's daughter is all glorious within: her clothing is of wrought gold. (Psalm 45:13)



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First Printing, 1973 Printed in the United States of America Dedicated to my children

Paul Irick and Ruth Metcalf

who have "considerated," appreciated, and cooperated with me in life's ministry.

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Acknowledgments

The reason for writing and publishing this book is that for years my friends across the nation and especially in the church, and my late husband, Allie Irick, wanted it to be accomplished. It was my late husband who gave me the title, *The King's Daughter*.

I am particularly grateful to the following for their faithful assistance in preparing the book for publication: Gary Redd, Joan Hopson, Mrs. Ray Norris; also to Dr. Jack Pruitt for his gift of the dictation equipment; and to the many others who have encouraged me to complete this work. I sincerely thank each one!

This book was written with a prayer than it will be an inspiration to the present generation of the church, both young and old, to love and serve God in the beauty of holiness.

> -Rev. EMMA IRICK Lufkin, Tex.

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PURKHER

6/6/74

FOREWORD

The first inspiration I received for writing this book came to me from Mrs. C. C. Powers, a wonderful Christian lady at Granby, Mo.

In December, 1910, Brother Irick and I were called to hold a revival meeting at the Wesley Methodist Church, a little country church located eight miles from Granby. Our first child, Ray, was only three weeks old at the time we received this call.

The three of us boarded the train for St. Louis but our luggage was put on the train to Kansas City by mistake. We arrived at Granby with a small baby and no belongings whatsoever. What a situation to be in! However, the Lord came to our rescue, as He always has in time of need.

We were invited to stay with Brother and Sister Powers, who were good Christian laymen at the church there. This lovely couple did everything possible toward supplying our comforts and needs.

The weather was down to zero, the roads frozen over with sleet and snow, but we held services and the people came. Young people were saved and remained true to the church, later establishing a new church in a nearby town. We saw some of these converts after 20 years; they were still shouting the victory. Five men who were saved in that meeting went to heaven in less than two years. It was indeed a fruitful revival.

When the time came for us to leave, Sister Powers placed a \$5.00 bill in my hand and said, "This is for you, to begin writing the story of your life." That was 62 years ago. Better late than never.

I have set aside some time from my evangelistic duties this winter to accomplish the task of putting some of life's happenings into this little volume. I pray this book will be a blessing to the reader, and that it will inspire someone to be a worker for the Lord.

-EMMA IRICK

INTRODUCTION

The history of a church is important. It reveals the record of the past and relates the present to its heritage. History portrayed in the life of a person carries with it added interest. It is so in this book.

Rev. Emma Irick joined the Church of the Nazarene on the day of its birth. Her account of that day is valuable, for we see it as she experienced that history-making event.

This book also tells of the life of one of our ministers and how the faith, doctrine, and mission of the church worked in her ministry.

The Church of the Nazarene was built through pioneers like Allie and Emma Irick. They and others with them laid the foundation and built well upon it. What we have today they gave us. It was bought by their fidelity to a divine mission. It was to formulate a church that would proclaim sanctification as a second definite work of God's grace in the heart of man. They succeeded in writing that creed in our *Manual*. They led many into the experience. They brought the church we all love to this hour.

In this book the reader can perceive it in the life of Emma Irick. It is told as she remembers it, and that is the best way after all.

I commend this book to all who shall choose to live those days through the memories of a gracious lady, a great evangelist and pastor, and one who helped to make it happen.

V. H. LEWIS

Childhood Days

It was on a farm in Jewell County, Kans., west of Jewell City, that I was born on January 24, 1888, to William Warren and Ella Howard Wyland. Being the middle child, with two older children and two younger, I felt like the bumper of the family. We were a very happy and closeknit group, always doing anything we could to help one another.

The first childhood remembrance that impressed me was when my Grandfather Wyland was dying; he called for all the grandchildren. I was not quite five years old at the time. My grandfather laid his big hand on my forehead and prayed that God would make me a blessing. The words of the Psalmist have been true: "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever" (Psalm 23:6). This has always been my very favorite scripture and promise.

I began attending school when only four years of age. My brother Will, who was five years my senior, would come home from school each day and tell what he had learned; that fanned my ambition to a flame. Mother talked with the teachers and the superintendent of schools and they agreed to let me begin at that early age. I finished the first through eighth grades (there was no junior high school at that time) in a little country school called "Sweet Home," a sacred spot to me even now. In 1961, I drove 275 miles just to see the old building. It brought back many fond memories when I saw the hand-carved initials on the desks made by the boys and girls of the ones they liked or, so-called, loved.

My childhood was spent on a farm in a big, two-story white house with a flagstone walk. My father believed that everyone should work early and late, with assigned jobs. It was the best way, he believed, "to keep you out of meanness." It is still the best method to use in rearing children. Mother was a lovely person who had the patience of Job. She let me help with the chores, never reprimanding when I did things less than perfect, but always letting me try my hand and thereby learn from experience. I never want-



Family picture, the day Emma was 10 years old. Standing behind couch: Emma, 10 years; Ray, 8 years. Seated on couch, left to right: Eva, 3 years; Milo, 6 years; Will, 15 years.

ed to "play house" as children usually do; I wanted to "keep house." Instead of making mud pies in the yard, I baked real bread in the kitchen. Mother was a sickly person, so many of the responsibilities fell on my shoulders at an early age. It was good that I was prepared. By the time I was 7 years old, I was cooking breakfast every morning and baking cakes for the family. At the age of 10, I was baking bread and sewing my own clothes. The first dress I made, when I was 10 years old, was a pink-andwhite, silk gimp-dress. For those who are not old enough to remember, a gimp-dress was one made with somewhat of a jumper effect.

As the oldest girl in the family, Father depended on me to keep the house in order and help with my brothers and sisters. I never let him down. He was a good provider, raising everything we needed and used except sugar, salt, and coffee. The cellars were full, the larder never empty, but always loaded with good eats of every kind. "The high cost of living" was a statement we never heard.

In that day and time, children more or less had to learn by doing. There is still nothing that will take the place of actual experience. I recall when I was 10 years of age, my brother Ray being 8 at the time, Mother and Dad let us hitch up the old mule to the wagon and drive 30 miles down the old country roads to visit an aunt and uncle. On the way, the old mule got off the road and went straight into a pasture. I thought we never would get him back on that road, but finally we did and arrived at our relatives' house at dusk. Our aunt and uncle were furious that any parents would let their children go off by themselves that many miles. Mother and Dad gave us lots of responsibility at a young age.

Most of our early days were spent at home; there were few outside activities. Our days were filled with school and work, and our nights were filled with family gatherings at which time we would sing, make popcorn, and just enjoy each other's company. Of course we children put much time into our studies and I, in particular, gave a great deal of time to reading. Even today, I spend many pleasant hours with my books. Though it may seem unbelievable to the youth of today, we were perfectly happy without the existence of radio or television.

Once every year, in August, we looked forward to the Old Settlers' Reunion; this was a celebration for the entire community. We opened the ice cellars, had homemade ice cream and red lemonade, shot fireworks, and rode the merry-go-round. We had 50 cents to spend at the reunion, which we children had earned by cutting weeds out of the cornfield. However, I remember saving one nickel to buy a scratch tablet and pencil for school. Those truly were good days and are precious to my memory.

My father had migrated to Kansas from Charitan, Ia., with a wagon train at the close of the Civil War. He took a timber claim in Smith County, later moving to Jewel County. There he bought two farms and took care of his parents while his older and younger brothers went off to college. Dad had met my mother in Iowa and later, in 1880, sent for her.

My greatest heritage in our happy home was the family altar. We were taught to pray from early childhood. One of the greatest remembrances was my first definite answer to prayer, which has been the "ballast of my ship of life." My mother, as I have mentioned, was never strong and, in fact, was an invalid most of her life. Each spring and fall she would suffer through a long siege of illness. During one of these times, the doctor told my father and my Aunt Eva that the end was near. Carefully they broke the news to me. I was heartbroken, and went to the orchard to pray under the old peach tree. My prayer was not a selfish one. I begged the Lord to let my mother live because my baby sister, Eva, needed her mother. God heard my cry and gave me the assurance that my mother would not die at this time. I dried my tears and hurried back to the house to tell my aunt that my mother was not going to die just yet. She asked me: "What do you know about it?" and I answered, "The Lord told me so." Then

she asked: "And what do you know about the Lord?" It was true that I had many things to learn about Him, but for the moment the faith of an eight-year-old girl was all that mattered. The Lord did answer my prayer. He let my mother live to see my sister grown, 21 years of age; then Eva was able to take care of our mother during her last illness.

This answer to prayer has been a great stay in my long life of 85 years. Whenever Satan comes in like a flood, I point him to the peach tree where God answered my childhood prayer.

CHAPTER 2

Teen-age and College Years

I attended high school (the ninth through twelfth grades) in Jewell City, Kans. I had wonderful teachers and a very godly superintendent of schools, who always seemed especially interested in my training and future ambitions. Each day, I drove eight miles to school and back, in a buggy or cart drawn by my little black horse, Cricket.

I was saved on October 23, 1902, at 14 years of age, during a revival held in Jewell City, I might have been saved at an earlier age had the teen-agers and children been given more opportunity in the service of the church. I appreciate the program of the Church of the Nazarene for our youth today. I do not believe that the younger generation is "going to the dogs." Young people need inspiration to give them goals in life.

In the year 1904, after many droughts, reverses, and low prices for what crops we could yield, my father sold out and moved to Ringwood, Okla., in Major County. This move was definitely in the providence of God. It was here that our entire family heard holiness preached, and all received a definite call to the work of the Lord. We lost wealth but we gained the greatest of riches.

How well I remember the night my father went to the altar for heart holiness! I knew he had good religion, because no one could pray around the family altar like he did and not have true salvation. That night, he moved out to the altar and began to pray. He put everything on the altar. I saw him raise his rough, brawny hand toward heaven and heard him cry out: "Lord, it's Yours, everything, family, home, time, talent; all I have, all I am." He loved the church and that was one of the last things he had to put on the altar. Then the fire fell, and he began to praise the Lord. I thought to myself: "If my father needs heart holiness, then I need it too," and in my heart I grew more hungry for this wonderful experience.

. That fall I made plans to attend Alva, Okla., Northwest Teachers' College. I had no money and really went out on faith, like Abraham, not knowing whither I went. That summer I had cut wood and hauled it 15 miles, forded the Cimarron River, and sold the wood for \$2.25; this bought the shoes that took me to college. My wardrobe for school consisted of hand-me-down clothes that my Aunt Jane had given me after her daughter, Pearl, had died.

Even now, it is difficult for me to understand why my parents let me board the train for school without any money whatsoever and not knowing a soul down the road ahead. I suppose they were letting me go on faith, and surely they realized my determination. They never did try to stop me, even when I wanted to do things that seemed out of reason.

On the train to school I met a young woman who was a senior at the college. She told me she probably could arrange for me to work for my board at the same boardinghouse where she had lived for three years. I made an agreement with the lady of the house to let me stay there and earn my room and board; I helped to fix supper for a group of students on the same night I arrived in Alva. The next day, which was Sunday, I went to church. On Monday morning, I arose at four o'clock, put out a big wash, fixed breakfast, and was at the college at eight o'clock to register for classes.

It was not easy to attend school and work at the same

time, but I was determined to receive my education. Texora Nash, my history teacher at Peniel, said: "You have to have bulldog tenacity and determination to make your goals in life."



Emma Irick, teen-age teacher-18 years of age

In college, I took all the subjects the administration would allow me to take. The second year, I passed my teacher's examination and received my license to teach school. The state superintendent of schools, Mrs. Hale, who was a very kind lady, gave me a marvelous recommendation.

My teaching was done at Homestead, Ringwood, and Aline, Okla. We had two sessions at Alva College each summer, one six weeks' normal and the other four weeks' institute. Those three years of teaching probably did me as much good as I hope it did the pupils. I always read the Bible and prayed before I opened the session each day. In the second year of my teaching, three of my pupils were called into the Lord's work. They were Mae, Leta, and Pearl Hays, three sisters who stay in contact with me to this day. I was privileged to be reunited with them during one of my revivals in recent years.

My first school was a five-month school, closing on February 1, 1905. When I arrived home to Ringwood, a revival was slated. My father had sent for two holiness preachers he heard about up in Kansas, and brought in the revival party, guaranteeing to pay all their expenses.

In the early days, the evangelists traveled in groups and bands. The evangelists themselves would go as leaders, and the group went along to help; you never heard of an evangelist traveling alone, as they do today. They didn't preach for just four or five days, but kept on until God came and the people had started attending church. There were revival specialists: some who would sing, some who knew how to pray, some to fast, and some to shout. Unfortunately, some went along who did nothing but eat.

It took a wagon and hack to move this group and their belongings to our house, where they had been invited to stay. We children had to move out of the bedrooms; the boys slept in the barn, and I slept in the smokehouse. That is the closest I ever got to smoke.

The revival workers began fasting, praying, and preaching. The people came and the Holy Ghost came up-

on that meeting. Folks were saved and sanctified. I had been saved in the revival in Kansas, in 1902, and I received the experience of sanctification in this first holiness meeting, on February 11, 1905. The first sermon on secondblessing holiness met the soul hunger that I knew I had need of long before I heard of the remedy. The evangelist used this text: "Lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us" (Heb. 12:1). He also used the text: "The carnal mind . . . is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be" (Rom. 8:7).

There were many times as a teen-ager that I had fears of failing to live the sanctified life; but I soon learned to study the Word, pray habitually, and read all the literature I could find on the life of holiness. There is one thing I settled for sure, that I would be true, faithful, and walk in the light every day, one step at a time. I realize that now we live in a new age, and I am truly fascinated by many aspects of the space age; but the basic things of life are the same in all generations. Holiness of heart and life will do more to help our present teen-agers get their feet down and find themselves than anything I know. Personally, I never would have made it without the indwelling of the Holy Ghost in His sanctifying power. I praise Him.

At the close of this seven-week revival, at which time I was sanctified, the evangelists, Brother James Stanberry and Brother Christie, organized the Wesleyan Methodist church. We thought there would be a large number to establish the church until it came time to join. Then the people began to back out and, on the final day, we had only seven charter members: my father, my mother, and we five children. We wanted a church home that stood for Bible holiness.

My father and my brothers later built our first holiness church building, located just south of Ringwood, Okla., to carry on the work of the Lord. I remained a member of that church until I joined the Church of the Nazarene, at Peniel, Tex., in 1908.

God leads His dear children along.

Some thro' the waters, some thro' the flood, Some thro' the fire, but all thro' the Blood.

I was told by the president of my Sunday school class: "I heard that you were seeking this new blessing, holiness. If so, the class doesn't want you as their teacher any longer." I replied: "If I never teach another Sunday school class, I want this experience above everything else in the world." After three days and nights of prayer and fasting, I felt I had put all on the altar. Then the Lord spoke to me: "I not only want what you have. I want you, to preach My gospel." Emphatically I replied: "I don't want to!" I was in trouble. My ambition for many years was to be a doctor. I had a cousin in Chicago who was a woman doctor: I greatly admired her and wanted to be like her. The Lord said: "You preach, and I will give you workers, preachers, missionaries, and doctors. I will be with you always; I will never leave you nor forsake you." I answered God's call to be a woman preacher instead of a woman doctor, as I had dreamed of being. I have never regretted that decision. Years later, one of the male members of a church asked me: "Why don't you preach a sermon on a woman's right to preach?" I replied: "No, I don't have to. The proof of the pudding is in the eating."

Sometimes when we give our hearts to God, there are things in our lives that must be relinquished. Such was the case in mine. At the time I was sanctified, at 17 years of age, I was engaged to a young man who was a well-to-do farmer and dairyman. However, he was unable to get his feet on solid ground where victory in the Lord was concerned. When I received the Lord and accepted my call to preach, I simply told my boyfriend that I could not marry him. I broke the engagement.

My days of preaching began after I was sanctified, -though I was not licensed to preach until 1907, two years after my experience of sanctification. I held prayer meetings and services while I was still in school.

After receiving my call to preach. I continued teaching school for two more years, saving money to attend the Texas Holiness University at Peniel, Tex. There I took courses in theology and sermon building. I had four wonderful teachers: Mrs. Emily Ellyson, Dr. Whitehurst, L. B. Williams, and Dr. E. P. Ellyson, I took six years of Bible study in one year, consisting of the Pentateuch, two lessons each week on doctrine, two on prophecy, and one lesson each week on analysis, besides carrying four college subjects and all the while working for my board. One of the boarders took typhoid fever: no one would wait on him except the doctor and myself. I caught the germ, came down with the fever, had pneumonia at the same time, and ultimately suffered a nervous breakdown. I was ill for several weeks, but through much prayer and a good physician, Dr. Benton, and a good nurse. Sister Keith, I made the comeback.

After I was back on my feet, I had to make up my studies for the last semester. I finished the year at Peniel in June, 1908. Earlier, in the fall of 1907, I had met my future husband and was making plans to be married. CHAPTER 3

A Life of Romance

I met Allie Irick on November 16, 1907, at a Texas Holiness Association meeting in Arlington, Tex. I was attending this convention as a representative of Peniel College. Allie had been preaching the gospel for 10 years when we met. He had been on a one-year missionary trip around the world, and had written a book on his trip to the Holy Land. Our friendship ripened into love and eventually resulted in our long and happy marriage together.

After our meeting in Arlington, Brother Irick came to Peniel College to preach a week of missionary messages at the school. Between then and June 16 of the next year, when we were married, I received 145 letters from Allie, and he visited me 45 times. He was a very ardent admirer.

When I returned from Peniel to my home in Ringwood, we set the wedding date for June 16, 1908. Brother Irick came in from Plainsville, Kans., where he had been holding a revival. We were married at my home in Ringwood by an extremely nervous Methodist minister. You would have thought the minister was getting married, instead of Allie and me. I was perfectly calm at the time. The day I said, "Yes," was when I was nervous.

On the day of the wedding, my father heard that our friends were going to shivaree us. In case you are not famil-



Allie Irick, made just after his return from trip around world, including visit to Holy Land.



Made in Jerusalem, 1905. Left to right: Dr. Godbey, Allie Irick, guide, John and Ed Roberts.

iar with that expression, after a wedding the friends of the couple would gather around their house, shooting guns, ringing bells, pounding plowshares, anything to make noise; this was known as a shivaree. When my father discovered we were to receive all the festivities, he ordered 20 gallons of ice cream to be brought in on the noon train from Okeene. I baked 7 two-tiered cakes, on my wedding day, to serve the guests.

After the eight o'clock ceremony, we fed the preacher and after Brother Irick had paid him, he left. Soon the front porch, the yard, and even the street was filled with people. My three brothers opened the doors and our guests packed into the house. We served them cake and ice cream. I told Brother Irick to go to the organ, and we sang all the second-blessing songs we knew. The frivolity was coming to an end. Brother Irick then took down the Bible and read a scripture. I did the praying and you could hear me for blocks. After a while, our friends bid us farewell. Some were serious, some even crying. Many of them had been my pupils in school.



Allie and Emma Irick's wedding picture, June, 1908

I had arrived home from college, just prior to the wedding, with a trunk of dirty clothes; the day after the wedding, Brother Irick and I spent the entire day doing up the laundry. After the washing was finished, Brother Irick hung out the clothes; then later I did the ironing.

The day following, we left for our first revival just out from Marlow, Okla., at the Star Chapel Schoolhouse. It was also our wedding trip. The Lord gave us a wonderful and fruitful revival. It was my first revival in which to preach and I haven't stopped preaching yet.

My life has been a full one, filling many callings in one: teacher, wife, mother, homebuilder, as well as preacher, evangelist, and pastor. The chief joy of my life has been to preach the gospel of full salvation and to have had a small part in building the Church of the Nazarene. I have always put God and my calling first in life's pattern.

Brother Irick and I always maintained the home, though traveling as evangelists for 25 years. God gave us three precious children: Ray, who passed on to be with the Lord on April 14, 1959; Paul, who is adult probation officer of Harris County, at Houston, Tex.; and Ruth (Mrs. Curtis Metcalf), who is co-owner of the Oakley-Metcalf Funeral Home in Lufkin, Tex. These three were the joy of our life and home. I pay this tribute to them: they have never hindered me in my ministry. One time, when Ruth was a young girl and extremely ill with the flu, she told a friend of mine: "I sometimes wish my mother had not been called to preach." However, they have never voiced any opinion of this kind to me. They respected my call. Our children



Emma and first baby, Ray, at five weeks of age. December, 1910.



Allie and Emma Irick, with second baby, Paul—1914.



Allie, Emma, and daughter Ruth, 1916.

were the ones who made the sacrifice. My husband and I were called; they were not.

When the children were very young, we would leave them with my mother and sister while we went off to hold meetings. As they grew older and were of school age, we hired a competent housekeeper to maintain the home during our days of travel. Our home was always open to everyone, even when we were not there, and many times we would return to find a group enjoying a meal around our table. Like any typical mother, I had my anxieties about leaving our children; yet I had no doubt they were well cared for. I left them with responsible people, and I never failed to leave them with God; I said many prayers for them while we were away.

When the children were grown, and school was out, they traveled with us. Ray played the trombone, Paul the cornet, and Ruth the piano. Brother Irick and I preached, led the singing, and sang the specials. We therefore never lacked for calls to camps or revivals; they received a whole crew, yet only had to pay for one worker. The Lord always blessed our services; hundreds were saved and sanctified.

It is no small task to rear a family and educate them. Our children have all done well. God has also blessed us with six grandchildren, four girls and two boys, and seven great-grandchildren. "Thy children [shall be] like olive plants round about thy table" (Psalm 128:3).



Allie and Emma Irick—first trip to California, 1909—"Under the Orange Blossoms."

CHAPTER 4

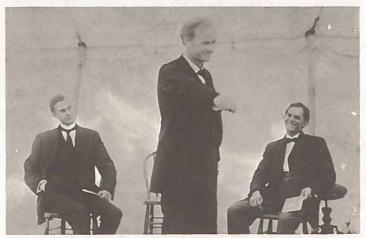
A Glorious Church

In November, 1907, the Texas Holiness Association met at Arlington, Tex. This association was one of the holiness groups of the state that joined the Church of the Nazarene. Many of the members were affiliated with holiness churches at that time, and also members of the old denominational churches.

It was at this time that I received my license to preach. I returned to Peniel to study, to pray, and to preach at every given opportunity, in jails, on street corners, and in schoolhouses. The following spring, in April, Dr. P. F. Bresee, superintendent of the Church of the Nazarene in California, came to Peniel at the invitation of Rev. Bud Robinson.

After preaching at the chapel services and holding additional services at night, giving wonderful messages from the vision of Isaiah, Dr. Bresee used a special text: "Arise, shine; for thy light is come." At the close of the week, he challenged all those who had heard from heaven and wanted to form the first Church of the Nazarene in Texas to come to the platform. One hundred and thirteen joined that night, April 3, 1908, and amid shouts of victory.

Dr. Bresee exhorted: "We have nothing but the canopy of stars to offer. It will take real soldiers to fight the good fight of faith, and to go out under the stars and hew out a kingdom." I was glad to be one of that number; among that same group was Allie Irick, who became my husband the following June.



Left to right: Alpin M. Bowes, I. G. Martin, Allie Irick. In last meeting Allie held before we were married. June, 1908, at Plainville, Kans.

The Church of the Nazarene met the cry of our hearts as a church home. It is the only church to have its origin in the state of Texas.

I had been sanctified in 1905 and from that time I had wanted to work with a movement that was aggressive and true to the cause of second-blessing holiness. Now it was our privilege, after evangelizing all summer, to be among that great crowd that gathered at Pilot Point, Tex., on October 13, 1908, for the purpose of uniting the holiness churches from the West, the East, and the South. The mammoth tent, packed with Blood-washed armies from many places—Nova Scotia, Oregon, California, and on to the Atlantic seaboard—was the scene that vividly remains in my mind today. Its pure whiteness seemed to vibrate to the shouts and praises of those within. The little city of Pilot Point opened its homes and hearts and took care of this great gathering most graciously. Rev. J. P. Roberts, his wife, the girls of Rest Cottage, and many other workers furnished and cooked the meals for this multitude of people.

Dr. Bresee, our senior superintendent, had charge of the assembly and was ably assisted by Dr. H. F. Reynolds, L. Milton Williams, John Norberry, H. D. Brown, Howard Hoople, I. G. Martin, Arthur Ingle, E. P. Ellyson, Mrs. De-Lance Wallace, R. M. Guy, C. B. Jernigan, C. W. Ruth, Mrs. Mary Lee Cagle, and J. P. Roberts. Many others were among the number who united in the organization of our beloved Zion.

After several days of services and deliberation, the great hour arrived on October 13, 1908, at ten-thirty in the morning. It was a gorgeous day; all nature joined as that vast crowd waited for the marriage ceremony of the church to begin. Dr. Bresee read from Isaiah, chapter 35:

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God. Strengthen ve the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not: behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompence: he will come and save you. Then the eves of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes. And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it: but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there: and the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

After this, Dr. Bresee turned to the sixtieth chapter of Isaiah and began to read:

"Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising. Lift up thine eyes round about, and see: all they gather themselves together, they come to thee: thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side. Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged; because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee. The multitude of camels shall cover thee, the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah; all they from Sheba shall come: they shall bring gold and incense: and they shall shew forth the praises of the Lord. All the flocks of Kedar shall be gathered together unto thee, the rams of Nebaioth shall minister unto thee: they shall come up with acceptance on mine altar, and I will glorify the house of my glory. Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows? Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring thy sons from far, their silver and their gold with them, unto the name of the Lord thy God, and to the Holy One of Israel, because he hath glorified thee.

"And the sons of strangers shall build up thy walls, and their kings shall minister unto thee: for in my wrath I smote thee, but in my favour have I had mercy on thee. Therefore thy gates shall be open continually; they shall not be shut day nor night; that men may bring unto thee the forces of the Gentiles, and that their kings may be brought. For the nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted. The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary; and I will make the place of my feet glorious. The sons also of them that afflicted thee shall come bending unto thee; and all they that despised thee shall bow themselves down at the soles of thy feet; and they shall call thee, The city of the Lord, The Zion of the Holy One of Israel.

"Whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated, so that no man went through thee, I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations. Thou shalt also suck the milk of the Gentiles, and shalt suck the breast of kings: and thou shalt know that I the Lord am thy Saviour and thy Redeemer, the mighty One of Jacob. For brass I will bring gold, and for iron I will bring silver, and for wood brass, and for stones iron: I will also make thy officers peace, and thine exactors righteousness.

"Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise. The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended. Thy people also shall be all righteous: they shall inherit the land for ever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hands, that I may be glorified. A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation: I the Lord will hasten it in his time."

The final motion was made and seconded and the unanimous "yes" was like a thunderstorm. Amen and Amen!

The large platform was filled with singers, who began singing "The Battle Hymn of the Church" to the tune of "Dixie." By that time the crowd were on their feet, waving their handkerchiefs and shouting. They marched around the big, white tent singing, "Tis a glorious Church without spot or wrinkle, washed in the blood of the Lamb," followed with "We're Marching to Zion."

Truly it was akin to heaven, and I never expect to have a greater thrill until I go to the General Assembly of the Firstborn in the new Jerusalem. No doubt this was the greatest historic religious gathering ever held in the state of Texas. The assembly closed in triumph with all singing, "We'll girdle the globe with Salvation, with holiness unto the Lord."

We had the assurance, as we left for our various fields of service, that God was leading His dear children along.

This event marked a great beginning of the Church of the Nazarene. It was great from many viewpoints. First, the many people who attended came from the East, West, North, and South. Secondly, they had a unified purpose of founding a well-organized movement to carry the full gospel to the entire world, and to conserve the doctrine of Bible holiness. Also, there was a marked unity of the Spirit among these delegates as they formulated the constitution, doctrines, and rules of the church. The glory of the Lord came from heaven on all the business sessions and services.

Holiness evangelism has been my life, and that is as it ought to be. There are three times as many scriptures in the Bible about holiness as there are about regeneration, yet some preachers cannot find a text for a holiness sermon.

Brother Irick and I always enjoyed the work of evangelism. In the first 25 years of our evangelistic ministry, God helped us to organize some churches that had a great future.

We went to Olive Hill, Ky., from July 20 to 30, 1908, to hold the first camp meeting there. From this camp, other calls came, including that at Ashland, Ky. We held several meetings in the People's Mission at Ashland; this later became the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. The revival was held under a tent next to the city jail, and we



Emma Irick, taken on day ordained to preach, September 11, 1911.



Allie and Emma, with son Ray, at Lockhart, Ala., 1912.

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were able to have the sheriff arrange for the inmates to attend the day services. Several of the inmates were saved, even though they were chained one to the other. Some good people paid the fine and bought clothes for one of the men; he later joined the church.

The launching forth and organizing the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene at Ashland, Ky., was effected on the night of June 14, 1915, at nine o'clock. Brother Irick was chosen to be the chairman of the session, and Brother Clarence Childress was elected the secretary.

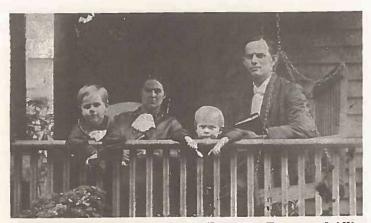
After much prayer, singing, and praising God, and a few remarks given by the chairman, Brother Irick spoke as to the needs, the open fields, the ripeness of the demands, and the requests by so many for this church. The call was made by the chairman for all those who felt that the Lord was leading them into the Nazarene church to come forward to the altar, kneel in humbleness before God, and seek His will in the matter; 35 people responded. By virtue of the mission being without a superintendent, and the call for the church being so urgent, the mission was declared dissolved and the responding persons were declared a body and elected with power to transact business as a church. All of the offices were filled.

The membership voted and called Allie and Emma Irick as pastors. We cancelled our slate and pastored the church from its organization in June, 1915, until May, 1916, the church being at that time on a financial basis to care for a pastor.

During this pastorate, Dr. E. F. Walker held the first District Assembly at Ashland, in November, 1915. There were only three churches in the state of Kentucky at that time.

Dr. Walker preached the entire assembly on one text: "But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1:7).

This was the beginning of great days for the church in Kentucky. We organized the church in Olive Hill, where



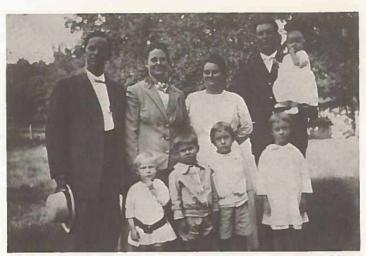
Our first pastorate, at Ashland, Ky., 1916. Emma and Allie Irick with sons Ray and Paul.

we held camp meetings in 1908. Nine preachers and five traveling salesmen had been sanctified in that meeting. One of these men was a Mr. Fields, who later became the governor of Kentucky and went on to become a member of the House of Representatives.

When we left the church at Ashland, Brother and Sister George Ward from Troy, Ohio, came to take over the pastorate.

Uncle Bud Robinson was one of our good friends; he filled the place of John the Beloved in the holiness movement. Uncle Bud helped many of the preacher students in the early days of Peniel College. His precious wife, Aunt Sally, as we all called her, was a real mother to the homesick boys and girls. Their large, three-story home was a landmark of hospitality.

Brother Irick and I held a number of camp meetings with C. W. Ruth, in 1908. He was the holiness exegete of the church. No matter what the theme of his message, he always climaxed on second-blessing holiness. Brother Ruth held one of the greatest revivals I ever attended, in Peniel in January, 1908. The altars were filled night and day.



Ozark Camp Meeting, 1915. Left to right: Allie, Emma, Mrs. Calk and Pastor Calk holding baby, Paul and Ray Irick, and the other two Calk children. (It was during this meeting that Ray decided Paul should be baptized properly down at the river. We heard screams, and when arrived at river, Ray was holding Paul under for the second or third time—mighty near drowned him!)

Many times the classrooms were scenes that beggar description. A large number of those classmates have gone to their reward; others are still carrying on the work of the church today. As I survey the past, most of those who joined the church and took a definite stand for God and holiness, and for organized holiness, have made good; only a few have fallen by the wayside.

When I met Brother Irick he had just returned from his trip around the world, which he made with Dr. W. B. Godbey, John F. Roberts, and Ed Roberts. Dr. Ellyson later invited him to Peniel College-to-speak twice a day on missions. They had witnessed great revivals in India, China, and especially Japan, with over 600 converts in the city of Tokyo. After our marriage in June, 1908, we continued in the field of evangelism, traveling in all parts of the United States.

In 1920, my husband was elected district superintendent of the Hamlin District, at Hamlin, Tex., following Rev. J. Walter Hall. He continued for six years in this district office; they were truly wonderful years. We traveled over 90,000 miles by car, and organized on the average of six churches each year.

A new office was created by the district, called the district evangelist; I was elected to the same. We cancelled three years of slate to fill this new position.

The District Assembly set a higher salary, but it was up to us to raise it. We held 90 revivals, camps, and conventions, and all of the offerings were applied on Brother Irick's salary. No back salary was ever raised by a general on that district to pay the district superintendent's salary.

We visited all the churches, usually beginning services on Wednesday and running through Sunday, preaching twice each day. Brother Irick would hold board meetings, look into the local finances of each church, and review the pastor's salary and needs. We witnessed an outpouring of the Spirit, souls praying through and members being added to the church.

We had no home mission money or church boards to help solve problems in the pioneer days. While doing home mission work, we usually slept under a tent, cooked on the ground, ate.what was given to us, and trusted God for enough money to move on to the next engagement. Sometimes our faith was really tested, but usually it was rewarded. Many times all that constituted a call was for someone to write, saying, "We want a Church of the Nazarene begun in our community." There was no promise of support, but the "Lo, I am with you alway." We went in His name. Numerous times the opposition was keen; we were ordered to leave, threatened with rotten eggs and things of that sort; but we promised the Lord we would not deny Him and that we would not run away when the battle got hot.



Revival at Ashland First Church, 1940—Allie, Emma, a board member, Mrs. Rife, and Rev. Gene Phillips and wife.



At Tilden, Ill., camp, 1940. Allie and Emma on right.

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Emma and Allie at the Fleck Camp, Springerton, Ill., 1942.

Many times the persecutors became our friends, sought and found God, and joined the crowd they had opposed.

I served as district missionary president during the six years my husband was superintendent on the Hamlin District. I also pastored the Pilot Point church part-time, was district secretary and treasurer for three years, and did the work of an evangelist on the district.

Churches, orphanages, rescue homes, and schools sprang up to prepare workers for the harvest field. Some of these were the Texas Holiness University at Peniel, the Bible School at Pilot Point, the Central Nazarene College at Hamlin, the Bible School at Violonia, Ark., and Beulah Heights at Oklahoma City. Dr. D. F. Brooks was in charge of the Beulah Heights school. After several years of service, these schools consolidated and today we have Bethany Nazarene College at Bethany, Okla. These schools did an excellent work in training students to be pastors, evangelists, missionaries, and teachers. From these students came general superintendents, college presidents, editors, teachers, and a host of laymen to carry the great burden of the local churches, camp meetings, schools, and other areas of importance in our country. All of this was accomplished by great sacrifice. Brother and Sister Lonnie Rogers, at Pilot Point, sold a rich blackland farm to buy the old Franklin College at Pilot Point, where Rest Cottage was later begun by J. P. Roberts. Rev. J. P. Roberts sold his farm and other properties in Oklahoma and put all he had into Rest Cottage. Rev. Nettie Hudson gave her watch and other valuable personal belongings to pay on the debts of the schools, orphanages, and Rest Cottage. Many others did likewise at our holiness centers at Peniel, Tex., and Bethany, Okla. C. B. Jernigan and his wife helped to plan the college in Oklahoma; he was district superintendent of that state in the pioneer days of the church. "They . . . rest from their labours; and their works do follow them" (Revelation 14:13).

Shortly after the General Assembly in Kansas City, Mo., in 1915, the church lost two of its general superintendents by death, Dr. P. F. Bresee and Dr. W. C. Wilson. Brother Wilson held only one assembly, at Austin, Tex. Dr. Bresee had told them at Kansas City that no doubt he was going to heaven soon.

There were two vacancies to be filled. God buries His workmen but carries on His work. A vote was cast by the district superintendents; Dr. J. W. Goodwin and Dr. R. T. Williams were elected. Both of these great men were anointed of God for leadership in steering the great ship of Zion.

Dr. Goodwin had labored with Dr. Bresee in the Los Angeles First Church, as co-pastor, and that church was the mother church of the Nazarene denomination. Dr. Goodwin also was district superintendent on the Southern California District and carried out the vision of our first leader, Dr. P. F. Bresee.

The Church-of-the Nazarene-has always carried a burden for every phase of gospel work. On the Hamlin District, we had the Dorcas Society to assist the deaconesses in doing charity work. When Brother Irick was the district superintendent, there were 10 licensed and consecrated deaconesses. They did a wonderful work among the poor, and getting children into Sunday school and places of usefulness. Brother A. S. Spaulding, a millionaire from California, who also was a Nazarene, gave these godly women \$10.00 apiece one month to buy food and clothing to get new people to church and Sunday school. Finally, this work was taken over by the Women's Missionary Society.

We always organized a church when we had sufficient number to begin. One church we organized, in Morrilton, Ark., was begun with 10 charter members; today it is a strong church. The great hindrance in the early days of the church was that the pastors would not stay in one place very long; they had the idea they ought to move every 12 months. They would take a church during the cold winter months, but when spring arrived they had leadings of the Lord to go elsewhere; they never did let any grass grow under their feet. It was like the shifting sands of the desert. I will never forget what Dr. Bresee said at the Bowie, Tex., assembly: "Brethren, we will never be able to build and conserve the Church of the Nazarene until preachers are willing to stay on the job long enough to get their feet down." I can see, after years of observation and experience, that it is the pastor who stays on the job who accomplishes abiding work.

Dr. H. F. Reynolds was the presiding general in 1922 at Hamlin, Tex., on the Hamlin District; now, Abilene; then later on, West Texas. He was one of the most genteel men that I have ever known. He was the embodiment of politeness, careful in the smallest of details, always thoughtful of others. Dr. Reynolds challenged the preachers and laymen with a wonderful message from 2 Chron. 15:1-7, using as a text the seventh verse: "Be ye strong therefore, and let not your hands be weak: for your work shall be rewarded."

Dr. Reynolds climaxed this message with a personal illustration. He and his wife had pastored a poor church in the hills of New Hampshire. The salary was meager and they were forced to wear faded, patched clothes, yet they did their utmost for their charge and their flock. Years later, one of the boys from that poor church wrote a letter to Dr. Reynolds and his good wife in appreciation of their teaching, training, and spiritual help to him when a lad. The letter was signed: "Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States of America."

Dr. E. P. Ellyson, the third general superintendent elected at Pilot Point, along with his good wife, did much to encourage me in the ministry; both taught me Bible courses at Peniel. Their work bears fruit in my ministry.

Mary Lee Cagle, one of the outstanding womenpreachers in our church, was a strong adherent of the Word. She was a godly, consecrated woman who believed in the organized church and did a great work in planting holiness churches in Texas. The fruits of her ministry and that of her husband, H. C. Cagle, still remain. Her first husband, R. L. Harris, helped to plant holiness in Alabama and Tennesee.

From the beginning, our church has stood for missions, both at home and abroad. One of the best Bible schools was located at Pilot Point, Tex., and had Dr. R. M. Guy as its president. Many of our early missionaries went to the fields from this school; among them were Lela Hargrove, Myrtle Mangum, Lula Williams, Rev. Andy Fritzlan and wife, D. M. Stafford, and J. D. Scott. At one time, there were 20 commissioned evangelists living in the city of Pilot Point.

Most of these evangelists supported Rest Cottage by raising offerings in their revivals and tent meetings. Rest Cottage, a home for unwed girls, had no support except freewill offerings. It was one of the first institutions to come into the church. Brother Irick and I assisted Brother and Sister J. P. Roberts with the rescue work. This organization operated for 70 years, but finally was forced to close its doors on February 3, 1972.

The Holiness Evangel was the official organ of the Holiness Church of Christ that came into the Nazarene church. Later, it was discontinued and the Pentecostal Messenger, an organ for Rest Cottage Association, was begun; my husband edited this paper for many years in the interest of the cause of holiness, rescue work, and evangelism.

Dr. P. F. Bresee, like the prophets, was a man of faith, fire, fervor, and vision. He ordained me in September, 1911, at Peniel, along with Dr. H. B. Wallin and others. Dr. Bresee's ordination theme was: "Preach the Word; have a message, and give it." He gave an illustration that took place at the first Pilot Point assembly. L. Milton Williams had preached for 2 hours and 10 minutes. Dr. Bresee told Brother Williams that he was too smart a man to take 2 hours and 10 minutes to speak his mind!

I believe our church today has a marvelous uplook. The vision for lost souls is more promising than ever before in my time. There is no gospel so sane as the gospel of holiness; it fits the mind, soul, and spirit, and is adequate for every situation of life.

It makes me tired to hear folks say: "I gave up so much to go the way of holiness." I always figured that, if you really got holiness, you got so much that nothing else mattered. Holiness elevates, refines, and satisfies in this present life; it also gets you ready for the next life. John Wesley said of the early Methodists: "Our people die well." The reason they died well was because they had heart holiness and lived well.

CHAPTER

Incidents and Accidents

Exciting Travels

After our marriage, Brother Irick and I held meetings all over the countryside. We were in Florida for a number of campaigns and revivals.

Never shall I forget our revival in one small, southern town in the United States, about the year 1915. There was no church in the town, no Sunday school, no preacher. There was only one person who professed any religion whatsoever; that was a doctor who had gone to Florida to be not only a preacher but a doctor for the sawmill as well. When he arrived, he found there was nothing in the little city around the lumber mill that was giving any religious training to anyone. He called us and asked if we wanted to do a little missionary work. After much prayer, Brother Irick and I decided to go. We left Shreveport and got off the train at Miami, Fla.

Dr. O'Bannon had rented a dancing pavilion in which to hold the revival. A woman owned the pavilion where she held Saturday night dances. We rented the place for two weeks, with the exception of Saturday night, which she reserved for the dances. She told me: "I'm sure a revival can't hurt my business." However, the first Sunday night of the meeting the very first person to pray through and get saved was this woman's daughter. She had been playing the piano for the dances. When she received salvation, she announced to her mother that she was through playing for the dances. We fasted, prayed, preached, sang, and shouted. God came on the scene, time and time again. That dance business was ruined forever. A church was organized in that little town, and today the Princeton Church of the Nazarene is one of the largest churches on the Florida District and in our denomination.

The Homestead church, located near Miami, Fla., was formed out of this Princeton church. We give God the praise and glory for such victories in Him.

Testing Faith and Consecration

We had completed the meeting at Princeton and were called to Silver Palms, Fla., among the orange trees.

When the wife and daughter of our host were saved and sanctified in the meeting, the husband got under conviction and ordered us out of his house, where we had been invited to stay. He almost choked his daughter to death, to make her give up her profession of salvation. The four of us—Brother Irick and myself, and the wife and daughter were in the buggy one afternoon, on our way to church, when the man caught up with us. He was extremely angry and had a six-shooter in his hand. He said: "You'll have to get out of my house." I said to Brother Irick: "Let me do the talking." I asked the man to let us go on to church and hold the afternoon service; then we would move out before night. Well, we moved out alright, beneath a tree. We put the boys on the ground to sleep, draping a sheet over a limb to keep off the night dew.

Allie and I stayed awake and prayed all night long. The next day in our services, the pastor was reclaimed after testifying that he had been backslidden for six years. He and his wife invited us to move into the parsonage and stay with them for the remainder of the meeting. The Lord surely answered our prayers.

When 50 years had passed, I went back to this same church to hold the golden anniversary service. While I was there, the niece of the man who had tried killing his daughter drove 65 miles to tell me that, as a 14-year-old girl, that very experience had changed her entire life. Her uncle had died later with cancer, after trying to kill his wife in later years, and never having found the Lord. "Who can stretch forth his hand against the Lord's anointed?" (1 Sam. 26: 9).



1908—Olive Hill, Ky.; camp meeting. Emma and Allie Irick on front row, center of picture.

Our First Car

The Kampsville, Ill., camp meeting gave us \$300 toward buying our first car, a Dodge 16 which we bought from a lawyer. The camp wanted us to have a car, so we could take our children with us, now that they were grown, and so we wouldn't have to ride on the trains. Neither Allie nor I had ever driven a car. My brother Will was singing for this camp meeting in 1917, and he gave us driving lessons. I came very near going into the Ohio River and would have



Our 1925 Studebaker. We put 170,000 miles on this car, doing evangelistic work. This car was mohair-lined; cost us \$1,795 —a good price in those days.

if Will had not pulled the brake and grabbed the wheel just in time.

Our first trip in the car was made from Ashland, Ky., via Alabama, to our home in Texas. The Ashland church gave us camping equipment—a little tent, cots, some bedding, a stove, and some food. We were five days driving from Ashland to Nauvoo, Ala., to hold the district camp. There were no motels in those days, so we slept by the roadside. There were no highways or gravel roads, either, just old dirt roads—and most of those were trails. On the first day of our trip, it rained almost the entire day. That night, it stormed furiously and we camped in a tobacco barn in Kentucky.

While in Alabama, both the flu and World War I were raging. Brother Irick and our baby, Ruth, came down with the flu, so I had to be nurse as well as evangelist. We stayed in a home where they gave us cabbage and salt bacon for breakfast; I got so weak I could hardly make an altar call. I asked the pastor's wife to please bring some food to our bedroom window one night after church, to feed Brother Irick and Ruth, as well as myself. The folks we stayed with were new Nazarenes and the church had granted their request to call us for a meeting, but we nearly starved.

Ruth was extremely ill with the flu; so many people had died with it, and the doctor just didn't know what to do for her. On Sunday, before we were scheduled to start for Texas, some praying saints came and we fasted and prayed. God heard our prayers and touched Ruth. We left Alabama on Monday morning and arrived home the following Sunday. I held Ruth in my arms all the way to Texas. We stopped at farmhouses to buy milk and slept by the roadsides throughout that long trip. God truly watched over us. He still watches over His own.

We came through the swamps of Louisiana and had 11 tire punctures. We didn't even know you had to have a boot in the tires, but remember, this was our first car. We finally made it to Monroe, La., late one night, bought a tire, and headed on toward Shreveport. We were stopped by a carload of men who said they needed help, so we sent them on to West Monroe and hurried on several miles, afraid of what could happen. You just couldn't be too careful, even in those days. We drove out in the woods, turned out the lights, hoping we were safe. In a little while their car came back by, and they yelled: "We got it fixed," and headed on toward Shreveport. What a relief, after such a scare!

The Old Bonnie Camp in Illinois

The Bonnie Camp, in Illinois, is one of the oldest interdenominational camps in the Middle West. Many of the old-time holiness evangelists held this camp, at the home of E. A. Ferguson. We were invited by the president to come and hold a meeting in this camp, which was controlled by 24 members. They were in debt and were about to sell the shed for a mule barn. They had been charging gate fees. We told them to leave off the gate fees and we would come and do our best, preaching holiness, fasting, praying, and just having an old-time holiness revival to help them pay their debts. That was in 1917. By the year 1924 we had gone there five times; then we went every three years until 1944. The debts got paid, and a hotel, new dining hall, and workers' cottage were built. Hundreds of people were saved and sanctified in this meeting. Preachers would come from many states, making this their vacation retreat. The officers changed through the years, but W. T. Lawson was secretary for many years until he went to heaven.

The explosion of the light plant on a certain Wednesday night will long be remembered. The tabernacle was



Allie and Emma, at old Bonnie Camp, in Illinois

packed. We got word at breakfast that the Ku Klux Klan was coming that night to give an offering, and the president of the camp was to receive it. Brother and Sister Mc-Kay, J. E. Moore, and Brother Irick and I fasted, and prayed. In the middle of the song service, Brother Lawson went to the carbide light room and started inside. Someone had opened the valve, too much carbide had gone into the tank, and it exploded. There was pandemonium, people screaming and walking over the benches. Sister Lawson fainted, thinking her husband had been killed, and the McKays' little girl was lost for a while in the crowd. About that time, 100 white sheets were seen tearing through the woods. No money was given that night, but 24 people came back the next night and gave a small donation. Good came out of it all, however, for electric lights were installed the next day. "All things work together for good" (Rom. 8:28). Light is better than darkness.

My Best Pulpit

We were holding Alabama State Camp at Nauvoo. The last weekend of the meeting, we had marvelous crowds. Some came on trains, the Illinois Central and Frisco Railroads; some came by oxcart, wagons, hacks, buggies; and some walked as much as 18 miles to get there, carrying their camping quilts all the way.

Among the crowd was a Mr. Brakefield, who was superintendent of the Gamble Mines, along with his family. Before they went back to their home on the Sunday afternoon train, he asked me: "Would you come to Gamble Mines on Monday and hold services?" I told him that we were due in Birmingham, Ala., on Friday to hold a revival and begin a Nazarene church in that town. He said: "But you could at least preach four nights." I said: "What about it, Allie?" and he answered: "Whatever you say." We agreed to go and boarded the train on Monday morning, held services in the Community Building with good crowds and good results. Still, we were wondering about Mr. Brakefield's insistence that we preach there, and soon were to learn what it was all about.

Mr. Brakefield begged us to preach down in the mines, so we asked: "How far?" "A mile and a half under, and one mile back," he said. We left the mine headquarters at the noon hour; it was an hour's drive on a coal cart drawn by a Mexican burro. When we arrived, there was a pile of rocks in ankle-deep coal mud that they had arranged for my pulpit, but there was also a 14×12 -foot plank for a mourners' bench. I said, "Daddy, these people are expecting something."

We sang, prayed, Brother Irick played the Bilhorn organ, and then he said: "You preach." I did my best, then made an altar call. Five miners knelt in the mud and prayed through. One of them was Brakefield's father, 65 years of age, who had lived underground most of his life and had never been saved. That was what Brakefield had been planning all along, to get his father right with God. Did it pay off? When we were back in Jasper three years after that, the phone rang. "I have a message for you," said Mr. Brakefield. "My father went to heaven a few weeks ago. He said, "Tell Brother and Sister Irick that if they had not gone down in the mines I never would have made it. I'll meet them in heaven.'" "They that turn many to righteousness [shall shine] as the stars for ever and ever" (Dan. 12:3).

Our Christmas Vacation

The year was 1925. Our Christmas was spent holding a meeting at Lamesa, Tex. We took the children with us and stayed an extra week; I taught the children their lessons. We camped with the pastors, the Hagemiers, in an old store building. We curtained off our bedrooms in the front part, cooked and ate in the back end of the building. It was cold, wintry weather, and we tried to keep warm with oil heaters. The meetings were held in a district tent close by, using gasoline torches for light and heat. About the middle of the meeting, a blue norther with hard winds drove through that little town and split the revival tent completely in two. What were we to do in that freezing weather? Well, we did the only thing we could; we sewed on that tent all one day from eight o'clock in the morning until five o'clock that afternoon. I felt like the Apostle Paul, who was a tentmaker. The tent finally was put back up and we held services that night. God honored our hard work; it was nearly freezing weather, but He gave an altar full of seekers that night. It pays to serve Jesus. I speak from my heart: He will always be with us if we do our part. Amen.

Meeting in Mingus

We arrived in the little west Texas town of Mingus about noon one day. The train was late and there was no one at the station to meet us. The pastor who called us had gone to New Mexico to hold a revival, and he didn't get back in town until the meeting was nearly over. Our two boys had the whooping cough, and the boiling sun was not helping any of us. We waited a while before the lady who ran the local cafe came to our rescue. We were supposed to stay up in the north part of town, she told us, and her 13year-old boy would show us the way, and haul our big trunk on his donkey cart. We rolled the baggage onto the two-wheeled cart and, with the boy beating the sleepy burro, we followed him through the deep sand down the middle of the town.

Brother Irick was leading Ray and I was carrying the baby, Paul. Each of us also had to carry an extra load, one of those old-fashioned telescope grips. We were fairly loaded down, and the sun just seemed to get hotter and hotter as we trudged through the deep sand of that little town. We were tired, hungry, and disgusted. People were coming out of every door, standing on the porches to look at us. About halfway through town, I got so tickled at the sight of it all that I just set the grip down and laughed until my sides were sore. I must have been on the brink of delirium; whether from fatigue or heat, or both, I'm not sure.

We didn't need radios, window posters, or newspapers to advertise that revival. The spectacle of our little evangelistic party following the donkey through town brought a capacity crowd out "to see the show."

It went from the ridiculous to the sublime, however, for God came on that revival in a wonderful way and many seekers found the Lord.

During this revival, we prayed our way into a good home; the host and hostess were lovely people and were just wonderful to our little family. During the services each evening, we would put a quilt on the floor behind the organ for the boys to lie on. Even though both of them had a good case of the whooping cough, God never did let them cough one time during a service.

We collected money for foreign missions, held a rescue lecture on Sunday afternoon to raise money for the girls at Rest Cottage, and received 10 members into the church. We left there and went on to our next meeting. We couldn't go home because we had only \$2.20 to our name. God keeps preachers poor, so their fare will not get stale.

In the Lions' Den

There were many persecutions in the early days of the holiness movement that the present generation knows nothing about. We were holding a revival at Wichita Falls, Tex. The big tent was packed full with people, and the services were running late into the night. The seekers and finders were shouting and praying loudly; the neighborhood was stirred. We had plenty of opposition, to the point where they filed complaints against us. The sheriff came to the tent to arrest us during one of the meetings. He stood in the center aisle. I said: "Before you serve the papers, please let me pray." When my prayer was finished, I looked up to find him gone. The meeting continued for weeks with no further problems. CHAPTER 6

Wonderful Answers to Prayer

In the year 1926, we moved from Pilot Point, Tex., to Bethany, Okla., to put our sons in college there. We had lived at Bethany seven years when I received a call to pastor the Church of the Nazarene at Lufkin, Tex. After much discussion on the matter, and after much prayer and fasting, Brother Irick and I decided to move to Lufkin, where I would pastor, and he would continue in the evangelistic field.

We left Bethany on a Saturday. The moving van had loaded and started out for Lufkin. We went as far as Pilot Point and preached there on Sunday. After church on Sunday night, the moon was bright and none of us were sleepy. Paul suggested that we start out for Lufkin that night, so the children crove one car and Allie and I drove the old Chevrolet coupe. We traveled all night long, arriving in Lufkin at seven o'clock in the morning. It was Labor Day, 1933.

We drove into the front yard of the church, which was nothing but clay. There was no grass, not even any soil. When we left Bethany, our yard looked like a green carpet. The children said: "Let's turn around and go back." I told them: "It doesn't always have to be this way." Sister Louise Chapman, missionary to Africa, once said: "If you don't like a thing, change it," and that is just what we did. We hauled dirt, planted grass, shrubs, and flowers, until the public called it "the church with a park around it."

After working hard all week to get settled, we began our pastorate the next Sunday with 21 present in Sunday school and 31 present in the preaching service. We felt that our first need was a revival, so Brother Irick called Professor John E. Moore, an outstanding and well-known singer, to come and help us. God gave fruitage in this meeting. New people were reached and the church was inspired, as they had been without a pastor from April to September of that year. We ran the meeting through three Sundays, until we went to Port Arthur, on September 24, to attend the District Assembly. Brother Moore attended the assembly with us, then went ahead to carry on his slate.

Brother Irick suffered a stroke on January 13, 1934, just three and one-half months after we arrived to make our home in Lufkin. He was paralyzed on the entire right side of his body and I massaged those muscles hundreds of times, wearing out five electric vibrators. Two years after his stroke, I was called to preach in a revival at Mineral Wells, Tex. I took Brother Irick along, so he could benefit



Rev. Emma Irick, with the children of her Lufkin church, at Easter party she gave for them.



Tent meeting, held in backyard of Lufkin church, when Milby twins came to help with meeting.



Allie and Emma Irick with Milby twins, Eugene and Eudel (evangelistic singers), in 1938, at Lufkin church. Eudel is now pastoring in Louisville, Ky. Eugene was killed in an industrial accident. from the mineral baths given there. One night, during the meeting, he was sitting there in his wheelchair and, as I got up to preach, he asked me to hand him the Bible; I didn't know what he had in mind. He took the Bible, opened it to a text, and began to preach for the first time since his stroke: "Stand still, and consider the wondrous works of God" (Job 37:14).

The following year, on the fourth of July. 1934, we had planned a Sunday school picnic but it rained all night long. Every room in the parsonage leaked. I looked up over our bed and a tubful of water was in the ceiling, held there only by canvas and paper. I said: "Brother Irick, look up. If that breaks loose, we'll nearly drown. Get the tub quick!" We got an ice pick and Brother Irick held the tub while I punched holes in that part of the ceiling, draining out the water a little at a time. The next day I ordered eight bundles of shingles, went up into the attic and stuck nails wherever I could see light. Then I got up on the roof and put on the shingles. They stopped the water leaks for a while. The next year we put a new roof on the parsonage; then it was time to recanvas and paper. How happy we were to make the needed improvements! God helps those who help themselves.

The church still owed a debt on the pavement, so I went to the bank for help. The vice-president of the bank was so surprised that a woman would get on top of a parsonage and put on shingles, he said I really deserved help, and told the cashier to give me \$100. I cried with joy.

The Sunday school rooms were running over with people, since the enrollment had reached 385. One young people's class had 45 members, and another class had increased from 7 to 24 members. Finally, a high attendance of 442 was reached. The auditorium would not hold our congregations, so the church board at Lufkin First took action and agreed to build a new church. We contacted Monroe Parker, an architect from Ada, Okla. After several sessions with Mr. Parker, the plans were drawn, approved by the board, and the blueprints ordered. During the building program, the church had to hold its services in the county courthouse.

We began raising money for the new building on November 22, 1952, and for 22 months raised a special building fund offering every Sunday. We borrowed \$30,000 from Lufkin National Bank and from individuals. Building always takes more funds by far than planned and, even though we had a lot of donated labor from the church members themselves, the money was melting like a snowball in a hot oven. Soon the money was gone and the building was not complete. We dismissed the electricians and other help, and turned off the lights one night at eleven o'clock. Discouragement was written on the faces of those who had been working so faithfully on their church. I spent that entire night in prayer. At five o'clock the next morning I received the promises: "All things are possible with God"; secondly, "All things are possible to him that believeth"; and last, but not the least: "All things are possible to you." Amen.



Emma Irick, standing at far left, with her Gleaners Sunday school class, Lufkin, Tex., early 1950s.

Brother Jack Pigg arrived at the parsonage at six o'clock that morning. I fixed coffee and, after we sat down, I asked: "What are we going to do now?" Brother Pigg was one of our good laymen at the church, and I never would have built that church without his help. We worked until eight-thirty that morning; then I went down to the post office to pick up the daily mail. The box was full, with one very large letter from Mississippi. I opened it to find 10 one-hundred-dollar bills. It had been sent to me from my good friend of many years, Sister Emma McLendon, and the enclosed note read: "I had been saving this money for my burial, but in prayer one day God told me to send it to Sister Irick to help on that church." I stood there in the middle of the post office and cried, and thanked God for another wonderful answer to prayer.

I hurried back to the church and told Brother Pigg to get the electrician back on the job, because we weren't defeated yet. In fact, we were not defeated at all, because a lovely church building was completed, and that church is carrying on the Lord's work today.

Dear Sister McLendon is in heaven now. She was the most unselfish person I have ever known. She and her husband paid for many meetings that we held for them across the years, both in Texas and in Oklahoma. They truly laid up treasures in heaven, where rust doth not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. All we save is what we give to God. CHAPTER

The Homegoing of My Husband

Someone once said: "Marriages that are made in heaven will be happy and successful."

There are four things I prayed through about. First, when I was saved; second, when I was sanctified; third, when I was called to preach; and fourth, my marriage. Surely I had God's companion in life for me. We were married on June 16, 1908, and were happy together 42 years, laboring for the Lord and for souls. We lived in the same world, loved and did the same things. We were agreed on everything in the work of the home, the church, and the Kingdom.

Brother Irick was a brilliant preacher and one of the most successful evangelists of his time. He could feed my soul more than any preacher I ever heard. I never tired of hearing him in all the 42 years I listened. The quietspoken manner of my husband, both in and out of the pulpit, revealed the humbleness of his spirit; yet he would preach with forcefulness when moved by the Holy Spirit. Someone once said to me: "Sister Irick, when you preach you 'cut off our heads'; then Brother Irick preaches and applies the healing 'balm of Gilead.'"

Allie was a gentle person with an abiding love for others, especially little children; he loved them dearly. He was extremely kind toward, and thoughtful of, all people, his generosity and unselfishness an inspiration to those with whom he came in contact. The deep faith and spiritual insight he possessed were revealed in his everyday life as a husband, a father, and a servant of God.

The last seven months of Brother Irick's life were filled with suffering. One day when he was bedfast, he said: "Mother, continue to carry on. Do all that you can on your own, but please do a little extra for me." After all these years, I am happy to testify that the scripture is true: "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day" (Prov. 4:18). I am glad I promised my husband I would surely do as he exhorted me. I have done my utmost to carry out this promise.

Through the months that were filled with suffering, he was looking to a glorious future of reunion in heaven. He had a clear mind, except for a few times when he would be living in the past.

I give you one of the last scenes of Brother Irick's stay on earth. He wanted to get ready for a meeting, and on this particular afternoon he said, "Mother, go to loading that car." He told me everything to put in it, and said, "We've got to be at that meeting tonight, and we don't want to be late." He kept that up until he dropped off to sleep.

On a Wednesday night after prayer meeting, just one month before he was taken to heaven, he held a regular "meeting" from his bed; he thought he was in the pulpit. He sang the old songs of the church; he prayed, and made announcements. Then he took a text and preached. His subject was forgiveness, and I have never heard him preach better. He ran the service about an hour and 10 minutes. He then gave an altar call and held on until he thought 18 persons had responded at the altar of prayer; then he went to sleep. The next morning he was literally worn out. I said: "Daddy, you are pretty well played-out." He answered: "Yes, I ran the meeting too long last night, but didn't we have a good one? And, you know, there were 18 persons who got through. I hope you remembered to tell them to come back tonight, to hear my wife preach." Prayers light the way. Every day, we prayed often together.

During his last day, December 28, 1949, we had the doctor five times. He said: "The end is near, but I'm not sure just when it will come." I went in Daddy's room again, and took him by the hand. Brother Wayne Cummins, who was then Sunday school superintendent at the Lufkin church, was on the other side of the bed.

I began to pray, and I committed Allie to God. I prayed: "O Lord, we have walked together these many years, and they have been wonderful years. You gave him to me, and I thank You. He is Yours now. Take him"; and while I prayed, the Lord took my beloved husband home. When I opened my eyes, Daddy had crossed the line of worlds. He is now with the Blood-washed army of the Lord, and I expect to see him over there in God's own time. CHAPTER 8

Fruits of the Ministry

In 1959, I resigned my pastorate at the Lufkin church to reenter the field of evangelism. I had arrived in Lufkin on Labor Day, 1933, and left for my first revival before daylight on Labor Day, 1959. When I answered the call to Lufkin, I never dreamed I would spend 26 years in the parsonage. It is indeed unusual, but truly a blessing, for a pastor to serve a church for more than a quarter of a century. Our greatest reward from this pastorate was a constant stream of salvation.

I stayed long enough to raise a church and, when I left, I had to beg the Lord to take at least part of my love for the church family out of my heart, for it was like giving up my own children. As St. Paul phrased it: They are written on the "tables of the heart."

I was called by Brother Allshouse, the district superintendent in Philadelphia, to tour the district in the interest of home missions along with the district missionary president, Sunday school leader, and young people's president, making contact with all the churches and zones. Later, I returned to many of the churches for revivals and conventions.

For_one week, in 1965, I held chapel services at the seminary in Kansas City, Mo. Numerous calls have come from all over the United States, from seminarians who attended the services. Those wonderful people told me of the special blessings they had received from the services and how, as a result, many of them had rededicated their lives to Christ.

During my long ministry of 65 years, I have attended all of the General Assemblies of the Nazarene church, with the exception of three that I missed due to the illness of Brother Irick. I have been privileged to know all of our general superintendents, have watched the church grow from 10,000 to over half a million members, carrying on a worldwide missionary program which began with 50 dedicated missionaries and now reaches over 600. The church is bigger and better, and is still growing, praise God!

One time a man asked me if I thought the church would make it. I said: "Yes, it will, whether you do or not." A man told Dr. J. B. Chapman: "When I find a perfect church, I'll join it." "When you do," replied Dr. Chapman, "it won't be perfect." Jesus said: "I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it" (Matt. 16:18).

In these many years of ministry, I have travelled over a million miles, preached in nearly every state in the Union, in Hawaii and Panama. I was in Hawaii during the month of April, 1957, visiting every church there and holding services every night for a month. I have seen over 75,000 converts, and many hundreds of people adding their names to the membership of the church, with scores of young people being called into special services of the Lord's work.

These past 14 years of evangelism have been the most successful and rewarding years of my life, and the end is not yet. Effectual doors have been opened to me throughout the United States and in other countries as well. It is wonderful to have friends who have so graciously provided me a home away from home. God bless each one that has been so gracious unto me. May they receive a prophet's reward!



1957—Emma Irick, preparing to leave airport on month-long evangelistic tour to Hawaiian Islands.

All that I am, and all that I have been able to accomplish, I owe to the Lord. He has blessed me with remarkably good health and unyielding strength throughout my lifetime. How gracious He has been unto me! Thank You, Lord.

People are constantly asking me if I ever plan to retire. I really cannot give an answer to that question. Actually, I am supposed to be retired right now, but I find it difficult to turn down the calls that I receive. Perhaps the Lord himself will retire me one day, or else I will "die on the battlefield." As for the moment, my health is good and my spirits are high. As long as the Lord keeps me able, I cannot sit idly by while there is yet so much work to be done for Him.

My happiest day was not when I was converted on October 23, 1902, nor when I was sanctified wholly on February 11, 1905, and not when God called me to preach. These were all great days in my life, but the happiest one is even now, and is getting better, because my journey is getting nearer home. I recently celebrated my eighty-fifth birthday, and I am having the best time of my life in these later years. This is my payday.

SUPPLEMENT

My Life Story, as Told by Others

This article was written by La Homa Pringle and given at the dedication of the \$141,000 Church of the Nazarene, at Lufkin, Tex., on May 2, 1954.

CHAPTER

EMMA IRICK—

THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER I HAVE MET

Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies...

Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.

Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates.

(Prov. 31:10, 28-31)

Words could never do her justice. She is all most people would love to be—what only a few people would pay the price to be—what most ministers strive to be. But above all, she is what God called her to be. There is just one Emma Irick. When God called her to preach, along with being a minister's wife, a mother, to help pioneer a great holiness movement, to be a teacher, to pray for the sick, to bury the dead, and marry the young, she fully surrendered a life filled with its own ambitions, a strong determination, and her own will . . . all to the service of God.

Eternity alone will reveal how many lives have been made richer, how many homes have been blessed; yea, how many souls will be able to stand before God on that great day, because of her . . . for to know her is to soon be introduced to her Lord.

Emma Irick . . . that name, along with Allie Irick (God bless his memory today), was synonymous to me as a child, with the church, God, heaven, and the way of peace. In the 30 and some odd years we've known them and been privileged to have them in our home from time to time, their names have often been called with reverence and such love that I early associated them akin to the Divine. I cannot remember when I didn't know Emma Irick; she and Brother Irick represented a big part of our church to me.

God did not take from her any of her own personality, or individuality, but has certainly blessed and used them for His glory. Her way of doing things is not copied, nor could it ever be . . . and her style of preaching is particularly her own. The only similarity it carries to any other is the anointing given it by the Spirit of God, her love for souls, her zeal for the church. Her refusal to accept defeat, the untiring efforts with which she ever pushes forward, the way she moves and lives in a world she doesn't call home . . . make her the most unforgettable character I ever met.

She accepted Christ at the age of 14, was sanctified at 17, and from that day to this she has lived with one objective in life: above all else, to win souls for the Master. When she was ready to go away from home, to a Christian school, she found she needed new shoes. I've been told she cut wood, hauled it to town, and sold it for money to supply the need. That was typical of the way she puts legs to her prayers, and goes out after even bigger things she finds herself and others needing.

She has a memory like an elephant . . . and a heart just as big, too. The most amazing thing is how she remembers the little things in life that count so much, about the people she knows and loves. She's been known to remember the food she ate at her friends' house, and the very set of dishes it was served in, after 12 years. The kindness she receives at the hands of others is never unnoticed nor quickly forgotten.

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Although she is considered an "old-timer," having been a minister 46 years, she has kept ever so young. Her ministry is right "up to date." She fits beautifully into the atomic age.

She can call every member of her constituency by name. She knows when her members miss church or prayer meeting. She makes it her business to find out why, and often tells them about it. And, mystery of mysteries, they love her for it.

As the years have gone by, I too know that I love her, not because Mother and Daddy did, but for myself. She makes me feel important to her, to God, and the church. She is easy to love.

Now, contrary winds and discouragements seem only to inspire and challenge this one . . . Emma Irick. Some will recall that here in Lufkin, Tex., back in the days of the depression, when the churchyard needed filling in with dirt, how she asked for helpers. I've been told the response was a wagon, and 15 willing women. They used the wagon, went to the river, brought in the dirt, and filled in the yard. The simplicity with which she operates reflects the personality of the Man of Galilee. From the humble task of hauling dirt through the streets of her city, she stands each Lord's day and fills her pulpit with all the grace and love a minister could have, and preaches holiness just as hard as she worked on the riverbank, when that was her job to do.

Only Emma Irick could have told it to me as she did, a little over three years ago, about the homegoing of her beloved husband. It was without self-pity, and only a faint trace of her womanlike tears I noticed when I knocked on her door one night, hoping to have a short visit with them. As I inquired, "How are you all?" she said, "I am fine... Honey, Brother Irick has gone to heaven." These last three years she has truly worked hard and it seems has accomplished more than ever before. Could it be that heaven is more real to her now? Allie Irick is waiting for her to finish their work. He is a part of all we see here today.

This afternoon, as I try to pay tribute to this woman, your friend and mine, I'm thinking of these words from 2 Kings 4:8, "... where was a great woman." Women like her are not placed in the Hall of Fame for great women ... they are the hall of famous great women, and take their place as did Susanna Wesley, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Catherine Booth, Frances Willard, Florence Nightingale, Helen Judson, Fanny Crosby, Clara Barton, and yes, Emma Irick, and thousands of other great women whose names are written in the Book of Life.

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As words just somehow fail me, once again I'd borrow those so appropriately spoken by Solomon:

"A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her."

"Strength and honour are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come."

Emma Irick . . . the most unforgettable character I ever met.

The following tribute was written by Mrs. Florence Ford, past secretary of the First Church of the Nazarene in Lufkin, Tex., and given by Mrs. Ford in 1957, when Rev. Emma Irick had completed 24 years of pastorate at the Lufkin church.

CHAPTER

2

A TRIBUTE

Every state in the Union is noted for some unusual or great personality, whether native or particularly related to an event.

Situated in the geographical center of the United States, the state of Kansas is outstanding in this perspective. On January 24, 1888, in Jewell City of this great state, a baby girl was born who has enriched its traditions. Sometime in the future her unusual, upright, and successful Christian life would hallow its name.

This little baby was Emma Wyland—none other than our beloved pastor of the past 24 years, Mrs. Emma Irick. We can picture her as she looks at the new world around her. To the ones standing by, her penetrating and alert eyes spoke silent volumes—"Why are you people standing around? Can't you see there is much work to be done? Roll up your sleeves and get to it!" She has been like that all her life. As a child, working in the fields and orchards, taking care of an invalid mother, while doing the many duties required to cook, wash, iron, mend, and care for her family and their many hired hands; as a teacher, a minister, a wife of an evangelist, and as a pastor, her slogan has been—"Have a purpose, set your goal, harness your thoughts and actions in the right channels in order to reach that goal. Turn on the steam and be so busy that you have more to do than you can accomplish, and keep on the rush with a variety of duties."

While in her teens, Emma, after a powerful conviction, sought and found God and was later gloriously sanctified. Hers was no slipshod, up-and-down life, but one of a triple growth—physical, mental, and spiritual. Her slogan became a symbol that all could follow—a purpose with a deep-seated and burning thought, and which was deftly stated by Paul the apostle—"For in him we live, and move, and have our being." There was no turning back, no compromise. Thenceforth, for her it was "My God and I."

Miss Wyland attended Texas Holiness University at old Peniel, which was situated in the suburbs of Greenville. Tex. There she was under the tutelage of some of the greatest minds in the holiness movement throughout the world. While there, she met the man who later became her husband and co-worker evangelist, the late Rev. Allie Irick. If ever a marriage was made in heaven, that of Allie and Emma Irick certainly was. The crowning event took place after much prayer on their part, and some dissuasion from one of her teachers and a few of her friends. For almost 25 years, the Iricks enjoyed a very fruitful ministry throughout the United States. The going was hard, full of sacrifices, disappointments, and heartaches. In the face of such hardships, many pioneer preachers turned aside for the easier, more secure life. Not so for Mrs. Irick. She had an all-consuming passion to do her Master's will, and that was-"Go ye, and win others for My kingdom."

Mrs. Irick's call to the Lufkin church was as much in line with God's will as the many other calls she had received and accepted, from the beginning and during her ministry. She and Allie Irick held three meetings in Lufkin during their evangelistic labors, that resulted in an affectionate regard by the church members and the townspeople-at-large, for these dear and beloved personalities.

So far as church growth was concerned, we had been traveling an upstream course for many years. One day we found ourselves stranded; we were discouraged. Our pastor was leaving us, and there was a big question involved— Who, in the category of good preachers, would come to the Lufkin church without a satisfactory arrangement for their salary? Our thoughts turned to Sister Irick, who could and would, we knew, attempt the impossible if God willed it. She was contacted, and her answer gave us some hope. We met in various homes and prayed for God to send Sister Irick to the Lufkin church, if this was His will. Sister Irick was also praying. Then came her letter—she had accepted the pastorate of the Lufkin church. It was a time of rejoicing for us and for the many friends of the Iricks.

If Sister Irick felt any qualms, they were hidden when she tackled the gigantic task of cleaning and putting the parsonage in order. There was no faltering of her undying faith in God when she received her first week's salary of only a few dollars; no questioning of God's will as she faced such problems as soling her schoolboy's only pair of shoes. There was no dampening of ardor when she found her handful of active members suffering under the load of the crushing Depression.

Yes, instead of regrets and fears, she eagerly accepted the challenge of building Christian character, teaching a better and richer way of life, expanding the church, cultivating the hard-baked, weed-ridden church ground into an artistic site of beauty, and turning a decrepit parsonage into a lovely home.

All of these things were taken in majestic stride, for here was a woman who trusted not in her own strength, but leaned heavily on the omnipotent arm of God.

A person cannot be all things to everyone, but Sister Irick was as nearly all things necessary to the Lufkin church and townspeople as one could be. In our troubles, sickness, deaths, and sorrows, she was ever with us, comforting us, encouraging, lending a helping hand, and doing whatever she could.

There were times of victory and joy, but also times of sorrow, for death is no respecter of persons. The sting of his presence and cold brush of his hand were felt by Sister Irick when her faithful husband was called to heaven in December, 1949. How she cared for him and performed her duties as pastor is nothing short of a miracle. Hers was a sorrowing heart with no time to grieve, no time to think, and no time to rest her weary mind. Only the silent, dull anguish of a heart that has suffered a deep loss.

Under all this, Sister Irick pushed forward, the church continued to grow, and expansion was limited. The membership had outgrown the old building. Sister Irick put her shoulder to the wheel and assumed the responsibility of financing and building the sanctuary and educational unit.

Was it easy? No! We never would have done it without her. There were times when she would pray all night long for the providing of funds to carry on the construction. God never failed to hear her prayers, and answer them on time. In fact, on numerous occasions she was ready to help God answer her prayers by scraping her own bank account.

The average person might have suffered a nervous breakdown and left the job to chance; but she, being a woman who never felt her own pulse, was fully equipped to meet the challenge. Pledges were made and miraculously paid.

After the church was completed, a new era of church expansion began, including all its departments. The same faith that constructed continued to prevail in the salvation of souls and the cementing of the hearts of God's children together. Even until now this harmony exists with God's chosen leader, Sister Irick, and her people. She had made the vow of Ruth, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." The following tribute was paid to Rev. Irick on a program given at the First Church of the Nazarene, Lufkin, Tex., on Mother's Day, 1959. It was written by Mrs. Florence Ford.

CHAPTER 2

THIS IS YOUR LIFE-

EMMA IRICK

Located in the north central part of Kansas is Jewell City, which is fast becoming an honored site throughout our nation and in the world.

It was there that your father, W. W. Wyland, and your mother, Ellen Howard Wyland, made their home; and it was there, Sister Irick, that you were born on January 24, 1888.

It is almost impossible to picture you as a wee, helpless baby. Realistically, in our minds, you seemed to have the sleeves of your long baby dress pushed back, your eyes wide open, and your body alert for the day you could leave your cradle and explore the world around you. No doubt your oldest brother, Will, spent many anxious hours helping your mother keep you within the bounds of safety. Strength, endurance, and ambition in a concentrated

sense, balanced with love and kindness, were bestowed

on you at birth, enabling you to become a very constructive personality, geared for large undertakings and heavy responsibilities, and a down-to-earth, practical method of accomplishment. These qualities began showing soon after your second brother, Ray, was born. He is now Dr. Ray O. Wyland of Los Angeles, Calif. You had two other brothers, Freddy and Milo, who have long since gone to heaven.

You were about seven years of age when your sister, Eva, came into the family. She is now Mrs. Eva Morris of Riverside, Calif. Eva was like a bundle of sunshine and joy in your home, and your devotion to her was outstanding.

Soon you were becoming an efficient, motherly housekeeper for the entire family, and an abiding comfort and source of inspiration to your invalid mother. Household duties were numerous and heavy. Cooking, washing, ironing, sewing, and mending were but a few of the tasks that you accomplished.

Another sister, Ora, slipped away to be with Jesus on January 28, 1888.

After continued droughts your father, a wheat farmer, sold his land, section after section, and moved his family to Ringwood, Okla., in the year 1903. You had completed your high school education in Kansas and attended the Northwestern State Teachers College at Alva, Okla. Then you taught school in Oklahoma for three consecutive years.

In 1907, you received your license to preach; and in the fall of that year you, with your brother Ray, went to Peniel University at Greenville, Tex.

Sister Irick, it seems that the greatest step you ever made came while Dr. P. F. Bresee was preaching for a week in April, 1908, at Peniel. His special text was from the vision of Isaiah—"Arise; shine; for thy light is come." You were among the 113 who accepted his challenge that night and joined the first Nazarene church to be organized in Texas, amid shouts of victory. The night was April 3, 1908. Dr. Bresee exhorted: "We have nothing but the canopy of stars to offer. It will take real soldiers to fight the good fight of faith, and to go out under the stars and hew out a kingdom." Your fruits of the stupendous work you have done give proof that your call was directly from God, and that you were marvelously blessed and led by Him.

It was at Peniel where you met Allie Irick, noted evangelist who, at that time, was lecturing on his trip around the world. On June 16, 1908, you and Allie were married in Ringwood, Okla. For 25 years as traveling evangelists, you and your husband preached all over the United States. The fruits of your labors include missionaries in different parts of the world, evangelists, pastors, and many outstanding leaders in worthwhile organizations.

You had the privilege of enjoying lasting friendships and fellowship with all the pioneers in the holiness movement. A few of these were Drs. Bresee, Ellyson, Goodwin, Williams, Walker, McConnell, Hill, Reynolds, Ruth, and . Rees.

God not only placed His blessings on yours and Rev. Allie's ministry, but tripled them in your home. He gave you three wonderful children—two sons, Ray and Paul; and one daughter, Ruth. There is another blessing that we cannot overlook—that of good health. Amidst it all—being a wife, mother, evangelist and, as the old saying goes, "forty-leven-dozen things," done efficiently and for the best of all concerned—to enjoy good health is nothing short of a miracle.

You and Brother Irick established your home in Pilot Point. Brother Irick was elected district superintendent of the Hamlin District while you pastored the church at Pilot Point, did evangelistic work, and served as secretary of Rest Cottage. You have remained in that capacity since its organization. You have raised more money for Rest Cottage than any other one individual, outside of paid solicitors.

It was in Pilot Point that your contacts with Brother and Sister J. P. Roberts ripened into a beautiful and lasting friendship. And it was there, I've been told, that a very humorous incident occurred. Brother Irick and J. P. Roberts, and John Roberts and Dr. Williams, went wildgoose hunting. When the time came for them to go home, they had not killed one single goose. They found someone who had a bunch of tame geese, bought them, took them out, and turned them loose and shot them, then hung them all over the car and drove into town. When you saw the geese, you knew they were tame, but you said nothing. You cleaned them and dressed them, but still never let on that you thought they were anything except wild geese. In a few days Brother Irick confessed to you what they had done. We wish to know something—did you say, "I knew it all the time"?

You owned two homes in Pilot Point, at different times. The carpenters were covering the roof of one but could not seem to make any progress. You climbed up there and showed them how to do the job, and we feel sure you did much of it yourself. Sister Irick, you have always been like that—a job just could not drag if you were around.

You gave sacrificially, and that was another of your God-given qualities. It was while you were at Pilot Point that you and Brother Irick sold your home and gave most of the proceeds to the church. This was at a time when God's cause sorely needed it.

When your children were older, you moved to Bethany, Okla. There you lived, educated your children, and continued your evangelistic ministry until September, 1933.

In the summer of 1933, you had to make a decision that would have caused 99 percent of good preachers to turn "Jonah." You received a call from the Lufkin church to serve as pastor. The outlook was shaky, as there were only two men at that time who were members of the church, having as much as \$3.50 in tithes. The need was desperate, however, and after days of earnest prayer and fasting, God made your call clear. You accepted the call, cancelled your evangelistic slate which covered nearly three years ahead, and made preparations for moving to Lufkin. It was in the dark beginnings of the Depression, with no stipulated salary or promise other than 80 percent of the meager offerings, that you, Brother Irick, and children—Ray, Paul, and Ruth—drove up to the unkempt church lawn early the first Monday of September. It was Labor Day—truly significant in the fact that your labors had truly begun. Never had there been a time when that little, squat parsonage had undergone such a scrubbing and partial renovating. On the lawn where ragweeds, coffeeweeds, and Jerusalem oaks grew profusely, newly made flower beds made their appearance by the last of the week, and an occasional shrub raised its head as if to say, "Hello," to its new surroundings.

Your first Sunday morning was a day to be remembered. It was the testing of your faith, but provided an open door for the future of the church—steady growth, a better prosperity, and a higher ethical and spiritual plane. It was a new day for this church; and in the weeks that followed, Brother Irick and even the children (who until that time had definitely been against your "new job") began to relax and accept life in the Nazarene parsonage. As they looked upon the once sun-baked and weedy lawn, and saw the miracle of order and beauty, and the cleaning and redoing of the once ugly parsonage, and the new look inside and outside the church, we have no doubt that they exclaimed: "Well, Mama's done it again!"

Sister Irick, surely you remember how for years the ladies of the church had to prepare and serve big chicken dinners to the public in order to meet the budgets. In a few years after you arrived, you had the majority of your members paying their tithes regularly, so these tiring dinners were no longer necessary.

You saw to it that new improvements were made from year to year, on church and parsonage. New additions were made, including the Joe Beard memorial room, other Sunday school rooms, new chairs for the Sunday school rooms, a nursery, rest rooms, new pews for church and choir, a new pulpit, carpeted aisles and choir stage. Amidst all this improvement, your mission as pastor, wife, mother, friend, and helper was never neglected. It was nothing unusual for you to get a call in the midnight hours to go and pray for sick and dying souls. No matter what church they belonged to, their need was always enough to take you there.

On December 28, 1949, God called Brother Irick to heaven. Your load was much heavier now; but, with God's never-failing help, you shouldered the extra burdens with determination and graciousness that would put most any pastor to shame.

The church and Sunday school grew until the old church could not seat them. It seemed necessary that a new sanctuary and new educational unit be erected. This meant tearing down the old church and going to the courthouse to worship until the new church was built. You dreaded this great responsibility but realized its necessity and forthwith put the outcome in the hands of God. After receiving His "go ahead" you launched the building program and held steady at the helm. This was no easy thing to accomplish. Money did not just "fall from heaven," yet the money did come in. There were times when it seemed as if the black waters of financial struggles would submerge all your efforts to carry on, when your soul would travail for your crew, and it, in turn, would wonder, Where and how this time, Lord? Then the black waters would miraculously disappear and your spirits would be lifted, and your faith assured before the hour of taking another collection. God stood by you and your members. The hour came when your church was ready for worship. Your happiness seemed complete, but you didn't let go the helm. It was post-building time that demanded much money. At present, the major bill has been paid and, with your business ability and earnest prayers, the road ahead will not be too difficult if we all do our part.

It is with many regrets, heartaches, and disappointments that now, after 26 years of your ministry, filled with unselfish love and devotion to each of us, the inevitable has come. We face the near-impossible task of finding a pastor to match your leadership. The vastness of your experience, depth of soul burden, and magnanimity of spirit and mind have demanded freedom from any locality. God and the general church beckon. Surely the world is your parish. The following article was written by Mattie Childress of Lufkin, Tex., and given at a special "Recognition Day" honoring Rev. Emma Irick, at the Lufkin First Church of the Nazarene, in 1969.

CHAPTER

A TRIBUTE TO SISTER IRICK

Sister Irick, the members of your church, along with your many friends, would like to give you some flowers while you are still living to enjoy them.

Time won't permit us to go back to your childhood, when you drove a big team of horses and turned the blackland of the West, or the time you cut wood by the cord and hauled it to town and sold it so you could buy shoes for college.

Your dream then was to be a doctor, but God had other plans for your life; He wanted you to preach holiness. When you first heard the call, you couldn't believe it—a woman preacher! That was not in your plans at all. Yet the call kept coming clear and strong, and left no doubt in your mind. You knew it was God's will for your life. When you surrendered, you said that you would preach holiness if you had to sleep on a church bench, drink branch water, and eat corn bread. You had to do that very thing, yet you have never doubted your call. When questioned by critics who didn't believe a woman had the right to preach, your answer was always the same: "I received my call from God."

When you came to pastor this church, on Labor Day, 1933, God surely must have called you, for you found a run-down church and parsonage, with pavement not yet paid for, a yard full of ditches, and no grass. It surely wasn't the salary that enticed you, for your first week's pay was only \$2.45. You didn't sit down and cry over the situation, though; you began working to improve it. You filled the ditches, made flower beds, and planted grass. You borrowed a team of mules and a wagon, and hauled dirt up Lufkin Avenue. A lady helping you pulled her sunbonnet down to hide her face from people passing by, but not you, Sister Irick; you waved at everyone you met, and held your head high, as though you were driving a Cadillac.

The first Christmas after you arrived in Lufkin, Brother Irick was away holding a revival. Your three children wanted to spend Christmas at Bethany, but all you wanted to do was stay home, spend your money for paint, and paint the woodwork in the parsonage.

People driving down Shepherd Avenue early one morning almost lost control of their cars when they saw you up on top of the parsonage with hammer and nails, mending the roof. That didn't bother you in the least; you were interested only in stopping the leak.

You were never too busy to drop everything, jump into your car, and go pray with someone who was sick or in trouble. You carried food to the sick and needy, and did many washings for others on your old wringer-type washing machine.

You went out on Sunday mornings and brought people in to Sunday school. If they didn't have clothes to wear, you somehow managed to get them something.

Never did you ask anyone to do a task but what you were there to lift the heavy end of the load.

You shared our joys as well as our sorrows. You wel-

comed our babies and rejoiced with us; you stood by the gravesides and wept with us when our loved ones were laid to rest. You were wife, mother, pastor, and also our family doctor. You rocked our babies and bounced them on your knee when they had the colic. You treated everything from measles to pneumonia, and even gave shots when you had to. You rubbed many an old person's aching bones with liniment. Some of the medicine you gave from the pulpit, like that given with a spoon, was pretty hard to swallow, but we always felt better afterwards.

You are at ease when entertained in the home of the very elite; yet you can go into the most humble home, eat corn bread and beans from the kitchen table, and leave the hostess feeling as if she had served you a banquet.

It has been said that when God made you He surely threw away the pattern, for there was no one else just like you. You never whined or complained about your lot in life, although it was not always easy. God hasn't promised skies always blue, but He did promise grace, and you are blessed with a double portion of that. One of your sayings has been: "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

Brother Irick was laid low with a stroke, not long after you came to Lufkin. With the church to pastor, an invalid companion to care for, and two children to finish school, the task was not easy. You lost your companion in 1949, after a long illness. You later lost your oldest son, Ray.

One of your dreams had come true when you saw this church go up. Again, you didn't ask a member or friend to do more than you were willing to do. You pulled nails, shoveled dirt, painted, and made coffee by the gallons. When it seemed the building program would bog down for lack of funds, you always pulled us out. You went even further than anyone else when you sold your home in Bethany and put the money into the building program of this church.

You have dug wells along the way that weary travelers through life may drink and be refreshed. You planted roses that others might enjoy their beauty and aroma. You



1953—Some dedicated ladies of the Lufkin church, working on the new church building. Rev. Irick at far right.

built bridges over the chasm to make it easier for others to follow. You have truly sown your life in the furrow of human need, and have reaped a harvest of reward from each day.

If you could live your life over, I am sure you would not have it other than it has been. You have been true to all the light that was given you.

On that great Coronation Day, many will rise up from all over America, and from mission fields around the world, and call you blessed. As John said of Jesus, in John 21:25, there are also many other things which you "did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written."

We love you, Sister Irick, and our prayer is that you will tarry till Jesus comes, and be caught up with Him in the air, to ever be with the Lord.