

JOHNNY JERNIGAN and MARGARET JERNIGAN RAMSEY



Courageous Jernigan

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PIONEER NAZARENE LEADER
IN THE SOUTH

Courageous Jernigan

Pioneer Nazarene Leader in the South

by

Johnny Jernigan

and

Margaret Jernigan Ramsey



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Lovingly dedicated to the
memory of our parents
C. B. and Johnny Hill Jernigan
who were both courageous
and victorious



C. B. Jernigan, outstanding pioneer leader of the Church of the Nazarene in the South.

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Foreword

Here is an interesting account of the life of an outstanding pioneer of the holiness movement in the South. It is an intimate look at Rev. C. B. Jernigan (1863-1930) through the eyes of two of his children, Miss Johnny Jernigan and Mrs. O. F. (Margaret) Ramsey.

As pastor, evangelist, writer, churchman, and district superintendent, Rev. C. B. Jernigan blazed a trail for God and holiness across 25 states. He faithfully and courageously preached the good news of full salvation in spite of severe opposition. He organized 130 Nazarene churches, established the first Church of the Nazarene in 7 states, and founded the city of Bethany, Okla. Dr. Orval J. Nease called him "the Daniel Boone of the Church of the Nazarene." His persistent leadership to unite the scattered holiness groups was an important part of early Nazarene beginnings in the South.

It is a privilege to commend this book to the reader and especially to the youth of our church. As you read these pages, may you become more aware of the rich heritage we have today because of the faithful witness of early pioneers such as C. B. Jernigan.

—WILLIAM J. STRICKLAND
Trevecca Nazarene College

Preface

Dr. James B. Chapman wrote, "‘Lest We Forget,’ it is necessary for someone to commit the most precious of our traditions to writing. It is . . . a service due from his generation." Nazarenes, both young and old, know too little about our religious heritage and traditions. We trust this little book will provide an important link between yesterday and today, as time has heaped dust upon the events which pulled our holiness movement together.

As we enter our attractive and impressive church buildings of today, it is hard to realize that the foundation stones were laid with the sweat, blood, and tears of our pioneer preachers and converts. Herein are presented lively accounts of true-to-life action in those early years which are of historical value, but not burdened with dry statistics. The necessary "embroidery" and conversation are added to hold the story together, but the essence of truth remains.

These accounts were rescued from oblivion by research and by word of mouth from our parents and from other pioneer giants. From childhood to maturity our days were so involved with the hazardous and holy lives of our parents and other precious pioneers that these events were engraved upon our hearts and minds. "Budget and space" prohibit a fuller account of the work of this giant of the southern wing of the Church of the Nazarene, but giant he was in many ways—our father.

In telling the historical events of this book, we find

ourselves deeply indebted to many for their help. To Mrs. Countess Mitchum Hurd, Mrs. Rob Mitchum, and Mrs. Adrienne Phillips for help in historical data and the presentation of material. To Miss Florine Carney and Miss Kathy Phillips for the endless job of typing.

Refreshing views of the early days were gathered from authors—Boyd Davis, Timothy Smith, Mendell Taylor, Basil Miller, C. A. McConnell—and from books written by our father, C. B. Jernigan, himself. Special inspiration was given by Dr. William Strickland.

—JOHNNY JERNIGAN
MARGARET JERNIGAN RAMSEY

Editor's Note:

The authors were in somewhat of a dilemma as to what to call their father in writing this book. To them personally he was their much-loved "Papa." But to give the story the desired flavor of objectivity, they have chosen to use the names he went by most frequently in the various contexts of his life—"Charley," "C. B. Jernigan," "Brother Jernigan," and (most often) just plain "Jernigan."

1

The Spirit of the Pioneer

Marching feet with their heavy tramp! tramp! tramp! echoed from the bridge just beyond the entrance to the Jernigan plantation near Vicksburg, Miss. It was 1863 and the Civil War was raging.

"Jemima," cried young Mrs. Jernigan in terror, "is that the Union Army coming?"

Jemima's answer was a scream. "Heaven help us; it's a squad of guerrillas coming to burn the house to the ground."

"Run, get the overseer," said Mrs. Jernigan. "Tell him to meet me at the gate."

In less time than it takes to tell it, she was at the gate with a big revolver in each hand. "What is your business here, sir?" she asked the leader.

"We've come to get what we want, then burn the rest to ashes."

Her black eyes flashed. "The only way you can get into our house is to walk over my dead body."

The leader hesitated, then turned to his men. "March on!" he ordered.

Little Charley was born about three months later. The same blood that ran in his courageous mother's veins ran in his and helped to get him ready for bravery later in life.

On July 4, 1863, Vicksburg, Miss., had surrendered to General Grant, plunging the state into guerrilla warfare. The South was infested with robbers, vandals, and the like, trying to get rich without working for it.

The North won the war and, as a result, the North and South could be united. But where was the peace? The Reconstruction days in the South were one long nightmare. The land was plagued with plundering and lawlessness.

Charley's father, who was a doctor, was also a captain in the Confederate Army and because of his praying in the barracks was called the "Methodist Captain."

TO LEAVE OR TO STAY?

Sitting in front of the open fireplace one night, when Charley was about six years of age, Dr. Jernigan was reading from the Bible, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eye." Then he knelt and prayed, "Lord, I want to leave, but instruct me which to do—leave or stay."

Finally, convinced that he had found God's will, he broke the startling news to his family.

"Next week we start packing. We are going west," Dr. Jernigan announced at breakfast.

"Going west?" repeated the children with a quaver in their high-pitched voices.

Their mother nodded agreement as Dr. Jernigan continued, "I have already made arrangements with Colonel Cameron to buy our plantation and practically everything we own. I kept only what we will need for the long trip to Texas, and a new start there.

"Three other families are going with us, and are selling their things. They will all be ready when we are. Together we're taking three prairie schooners, four wagons, and each family will have an extra horse with a rider for scouting ahead. In spite of the war, we have had good crops, so we should have enough food and supplies for another start in life. If God has directed us this way, He will take care of us."

RIDING IN A PRAIRIE SCHOONER

It had been a long, hot ride since lunch, with no time for even a short rest. All in the group were a little worried, for they knew that soon they would be coming to a large stream which they would have to cross.

"Oh, there's the river," cried the children as they came in sight of it. Upstream, to the right, some big rocks in the river formed a natural barrier which slowed down the flow, leaving a natural place to cross.

It was beginning to sprinkle, so one of the men asked, "Shall we camp here and ford the river tomorrow?"

The leader replied, "Men, this is our one chance! We are still in the swamps and the rain is beginning to come down faster. If we wait, the river will rise higher. It is do it now or never."

Then the men took off their hats and got down on their knees to pray for God's help as they attempted the crossing.

The smart, strong horses had the lead wagon, which was the Jernigans', more than halfway across the murky water when the wagon struck an unseen boulder and almost overturned. Mother Jernigan's face was drawn and white as little Charley, with Will and Bob, clung to her in fear. The God-given instinct of the horses saved the day, as they pulled to the right and soon had the wagon moving again. The tree-lined bank came closer and closer until finally the group were safe on dry ground. The other wagons were not far behind. When all were across, they climbed out and joyously sang "Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow."

A NEW HOME

Three of the families on earlier scouting trips had already found good locations for their new homes. One by one they dropped out of the caravan. But Dr. Jernigan and his family pressed on.

After many weary days of travel, one afternoon all heard the leader yell, "Whoa, there! Whoa!" as the wagons came to a stop at the top of a lovely knoll. Below them, on either side, flowed two branches of a stream which came together farther down to form a small river. A vast stretch of land lay before them. To the right, a few miles away, was a large grove of tall trees.

"Don't go any farther," said Mother Jernigan. "What more could one want? It is a heaven-sent answer to our prayers." They were "out where the West begins." Where they had chosen to settle was in Hunt County, Texas, near the village of Hog Eye. Here were a general store, a school-house (used also as a church), an axe mill, a cotton gin, and the ever needed blacksmith shop. Through this village ran the much traveled Jefferson and Sherman "highway." The large town of Greenville was about 85 miles away.

The house was eventually finished and the family moved in with thankfulness. The very next night Father Jernigan was awakened by Charley screaming, "Papa! Papa! Wake up! The world's on fire!"

"And there's an earthquake!" cried Bob.

Sure enough, a raging prairie fire was coming towards them. The "earthquake" was the sound of wild horses and other animals stampeding past the house to escape the fire. The wide creek bed checked the fire and the Jernigan home was spared, but three of their neighbors lost their lives, along with Bob's faithful collie. This tragedy was long to be remembered.

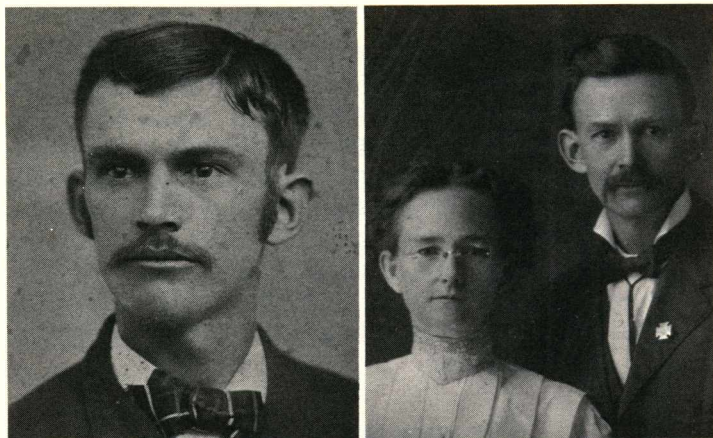
PIONEER SCHOOL DAYS

The children at Hog Eye School, where little Charley attended, had just stacked their slates on a shelf behind the teacher's table, and were giggling as they returned to their split-log, backless benches. Miss Pratt, their teacher, suddenly turned pale and shouted, "Fall on your faces quickly—every one of you! The desperadoes are coming!"

The children fell like dead to the floor. There was no doubt about the desperadoes' coming, for the children, too, could hear the quick beat of the horses' hoofs on the hard clay road. Then they heard the men shouting, "Yip, yip, yippee, yay!" as they came by the little schoolhouse.

The target of the bandits was the nearby general store. To announce their arrival, they fired their pistols into the air and one of the men rode his horse into the store and out again. The other two men jumped off their horses, went into the store, and tied up the owner. Then they emptied the money from the cash drawer into their pockets. They drank all the whiskey they wanted and helped themselves to food.

After a while things had become so quiet that Miss



(Left) Charley Jernigan as a young man. (Right) Rev. and Mrs. C. B. Jernigan about 1910, while he was superintendent of the Oklahoma District.

Pratt, who was sitting on the floor, cautiously ventured to peep out through a crack between two logs in the wall. She whispered loudly, "The desperadoes are still here. One sound from any of you may mean our death!" She crawled back to the crack and dared to take another peep. Just then more shooting and yelling began.

These desperadoes had taken dozens of cans of supplies from the shelves. They began tossing these into the air and shooting. The idea was to hit the cans before they fell to the ground. After this bit of "target practice," each of the men tied one end of a bolt of calico cloth to the horn of his saddle, and letting the heavy end of the bolt drag along the ground, raced his horse down the road, leaving a stream of cloth unrolling behind. The desperadoes disappeared as swiftly as they had appeared. A trail of destruction was left behind.

The next day the children came back to school, just

as though nothing exciting had happened. Even as small children they knew that it took courage to survive on the frontier.

THE CALL OF GOD

Charles Brougner Jernigan was called Charley by his relatives and close friends. Later when he became a well-known preacher he was respectfully called "Brother Jernigan," "C. B. Jernigan," or just "Jernigan." Early in life he was converted at Harrell's Camp, which was an old-fashioned religious camp meeting where believers came and camped for a week or longer. It was one of the big events of the year. He was always a regular attendant at the Methodist church and was made Sunday school superintendent at the age of 18.

After finishing high school, he enrolled in Rock College in Dallas, Tex. Then in his sophomore year he transferred to Wesleyan College in Fort Worth, Tex. He was studying to be a doctor like his father. The older brother, Will, was already a doctor and Bob was graduating as a prescription druggist when their father died. This left the management of the farm on Charley's shoulders. College had to be forgotten.

In 1888 he married his childhood sweetheart, Miss Johnny Hill, of Wills Point, Tex. They moved to Greenville, Tex., before the turn of the century. He took his place in the church and was considered one of its finest members.

One night, at a prayer meeting, he heard a Mrs. Hall give a clear-cut testimony to the experience of entire sanctification. He had been hungry for a deeper work of grace and this put within him a longing to have this same experience.

The next morning he left his food untouched at break-

fast and went out to the field to pray, then to plow. As he worked, he prayed. He promised God he would turn over his life, present and future, to Him. There in the field the Holy Spirit fell upon him.

Attached to that consecration was a promise to God that he would preach. Charley was so happy that he forgot the plow, for now it would be of no use to him. But he promised the Lord that, if He would help him, he would "plow a furrow so deep for God that all hell couldn't cover it over." Soon he was conducting three prayer meetings a week, and was being called "preacher."

2

The Young Preacher

To preach or to be lost forever was Charley Jernigan's deep conviction. So the following winter he became an active worker in a mission in Greenville, Tex. He worked at a regular job during the day, and helped in the mission at night. The regular service was preceded by a street meeting, so often he did not have time to eat supper before going to the mission. For eight years he also led the singing at the Greenville Camp Meeting. During this time he was working on the course of study for ministers outlined by the Methodist church.

Charley Jernigan, E. C. DeJernett, and others held meetings in many towns. Missions were established where holiness was preached. These missions were really friendly "little churches" meeting in rented halls and store buildings, where there was a constant emphasis upon reaching the neighborhood for Christ.

Severe persecution set in for these young workers, but

they were not to be frightened off. God rewarded their efforts and they were able to count 1,800 converts in the first two years of their ministry. What was a little persecution, anyway? Paul and Silas, often with bleeding backs and often in prison, had planted the church in Europe; so why could not these Christians suffer, too, and plant holiness across the country?

Soon active missions were scattered all over Texas and adjoining states. Some outstanding laymen stepped in to keep these missions active and growing.

The work spread as holiness bands (evangelistic parties) began to fan out over the country preaching the gospel and establishing holiness centers. People came in great crowds to hear these travelling preachers. It was not long until they ran into opposition from those in the cold, formal churches. At first there was just criticism, but this soon grew into harsh treatment.

At one place, the "smartest man in town" came to try to "catch these preachers at their tricks." He had heard that they used "sanctification oil" and that with only a few sniffs it would work wonders. He was especially interested in the hypnotic spells that the preachers seemed to be able to cast over people. It was said that the preachers would look straight in a person's eyes, clap his hands, tap the person on the wrist, and he would walk straight to the front and fall on his knees at the altar. Well, he would watch closely and see.

What is that I smell? He almost choked, and fairly trembled at the thought of that "sanctification oil." He relaxed as he suddenly realized it was only fumes from the gasoline lanterns that furnished the light for the tent. He was so relieved that he forgot to watch closely. In no time, it seemed, the preacher was up and really going strong. As usual, he mentioned about straightening up past sins. The visitor began to feel uneasy. He recalled the time he

had bribed the grand jury. He felt he was already at the Judgment—and without a tap on the wrist or a clap of hands, he went forward and fell at the altar. He prayed through, promising God he would make things right, and went home a better and happier person.

But other “spies with prying eyes” kept coming to see or to hear something that they could misquote and misinterpret as “evidence” against the preachers. They failed in their purpose, however; for it seemed that the more holiness was fought, the more it spread. It was just like dashing water on burning oil.

EXPULSION FROM THE CHURCH

Jernigan and DeJernett formed an evangelistic team that was one of the most successful in the area. The friendship between the two began while they were working together helping to clear the land for the first Greenville Camp Meeting. They found that they shared many common interests and religious aims. Mrs. Jernigan travelled with them as a helper in prayer, song, and testimony. Their first meeting was at Cooper, Tex., in 1897. They worked together for nearly two years, until DeJernett accepted the invitation to become dean of the new Texas Holiness University.

These two young evangelists were holding a victorious meeting in Atlanta, Tex., when Jernigan was told by the local Methodist pastor that charges were being preferred against him. He frankly told him that he (Jernigan) would be turned out of the Methodist Episcopal Church South for disloyalty and fanaticism. “You are not a Methodist anyway,” the pastor told him.

But there was a humorous side to the story. When the stage was all set to “oust” Charley Jernigan, the church leaders found they could not do it. Only ordained elders

could be put out of the church, and Charley was just a "preaching layman." The charges were dropped, but after this short-lived drama Jernigan decided to withdraw his membership from the Methodist church.

DeJernett, who was an elder, was brought to trial at the next quarterly conference. The Methodist church was packed with spectators to see the novel trial. DeJernett, of brilliant mind, put to shame his accusers by pleading his own case, paraphrasing Paul's speech of defense before King Agrippa (Acts 26:1-5). "I think myself happy, presiding elder, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee touching all things whereof I am accused: especially because I know thee to be an expert in all customs and questions which are among the Methodists: wherefore, I beseech thee to hear me patiently. My manner of life from my youth, which has ever been among the Methodists, mine own people, know all these people assembled here tonight, for after the straitest sect of our religion I lived a Methodist, which I hope to prove by these authorities" (pointing to a pile of Methodist books on the table nearby). He was eloquent and to the point.

But the jury conferred only a few minutes and returned the verdict: Guilty! The Texas Holiness University would probably not have come into existence had DeJernett not suffered such heartbreak and humiliation in being turned out of his church for preaching holiness. He took the lead in establishing this great school which later was to become a part of Bethany-Peniell College, now Bethany Nazarene College.

FIRST MISSION IN PARIS, TEX.

"Which bench will you sleep on, Brother Keith?" Jernigan asked his co-worker.

"Let me sleep on that one," Keith said, pointing to

a long bench. "It will fit my legs better. You take the short one; it looks softer."

The men laughed heartily but it was not exactly a joking situation. They were hungry, not having had anything to eat since noon, and not having one cent in their pockets.

"We'd better use our overcoats for a covering," said Jernigan.

"And our Bibles for pillows," added Keith.

Before getting into their "beds" they fervently prayed that God would take care of them and tell them what to do. They were sure they had come on God's orders and at least they had been given the use of a borrowed hall. The devil sorely tempted them to leave—and leave quickly! But this was no time to "run out" on God!

The next day they prayed as they walked the streets hoping to find someone they knew, but they did not. At the afternoon service a widow lady invited them for supper. Having missed three meals in succession, they quickly accepted.

"This is the best meal we have ever eaten!" declared the preachers to the widow. Certainly no meal could have been more appreciated!

Then a miracle happened! When they went to the post office the next morning, Jernigan was given a letter. When he opened it, out popped a \$10.00 bill. They said, "Thank the Lord!" and almost shouted for joy right there in the post office. A real revival broke out and the crowds grew until they had to move to a larger place. One hundred were converted or sanctified. This resulted in a church being organized later, which is a thriving center today.

KIDNAPED IN GREENVILLE, TEX.

At the Greenville mission, one afternoon, Jernigan was cleaning the hall for the night service. One of his ene-

mies sneaked up behind him and struck a blinding blow to his head. He was forced into a small, dimly lighted closet just off the large meeting room.

He lay groaning on the floor. "Oh, my head!" he moaned. He tried to move his hands and his feet and found, to his relief, that he could. His mind asked: *First*, Where am I? *Second*, Where was I going? *Third*, Why am I here? *Fourth*, How can I escape? His logical mind began to answer his own questions. It was then he realized it was a dream. The Holy Spirit was talking to him. A gentle voice spoke, "*First*, you are in the Valley of Indecision. *Second*, you were going to do God's work at any price. *Third*, you are here because your enemy, Doubt, has put you here. *Fourth*, you can escape by doing exactly what God told you to do." Jernigan knew very well what this "vision" was about. He remembered a favorite verse, "Lo, I am with you always," and in the strength of that promise he got up and went home.

Charley was much later than usual in returning from the mission that afternoon.

"What is the matter? What happened?" his wife, Johnny, asked anxiously as he came into the room pale and trembling.

He fell into the rocking chair as he answered, "I was kidnaped!"

"Kidnaped! Tell me about it."

How could he tell her? His problem was that on the one hand he felt that God wanted him to publish a book he had written on entire sanctification for the new converts, and on the other hand, he was going to have to ask his wife for the money to finance the project. He knew that his wife had been saving up small amounts of money to accumulate a fund for the purchase of clothing for the children. To write a book was one thing; to deprive the children of needed clothes was quite another. The devil

reminded him that the Bible plainly says, "If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he . . . is worse than an infidel."

The brave man faltered. He tried to tell his wife what God had been talking to him about, but his jaws were locked and not one sound could escape. Then suddenly he sobbed out the story.

"Have you any money?" he finally asked.

"Yes," said Johnny, "but how much will you need?"

His answer was, "Thirty dollars!"

Johnny, with tears in her eyes, said, "I have saved over \$25.00 for the children's winter coats and shoes. The air is already getting chilly—what will they do?" She paused a moment, then falteringly continued, "But if God laid it on your heart—you know how I feel. What's mine is yours too, and what's ours is God's; so I'll get the money."

The next day the manuscript of his book was at the printers. The book, entitled simply *Entire Sanctification*, was destined to help thousands upon thousands of people. It went through 105 editions, including one in Spanish.

The last part of the story is just as thrilling as the first. The *very next day* a box of clothing came by express from a wealthy lady. The box contained coats, shoes, and stockings for the children, which were nicer than the Jernigans could ever have bought. Little Charley found pinned in the pocket of his coat a \$10.00 bill. Mother Jernigan said, "It pays to obey the Lord, for now the book will be published, the children have winter clothes, and we are ahead \$10.00." Then the enemy, Doubt, who had stayed close by, slipped out the back door.

WHERE THE ACTION IS

The young people came to the meetings to watch the "roughnecks" of the community disturb the evangelist as

he preached. If the revival was under a tent, there was often the noise of stones and gravel pelted against the canvas. Sometimes the tent would sag and almost collapse as the ropes were cut. At other times there would be the firing of revolvers into the air as the disturbers galloped by on their horses. These men would do anything to disturb a service. At schoolhouse meetings dogs were sent racing through the building, yelping because "High Life" had been poured on them.

Though curiosity was their reason for attending, many of these young people heard enough gospel before they left to cause them to feel the grip of conviction for their sins. Numbers of them gave their hearts and lives to God.

At the same time, there were other young people in on the action too, but on the other side of the picture! They were the gospel workers' children. They did their share of helping by passing out songbooks and tracts or picking up litter around the tent. Young Charles, Brother Jernigan's 15-year-old son, often played the old-fashioned pump organ for the meetings.

One night after a service, the Jernigans were returning to their cottage. On the way, they had to cross a shallow brook, walking on large stepping-stones. Their only light was a small kerosene lantern. As they were carefully making their way across the stream, a stone about the size of an apple whizzed out of the darkness. It hit Mrs. Jernigan in the side, almost knocking her over. "Crash" went another stone as it shattered the lamp. Still another missile came whirling toward them—only it was not a stone; it was a rotten egg. It hit little five-year-old Paul on the head. He screamed, "I've been hit on my head—and my brains are running out!" It is funny now, but it was really serious then. Mrs. Jernigan was painfully hurt, and the children were almost fainting with fear, but the

family managed to make it home. Their assailants were never known.

If all of the children of the early holiness pioneers could tell their true stories, it would make a most interesting and fascinating book.

A MINISTERING ANGEL

A nationwide "General Holiness Assembly" was announced to be held at the First Methodist Church in Chicago in May, 1901. The purpose was to develop a closer union of holiness people everywhere. Knowing Jernigan's burden and zeal for organization, A. G. Jeffries, his associate in the mission in Paris, Tex., said, "Jernigan, you ought to go."

Allie Irick was present and suggested, "Let's pray about it."

The three men knelt together, asking that God would make it clear whether he should go or not. Suddenly Jeffries began to shout and said, "You *must* go; God has drawn on me for \$1.00."

Irick added, "Here's my 50 cents." (Those were good-sized donations in those early days.)

The sun had set and it was almost dark as Jernigan hurried toward the depot to find out the price of a round trip to Chicago.

"Thirty-five dollars," said the ticket agent.

"My! That is a lot of money!" he mused. "How will I ever get that much together? But I *must* go."

As he paced up and down the dimly lighted depot platform, which was jammed with people waiting for a train which was soon to arrive, he was praying that God would open the way for him to go. Out of nowhere a voice seemed to say, "If God wants you to stay, would you be willing?" "Yes," came the answer within his heart. At that

instant a strange man handed him a \$10.00 bill. "Thank you, sir," the preacher said. "May I ask what your name is and where you live?"

The stranger with glowing countenance replied, "My name is written in heaven. You can see it when you get there—and heaven is my home. I was just passing through Paris." Then he was gone as quickly as he had come.

No one ever found out who he was. "He might have been a ministering angel," said Jernigan many times. That was the first of many other such gifts. God sent in more than enough money before convention time to pay expenses for the Chicago trip.

EVANGELISTIC METHODS IN 1900

The formula for starting an evangelistic campaign in a new place was very simple:

1. Hold a street meeting to attract a crowd.
2. Sing a rousing and stirring song—all alone, if need be, or with very little help.
3. Preach a short sermon, delivered in a sincere, convincing, and fast-moving style.

Results: A crowd to hear you preach that night.

The meeting at Pinhook schoolhouse had not been well advertised, so the crowds were small. Three or four miles away was the town of Woodland, Tex.; so it was decided to go there on Saturday and hold a street meeting to invite the people to the revival.

The farmer in whose home Jernigan was staying drove him over to Woodland in his wagon. He stopped the wagon on the street (which was busy with Saturday shoppers) between two stores. The town had never had a street meeting before, so curiosity ran high. Jernigan, standing in the wagon, took off his hat and launched into a lively song. He had a rich baritone voice that carried well. This "solo"

caused people to come near to see what this was all about.

So unusual was this event that soon the small business section of four stores, a doctor's office, a blacksmith shop, and a cotton gin closed their doors. Everyone, it seemed, was at the street meeting.

The people in the crowd began guessing who this man was. One gentleman loudly said, "I saw him on the streets of Paris last week selling soap."

Between another song and prayer an important-looking lady exclaimed, so all could hear, "My sister bought three bars of blue soap from him when she was in Paris last month." Jernigan was never a salesman, although he often held street meetings in Paris for the mission there.

These comments gave Jernigan little time to prepare an answer, but God, who had called him, gave His messenger an idea to work on. Jernigan held up his Bible before the crowd. "You have guessed it right. I have often been on the streets of Paris in the same business that has called me here. And I *am* a soap salesman."

The crowd came closer at his invitation. Then he continued, "I am representing the most wonderful soap ever made.

"You have often heard of the soap that would clean anything but a man's conscience. Well, I can go you one better. I represent a soap that will make the vilest man clean and will even remove that last ugly spot *from* his conscience." Then he read from his Bible the words in Mal. 3:2, "But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth? for he is like a refiner's fire, and like fullers' soap."

From that verse he preached the first holiness sermon they had ever heard. The crowd listened attentively and that night the schoolhouse was packed with people. The meeting ran for three full weeks and scores were converted and sanctified.

It took courage and a quick wit to capitalize on the situation. To be relevant to that age was just as important in those days as it is now.

UNIQUE ADVERTISING

Rev. Noah Cooley and C. B. Jernigan were holding a meeting in the Presbyterian church of Van Alstyne, Tex., at the invitation of Rev. John Majors. There was so much rain that the attendance was very small. The preachers had prayer over this situation and the Holy Spirit gave them an unusual advertisement to use. It was printed and circulated far and wide the next day. The handbill read:

AN AWFUL CYCLONE

3,120 STRUCK BY LIGHTNING

A CITY TERRIBLY SHAKEN

A MAGNIFICENT CHURCH RUINED

PEOPLE SCREAMING IN THE STREETS LIKE DRUNK MEN

This cyclone struck Jerusalem, A.D. 33: The exact date was the Day of Pentecost.

Struck by lightning: One hundred and twenty sanctified—three thousand converted.

Thunder: "Now when this was noised abroad . . ."
The church ruined: Jewish formality completely destroyed.

Drunk men in the streets: "Others mocking said, These men are full of new wine. Peter answered, These men are not drunken as ye suppose."

For further description, read second chapter of the Acts, and attend the holiness meeting now in progress at the Presbyterian church.

The crowds came in spite of the Texas mud, and nearly 100 people sought the Lord and found victory before the meeting closed.

3

A New Church for New Converts

Expelled from their churches with their tall steeples, to a humble place "out under the stars" went our pioneer preachers. No tent was too shabby, no street too muddy, no brush arbor too hot to hold these preachers back as they preached, "Now is the accepted time." And the crowds came. Many were saved from sin and later sanctified.

But this was only the beginning. How were these new converts, and particularly those who professed holiness, going to survive? They were as unwelcome in the old-line churches as the holiness preachers were. C. B. Jernigan believed that the only hope was to organize a church that believed in holiness, where they would receive encouragement and nurture.

So strongly did he believe in "organized holiness" that he wrote a booklet on the subject, which he entitled *The Glorious Church*.

Jernigan's particular concern was for the young peo-



C. B. Jernigan (left) and E. C. DeJernett (right), who in earlier years formed a strong evangelistic team, pictured here with C. A. McConnell (center), another prominent holiness leader in the South.

ple. The older, more established Christians might be able to stay in their old churches and slough off the criticism and persecution. Not so the young people, who desperately needed a church home with a friendly atmosphere.

Jernigan prayed, "Don't bulldoze that hill down, Lord; just give me strength to climb it and on the very top we'll build a holiness church for a beacon light." It is no

wonder that Dr. C. A. McConnell said of him, "He is the Joshua of the holiness movement."

A CHURCH REALIZED

Disappointment, heartache, and ridicule dogged Jernigan's heels. But God was leading and he would follow! Like the Apostle Paul, he could not be "disobedient unto the heavenly vision," even if success came very slowly.

At last the first Independent Holiness church was organized in June, 1901, at Van Alstyne, Tex. But that was only a start. Calls came from other places, begging for organization. Before long there were 27 churches.

STAND UP AND BE COUNTED

Relentless warfare was waged against establishing a new denomination. Even many who believed in holiness were against it. But God was moving hearts and minds that way. It was time to issue a call for the unchurched holiness people of the Southwest to meet to discuss the matter. So Jernigan announced a meeting in Peniel, Tex., at the new Texas Holiness University, to consider forming a new church.

Ideas were presented as to what should be done. There was one large group who wanted to belong to an organization made up of local congregations. But some prominent holiness preachers, who didn't seem to care about conserving the work already established, argued against such an action. When the motion was made for this forward move, many were afraid to vote yes, so the motion was lost.

This was a staggering blow, but Jernigan's courage was contagious! The men of vision and conviction—which included C. A. McConnell, James B. Chapman, Dennis Rogers, William Jenkins, C. M. Keith, and others—did

not falter. They went ahead and organized the Independent Holiness Church Council, which met in 1903 at Paris, Tex. Prominent men gave their influence and support to this forward move which was just one step from an organized denomination. C. B. Jernigan was elected president. The elected secretary was James B. Chapman, who was a constant booster for organization. Step by step they were moving nearer and nearer to their goal.

The successful New Testament Church of Christ, a holiness group in Tennessee, had been set up by Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Mitchum with Rev. and Mrs. R. L. Harris. This church had local congregations in several neighboring states. A major breakthrough came when the Jernigan and Mitchum-Harris groups decided to join forces under the name of the Holiness Church of Christ, in 1905. Together they made a strong organization numbering 77 congregations. The idea of union was in the air and even broader fellowships were in sight.

PRINTER'S INK HELPS ORGANIZATION

Jernigan's writings were more far-reaching than his sermons, for printer's ink was in his blood! He believed that the printed page was a *necessity*. He helped begin and promote four holiness papers, for which he wrote countless articles on many vital religious subjects. But his main theme was church organization and he was constantly urging the holiness people to organize into one strong body.

These papers went into homes where preachers could not go. So, "Scratch," shrieked his pen and later, "Tap! tap!" went his typewriter, as he wrote night and day at home or away. If he were needed, one could look for him in the printing shop! There are seven books to his credit: *Entire Sanctification, An Awful Cyclone, The Great Red*

Dragon, The Glorious Church, A Snake-infested Grave, From a Prairie Schooner in Texas to a City Flat in New York, and Pioneer Days of the Holiness Movement in the Southwest. Dr. Bresee wrote from Los Angeles, Calif., September 4, 1915: "I write to thank you for your book, *The Glorious Church*, and for your clear-cut utterance on organization."

UNITED WE STAND

It would take a computer to accurately present a full report of all the holiness associations, unions, bands, and individuals God used in bringing holiness to the people. It took prayer, determination, and trust in Him to cause the various holiness groups to see that "united we stand; divided we fall."

It took years for some of the groups to realize this fact. The Peniel group, for example, bitterly opposed Jernigan and church organizations. It was not until plans had been made and announcements published of the coming union between the North and South holiness people that they finally realized that there was much to be gained by joining hands with other holiness groups. Even then, they did not join Jernigan's group but invited Dr. Bresee from Los Angeles to Peniel shortly before the "marriage of the churches" to organize them into a local congregation of the Church of the Nazarene.

Jernigan and his followers were surprised but pleased. They gave the Peniel group the "right hand of fellowship" as they said, "God bless you, brothers. We need you and now we can work together. Where there is unity there is strength." Soon all were making plans for the "Pilot Point Pilgrimage." Here in this north Texas town the holiness groups from the East, the West, and the South were to meet to discuss union.

Little did anyone dream that from this crusade for

organization the South would eventually have some of their men in key positions in the Church of the Nazarene, among them six general superintendents: E. P. Ellyson, R. T. Williams, James B. Chapman, Hardy C. Powers, Orville W. Jenkins, and Charles H. Strickland.

THE CHICAGO INVITATION

Setting the stage for this great Pilot Point gathering was a momentous meeting in Chicago in October, 1907. At that time the Church of the Nazarene in the West, led by P. F. Bresee; and the Association of Pentecostal Churches of America in the East, led by H. F. Reynolds, had united to form the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. (A few years later the word "Pentecostal" was dropped.) At the Chicago meeting, C. B. Jernigan was an invited guest and, in fact, served as an "honorary member" of the *Manual* revision committee.

During one of the closing sessions, a brief intermission had been called. When the gavel came down to call the meeting to order again, the visitor from the South arose and addressed the chairman. While he was waiting to be recognized a suspenseful silence charged the air.

"Listen," whispered a man to his neighbor, "isn't that the man from Texas? I guess he wants to add another rule." (It was known that the South urged that guidelines for Christian conduct be included in the *Manual*.)

"Brother Jernigan," said the chairman, "you have the floor."

"Thank you! Now since all matters, major and minor, have been cleared up and agreed upon by voting, we, the visiting delegation from the South, wish to extend to this body an invitation that the next General Assembly meet with us in Pilot Point, Tex. This will be a big affair with delegates and visitors from everywhere, but Texas is a

large state (it has 263,000 square miles), and by shifting the population we can take care of you!"

A ripple of laughter and "Amen's" swept over the audience. The invitation was accepted, and the following October, the "Second General Assembly" was held in this small Texas town.

The very size of the town presented a problem, for where could enough beds be found for such a throng? Nothing daunted, Mrs. Jernigan set out walking from house to house—from humblest cottage to the most imposing mansion, that of Mr. McGee, the banker—to find homes for the delegates. The townspeople were delighted to be hosts. So were the Jernigans themselves, for Dr. and Mrs. Bresee with Rev. and Mrs. H. D. Brown were going to stay in their home.

THE CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE IS FORMED

This second assembly of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene was held under a big tent, on the campus of the Bible and Training School. Food was served there to all who came. The Mason-Dixon line was forgotten as all sang a "special" song with words written to the tune of "Dixie." It was composed as a compliment to the South by two preachers of the North, Rev. I. G. Martin and Rev. L. Milton Williams. God came on the scene and amid shouts of praise the "Yankees" and the "Rebels" shook hands and embraced. Genuine tears of joy flowed down their cheeks. Now they were brothers and sisters in Christ. The date was October 13, 1908.

C. B. Jernigan gave a glowing report for the Holiness Church of Christ. They were bringing into the church union 90 churches, 3 schools, 1 rescue home, 8 missionaries already on the field, 1 orphanage, and 1 paper, the *Holiness Evangel*, of which Jernigan was the editor.



Dr. and Mrs. Bresee (right) were guests in the Jernigan home in 1911. The Jernigan children are in the back row: Paul, Margaret, Johnny, and Charles.

With business and reports behind them, the marriage of the churches was completed. Only one major item of business remained. Dr. Bresee said, "We will now hear the appointments read." Excitement grew as men, churches, and districts were named.

The secretary read: "C. B. Jernigan—Oklahoma."

As the secretary stopped to clear his sore throat, a 12-year-old boy exclaimed for all to hear, "That's dangerous! It's Indian Territory."

Laughter was suppressed, and the secretary then continued "—and Kansas."

Jernigan was to be superintendent of a district with only six struggling churches and three small buildings. He did not have the promise of a single cent, nor was he given much encouragement. But it was a challenge which he accepted with his usual faith and vigor.

4

A New Assignment

To quote Dr. C. A. McConnell, "Jernigan was a leader of a people, as yet not a people." As he entered Oklahoma and Kansas he prayed, "Lord, prepare the way for the Church of the Nazarene with its message of full salvation."

It so happened that there was a small holiness group at "Beulah Heights" on the outskirts of Oklahoma City. It operated a holiness school, an orphanage, and a rescue home, all under the direction of Miss Mattie Mallory, a woman of great faith and compassion. Under Jernigan's leadership, Miss Mallory's group deeded their college to the Oklahoma-Kansas District and loaned them \$5,000 with which to buy the land to start a new town to be called Bethany. Here the *new* Oklahoma Holiness College was to be located. The Oklahoma and Indian Territory Rescue Commission also deeded the rescue home to the district. Miss Mallory kept the orphanage.

It was then decided to sell this property at Beulah Heights for \$6,000 and relocate the rescue home on a 40-acre tract of land which was a part of the newly created town of Bethany. There the construction of a set of buildings was begun.

FIRST BETHANY RESIDENTS

Jernigan's head was full of plans as he cooked and ate the first meal in Bethany with his son Charles and three laborers. They slept in a tent, cooking and eating under the trees.

When in June the first building was completed—a large, two-story barn with a dirt floor—Mrs. Jernigan and the children came. She had to cook for 16 people, as more men were needed to help build the rescue home and a house in which the superintendent of the home would live. It was a pay-as-you-go project and often the money had to be “prayed in” to keep the work going.

The children worked like little beavers, too, helping clear the thick underbrush. It was fun to watch the big bonfires as the bushes and trees were burned.

As yet a well had not been dug, so for weeks drinking water had to be hauled from about one mile away. It was pumped into a huge barrel fastened on a sled and drawn by two horses.

IT WAS ALWAYS FAITH

The rescue home's very existence hinged on faith. As the years passed, it became a gathering place for the people of the area. Men and women from all walks of life came to the Sunday afternoon services and many found the Lord there. The prayer meetings, which were also open to the public, were well attended and were blessed and honored of God. Jernigan was as enthusiastic about the rescue

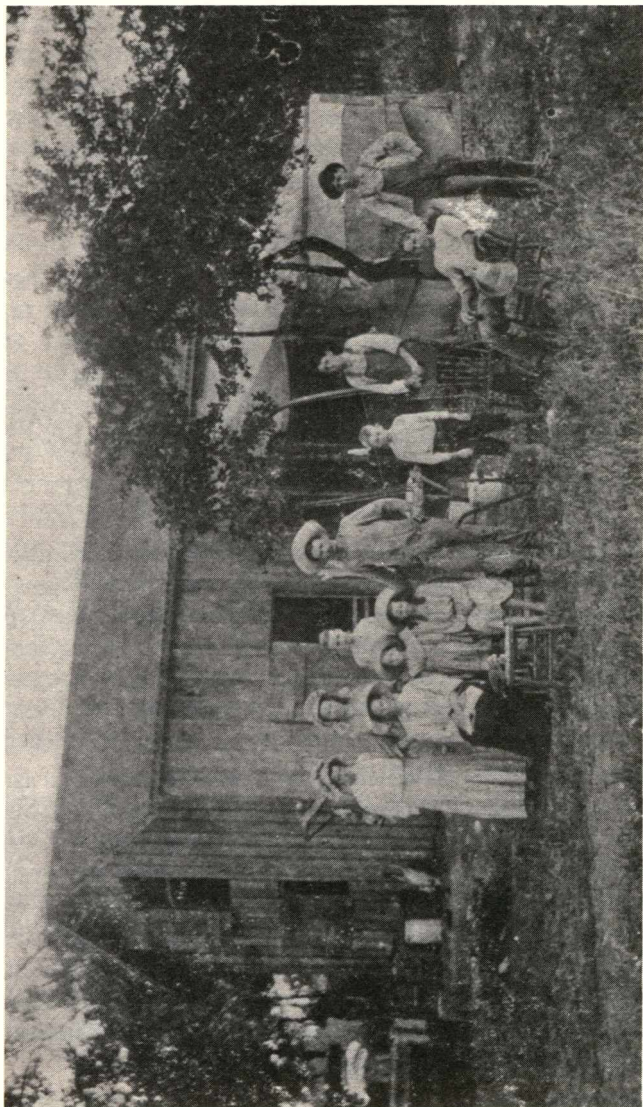
home as he was about the college. Mrs. Jernigan was the superintendent of the rescue home and gave much of her time and energy to it. Seven hundred girls came to this refuge and received her loving guidance. Rev. J. T. Upchurch, nationally known rescue worker, wrote, "Mrs. Jernigan defied death and disregarded danger to invade the darkest dens of vice in search of those farthest from God."

OKLAHOMA HOLINESS COLLEGE

The college was Jernigan's great concern, for here future preachers, Christian workers, and missionaries would be trained. The college and church used a large room in the girls' dormitory as a chapel. This was soon too crowded. Jernigan had enough faith and vision to stake off a 100- by 80-foot site on the campus where the new auditorium was to be built. There was always "the opposition" and a member of that group said sarcastically, "Jernigan, why don't you stake off the whole campus?" But men like Arthur Beaver and J. W. Vawter stood by with their financial help, and the building became a reality. The Lord blessed the work and the congregation soon outgrew the concrete-block auditorium. Later two more churches were outgrown, and now the latest church seats nearly 2,500 people.

A CAMERA, THE OPENING WEDGE

Jernigan was a camera "bug" and with his photographic equipment under his arm went into homes taking family pictures in the daytime. He used this opening to invite the people he met to the services. He preached at night and afterward developed the pictures. Through this method he was able to pay expenses and at the same time win many to Christ and the church.



First building in the town of Bethany, Okla. This barn was the first home of the Jernigans after they moved to Bethany from Texas. Here is the family with some of the helpers.

C. B. Jernigan paid a high price for being a leader. In these early days the college was about to be sued for non-payment of bills. Jernigan mortgaged his own personal property, a house and lot on South College Street, to pay the college debts. It was a complete loss. Not one cent was ever recovered. But the college was saved! He was willing to lose so God's work could go forward. His family felt no resentment.

Jernigan's work kept him on the go between churches on the district. He held business sessions, conducted revival meetings, and carried on the construction work at Bethany. His philosophy was that if something *had* to be done, it *could* be done—and why wait? Dr. C. B. Widemeyer wrote, "I never saw Jernigan when he wasn't busy!"

ONE DISTRICT BLOSSOMS INTO THREE

By the end of the second year, the churches in Kansas had grown to 23 and it was decided to make this a separate district. In just two more years Oklahoma was divided into two districts with about 45 churches each. This phenomenal growth came by hard work, enthusiasm, and trust in God's promises. For many years California and Oklahoma were the only states to have two separate districts.

This rapid growth of the church work caught the attention of preachers far and near. Many thought these must be green pastures indeed. One ambitious man wrote Jernigan that he was looking for a place where he could succeed. The answer from Jernigan was simple: "The preachers who succeed in Oklahoma are men who take the bull by the horns, break his neck, skin him, make a tent of his hide, and peddle the meat for a living while they preach holiness. Come on over and I will show you the pasture where the bull runs." The man never came.

"Brother Jernigan, we are sorry you have to ride out to

Hope Chapel in this open buggy!" said a devoted member as they jogged along over the country roads. It was a stormy day, and wind-whipped sleet and rain pounded down on them. Jernigan said he did not mind at all. He just prayed that God would keep him well and that he would be able "to make it so *hot* for the devil that icy indifference with its coating of sin would be melted and many souls be converted and added to the church."

HE ALWAYS CARRIED TWO SUITCASES

Jernigan always needed two suitcases. One was for his camera, photo plates, and tripod; the other was for his clothes. As the work grew in Oklahoma, he was soon leaving his camera at home. But he still carried two suitcases. One was still used for his clothing, but the other was filled with "gospel dynamite" (the name he gave to the books and other literature he sold).

When coming in from his trips, he was usually met by Paul at the depot in Oklahoma City. One time, for some reason, Paul could not meet him, so Jernigan checked his two suitcases and rode the interurban train out to Bethany. Later in the day Paul went to the depot for his father's baggage.

With a suitcase in each hand, Paul was walking toward the car parked a block or two away, when a man stepped in front of him and flashed his police badge. Thinking Paul was a "bootlegger," he asked, "What's in that suitcase?" He was pointing to the one which was odd-shaped and very large. "Why, just books," answered Paul.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the policeman in a loud voice. By this time a crowd was gathering around. "Make it snappy and open that suitcase," he said.

The spunky 14-year-old boy answered, "If you want it open, open it yourself." So the man did, and out rolled two

dozen copies of *Entire Sanctification*, written by Paul's father. This is a decoy, thought the policeman, and rapidly pulled out other religious books. Next came a roll of the *Nazarene Messenger* and a roll of the *Holiness Evangel*.

By this time Paul was feeling good and it was the officer who was nervous. As the last book, a Bible commentary, was lifted out, the crowd roared with laughter.

"Now you can put your books back in the suitcase," said the officer. Paul's answer was startling, "Sir, you took them out and you can put them back in." The flustered officer hurriedly stuffed the books into the valise, having a hard time getting it closed.

INDIAN CAMP MEETING

In the early days of the work in Oklahoma, C. B. Jernigan and I. G. Martin, preaching through a government interpreter, held a camp meeting with the Ponca Indians, south of Ponca City, Okla. At the close of the camp, the Ponca braves with their chief, White Eagle, were called together to see if they wanted a Nazarene mission work among them. White Eagle was called the silver-tongued orator of the Ponca tribe and delivered the following speech:

"The Nazarenes come—put up big brown tent—sing, clap their hands, look happy. Mr. Martin preach hot words. Tell Indian he no good—go to hell or be better—Indian feel bad. Come to mourners' bench, get on his knees, pray, cry, shed tears—talk to great Spirit. Soon he jump up, face shine—shake hands with everybody, look good. Be happy. Say Amen! Everybody cry. Then he go home—no more smoke a pipe, no more drink whiskey, no more eat mescal bean—read a Bible and pray. Good Indian—heart changed! Come on, Nazarenes, come on!"



Mrs. Jernigan is made a princess of the Ponca Indian tribe. Here both are wearing garments presented to them by the Indians in appreciation for their work among them.

RETURN TO PONCA CITY

Years sped by, and in between other appointments C. B. Jernigan was asked to be a supply pastor at the Ponca City church. This had once been a center of activity and spiritual power but had badly declined. Jernigan came with a burden for souls and a desire that the church would be rejuvenated. After diligent effort the Sunday school was

increased in numbers, friendships were renewed, and the church was once again moving forward. Plans were made to build a much needed parsonage, but until it could be erected the Jernigan family would have to live in a large Sunday school room at the back of the church. It was partitioned with curtains. Paul had a private 6 x 7-foot room in the belfry, which he reached by a ladder. We often wondered if people passing by the church at night might have thought there were "bats in the belfry," upon seeing shadows of movement on the white curtains. In all the distress of being a moving family, Mrs. Jernigan taught her family that wherever they moved they must do their part to carry out God's plans for the promotion of His kingdom.

5

The Gospel Plow Makes Many Furrows

Like John Wesley, who said, "The world is my parish," Jernigan felt that the South was *his* parish. He started preaching in Hunt County, Texas, "hunting" places to preach, to hold meetings, and to plant churches. He remembered promising God that he would "plow a furrow so deep all hell couldn't cover it over." Seven southern states besides Texas felt the tremor of his gospel plow as it made deep furrows around their religious roots, urging the Christians to band together and sinners to repent and seek the Lord while He might yet be found. Satan did his best to cover over the furrows, but God hindered him and valuable seed was sown which produced a wonderful harvest in later years.

1. THE GEORGIA GUARDS

In 1903, a strong work at Donalsonville, Ga., was persuaded by Jernigan to join the Holiness Church of Christ. Leaders in this work were the T. J. Shinglers. Mr. Shin-

gler, a man of wealth, and his wife, lovingly called "Miss Lonnie," were shining examples of what a sanctified couple could accomplish for the Lord.

They helped establish and continued to support a holiness school there at Donalsonville. It later became a part of Trevecca Nazarene College at Nashville, Tenn. From Donalsonville came two prominent and influential Nazarene leaders: Mr. Lewis Shingler, of Pasadena, Calif.; and Dr. Fred Floyd, a beloved teacher of history for many years at Bethany Nazarene College.

A rich harvest was gathered in Georgia. Later Jernigan organized the first Nazarene church in Atlanta, as well as churches in other places in the state.

2. ARRIVAL IN ARKANSAS

Wonderful camp meetings sprang up all over Arkansas and Jernigan preached at most of them. As usual, he used his influence for organization, which, after the saving of souls, was an obsession with him. He set up local churches where the young people could find fellowship as they grew both spiritually and physically.

Rev. J. D. Scott, a popular, biblical preacher, organized the first holiness church in southwestern Arkansas at Grannis. He, too, was an ardent believer in establishing churches. At the close of each of his revivals he tried to effect an organization. Nearly a score of churches were thus begun. God gave him hundreds of souls in that part of the country. He invited C. B. Jernigan to assist him in revival work and to organize churches as the meetings progressed.

When the Bible school at Old Cove burned in February, 1906, the school was relocated at Vilonia, Ark., where Jernigan held a revival and, true to form, organized a church. From the Vilonia school came two brothers,

D. Shelby and Lewis T. Corlett, who have been prominent leaders in Nazarene circles: D. Shelby Corlett serving for years as editor of the *Herald of Holiness*, and Lewis T. Corlett as president of Nazarene Theological Seminary (1952-66). Also originally from Arkansas came William Greathouse, currently president of the seminary.

Later Scott and Jernigan worked together at Pilot Point prior to and during the "marriage of the churches."

The lovely Ozark Camp at Ozark, Ark., asked Brother Jernigan to hold their annual camp one year. He went, taking his daughters Johnny and Margaret along to assist in the music. One night after the altar service there was the usual time of testimony and witnessing by those who had found sweet release from their burden of sin, or who had a victorious statement of being wholly sanctified. During one of these periods of testimony a man rose and said that he had "drifted away from God and was all but an infidel." He went on to say that the revival singing at the camp was fine, the prayers offered and the sermons delivered were fervent and true, but none of these stirred his conscience until the special song "To Be Lost in the Night" was sung by that young lady (pointing to Margaret). "It was that song that sent conviction to my heart," he said. This song, written by A. F. Ferris, was used many times afterward in similar situations. The last verse goes like this:

*To be lost in the night, in eternity's night,
To sink in despair and in woe;
But such is your doom if you turn from the light,
Refusing God's mercy to know.*

3. TICKETS TO TENNESSEE

Invitations came from across the Mississippi River asking C. B. Jernigan to come and hold meetings in Ten-

nessee. The invitations were usually accepted and God greatly used him and Mrs. Jernigan, who was ever a great helper. Some of the churches he organized are still "going strong" today, notably the Monterey church organized in 1900 with A. P. Welch as pastor. Other churches were organized at Pelham, Sparta, and Monteagle. The efforts of the holiness movement along with other deeply religious groups helped make the South the "Bible Belt of America."

The Pentecostal Mission

The holiness work had been well presented around Nashville by such great leaders as J. O. McClurkan and B. F. Haynes. Both of these men were princely in appearance, but each had the humility of a servant. The latter became the first editor of the *Herald of Holiness*. Men like these drew to the holiness movement followers from all walks of life. Cultured aristocrats, heads of business firms, down to humble laborers all felt at home in McClurkan's Pentecostal Mission. This lighthouse drew businessmen like John T. Benson, R. B. Mitchum, Tim Moore, and A. S. Ransom. These men, in turn, helped sustain and strengthen the mission.

The Pentecostal Mission was the nucleus from which came, years later, the First Church of the Nazarene in Nashville. This church was influential in having C. B. Jernigan elected district superintendent of the Tennessee District in 1926.

One of the most memorable revivals held in Tennessee was at Lawrenceburg, which was the home of the well-known Vaughn School of Music. During this revival, in 1926, a church was organized and the radio station WOAN broadcast all the services. Letters came from 22 states telling how the services were enjoyed. One special letter was

from the father of Rev. Ross Hayslip. The father was one of the holiness pioneers in Ohio and his son now is pastor of Tucson First Church in Arizona.

Out of this revival came the dedication of the Vaughn Quartet to revival work. This singing group was known throughout the United States and was a pioneer of the "quartet movement."

4. THE LURE OF LOUISIANA

The picturesque state of Louisiana, with its many swamps, is inseparably related to the lower reaches of the mighty Mississippi River. Spanish moss drapes the live oak trees scattered along the hundreds of shallow lakes, which lured many travelers in those early days. But the real lure to the God-called preacher and his workers was the needy souls, lost in the bayous and swamps of sin. Here Jernigan found a fruitful field for evangelism.

The language barrier was a hindrance in some places in Louisiana, such as in the "Opelousa Country." This area was thickly populated with Frenchmen, descendants of the early French settlers. Rev. J. S. Sanders was sent by the Methodist church to this section of Louisiana to "cool" his ardor as a holiness preacher. But his love for holiness only waxed warmer. He was a hard worker and an excellent preacher, so hundreds were converted and many sanctified under his ministry.

Among other places, there was an unusual outpouring of the Spirit in "Opelousa Country." The Holy Spirit was present at the services and worked in a wonderful way. The French people who could understand and speak English had told their families and friends what wonderful things were happening under the big white tent. Even Frenchmen who could not speak one word of English, or understand one sentence the preacher said, came and listened. When

the altar call was made they came forward, confessing their sins to God. They prayed through to victory in French, then got up and testified and shouted in the same language. The preacher had preached, as "the Spirit gave him utterance," and the converts understood what the Spirit had to say.

R. T. Williams Country

A strong work was begun in the town of Many, La., which spread over the entire county. From this effort came youthful R. T. Williams, who, soon after his conversion, went to the Texas Holiness University at Peniel. Texas thus became his "adopted state."

Years later, in 1915, while he was giving a series of lectures at Bethany-Peniel College, he stayed in the Jernigan home. It was while he was there he received word that he had been appointed a general superintendent.

In 1911, the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene appointed a committee composed of W. F. Dallas, C. B. Jernigan, C. A. McConnell, and R. T. Williams to discuss with the Louisiana Methodist Protestant church the possibility of a union of their group with the Nazarenes. They did not come to any agreement, but gradually many came in as individuals, resulting in a strong Nazarene district in Louisiana.

5. FOCUS ON FLORIDA

In the spring of 1904, a man and his wife, both preachers at Bristol, Fla., invited Jernigan to come and organize their group into a holiness church. Transportation to this inland town was by steamboat along the Apalachicola River.

Scarcely was he seated in the pastor's home, when his

hostess said, "We serve no coffee here—I'd just as soon serve whiskey!"

Then the husband added, "And we don't eat hog; it's a cancer breeder."

Jernigan saw immediately that he was in the middle of fanaticism, but his calm answer was, "If you can live all your life without these, I can live without them 10 days."

Threatening storm clouds hung low as various reports of this group's "wildfire" beliefs were heard. Jernigan was alarmed, for he was staying in the pastor's home from whence came these "strange doctrines." As the meeting progressed, after much prayer and under the leadership of the Holy Spirit, Jernigan decided to preach on "What Is Holiness and What Is Not Holiness." Jernigan had advertized his subject well, and the church was full.

The message was clear and convincing. But while he was preaching, the pastor and two or three others were on their knees audibly praying, "Lord, don't kill him—don't kill this blasphemer—don't let him die!" They were a sincere, but narrow-minded and deluded, people.

By the time the message was over, many eyes were opened to a better way to serve the Lord than had been presented before the revival. God's power was revealed, breaking the shackles of fanaticism. A real revival came and heresies were forgotten. The businessmen were so delighted with the sermon that they wanted Jernigan to come and live in their community.

In the Sunshine State

Luxurious plant life with all its beautiful colors, the ocean with beckoning waves, the lovely warm climate, and the shifting population made it difficult to establish churches in Florida. Years later, as district superinten-

dent there, Jernigan was as busy as a bee hovering over Florida orange blossoms. God honored his work even though progress was slow. Tourists were there fishing for big fish, but Jernigan was fishing for men.

His first big effort in Florida, in 1921, was a city-wide meeting in Miami, which was held in an old theater, centrally located in the downtown area. This effort was a good advertisement for the Church of the Nazarene in general and brought in new members and friends. Fort Lauderdale was organized not long after and is now a strong and flourishing church. The hard-fought battle here was certainly worth the effort. Besides the new churches organized, some older ones were resurrected and weak churches given new life by the addition of new members. Only eternity will reveal the results of those sacrificial efforts. Jernigan was encouraged by remembering that Paul wrote, "I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase."

As a finishing touch before leaving the Florida District, Jernigan was eager to organize a church in Jacksonville. If there was ever a church there, he could not find it. Again he took his family along to help in the meeting, which was strictly a home mission project under a tent. For living quarters they were "delighted" to be able to use the basement of an old, abandoned church—one big room with curtain partitions. Holiness friends loaned beds, table, an oil cookstove, and other essential items. Lights and running water were the only "luxuries" afforded. But it was a wonderful refuge in many ways.

The meeting ran over three Sundays, and at the close a group of 20 or more members joined together in the organization of another Nazarene church. A wonderful miracle happened here in Jacksonville, which is related elsewhere in this book.

6. ALABAMA ALERTED

Spanish ships sailed along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico in the early days of Alabama, but Spain made no official claim to it. But when the first settlers came, Satan anchored his fleet of ships along shore, waiting to land and pollute that area with sin.

Isaiah had written, "Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it." Jernigan did just that when God opened doors for him to enter Alabama. In those early, difficult days, the dirt roads which crisscrossed the state showed signs of the passing of his gospel plow. He organized a church at Nauvoo in 1905, and held a revival in Jasper. He also planted "seedling churches" which later sprang to life in other sections of the state. He was already acquainted with frustration, grief, and fatigue. But the joy of the Lord was his strength and his reward.

God's mighty warriors such as J. L. Brasher, W. B. Godbey, and H. C. Morrison had led the way here. C. B. Jernigan followed close on their heels, erecting a lasting monument for holiness by urging organization.

Saintly and aggressive men like P. C. Ramsey, G. W. Wall, P. M. Covington, and others also preached holiness and established strong churches over the Appalachian highlands and lower plateaus of Alabama. There were glorious victories in those pioneering days.

At the invitation of H. H. Hooker in 1920, C. B. Jernigan with a band of workers went to the city of Birmingham to hold a revival meeting and to organize a church. The fearful lamented that past efforts to establish a church were lost because of inertia, many roadblocks, and "giants of fear." But courageous Jernigan turned his mind and prayers to achievement under God, and victory came. In the end a good church was organized. Later he served as supply pastor for a short term.

7. MOMENTS IN MISSISSIPPI

The state of Mississippi, because of its historical shrines, is a place where the past walks hand in hand with the present. In this state C. B. Jernigan was born. The following incident made a deep impression on his mind and soul—so much so that in later years he told how it became a constant challenge to him to push God's work forward.

One day before the family moved to Texas, little Charley's black nurse caught him sitting on the steps of the porch pouting. She asked, "What's de matter, chile?"

Charley answered, "They won't let me play with them," pointing to his playmates.

She gave him one good spank and a gentle shove and said, "Go out and make yourself wanted!"

That was what Jernigan was compelled to do when introducing holiness in many new fields. The magic marker with its arrow had pointed the way. Sometimes he worked alone and sometimes with a group. He went where he was not wanted and stayed until the town or community thought it could not do without him.

* * *

It was with anticipation that Jernigan returned to the land of his birth, a year or so before the 1908 General Assembly at Pilot Point, Tex. He found the cultural life of the wealthy and near-rich at a high peak. They enjoyed many luxuries and educational advantages. They were charming, courteous, and gracious but not receptive to the gospel. There were old-line, formal churches in abundance, but the Wesleyan doctrine was well-nigh forgotten and seldom preached.

When Jernigan organized a holiness church at Cascelia he thought, "*The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage*" (Ps. 16:6). He was

thrilled to be so near the place of his birth just a few miles away. Here his courageous mother had defied death, defending her home and family against the band of guerrillas during the closing days of the Civil War. This thought renewed his desire to be courageous in defending God's kingdom *anywhere* the call of duty took him.

* * *

The middle class and the poor were more easily reached with the gospel than were the aristocrats. But even then, there were severe battles ahead. The opposition gave vent to loud talking, jeers, and laughter near the tent as services were in progress. While many scorned, at the same time groups of religious fanatics tried to take over the meetings. Satan was working hard. Jernigan did not want to lose one soul, regardless of his status. These trying circumstances brought out the soldier qualities in him. Many "sticky" problems were solved by tact, diplomacy, and God's power.

One night the sheriff came by the tent on his way to visit a friend. Seeing the crowd, he stopped long enough to listen to what the preacher was saying. While he was there the usual disturbance outside of the tent started up. Immediately he went outside, showed his badge, and commanded that the nonsense stop immediately, or else those responsible would go to jail. From then on there was "law and order" and interest grew. Strong leaders in the community came and found pardon and began to witness to the change in their lives.

6

Still Wider Horizons

At God's appointed time, Jernigan, with D. M. Coulson, started for Arizona. They were not going for a vacation, but they felt that the dry climate there might help Brother Jernigan's acute sinus and throat condition. At the same time, of course, they would look for places where they could hold revivals and organize churches. There were no Nazarene churches in Arizona at that time. These men were like the tireless and fearless circuit riders except that instead of horses their steed was a secondhand Model-T Ford. They "galloped" away, stopping for meetings in Hassell and Deming, N.M., while en route.

In 1916, roads across the plains and desert were unmarked and there was no lack of excitement. On one occasion they had to cross a river on a bridge that was only a framework with two "troughs" for the wheels of the car to run in. The driver could see the flowing water beneath, though he tried to keep his eyes on the troughs.

Funds were low for this trip, so Jernigan and Coulson

camped out at night and also cooked their own meals. It took courage to make their bed in the sand at night because of the danger of poisonous Gila monsters. Hearing the yelping bark of coyotes from the hills tested their bravery, too. The latter problem became very real one night when the smell of food cooking over the campfire caused a hungry band of coyotes to invade their camp. The men had no weapons; so Jernigan, a resourceful person, jumped into the car, turned on the lights, and pressed down on the horn. The frightened coyotes took off for the hills. For safety the men slept that night in a circle of campfires, trusting that God would protect them. Dr. Orval Nease did not miss it far when he once said, "Jernigan is the Daniel Boone of the Church of the Nazarene."

The men arrived in Phoenix without money and with no meetings yet scheduled. They were thankful that they did find a room, with payment due at the end of the month.

They looked up the post office, where Jernigan received two letters. One had good news in it, with \$20.00 enclosed. The other had bad news! It was from the superintendent of the Southern California District, to which Arizona belonged, saying that no funds were available for home missions in Arizona. That disturbing word called for a real prayer session.

A few days later the men heard a knock on their door. There stood a stranger, Rev. G. F. Saffle, who came to deliver an invitation for them to help in a Christmas convention at the little Apostolic Holiness Mission. It was one of 14 such struggling holiness groups found in the city. A revival was supposed to follow this short convention. The evangelist they had expected could not come, so Saffle asked Jernigan to preach Sunday morning, with the *understanding* that if God gave them 1 soul at the altar, that would be the sign he should continue. He did preach, but

instead of 1 person there were 11 who came to the altar. Nine prayed through to victory.

C. B. Jernigan had not talked to the people about joining the Church of the Nazarene, but the members of the Apostolic Mission brought up the subject themselves. At the midweek prayer meeting following the revival, when it was put to a vote by their leader, out of the 32 members 31 voted yes to uniting with the Nazarenes. The next Sunday a church was organized with 67 charter members. Rev. Orval Nease was elected pastor.

The Jernigan family then moved to Phoenix. Calls came from California for several evangelistic meetings. Jernigan had his family go with him. Mrs. Jernigan was a woman of prayer, and the music of the young people attracted interest and attention.

* * *

That summer the Southern California district assembly was held at Los Angeles in the "mother church" at Sixth and Wall streets. The Jernigan family had the honor of staying in the Bresee home for the entire week of the assembly, though Dr. Bresee himself had died two years previously. Following this was the Pasadena Camp, at which Jernigan was one of the two featured preachers. Several years before, he had preached at the very first Pasadena Camp ever held.

It was during this second visit to the camp that God again answered a specific need. Some River Brethren, a religious organization related to the Quakers, were attending the camp with their families. One man, named Lehman, noted the Jernigans' worn-out car. His heart was touched and he gave Brother Jernigan a new Chevrolet in which to ride back to Arizona.

An interesting sidelight of the 1917 assembly and camp meeting was the marriage of Rev. and Mrs. Orval

Nease following its close. Jernigan was asked to officiate. This was the second time he had been asked to perform marriage ceremonies for men destined to become general superintendents. The other was that of Rev. and Mrs. James B. Chapman, who were married at Blossom, Tex., in 1903.

GOD SHALL SUPPLY ALL YOUR NEED

C. B. Jernigan's family felt that wherever God led him they must follow too. Their lives were closely entwined in the developing holiness movement. The following events are typical of God's leadership and blessing.

* * *

"Look, dear," said Mrs. Jernigan to her husband, "these few slices of bacon and a little meal are *all* we have for supper and breakfast. What will we do then?"

Jernigan paused, then solemnly answered, "Trust in God's unfailing promises."

"Papa! Papa! There is a man in a wagon who just drove up and he's getting out," shouted both Charles and little Paul at once.

"I'll go and invite him in," said Jernigan. "He will probably stay all night."

Mrs. Jernigan held his arm and said, "I'll wait on the table and not eat. Don't insist that I eat. There's not enough food!"

The men shook hands and the stranger introduced himself as "Brother White."

"The Lord sent me here with this wagonload of groceries," Mr. White began. "He woke me up before daylight and told me to get from our pantry a ham, eggs, milk, and butter, then to go from house to house and collect all kinds of food from the folks out at Oak Grove church, which you organized. They all were happy and eager to

give, especially when I told them of my horrible dream about you and your family starving to death."

Jernigan hugged White and said, "Thank God you obeyed His voice."

Bacon and meal were forgotten as the aroma of coffee and ham and eggs filled the air. In telling of God's care over him and his family, Jernigan would always add, "Just before we starved, there was always plenty!"

* * *

Mrs. Jernigan, besides being a wonderful wife and mother, was a fearless slum worker in Greenville, Tex. She often went to places of ill repute, trying to turn people to God. Early one afternoon when Brother Jernigan was away in a meeting, she left her four little children at home, telling them that she was going to work for God. She said she would return before long. She made them promise *not* to put any wood in the stove, as they might get burned. (They kept their promise.) Their Uncle Sam was there working on the place, so Mother Jernigan asked him to keep a check on the children. It was about time for Mrs. Jernigan to return, so he decided to leave without waiting for her.

But, unknown to them, Mrs. Jernigan had been admitted to "Cleo's House" just when a police raid was to take place.

"Come into the parlor quick," Cleo had said. "The police are coming to raid us and you might get hurt." Then she locked the door and left.

In a few minutes Mrs. Jernigan saw through the windows a squad of police coming. She heard screaming, a heavy thump, thump, thump on the stairs, then the firing of a revolver. She tried the windows, but they were barred. She could not escape. So she sat down and waited for a long time. She prayed, "Lord, what shall I do? The children need me. And it's getting dark."

A voice seemed to say, "Fall on your knees!" As her knees hit the floor, a bullet whizzed through the back of the chair in which she had been sitting. The streetlights had come on when Cleo, full of remorse, finally unlocked the door. In the excitement she had forgotten Mrs. Jernigan.

The little children knew of their mother's peril when she did slum work. The house was getting cold and it was growing dark. They felt that something terrible had happened. So they took a blanket outside and huddled together under it on the sidewalk, watching—and waiting.

It seemed hours before they heard running footsteps coming nearer and nearer. They called out, "Mamma, is that you?"

Mrs. Jernigan, out of breath, gasped, "What are you doing out here, children?"

Sobbing convulsively they said, "We just knew you were dead and we thought we'd freeze to death out here together, and be with you in heaven."

* * *

"What will I do? That check for my violin lessons in Oklahoma City has bounced. I am disgraced," cried Johnny.

"No, not disgraced, just embarrassed," said Brother Jernigan. "I couldn't have overdrawn our account. I'll take care of it, as soon as possible."

At the time, the Jernigans were in a meeting in Ontario, Calif., and Johnny fasted and prayed the next day for all three meals. That night before service a dear lady handed her an envelope.

"Oh, how nice, and thanks," said Johnny as she put it in her violin case to open later, thinking it was probably a handkerchief.

Back in their rooms after the service, the family was chatting when Johnny opened the envelope. In it was

\$100! It was more than enough to pay for her violin lessons. What a boost to her faith! She felt God had honored her prayers and fasting.

* * *

The Jernigans were on their way north from Florida to the New York and New England camp meetings when, about 25 miles from Jacksonville, Fla., the oil pump in the old car gave out. Paul patched it up and the car limped back to town. The family got rooms and waited for news about the car.

Paul was on his way back to report that the repair bill would be \$60.00. He knew that this was the amount they had set aside for the entire trip. How could they make it? No way!

As Paul came through the park, his head bowed and footsteps lagging, there sat a well-to-do man who had spent the winter in Miami. He had heard Jernigan preach and knew the children by sight. He just happened to be stopping in Jacksonville on his way back north.

He said to himself, "That boy walks just like Brother Jernigan!" When Paul was near enough, Mr. Jacobs called to him. After introducing himself, he said, "Sit down, Son, you look worried. Tell me what's wrong."

After Paul told his story, Mr. Jacobs said, "I believe I have that much in my wallet." He counted out \$60.00 and gave the money to Paul. After thanking him, Paul hurried on to give the good news to the family, whistling "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

* * *

The depression was on and Margaret needed a school teaching job. Miss Julia Green, county supervisor, had told her, "There are nearly a hundred applicants ahead of you. I am so sorry!" Then she carefully scanned again Margaret's application.

“So you belong to the Nazarene Church—they don’t believe in such things as dancing and smoking?”

“That is correct,” replied Margaret.

“W-e-l-l, let’s see,” she said slowly. “Can you play the piano?”

“Yes, I can,” answered Margaret. “I’ve played for church about all my life.”

Miss Green heaved a sigh of relief and said, “You are hired! We need a piano player at Old Hickory Elementary School.” Living by high principles and playing for church had jumped her to the top of the list.

HELLO, NEW YORK

In May, 1924, Jernigan was elected superintendent of the New York District. It was quite a change for the family to go from the easy pace of Oklahoma to the hustle and bustle of New York City.

Jernigan lost no time in getting hold of his new responsibilities. The excitement of the subway and elevated trains was not over, nor yet was he used to the rush, whiz, and whirl of traffic before he began to outline a plan of action from his home in Brooklyn.

Following a city map to see such sights as Carnegie Hall, the Statue of Liberty, Wall Street, or even Chinatown and the Bowery at midnight, was nothing compared to following God’s orders and plans for building churches in New York state.

The first new church organized was at Binghamton. The nucleus of this church was a little independent mission group. Jernigan had a hard time convincing them of the value of being a part of a growing denomination.

The contact was made when the Jernigans held a tent meeting in the city. The evangelistic party was received in a friendly manner, but the crowds were small and the of-



A demonstration in New York by the famed magician Houdini (seated left) captures the interest of a group of ministers, among them C. B. Jernigan (standing at the back corner of the table beside Houdini). Note the magician manipulating something under the table with his foot.

ferings were even smaller. Like Elijah, the workers had to be "fed by the ravens." The "ravens" turned out to be two horses hitched to a grocery wagon that stopped by their door nearly every morning. Food items were provided free to the Jernigans. This wagon belonged to a prosperous merchant who wished for a Church of the Nazarene. The Lord gave him his desire when the Binghamton church was organized with 40 members.

Jernigan's bravery was tested when he was caught in

the worst snowstorm New York had had in 50 years. He insisted that he must go to a certain upstate church that needed him, bad weather or not. It took seven hours for the train with its four locomotives and snowplow to go 50 miles.

"B-r-r-r-r," said the passengers as they got off the train, and no wonder, for the thermometer read 22 below zero. Upon reaching the church, however, Jernigan found it warm and the members' faces aglow. "There was no need to thaw them out here with a red-hot sermon," he said. They were in "good working order" already.

Vexing problems had to be faced from time to time. For instance, an inexperienced supply pastor in upstate New York, who evidently was mentally as well as spiritually sick, sent violent threats to Jernigan. He had locked the church building because he claimed it belonged to him. Something had to be done to dislodge the brother from his stronghold. Jernigan went up to confront the man, while the scared and anxious family stayed home and prayed.

Upon arriving, Jernigan, acting upon legal advice, got the board of trustees and together they went to the church. With a large rock, they cracked the padlock. They went into the church, built a fire to warm the place, and then went out for supper. When they returned to the church, it was padlocked again! They broke the second padlock. Upon entering the church they found that water had been poured on the fire. Eventually they were able to get the rebellious pastor out of the way. Jernigan stayed until matters were adjusted and a new pastor was installed.

Not to be forgotten were the three black churches in Brooklyn. Naturally people wondered whether Jernigan, from the South, could handle this "delicate" situation. To him it was not a "situation" at all. He loved his black brethren and they loved him—even more so when he took

Communion with them, all sipping the wine from a common cup.

Rev. Green, pastor of the largest black church, and who was a delegate to the General Assembly several times, said, "Brother Jernigan did more for us than anyone else."

Old John Wesley Church in Brooklyn was a landmark for many Nazarenes. Here Jernigan and his family were members. Mrs. S. N. Fitkin was also a member. She will be remembered as being the first general president of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society (now NWMS). Rev. G. Howard Rowe was the energetic and successful pastor there at that time.

The last report to the New York District showed that nine new churches had been organized, including the one at Dover, N.J., which was a part of that district. At the close of two years, Jernigan transferred to Tennessee, where he had been elected district superintendent.

BEFORE THE SUNSET

How could one adequately sum up C. B. Jernigan's contribution to the church? He was the driving force that led the South into the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, and this was perhaps his most outstanding achievement. He served as a member of the General Missionary Board from 1913 until it became a part of the General Board, on which body he continued to serve until a short time before his death. While on that board he constantly urged that attention be given to home missions work. He maintained that new churches were needed to help send more missionaries to foreign fields and otherwise to support the general church program. He was influential in helping the Nazarene young people set up their own separate organization. He introduced the idea of district zones.

The three history-making pictures of the "marriage of the churches" at Pilot Point were made by C. B. Jernigan. Throughout his ministry he averaged preaching 280 times a year. He held 20 or more revivals a year with an average of about 50 seekers at the altar in each one. One-half of the 130 churches that he organized were launched "on his own" without the help of a district board or financial backing.

His children adored their father. To them his sermons were always fresh and full of unction, no matter how many times they had heard them before. He knew his Latin so well that he was their "walking dictionary," and he seldom failed. To them, he was a man for all occasions, from repairing gadgets on up to delivering a commencement address.

His daughters looked forward to seeing the pressed flowers he often pinned on his letters to Mrs. Jernigan. It was amusing to them to hear the question, "How long have the Jernigans been married?" Such a question was prompted by noting the loving way in which he always treated his wife.

Although the Jernigan family did without some material advantages, they were well supplied in those things of the spirit, which are of greater value.

CONSOLATION

After moving to Nashville, Tenn., in 1927, Jernigan received two penitent letters begging forgiveness for past wrongs done to him. One was from a prominent preacher who was convicted and grief-stricken over the way he had worked against Jernigan 20 years before.

The other was from a man dying with tuberculosis in Colorado. He wanted to make restitution, as he knew he was soon to die. As a young man he had been coerced by

“the opposition” in the early Oklahoma work to put Jernigan in a bad light, and to do him out of about \$1,000 (a considerable sum in those days).

Jernigan had borne these fiery trials silently, confident that in the end God would take care of it all—which He did in a wonderful way. Jernigan’s letters to these men gave proof that he did not gloat over this situation. His responses were warm and tender, reflecting the true spirit of the man.

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

*This was no place for a millionaire,
But guests found hope and hospitality there.*

Such was the Jernigan home—or “hostel” it might have been called. It was a place to “entertain angels un-awares.” The guests whom God sent were welcomed with open arms and treated with honor, with no response in kind expected. God took care of the deficit, with a gain of stocks and bonds in heaven and food in the pantry. The family can hardly remember a time when there were not two or more extra persons staying in their home, sometimes for long periods. It could be just a “passing through” preacher (maybe his family too), or a missionary waiting for appointment, or students working their way through school. The guest list included such well-known personalities as Dr. and Mrs. Bresee, Dr. A. M. Hills, Rev. and Mrs. Seth C. Rees, and practically all the general superintendents.

An interesting highlight in hospitality took place at the time of the second annual council meeting of the Independent Holiness church, which convened in Greenville, Tex., November, 1903. At first no homes were open to the delegates and guests, so the men slept in the mission hall, and the ladies in the Jernigans’ home. The entire

delegation ate at the Jernigans' table—about 60 persons in all—and God graciously supplied the needs.

When the council started, Jernigan had \$1.50 and half a sack of flour. He clung to the promise, "My God shall supply all your need." When the council closed he had \$15.00 and three sacks of flour.

Did it pay? A thousand times over! This annual council was just a few moves away from being a Texas Nazarene district assembly.

JERNIGAN'S PREACHING STYLE

Jernigan's sermons had a graphic style, full of authority and intense feeling. His rich baritone voice carried well, even though he did not rant or storm. A unique trait was that he did not have to warm up, but he "hit the platform preaching!" His reviews of current events held even the children's attention.

Before leaving for a service, he would pace up and down the room preaching his sermons and punctuating them with sentence prayers. His children looked upon this with awe and reverence. It was indeed "a fragile and hallowed moment."

Dr. Bresee said, "I don't know anyone who reads the Bible with as much meaning as you do. You are the only one who reads the scripture as it ought to be read."

Jernigan served as superintendent of five districts—Oklahoma, Georgia, Florida, New York, and Tennessee. His footprints trail across 25 states.

* * *

Dr. Norman Vincent Peale suggests that "enthusiasm will keep one young." If that is true, Jernigan died young—at the age of 67. His last meeting was at Flint, Mich., from which he came home ill. At that time he had meetings slated for three years in advance. As soon as he was

well, he planned to take the family with him to Nova Scotia. He had been asked to hold a camp meeting with the Alliance of the Reformed Baptist Church of Canada, which was a holiness group, at Brown's Flat, New Brunswick.

But God had other plans. It was time to call a warrior home. He met death with the same victory he experienced in life. Jesus came to his bedside and he heard Him sweetly speak. Then he knew death was near. Even though desperately ill, he planned his funeral. He said, "I want Margaret to sing 'Nothing Between My Soul and the Saviour.' Her singing has been a great blessing to my ministry."

Mrs. Jernigan replied, "Dear, she couldn't."

In a weak voice he agreed, "Oh, yes, that's right. And I want to be buried in my beloved Bethany."

C. B. Jernigan, the man, died June 21, 1930, but his spirit lives on at Bethany Nazarene College and in the 130 churches that he organized. On that last great day, he with others he helped to save will rise to meet Jesus in the air, to be forever with the Lord.

*I saw a wayworn trav'ler
In tattered garments clad,
And struggling up the mountain;
It seemed that he was sad.
His back was laden heavy;
His strength was almost gone.
Yet he shouted as he journeyed,
"Deliverance will come!"*

*I saw him in the evening;
The sun was bending low.
He'd overtopped the mountain
And reached the vale below.*

*He saw the Golden City,
His everlasting home,
And shouted loud hosanna,
"Deliverance has come!"*

*While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God.
They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam,
And joined him in his triumph,
"Deliverance has come!"*

A BRIEF CHRONOLOGY OF THE LIFE OF C. B. JERNIGAN

- 1863: Born September 4, near Cascellia, Miss.
- 1888: Married on October 20 to childhood sweetheart, Johnny Hill, at Wills Point, Tex.
- 1895: Sanctified after a revival in the Methodist church in Greenville, Tex.
- 1897: DeJernett-Jernigan evangelistic team formed. (After two years disbanded when DeJernett became dean of Texas Holiness University.)
- 1900: Holiness Association of Texas launched.
- 1901: Attended Chicago meeting of General Holiness Association.
Organized Independent Holiness church at Van Alstyne, Tex.
- 1902: Twenty churches organized to date. Plan for Annual Council in fall postponed until spring.
- 1903: First Annual Council held in February. Jernigan elected president and J. B. Chapman secretary.
Second Annual Council held in November in Greenville, Tex.
- 1904: Third Annual Council in October with 27 churches.
On November 22, Independent Holiness church and New Testament Church of Christ vote to unite under the name Holiness Church of Christ at Rising Star, Tex.
- 1905: First General Council of Holiness Church of Christ in the fall at Texarkana, Tex.
- 1906: First issue of the *Holiness Evangel*, December 6, with Jernigan as editor.
- 1907: Invited as fraternal delegate to First General Assembly of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene in Chicago, October 10-17. Extends invitation to Pilot Point, Tex., the following year.
Holiness Church of Christ, at Eastern Texas Annual Council in November, votes to join Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene.

- 1908: Union with Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, October 13, at Pilot Point, Tex.
Appointed superintendent of Oklahoma-Kansas District.
- 1909: Oklahoma Holiness College at Bethany enrolls first students in September.
- 1910: Made editor of *Highways and Hedges* paper.
Oklahoma and Kansas made separate districts.
- 1912: Oklahoma District divided in November. Circuits formed.
- 1913-15: Traveling evangelist, often with family, in many states.
- 1916: Arizona and California evangelism and health recuperation.
- 1917: Evangelist with base in Bethany.
- 1919-20: Superintendent of Georgia-Florida District.
- 1921-24: Superintendent of Western Oklahoma District. Develops "zone" concept of district organization.
- 1924-26: Superintendent of New York District.
- 1926-27: Superintendent of Tennessee District.
- 1928: Evangelism with residence in Nashville.
- 1930: Died, June 21, in Nashville.