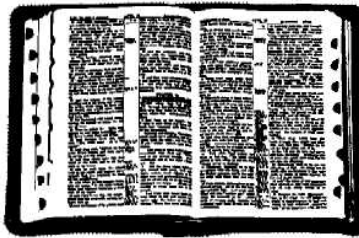


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BARBARA COLLEY ADAMS  
AUGUST 16, 1931—MARCH 31, 1985

**ABOUT THIS SPECIAL EDITION**

As most of readers know by now, Barbara C. Adams beloved wife of the editor of SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES, died on Sunday, March 31 and was laid to rest on April 2. She was known and loved by many people throughout this country and by many in several other countries. She was the business manager of this paper and the rock on which its editor leaned in all of his life and work.

We hope this edition will not only pay fitting tribute to her but also to that host of godly women without whom much work in the kingdom of God would never be done.

The editor and family deeply appreciate the many expressions of sympathy which have come in great volume. While it is impossible to personally acknowledge all of these, we want everyone to know how much your love and concern has helped us.

\*\*\*\*\*

**ROY E. COGDILL IS DEAD**

It is with much sadness that we report the death of our friend and brother Roy E. Cogdill of Katy, Texas. He was 78. The power and influence of his life were great. His writings have been translated into other languages and v continue to bless all who read them for years to cor Funeral services were conducted Wednesday, May 15 at the Frye Road building in Katy, Texas where he was a member the last few years. Harold Fite, James Yates and James W. Adams conducted services before a large audience. We will have more to say about the influence of the life of Roy E. Cogdill in another issue.

● \*\*\*\*\*

**H. E. PHILLIPS SUFFERS HEART ATTACK**

H. E. Phillips, former editor of this paper, suffered a mild heart attack on May 14 and has been hospitalized in Tampa. At this writing he is improved and out of the coronary care unit and hopes to be home soon. Keep him in your prayers.

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# Editorial

*Connie W. Adams*

P.O. Box 69  
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## "HER HUSBAND SHALL PRAISE HER"

She was young, full of life and with a twinkle in her eye when I first began to notice Barbara Rose Colley of Fulton, Kentucky. I was a sophomore and she a freshman at Florida College. From the middle of October, 1949, when she accompanied me to a church service, I dated no other girl. Our love grew as the days passed and we began to plan a life together. As we sat by the Hillsboro River, or wandered across campus, we dreamed and planned of the days ahead. She knew that I was a preacher and had determined to give my life to that work.

Our plans always were built around the work of the gospel. We even talked of spending part of our life in another country planting gospel seed. We promised ourselves that if children should bless our home, we would do the best we could to bring them up to serve the Lord. And so, on August 14, 1950, in Fulton, Kentucky, we exchanged wedding vows and began what turned into over 34 and a half years of life together. From the first, she reflected uncommon wisdom in her conduct among the brethren. It was soon evident that she was the greatest asset I had. When we returned to college, after a year's absence to work with the church in Lake City, Florida, she worked to help me finish and took pride in what I did.

She did not flinch about going to Bergen, Norway in 1957 even though she was six months pregnant at the time we sailed from New York. I suggested that we wait until after the baby arrived to begin our work. She thought we ought to go on and said the Lord would look after us. He did. Our older son, Wilson, was born on December 29, 1957 in Bergen. She always shared my interest in gospel work in different parts of the world and encouraged the efforts in Canada, the Philippines, Norway, Italy and a number of other places. It was she who suggested that I ought to go again to visit the brethren in the Philippines in 1975 and "see how they do." Our younger son, Martin, was born on March 2, 1961 in Fulton, Kentucky.

Through lean years, when support was meager and we had to count pennies, she never complained or reflected any jealousy because other women her age had things we did not own. In the last several years in which much of my preaching has been in meetings scattered throughout the land, she urged me to go and do what I could. When possible, she went along and that always

helped the meetings. When she could not, she kept the home fires burning and saw to an increasing work load as the years passed. In 1973, when H. E. Phillips asked me to take on the task of continuing the work of *SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES*, we prayed much about it and she urged me to take on the work and said she would stand by and help. And help she did. She quit her job as a High School Business teacher and took over the office work essential to the publication of such a paper. For many years she handled the mailing list, billing, and a host of business activities for the paper and left me free to handle only the editorial responsibilities along with preaching commitments. For the last twelve years she has worked behind the scenes to see that the business end of the paper succeeded.

Bobbie did not seek the limelight. She was always embarrassed when extra attention was focused on her. Yet, she was a woman of strong spirit and deep convictions. The women who sat in her classes can testify to that. So can I and so can our sons. She was not in the least sympathetic with the Feminist Movement. She saw it as a threat to what the Bible teaches about family relationships. Yet, she was not a shrinking violet. She was of the opinion that the lack of sensitivity on the part of men (including many professed Christians) gave an aura of credibility to the movement. But she was also persuaded that better women helped to make better men and she worked on the problem from that angle, with some success, I might add.

She was impatient with preacher's wives, or other women, who whined. She could, and did, make short conversation with those who offered sympathy to her when I was off preaching and she was left at home. In no uncertain terms she made it known that she believed as much in what I was doing as I did and that she did not want such misplaced sympathy. Sometimes she did it with a biting wit. Once a sister tried to tell her how sorry she was for her that "Brother Adams was off again somewhere to preach." Then the sister made a mistake by asking "What do you do with yourself when he is gone like this." With a twinkle in her eye, she replied "Why, that's when I put on my blond wig and go to town and have a big time!" End of conversation!

I liked her attitude toward rearing our children. She did not think they were any different from anyone else's children. We never made decisions as to what they could or could not do based on what the brethren might think. It was always, "What is right for a Christian?" She did many extra things for our sons, Wilson and Martin. It was her hard work and thrift which helped so much in getting them through college. She took great delight in their accomplishments. She joined me in encouraging both sons to do in life what they felt best suited to do, all the while remembering the need to "seek first the kingdom of God."

While being the very heart of our home, she did not forget her parents. An only child, she was most attentive to the needs of her parents. Her father spent his last 18 years as a total invalid. She stood by and helped her mother right to the end. She had many of the noble attributes which her mother, Virginia Colley, demon-

strated so well. Nana, as we call her, moved into our home a year and a half ago, and remains part of the household, even now that Bobbie is at rest. No parents could ask more of a daughter than she gave.

She was not only my wife, she was my best friend. I both loved and liked her. No husband could ask more than she gave and no wife could have given more. For nearly 35 years my life has been so intertwined with hers that it is most difficult to consider myself or my life apart from her. Her race is run; mine must go on. Her pain is now ended while mine remains intense. She has gone to be with the Lord while I am still pressing for the prize. But her memory is etched in the hearts of our children, in her mother's heart and in my own heart. Rest well, sweet Bobbie. You cannot return to us, but my heartbeat quickens at the thought that I shall join you one day in the land that is fairer than day.

Meanwhile, the lyrics of a song I used to sing haunt me. Let me share them with you.

"She slipped into the silence  
Of my dreams last night  
Wandering from room to room  
Turning on each light  
Her laughter spills like water  
From the river to the sea  
And I'm swept away from sadness  
Clinging to her memory.

Sweet memories, sweet memories  
And I'm swept away from sadness  
Clinging to her memory. "



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There was a crisp New England chill in the air that March morning as I stood on the bow of the *John F. Kennedy* as it made the trip from Staten Island across New York Bay to Manhattan's south side. Just ahead stood the massive steel skyscrapers of Wall Street's famed financial district, while off the starboard lay the sprawling boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens which by this time were bustling with rampant activity. The Brooklyn Bridge, the world's most famous—and most purchased—bridge was visible as were the waterfront buildings of the Watch Tower and Tract Society of the infamous Jehovahs Witness cult. Each of these were recipients of nothing more than a quick glance, for several hundred yards off the ferry's port side, rising 307 feet high, stood the object of my attention and affection. There was the nation's leading lady, though crippled by repairs, she still stood tall and proud as the grand Lady of Liberty. I came to see her. I came to think.

I thought about a young couple my age who some twenty-eight years earlier had stood upon the deck of another boat and with great emotion, they too, watched this Lighted Lady while wondering if their decision to leave their homeland for one yet unseen was entirely sensible. He was twenty-seven and she twenty-six and to this union of seven years there were born no children. Like Hannah of old they had desperately prayed for a child but none was forthcoming. Though disappointed they never despaired.

As a preacher, the young man had always carried within him a burning desire to take the gospel to a distant place and scatter the precious seed where it had never gone before. The time seemed right. They were young and full of energy and without children to nurture and nourish they both could devote several years to establishing the Lord's work in a foreign land. Plans were laid, a place selected, and support gathered. It was settled. Come summer they would leave for Bergen, Norway.

Then word came—a child was on the way. Due date: end of December. Though filled with exuberant joy at the prospect of at last having a child of their own, a cloud of uncertainty and indecision hovered about them. How could a man even think of taking his wife to a foreign land with her pregnant? Plans had been laid but plans could be cancelled. Or could they? He didn't know, but she did. "Connie," she said sternly, "We have

looked forward to this move for a long time and, besides that, you have spent the last several months asking brethren all over the country to support us and stand with us and they have agreed. And furthermore," she continued, "Aren't we going there to do the Lord's work? If we are, then He will watch over us. And, by the way, are you so uninformed as to think that the United States is the only place in the world where babies can be born?" Thus with her assurance, determination and conviction they boarded the S. S. *OsloFjord* and sailed out of New York Harbor toward the land of the mid-night sun.

December finally came and so did the baby but all did not go easily. There were custom differences to overcome, a new language to learn and a dreaded decision to be made that snowy night on the twenty-ninth. Complications in delivery had arisen and the prospects for survival of both mother and child were minimal. The young man was filled with anguish. All alone he couldn't help but remember that the decision to come to Norway had, after all, been his decision and now it appeared as if their coming was, as some others believed, foolish and unwise. How he longed for home with a nice American hospital for his wife with doctors who actually spoke English. What he got was the University Hospital in Bergen (which refused to allow him to wait at the hospital during delivery) and a doctor for his wife who was an avowed Communist.

The time passed ever so slowly. Prayers were offered on two continents that both might live. Finally the call came. It seems that the mother had refused to give up and that somehow, somehow both she and the child had survived the ordeal and a wiggling, screaming baby boy was the result.

They went on to remain in Bergen for another two years (which turned out to be two of the most profitable years of their lives) before returning to the states in 1959. By the way, the reason I'm so interested in all of this is because, well—that little fellow whose mother refused to let him die—was me!

And, so, I couldn't help but think about all of that as I gazed at the Statute of Liberty that March morning in New York. The next day I phoned and talked with her briefly about going there but after she spoke just a few words she was out of breath and our conversation had to end. I said goodbye. Three days later she was gone.

This is the hardest article I've ever had to write because while to everyone else she was "Bobbie," to me she was—"mom." Everyday now I think about her. There is an empty void within the pit of my stomach that will never be filled. I hurt like I have never hurt before. And, yet, I'm consoled by the Spirit of God who said in Revelation 14: 13—*"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on! Yes, says the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors for their deeds follow with them."*

## O The Precious Memories

1. **I'll remember her smile.** She enjoyed living and she

taught me by her example to smile at life even when life gets pretty tough. One of her doctors recently remarked—*"I've never seen a lady quite like her, she never lost that sense of humor."* O the precious memories linger on... Of the nights around the fire when we would pop some corn, unfold the card table and break open the Rook cards. She was always my partner (no one else ever volunteered) and I can still hear her say, *"Wilson, you crazy nut—what in the world are you doing?"*... and she would smile and laugh even though I had just buried us 300 in the hole! But win or lose (and we did win a few) we just enjoyed being together.

2. **I'll remember her spiritual consistency.** There were many occasions growing up when dad was off preaching in some distant state or country—but I can't ever recall her complaining about it. What I do recall with vividness is that under her direction things went on as usual. Each night, in dad's absence, she would get down the big Bible and read to us and help us with our prayers. We would talk about why he was away and she caused us to understand that his work was the most important in the world. She encouraged me so much.

3. **I'll remember her work-ethic.** Mom worked hard at everything she did figuring that if something were worth doing it was worth doing right. Laziness and idleness were words unknown in her vocabulary of living. She never pushed Martin or me to be more than we possibly could be but she always insisted that we do our best. And she set the example.

4. **I'll remember her patience—with me.** There were a few years there when I wasn't the easiest person in the world to get along with, but she never gave up. And she never stopped loving me. She cared, and that meant everything.

## O The Glorious Hope

*Let not your heart be troubled; believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many dwelling places; if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you to Myself; that where I am, there you may be also. (John 14: 1-3).*

That was one of her favorite passages. She told me so after I had read it at her father's funeral two years ago. The other day I had to explain to our children that they wouldn't get to see their "Granny" again for awhile. Our son Dale blurted out that she had gone up to heaven. After a moment little Sharon spoke up and said, *"Dad, some day I'm going to go to heaven and see Granny again."*... I am too sweetheart; I am too. *Her children rise up, and call her blessed, Her husband also, and he praises her, saying: Many daughters have done worthily, But thou excellest them all Grace is deceitful, and beauty is vain; But a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.*

*Give her the fruit of her hands; And let her works praise her in the gates.*  
Proverbs 31: 28-31

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**FROM THE PEW'S POINT OF VIEW**

**Martin W. Adams**  
**Rt. 1, Box 99**  
**Lovettsville, VA 22080**

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Driving across Kentucky early Monday morning I began to see familiar sights that let me know I was getting close to home. Being the son of a gospel preacher, I have lived in several states, but by-in-large my parents made our home in the Louisville area. Over the past fifteen years, Daddy worked with three congregations in the area and it is here that they raised my brother and me into young men. For this reason I find it difficult to listen to a playing of "My Old Kentucky Home" without thinking of the home place and a tear welling up in my eye. However, this trip was different, a one time occurrence, for my brother's family and mine were on our way home to bury our mother, a most difficult thing to do. Someone has said that "Home is where the heart is" and Mom was the heart of our family like most mothers. This week the meaning of "home" took on a new meaning for our family, because of the passing away of Mother.

Since Dad became editor of Searching the Scriptures I have taken the utmost interest in its work though never having contributed any material for print. I am not a full time gospel preacher, an elder, or a deacon, and right now I do not even teach a Bible class at church. However, let me share a few thoughts now from the pew's point of view, rather than the pulpit's about some lessons my mother has taught me even after she is gone.

**LESSON #1**

Home and mothers are something we take for granted at times. Home being a place where shoes can be kicked off at the door, and Mom a place where support can always be found. Yet time has a way of changing things, and this is one of the many lessons I have been taught the last two days. For home is not a two story brick house on a few acres of Kentucky sod, it is wherever loved ones are living. Part of our home is now resting in paradise receiving a small part of her reward of faithfulness while awaiting the resurrection. This alone has made my desire for heaven all the stronger and the reward that it will be all the sweeter. Yes, time does indeed have a way of changing things.

**LESSON #2**

Mom taught me this week the true value of tears. Never have I had to rely on them so heavily. They are God's way of relieving the pain of those left behind who

have a hard time understanding his methods and are slow to accept them. They soothe the human spirit. Jesus knew the value of tears in Jno. 11: 32-36. The apostle Paul likewise used his tears as a means of overcoming worldly sorrows and struggles. Through grief comes better understanding of passages of scripture which refer to other's lamentations. I hope I can relate that to other people in my teaching.

**LESSON #3**

In addition to the value of tears in times of calamity comes the value of true friendship. Let me share the closing lines of a poem received from one such friend, "Life's completeness and richness depends on the things we share with our loved ones and friends". Having close friends come running to your side when you need support is more encouraging than one can imagine until he is on the receiving end of such support. Indeed, how rich and blessed a family can be by having and cultivating close Christian friends. Another lesson Mom taught and I have learned.

**LESSON #4**

Many sermons are preached on our influence on the world around us. We are to guard our reputations with the utmost care for it is through this vehicle that we must reach out to teach those around us. Mom and Dad have some good neighbors, of varied religious backgrounds, and perhaps some with little or no religious connection. Over the years, they have been invited many times to come to hear Dad preach or attend Gospel meetings, and as far as I know few have ever accepted our invitations. Out of respect for mother, many of these families came to the funeral home and some came to the funeral services at the church building. It was a special teaching opportunity for all who came. As a result of the services, some neighbors have told Dad that they have a "whole list" of questions to ask. Because of the beautiful congregational singing, one question was "Is it a requirement for members of the church of Christ to know how to sing well?" For some of us, we can be most thankful that such is not the case! Due to one good influence several people may study the Word of God more seriously. Brothers and sisters, no one can convince me that personal influence is not important. You can rest assured yours will outlive you! Only you can control whether the influence you leave behind will be for the Lord or against him.

Now I know why it is better to dwell in a house of mourning than a house of feasting; it is because of the insight to be found within its walls. Thanks, Mama, for these lessons and all the others throughout life that you tried so hard to drill into my sometimes uncooperating head. I needed them all (as she well knew).



## FAMILY REFLECTIONS

*J. Wiley Adams*

103 Ridgeland Drive  
Warner Robins, Georgia 31093



A godly woman of many talents—that was Barbara Rose (Colley) Adams. She was the only child of Doron and Virginia Colley of Fulton, Ky. Perhaps no one in that extremely southwestern Kentucky town of a few thousand people ever considered that one of their own would rise to such a place of prominence and influence in the church of the Lord. There was a becoming refinement in her parents. They were industrious, her father was skilled in woodwork and in later years was an antique dealer. He was a good provider and a quiet man. Her mother possessed qualities of strength which made themselves known in a special way when she tended to her invalid husband for the last eighteen years of his life. Bobbie was a composite of those qualities of her parents. This was to become a great asset in her own life and in a unique way prepare her for her role as a preacher's wife, editor's wife, mother, and grand-mother.

Although there were many times when she was no doubt very lonely after her boys went to college and her husband began to devote himself to full-time meeting work, special classes and to editing **Searching The Scriptures**, she knew how to handle loneliness. Perhaps she learned some of this as an only child. She was amazingly self-reliant and well-ordered in every aspect of her life. She was the coordinator and organizer in the family. This was not only a good quality but an especially advantageous one. Bobbie knew how to compact all the loose ends and details together into a workable arrangement. This is a rare ability.

Pretense and sham were unknown and foreign to her nature. No matter where she lived or whom she associated with she remained the same basic person. Her pronounced Kentucky accent never changed nor was it even modified. A modest woman, she never lost the ability to blush. She was never coarse nor would she tolerate it in others. She possessed the virtue of purity.

How does one in such limited space aptly portray such a fine person? After seeking information and impressions from family members and friends, this writer now has the task of weaving the wealth of material together so as to present Bobbie's life to the readers for what it really was—a wonderful example of God's woman. Here is what they said.

A sense of humor... contagious laughter... a merry heart... considerate to children... given to kindness... pretty special... quietly efficient... given to family and loved our get-togethers... optimism and hope... deter-

mination in the face of difficulties... always learning... a frankness never to be misunderstood... witty with a love for friendly banter... versatile... a deep spirituality... a fine daughter and daughter-in-law... and much more.

Please permit this writer now to personally recall glimpses and flashbacks of scenes and events since becoming Bobbie's brother-in-law in August of 1950 until her passing in March of 1985.

The wedding at Fulton, Ky. (I was best man)... their first preaching work at Lake City, Fla... Florida College (called Florida Christian College in those days)... preaching appointments throughout Florida as students at FC... campus life as married students... hard times... struggle... faith grows... time for fun and country music... times of decision... a time for strong faith... issues in the church... trips to Virginia at Christmas and summertime... Palmetto, Fla... Atlanta, Ga... preparation for going to Norway... a child conceived... the trip over with the Kickliters and Mary Russell... Wilson is born in Bergen... the language barrier... homesickness and the exchanging of tapes back and forth among family members... Mrs. Colley introduces "Grits" to Norway in Care packages... the first convert. Dag Bjornstad baptized in a fjord... home again and happy reunion... Newbern, Tn. and financial recovery... things get better... another son, Martin, is born while at Newbern... Orlando and new horizons... expansion of gospel meeting work... on to Akron, Ohio. .. buying a house... the boys and school days... a dog named "Trouble"... life gets more complex... influence and responsibilities increase... Louisville, here we come... a business degree for Bobbie... Bobbie the schoolteacher... Manslick Rd... Hebron Lane... a dear friend dies of cancer... Bobbie gets her dream house... Connie on full-time meeting work... Wilson to Florida College... Bobbie's cat, Alexander Campbell, "Alex" for short... they become new owners of **Searching The Scriptures**... winter classes at Expressway... Martin to Florida College... days of transition... increase in teaching work load... Connie, the editor... Bobbie, the business manager... death of Bobbie's father... Nana (Mrs. Colley) moves in with them... a brief respite... cancer... declining health... faith in adversity... days of prayer and reflection... the 1985 lectures at FC... back home again... just a few more days... asleep in Jesus.

It is hoped that these brief family reflections relative to the life of Bobbie Adams will serve to teach others down through the years some lessons of value in their own lives as they read this in days to come. Farewell, Bobbie, for now!

"... Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them" (Revelation 14: 13b).

**READ YOUR BIBLE TODAY**

**BOBBIE COLLEY ADAMS  
AS AN EDITOR'S WIFE**



*H. E. Phillips*  
P.O. Box 1631  
Lutz, FL 33549

"Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life... Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates" (Prov. 31: 10-12; 31).

It takes a special kind of person to willingly share the life of an editor and not complain. In 1973 when Connie W. Adams took the helm of this religious journal, he had not arrived at that point alone. His dutiful and efficient wife shared his plans and had accepted the responsibility of attending to the business side of this venture. She was his loyal advisor in both the purchase of **Searching The Scriptures**, and in revising the business arrangements and the plans for making the mailing list more efficient.

Barbara Colley Adams was especially prepared intellectually, emotionally and spiritually to be an editor's wife. She had a quick, sharp mind, and was fully qualified to handle the business side of **Searching The Scriptures**. She was willing to take the tedious and arduous task of setting up a system of bookkeeping that paved the way for **Searching The Scriptures** to operate in the black within a few years. Not many religious papers ever do that, and I believe Connie Adams will give the full credit to Bobbie for making the business plans and keeping the paper on track from the time it was purchased until a very short time before her death.

I first met Connie and Bobbie Adams very shortly after they were married. From that time to this day my appreciation for Bobbie as a helpmeet for Connie in his work as a gospel preacher has abounded. In no greater area did it shine than in her work as an editor's wife. She shared her husband's joys and anticipated his successes with him. She participated with him in his plans for the paper and its operation. She helped him chart the course that made it a successful business operation. Above all else, she enthusiastically shared his zest for advancing the cause of Christ both on this continent and in Europe, as well as in the Philippines.

Bobbie met the challenge of bearing the unseen burdens of an editor and his wife. Many people think the work of an editor is relatively easy, and the glory and power that is usually thought to belong to that position will far outweigh what labors may be required. It is just not that way. One does not have to be an editor to know that fact; he need only be related to an editor or close to

him. To be the wife of an editor is to be in the most vulnerable position for insults, heartaches, disappointments and abuse even from friends, that one can imagine. It takes a strong faith, a lot of patience and love for the truth and the souls of men to survive.

Bobbie Adams had just the right qualities to make a very successful editor's wife. When her husband was unjustly treated in his effort to do his work of teaching, she had the fire to help him meet the challenge. She could give the reassurance when it was needed, but she could also deal with the adversary effectively when necessary. She had that mixture of zeal, endurance, understanding, hard work, compassion and love for truth and right that made Connie Adams a good editor.

But I have known of the times when Bobbie put in her "two cents" when she did not think Connie was making the best judgment, particularly with the business end of the paper. She usually prevailed because he had a great respect for her judgment and her ability in that field. She will not soon be replaced in this area of work.

But after all is said and done, the wife of an editor does not usually share in the tributes of praise given him for his work. Like the wife of a preacher, she works hard and then stands in the shadows and is happy to see her husband receive the words of praise and encouragement. Well, hear this: neither preacher nor editor reaches his peak of success without the labors and sacrifices of his good wife. That was especially true of Bobbie Adams.

Those hands that rendered so much service to the editor are now folded in rest. The eyes that sparkled with fire on some occasions, and caressed with compassion on others, are closed in sleep. The tongue that once spoke words of encouragement, instruction, or rebuke now lies silent in rest. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them" (Rev. 14: 13).

I shall miss her, but it is the beloved editor of this paper that will miss her most of all, for she was not only his faithful wife, she was his helper as editor. There is an unlimited reservoir of power and comfort in Almighty God through Jesus Christ our Lord. To Him we all can go for our needs. Connie, my brother and friend, I love you.

**Lilies Of The Field**

*By Fay Mobley*

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## BOBBIE ADAMS AS A TEACHER

**Harold Byers**  
**1011 Audubon Parkway**  
**Louisville, KY 40213**

When it was suggested that I write this article, my first thought was that it might be a prejudiced article since I would be writing about the life of one of my favorite individuals. After having some time to think about what I wanted to say, several thoughts came to my mind.

I first began to ask myself "Why was Bobbie Adams so special?" The following points best describe why this lady was a special servant of the Lord.

She was a faithful Christian, always striving to know more about the Lord's Word. She loved to hear it read and taught; and what she learned, she was eager to share with others. In Bible Class, as a pupil or as a teacher, she was always prepared for the occasion. When I summed up the above, along with many other attributes, I knew why one enjoyed being associated with Bobbie Adams.

Having good Bible teachers is one of the most difficult tasks elders have in a local congregation. In every congregation there are a number of classes consisting of students who have varying degrees of knowledge of the Bible. For an individual to be the teacher the Lord expects, one must have set some personal goals. The local elders can help but much of the preparation in becoming a teacher must be done by an individual.

We often think of a teacher from one viewpoint—the ability to communicate to another. A teacher is far more than that! One must be a good example to others with whom they come in contact.

For one to be an effective teacher, she must understand and practice what the apostle Peter said in 1 Pet. 3: 1-6. Bobbie understood verse 6, being a daughter of Sarah. She had a chaste conversation and a meek and quiet spirit in the sight of God. In old times, Peter said, women with these characteristics denoted holiness and were teachers of good things. Holy women are to teach the younger women to be "sober, to love their own husbands, to love their children, to be discreet, chaste, keepers at home, good, obedient to their own husbands that the Word of God not be blasphemed" (Titus 2: 5). Bobbie understood Paul's statement to Timothy (1 Tim. 2: 9, 10) that women professing godliness will be modest in their appearance and they will want to be an example to those within the family of the Lord and to those to whom she desired to teach by a godly life.

Bobbie Adams had the love and determination of Priscilla to teach or explain to a man what she believed the Bible to be teaching on a given subject. I admired the keenness with which she listened in class and the

humble response she gave when she felt a particular point had not been clarified.

We have worked hard to have a good teaching program at Expressway. As one of the elders assigned to arranging teachers and materials for classes, I often asked Bobbie for help. Sometimes she would have an immediate answer but often she would say, "Let me think about it." Her contribution to the teaching program was in a suggestive and humble manner and she will be missed by all of us.

The Bible says for women to be teachers and further explains an area where they have expertise. We asked Bobbie Adams to teach a special, elective class for women at Expressway. She, having been trained as a school teacher in our public schools, had extra credentials (in our eyes) as to ability. She enjoyed and was most effective in teaching different grade levels, and that seemed to be her first love.

We saw the need to have a young girls and other women's class and Bobbie was instrumental in this endeavor. She spent several months preparing lessons that would be taught to the women at the Expressway Church. This was not a class where the students sat around and gave personal testimony of what they thought. It was a class that taught women what God expects out of women.

Bobbie had the unique ability to separate what the Bible demands and those things that fall within the realm of judgments and opinions. She was able to give a sense of meaning to Bible verses so that women of the church would not feel that they were secondary members of the church and that God's order of creation of woman was not an inferior one. It was a position of honor and respect. With her knowledge of the Bible, she was able to share this rich information with other women.

Ladies in the church who want to be godly will not argue over what their judgment is on the word "modesty". They understand that going naked in public is not just immodesty but a sin. Bobbie explained there is a way of life which fits people who have their minds on going to heaven. With that in mind many of the argumentative questions disappeared. Questions such as "How should one dress for the assembly of the church, and in the privacy of one's own home?" Individual members that I talked with understood better that judgment and opinion were not separate relationships in life but that one's judgment and opinion should always be to give honor to whom honor is due—magnifying the God and Creator—serving Jesus as King of Kings—helping others to be happy in whatever state of life they faced.

Bobbie had a strong faith in God and believed and taught the immortality of the soul. In her life she expressed it and in her death she magnified her confidence in the Lord, for she believed that nothing in life or death could separate her from the love of God.

All of this is why Bobbie Adams will be missed as a teacher, as a wife, as a mother, and as a sister in Christ. She was Special!

## GIVEN TO HOSPITALITY

Weldon E. Warnock

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The Bible says, "Honor all men" (1 Pet. 2: 17). That is, "give honor to whom honor is due" (Rom. 13: 7). In this issue of Searching The Scriptures, we give honor to the late Bobbie Adams, our long time friend, and the beloved wife of our dear friend and brother, Connie Adams.

In this tribute I want us to think of Bobbie as a person given to hospitality. After nearly 35 years of close acquaintance with Bobbie and Connie, having been in their home many, many times, especially while we were students at Florida College, I know somewhat whereof I speak about her generosity and kindness. Many others have equally been recipients of her goodness. Indeed, she was a woman that pursued hospitality.

Bobbie reflected in her life the Scriptures that teach, "Distributing to the necessity of the saints; given to hospitality" (Rom. 12: 13), "Using hospitality one to another without grudging" (1 Pet. 4: 9) and "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unaware" (Heb. 13: 2). She believed these divine injunctions and acted accordingly, not just out of a sense of duty, but out of a heart of beneficence.

She exuded the spirit of Christ in showing hospitality. Jesus practiced hospitality in feeding the multitudes (Mk. 6: 30-44; 8: 1-10) and the disciples (Jn. 21: 9-14). Mark specifically states that Jesus was moved with compassion toward those who had been with him three days and had nothing to eat (Mk. 8: 2).

Jesus would have been a welcomed guest in the home of Bobbie, like he was in the home of Mary, Martha and Lazarus (Lk. 10: 38-42; Jn. 12: 1-9), Levi (Mk. 2: 14-15), Simon the leper (Mk. 14: 3) and the Emmaus hosts (Lk. 24: 29). She was a combination of Martha and Mary, and if Jesus had come in the flesh to her home, she would have served him a good meal to satisfy his hunger, but above this, she would have spent most of the time sitting at Jesus' feet learning more of the words of life.

Gospel preachers through the years have made their home with Bobbie and Connie during gospel meetings or stayed with them while passing through on their way to or from protracted meetings. Such hospitality was evident in the lives of many first century saints. Lydia, after her conversion, constrained Paul and his companions to come into her house and abide there (Acts 16: 14-15). The home of Aquila and Priscilla was open to Paul when he preached in Corinth (Acts 18: 1-3), and after Paul returned from his third missionary journey, he,

along with his fellow-laborers, abode with Philip the evangelist at Caesarea (Acts 21: 8).

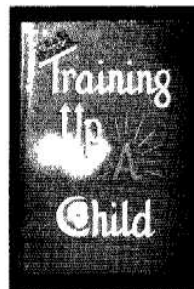
I believe that the motivation for hospitality in the life of Bobbie was for several reasons. First, she was hospitable because of *love*. For a person to be the kind of a Christian God expects, he must have love—love that is kind, benevolent, unselfish and of good-will. Hospitality is a part of the quality of love. Hebrews 6: 10 states that "God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love, which ye have showed toward his name, in that ye have ministered to the saints, and do minister."

Second, she was hospitable because she realized that such helped to *further the gospel*. Every person cannot be a preacher, but we can provide sustenance of life to enable others to preach. John said, "We therefore ought to receive such (that is, we ought to lodge gospel preachers) that we might be fellow-helpers to the truth" (3 John 8).

Third, she was hospitable because she looked on hospitality as a *divine gift*. After Peter said, "Using hospitality one to another" (1 Pet. 4: 9), he stated in verse 10, "As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God." Our being able to help others is a gift of God. Bobbie, as a good steward, exercised this gift and ministered unto others.

Jesus does not overlook our generosity and kindness, even the very small things we do. "And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward" (Matt. 10: 42). In the day of judgment Jesus will say to the faithful, loving, generous and compassionate disciple, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world" (Matt. 25: 34).

Luke's beautiful eulogy of Dorcas is equally fitting to Bobbie: "this woman was full of good works and alms-deeds which she did" (Acts 9: 34). In hope we can confidently say, "Great is her reward in heaven."



## Training Up A Child

by Gwendolyn M. Webb

With the Bible as her main source and from the vantage point of parental experience, the writer has produced a book godly parents can use in meeting the challenge of parental guidance. She helps parents learn how to rear their children with genuine love, concern and common sense. She shows that with love and through discipline and establishment of good habits, children can be brought up to be well adjusted, well behaved, loving, motivated and self-sufficient.

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## **BOBBIE, MY SISTER-IN-LAW**

**Wilma H. Adams  
103 Ridgeland Dr.  
Warner Robins, GA 31093**

I first met Bobbie in the early fifties when Connie brought his finance' home to Virginia to meet the family. From the first we all loved Bobbie. Since she did not have any sisters, nor did I, we became sisters to each other in every way except one. We never had a disagreement or spoke a harsh word to the other one in the thirty-six years we were acquainted.

While we were all at Florida College together we wore each other's clothes. We shared joys together as our husbands studied to prepare themselves to preach the unsearchable riches of God's word. We shared meals together and, since money was not very plentiful during those college days, we would each make a dish of something and eat together every Saturday night. One night Bobbie came in with an aromatic smelling casserole which proved to be very delicious. We asked her what the name of it was. She said, "I don't remember. I got the recipe out of a magazine. Just call it THAT. To this day all of us in the family make "THAT". It is still delicious.

We shared the joys of our children being born. When she was expecting her second son, Martin, I was expecting our daughter, Karen. They were both born in March. We share the joy of Martin's birth the first of March and the sorrow of the death of our daughter, Karen, when she was born the last of March. We truly learned "to weep with those who weep and rejoice with those who rejoice."

Bobbie was an excellent Bible student. She shared with me her desire to teach a young married ladies class. She received permission to do this and with her meticulous, keen mind set about to arrange a six month's course. She shared her notes with me and I received permission to teach it where my husband, Wiley, preaches. From the comments we both received, and especially from the comments she received, several marriages were enhanced. Some who had separated came back together. One wife remarked that she realized she had not been a good wife but she was going to take what she had learned from the class and try to improve herself. She did just that.

What a shock it was when Bobbie confided in me that she had been diagnosed as having that dread disease called CANCER. She never once became bitter or said, "Why me, Lord?" She accepted the diagnosis and the treatments with a calm, mature, Christian attitude. Bobbie had her eyes set on the cross of Christ. Even though she left us in the autumn of life and missed the joys of growing old along with her beloved husband, Connie; of watching her children grow older in the Lord; being able to teach her grandchildren the unsearchable

riches of the Word of God; we know we will meet again, (if we who are left remain faithful) in that home over there where there will be no more sorrows, no more tears.

As I filed by her casket for the last time and looked on her lovely, serene face, my thoughts were, "Goodbye my dear sister, we shall meet again over there. 'For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord'" (Romans 8: 38, 39).

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## **MY FRIEND, BOBBIE**

**Elizabeth Jenkins  
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The shortest verse in the Bible simply reads, "Jesus wept" (John 11: 35). Those who read this article will be familiar with the story of Jesus' friendship with Mary, Martha, and Lazarus. Lazarus died and Mary and Martha cried and Jesus wept with them in their sorrow. Jesus understands our sorrow and our tears at the death of our loved ones. Just as Jesus could miraculously raise Lazarus, so will my friend, Bobbie, be raised (1 Thess. 4: 16). But for the time she is no longer with us in the flesh, and even yet, it is hard for me to realize that never again on this earth will I hug, laugh, or cry with Bobbie, my friend.

Friendships are formed because of certain situations: common interests, personalities, and the "tie that binds."

Bobbie Adams and I had a lot in common, and, as circumstances would have it, we were living in the same place at the same time. Although I had known who Bobbie Adams was for many years, it was not until we moved to Akron, Ohio, in 1967, when Ferrell joined Connie in the work at the Brown Street church, that Bobbie and I became very close friends. It was January when we moved and the day was cold and somewhat dreary, but the Adamses' house was bright and cheerful; Bobbie had prepared dinner for us. We ate our first meal in Akron with the Adamses, and we spent our last night in Akron with them. Bobbie was always preparing a meal or making room for someone to spend the night. In one of her letters to me last fall she wrote that she had fourteen people invited for brunch when the doctor said, "You must go to the hospital now." Bobbie "practiced hospitality" (Romans 12: 13).

The most important thing that Bobbie and I had in common was that we were both Christians. And next to that were our husbands and their work—both preachers, both preaching for the same congregation at the same time. Bobbie often lamented that not many young girls aspired to be married to a preacher; we both

thought it was wonderful to be sharing our lives with men who preached the gospel. With the two-preacher arrangement at Brown Street, one of our husbands would be home and one would be gone in meetings. Bobbie and I would joke about the arrangement and say what we had here was one preacher with two preachers' wives. It was a most pleasant relationship and our friendship flourished. Bobbie and I shared a sense of humor; we could laugh at ourselves.

Bobbie and I shared many mutual interests. We had been at Florida College close enough in time that we knew several of the same people and had some of the same teachers. Bobbie Miller Owen had been our typing and shorthand teacher. Bobbie Adams and I were both business education majors, and Bobbie was doing some of her course work at Akron University while we were living in Akron. Bobbie would share with me the discussions in her classes, and we would discuss the pros and cons of the latest in teaching methods.

At the time we lived in Akron, the church at Brown Street was publishing and mailing *The Enlightener*. Bobbie and I spent many an afternoon in our basement making address changes, counting, and mailing the publication. It was a fun time and we enjoyed the work.

The Adamses had two sons and so did we. Bobbie and I would take the boys for hikes in the beautiful parks in Akron and in the winter sledding down the hill in Firestone Park. It was Bobbie who kept Ferrell, Jr., for me the first time I went to the Bible Lands.

It was from these days in Akron that our friendship began, but it did not end when we moved to Florida for Ferrell to edit the "Truth in Life" Bible class literature. We kept in touch by notes and phone calls and our once-a-year reunions. Bobbie and Connie had a standing invitation to stay with us during Florida College lectures every year (and I might add, Connie still has that invitation), and we looked forward to that time each year to catch up on family and mutual friends. We would pick up like it had been only yesterday that we saw each other.

The last time I saw Bobbie was when she and Connie pulled out of our driveway on January 31 after lectures this past year. I would not let myself believe it would be the last time I'd see her, but two months from that very day I received the call that she had died. I loved Bobbie very much; she was my friend, and I will miss her more than I can express. But God in his infinite wisdom has given us a memory, and in my memory will be etched the good life and the good influence of my friend Bobbie.

**WHEN YOU MOVE**—Please allow two months for change of address notices. We have a cut-off date for changes each month. *Thanks for your help.*

## MY AUNT BOBBIE

**Stanley W. Adams  
2426 Tahiti Lane  
Alabaster, AL 35007**

She wasn't a queen, nor the wife of a ruler. She was not known for being in the limelight. In fact, one could live and never know her as anyone but Connie's wife. She was a quiet daughter of Zion, who went about doing good and shunning any glory which was offered. She truly loved working in the vineyard of the Lord, and made it her life. In an age when many women feel unfulfilled, she felt satisfied. She was my Aunt Bobbie, and I loved her and will sorely miss her. Others maintained a different relationship to her, but she was a special aunt to me.

She really loved her relatives. She liked being around them and having them call and talk, or drop by to visit. She considered all her nieces and nephews as a second family. My brothers and sister and I have many fond memories, such as the time she bought real cowboy boots and a real blackboard on a particularly lean Christmas. She loved doing things for others, and seeing the joy they would derive from it. She was not only my aunt, but also a sister to my mother. No, they were not blood related, but they were nonetheless sisters. At a time in my mother's life, when she needed a contemporary to talk with, Aunt Bobbie was there.

She was careful not to show favoritism nor hurt anyone's feelings. Aunt Glenda's kids remember her always buying for all of them, if she bought for one, she showed the same kindness to my younger brother when he was the only one home. None of us can think of a single negative thought about her. This in itself is notable. She was a great master of dry wit. I cherish this part of her the most. When I think of Aunt Bobbie, I picture a lady with a twinkle in her eye, who enjoyed a good laugh and could banter with the best of them. She was a delight to be with. She was carefree without being flippant. She always kidded me about breaking her antique bed, but she was never angry about it. We had a lot of laughs about many things, too numerous to mention, which I will let remain in my memory. She was always there when needed. I have a letter which she sent to me at a difficult time in my life. She offered encouragement and support, in all I undertook, which was just and right. She was a great aid in helping me to realize the proper things to look for in a companion. She really took time to care. I visited with her and Uncle Connie often before I married, and she took an interest in my future. She offered some great advice on whether I should preach or not. She told me that the one I choose for a mate should be one who enjoys being a Christian. She stressed the importance of a godly wife who would help me preach and not hinder me in that endeavor. She was pleased with my choice.

On the surface she did not appear sentimental, but it was there. She sat and shed tears of joy at our wedding, as a proud aunt. She said it was hard to think of "Little Stanley" as a married man. As years moved along her children and we grew as close or closer as brothers and sisters. This gave her great satisfaction.

She enjoyed life and being with people. Her outlook was never droll. She was a perpetual optimist, even in sickness. I will cherish the last time I was with her for a long time. We dined at a restaurant with my mother. Although she was feeling badly, she put forth her best foot. She was a delight to be with, but yet I could sense she was struggling. She would not say she was, for she tried to stay cheerful and peppy. This should be a great lesson for us all. So many lack joy in their lives. Her trick was to think of all her blessings and how good she had it and, while counting those things, she lost track of the negative things.

Aunt Bobbie was a peaceful lady. There was a certain calm about her, which said to the world: "It will be all right, this too, shall pass." She did not dwell on the minor things in life. She really knew how to be at peace with herself and others. This was amplified by the peaceful way she passed away. Just a few days before her death, my brother and his family visited her. They found that she did not want to dwell on herself but on the kids. She was quick to assure others that she would be "all right". I do not think any of us fully realized how she meant that statement. Although her body was tormented, her spirit was at peace, and she knew it wouldn't be long.

I never stopped learning lessons from her. Her death and funeral were full of valuable lessons. It would have been easy to grow sour and depressed and to ask, "why me?" But Aunt Bobbie had more class than that. She knew that a bad attitude only hinders a fruitful walk of faith. "Let's get on with it", seemed to be her attitude, even in death. She had developed the courage to accept the things she could not change. This outlook is what enabled her to accomplish so very much as a Christian. Romans 8: 18, 19 come to mind when thinking of her bright view of life. She had a handle on being optimistic, without being naive. She would be first to tell you if you were wrong, but it was always with kindness. She was very concerned about those who were not serving Christ, as they should. It grieved her heart to hear of those who were casting their souls away, through moral problems.

The many people who came to pay their respects, speaks, more than words, of the calibre of life she lived. I sat and listened to the words of hope and comfort and, although sad at her passing, I became envious of her better state. It is to be hoped that all Christians would leave their relatives with the same bright hope she left her family.

I regret that time did not allow her to work out the Adams' Family Reunion she desired so much, but maybe, in a way, she did have it?

There will be a family reunion, one day, in a far better land. I trust that I will be able to attend. The hope that she has given, in death, will ever be a motivation for me

to try a little harder and excel a little more. Forgetting those things which are past, let us all press on to the mark of the high calling of Christ, which we can all attain, if we but persevere and bravely serve, without whining and complaining.

As Brother Warnock read the words of Sweet By and By, confidence, hope, joy and comfort became the message of Aunt Bobbie's life. I will forever cherish the precious memories of my sweet Aunt Bobbie.

## REMEMBERING MOM ADAMS

**Terry Adams  
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The apostle Paul wrote in Titus 2: 3-5 directing the aged women to teach the younger women—"to be sober, to love their husbands, to love their children, To be" *discreet, chaste, keepers at home, good, obedient to their own husbands, that the Word of God be not blasphemed.* " As Bobbie Adams' daughter-in-law, I know first hand that the inspired writer could not have found a more suitable model for what he was asking than Mom Adams.

Her behavior toward others Was always kind and polite. One of the qualities that always impressed me about Mom was that she always found the good in others to comment upon. Mom was indeed a *"teacher of good things."* The Bible teaches us in Proverbs 22: 6: "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Her sons are living proof of the excellent job she did in teaching them the will of God (of course I admit to being just a little prejudiced!)

Throughout her lifetime Bobbie Adams stood in front of various classes instructing her students, both young and old, from the Word of God. However, through her godly living on a daily basis she proved to be an inspiration to all of these and to all others who knew her.

Mom lived her life just as set forth here in Titus. She was sober, centering her mind on spiritual thoughts. She loved her husband and her children very, very much. And her love did not stop there for she had a strong love for her daughter-in-laws and for her grand-children too. She was their perfect example of discretion. She kept herself pure at all times. And she knew how to *"keep"* her house. She was the most organized house-keeper I've ever known. And was she obedient to her husband? You bet she was! When her husband made a decision she supported him 100% and stuck by him no matter what her feelings might have been. Surely, Mom was an asset to the cause of Christ not only in the word, but also in deed.

Thus, the lesson here in Titus 2: 3-5 is one I can easily recall for all I need to do is reflect upon the memory of Mom Adams. And although she is no longer with us, her influence will still be felt by many of us who had the privilege of knowing and loving her.

REFLECTIONS

ON A FUNERAL

*Dee Bowman*  
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Deer Park, TX 77536



I arose early—about five o'clock. The day was bright, at least as bright as it can be when someone you love lies stilled by death. Ed Brand, my friend and host for a week of meetings in Vicksburg, Mississippi, drove me the forty miles or so to the airport in Jackson. The conversation was forced as we drove. We both knew why. I flew to Memphis and changed planes. The connection was close, so close in fact that I walked off one airplane and right on to the next. We flew on to Louisville.

My mind was flooded with thoughts. Bobbie Adams, sister, friend, wonderful lady was gone. Never again in this realm would I see that sparkling smile, that mischievous tum in her voice, that penetrating and sometimes biting humor she handled with such wisdom and skill. How could it be? Just a while back we had laughed together, talked of spiritual things, made plans for our families to visit soon. Now I must prepare a funeral oration. What to say, How to say it. And time—there's not time to do it justice. But in a couple of hours it must be said. I prayed. "God help me to say the right things, to be of whatever service I can to my beloved brother, to the boys, to the friends who are left behind."

As I perused the scope of life's dealings I was suddenly awed by the thought that death has a kind of personality, that it is possible to visualize it in it's ethereal garb as it goes about doing its dastardly deeds. I wrote it down. "Death is sometimes the silent intruder. It slithers, creeps, seeps into the private reaches of man's being. It comes unsuspectingly and without warning, entering the most secure rooms of our lives." As I let my mind entertain what I have learned about death, I was also impressed with another fact. I wrote it down. "Sometimes death is a monstrous invader. It is like an atrocious, savage night raider, bent on destruction. It comes with a loud, boisterous command, claiming its victims with pompous cries of victory. With disregard for influence, obligation, intelligence, nationality, or for our seeming indispensibility, it calls for us, one by one, lining us up in an unending column which stretches all the way from the dawn of creation to the brink of eternity." My mind was full of hate for death, full of disdain for what it had done. I gritted my teeth.

But I thought about how she had suffered in recent weeks. And my thoughts turned to relief. I wrote it down. "But sometimes death is a welcome friend. It comes as a means of relief from suffering, taking away

the pain, removing the hurt, bringing deliverance. It comes as a wide gate which, in the ethereal distance, looms as not only the means of escape, but also as the means of embracing the favor of Him who cradles and cares, who wipes away all the tears." "We will miss Bobbie Adams," I wrote, "but as much as we cared for her, we could rather wish to join her there, than to have her return to us."

The plane landed. Weldon Warnock met me at the gate. His usual bright and happy disposition was obviously palliated somewhat by the sadness of the occasion, but he courageously managed a smile and his always firm, warm handshake seemed to say thanks for sharing a bad time. We exchanged our pleasantries and proceeded immediately to the church building, stopping on the way for a soft drink and some cheese crackers. He is a nice man. And there was a rather deep, but unspoken bond between us, born I think of the fact that we both had doubts about our ability to do what we had been called to do. But deep down, we both knew we would do it. Because we wanted to. For Connie. For Bobbie.

The crowd was huge—somewhere over four hundred. By Bobbie's own request there was congregational singing. It was beautiful. Sober, emotional, richly fulfilling. It seemed to give the people an outlet for pent up emotions they had wanted so desperately to express. There was almost an air of gladness in it—not disrespectful levity, mind you—but expectant, joyful hope. I looked down from the podium to see the family—all of them—joining in the singing. It was a fine, strengthening sight.

Brother Warnock's remarks were made with simplicity and respect. His voice was strong, confident. And although his hurt was obvious, it had little effect on his flowing, expressive oration. Since his relationship with Connie and Bobbie goes back many years, he spoke of times gone by, of warm friendship, brotherhood, and joyful experiences. He then read passages from an article Bobbie had written sometime ago about being a preacher's wife. He read it brilliantly and I could almost hear her saying some of the parts he read. His remarks were carefully chosen and delivered with sadness and love.

I then spoke of some of the reflections I related earlier, how that death is an invader, a monster, but sometimes a welcome deliverer. I had determined that Bobbie would have been embarrassed by the whole affair anyhow, and so was disinclined to be too lavish in my praise of her. I related things I knew. How that she was a genuine helpmeet, a constant, concerned friend, a growing, resolute disciple. "She had faults, but more like foibles, and we shan't here speak of them, because they pale into relative insignificance in consideration of the good she so constantly radiated."

I rode to the grave site with Dr. and Mrs. Harold Byers, themselves close friends to the Adamses. We spoke of our love for her, of her goodness, of the family and how faithful they were, of the good work she and Connie had done through the years. The funeral entourage must have been a mile long. The day was bright

and sunny, the grass was that special Spring shade of green. The people huddled around the grave and we all listened to the word, prayed, wept together. And then we left.

It is not at all difficult to turn your mind toward more sober and serious things when in the presence of death. As I flew back to Jackson the next morning I pondered over the events of the preceding day. I thought about Connie, about his love for truth and honor, and how he so loved Bobbie. Her story has been told, I thought, but not all. She will live on through the work of her loving husband, her fine family, her grandchildren.

Bobbie, Sweet, sweet Bobbie. We will remember you, dear sister.

## SHE, BEING DEAD YET SPEAKS

THE BLESSINGS OF A PREACHER'S WIFE

Barbara C. Adams

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Bobbie wrote this piece in December, 1972 and it appeared anonymously in TRUTH MAGAZINE in March, 1973 and then under her name in SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES in March, 1978. It prompted much commendation each time it appeared. Weldon E. Warnock read excerpts from it at the funeral and there have been many requests for the entire article. I know of no better way to close this special issue than to let her speak for herself. Indeed, she being dead, yet speaks.)

Tonight is the 23rd of December. In another week a new year will be upon us. It naturally is a time for reflection and a time to count our blessings. We are blessed because we live in America and are free to worship God in the way he commanded us; we are blessed because we have plenty to eat and warm houses in which to live while people in other parts of the world are starving. But there is one blessing that I share with relatively few in this world. It is a blessing that I prize very highly and one that I am thankful God gave me the freedom and opportunity to choose—I am blessed in that I chose to become a preacher's wife.

I can almost hear some now saying: "That's a strange thing to say. She must be off her rocker in some way. A preacher's wife can't be thankful or call that a blessing. Why she is often criticized and put on the spot. Her husband is often gone for days at a time and she is alone. Her children are in the spotlight and their actions minutely inspected. Preachers never make much money or have fine houses. They must move every so often. How can she call that a blessing?"

Yes, I can hear all these comments, even though unspoken. And I grant that most of them are true. But I still count it a blessing. Until recently, I never gave it much thought. I just went along from day to day doing what had to be done. However, some recent events have prompted me to reflect on this blessing. Perhaps my reflections can help a few others to appreciate their lot in life a little more and also cause others to choose this way, if the choice presents itself.

Recently, I have heard some voice the opinion that they did not want to be a preacher's wife or that they did not want their girl to become a preacher's wife. I have heard of boys who want to give up preaching because their sweethearts did not want to be preachers' wives. You know, I never gave that a whole lot of thought.

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Maybe my mother wishes I had; but if so, she never spoke that thought. She did tell me that she wanted me to help make my husband a good one. Those of you who know him can judge how well I succeeded!

What is the life of a preacher's wife really like? There are others who have been "at it" far longer than I and who could tell far more about it, I am sure; but tonight let me give you some of my thoughts.

It will soon be twenty-three years since I decided to take that "giant step" and I never have been sorry for one minute. It has not always been smooth sailing or an easy course to follow. I have made a lot of mistakes—for these, I am truly sorry—but God forgives a preacher's wife on the same basis he forgives anyone else. The brethren where we have lived have "put up with," encouraged, laughed and even cried with use on various occasions. For this, I am grateful. Without their help, I never could have made it, I suppose.

I do not believe that I was consciously trained to become a preacher's wife. However, I never was discouraged. It just never really concerned me too much one way or the other. We had preachers in our family (though all are either dead or liberal now), and when we could all get together, it was a wonderful time. I am sure that when I left to go to Florida College in 1949 the thought must have occurred to my parents that I might marry a preacher, since that institution was (and is) well known for the marriages that are created there. I am an "only child" and when I left for college it was for good, except for short, infrequent visits. That is not the way I would like for it to be. However, because of our work it has had to be like that. So, being an only child is no excuse for not becoming a preacher's wife.

Next week is the fifteenth birthday of our older son. Some of you will remember where he was born. Not in some comfortable American hospital in my hometown, to be sure. No, he was born in a University hospital in Bergen, Norway, thousands of miles from either of our homes and parents, with a doctor who was a Communist and nurse and attendants who did speak or understand English. It was not an easy time. We had few friends there then, having been in Norway only four months. At the time, I came as close to not caring about anything as I ever have. But I thank God that I did not entirely give in. Even then, I did not regret being a preacher's wife. What I am saying is this: There may be times when you, as a preacher's wife, will have to leave this country. It is almost a certainty that you will have to leave your hometown and parents. But as Jesus said in Luke 14: 26 "If any man cometh unto me, and hateth not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."

This is a time of protest and discontent. The younger generation are critics of the older generation. They say we are materialistic. But I just wonder what it is when a boy decides not to preach because the girl he wants to marry just does not want to move around every so often, or does not want to leave her parents or her hometown. She wants the security of a job and a house

in one locality all her life. Is this materialism? What else?

Preachers' wives are not a special breed. Why, God did not even give us special admonitions as he did the wives of elders and deacons. We have the same admonitions as all other women. However, there are a few commands which certainly pertain to a preacher's wife.

As with other Christians, we dare not gossip or bear tales. No Christian should do this. Certainly not a preacher's wife. She is in a position to know things about other Christians which do not need to be made public. Things are said to her in confidence and she needs to be able to keep such knowledge to herself, lest it hurt the person, her husband, and even the congregation. In fact, some things her husband should not even tell her. If I had any one piece of advice to give any girl who is about to marry a preacher, it would be, "Keep your mouth shut!" Neither is it her business to advertise decisions that the elders make, or for that matter, to try to tell the elders or her husband which decisions to make.

And which of us has not at some time engaged in a little self-pity? Some are more prone to this than others. But a Christian has no right or need to do this. We are called to serve God wherever and whenever we can. The preacher's wife cannot afford self-pity. There will often be times when her husband will be called away to the hospital to sit with a family during an operation; or to a funeral home after a sudden death; or to a person's home during a trying time when a marriage is on the brink of failure; or even to a local jail to help somebody in trouble. She must wait at home with a supper pushed to the back of the stove or in the oven. Or, he may be gone for several days at a time in a gospel meeting clear across the country, or to a lectureship, or to a debate. Maybe he will even be involved in his work half-way around the world.

I have never asked my husband not to go where he thought he was needed for God's work. Yet, I must confess that I came close in 1971 when he and J. T. Smith decided to go to the Philippine Islands. I knew there would be physical danger involved in such a trip; it would mean that the children and I would be alone for an entire month. What if one of the children got seriously ill? Or what if I became sick? However, I agreed that he should go. In fact, I knew he would go before he even finished telling me of the need. For some reason, I have always believed that it was up to me to let him go and that it was up to God to take care of him. So far, it has worked out that way. How glad I am now that he and brother Smith went. Because of their efforts and the efforts of others who have gone, the brethren there have been helped immensely. By mail, I have come to know many of those people. They have had many difficulties and troubles which many of us would find unbearable. Would I be willing for him to go again? You bet I would!

Congregations often expect too much of the preacher's wife. They seem to think that for some reason they "own" her and should be able to tell her what to



do and how to do it. This attitude can cause problems. Let me hurriedly and thankfully say that I have never really faced this problem. The congregations where we have worked have been very considerate along this line; but I do know that such things have happened. Just because the church owns the house in which the preacher lives or pays the rent for him, does not give the members the right to tell the wife how to run her house. This is their home for the time that they live there.

Neither does the congregation "hire" the preacher's wife. For the first twenty years we were married, I did a lot of secretarial work for my husband and the church. I knew how to do such work and was glad to do it. With one exception, I have never been paid for such work. However, a congregation has no right to expect more from a preacher's wife along this line than from any other woman in the congregation.

A preacher is not always as well paid as some in this life. He does not have many fringe benefits which workers in plants or offices have. Few churches pay social security, health insurance premiums, or pension plans. Yet, I do not know of many churches that will deny a preacher an extra day off at a holiday season or fail to continue his salary during a long, drawn-out illness. Though your daughter may not always have the "most" in this life, you can rest assured that there are fringe benefits which few others will ever have.

What am I talking about? For one thing: friends. Yes, our friends—from Maine to California; Washington to Florida; in Canada, Norway and the Philippines. We would not trade these acquaintances for any amount of money on earth. These are people with whom we have worked through the years and who now have scattered around the country and the world. They include preachers, and yes, their wives. They include sons and daughters of preachers who have grown up and married in the past few years. Whole congregations are included. These are all brothers and sisters in Christ, and all of them are (or should be) striving toward the same goal—an eternal home in heaven. These friends are the finest people on earth.

These "preacher-wife" years have meant a broader education for my children and me than would have been

possible had we always lived in the same place. How else could we have seen the midnight sun of Norway; the snow of northeast Ohio; the blastoff of a rocket at Cape Kennedy; the rock-bound coast of Maine; the lakes of Ontario; the cathedral of Worms, Germany where Martin Luther took his stand? I do not mean for this to sound as if we have been to these places just for the fun of traveling. That is not it at all. The work came first and that is what took us to these places, but I would be foolish to let you think that it did not benefit our lives. It has even helped our children in their school work.

One of the greatest fringe benefits is being the constant recipients of the prayers of the congregation. Who else has God's blessing invoked upon them in public prayers as much as the preacher and his family?

Most of all, a preacher's wife develops a better understanding of people and a desire to have a part in the saving of their souls. Who could describe the frame of mind a preacher is in after someone has obeyed the gospel, or a wayward church member has repented, or some evidence is seen of good resulting from your husband's efforts? Could it just be that I did have some part in making that possible? If so, then it has been worth it after all.

**BECAUSE OF THE SPACE  
NEEDED FOR THIS SPECIAL IS-  
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**LOOK FOR IT AGAIN NEXT  
MONTH.**

**IN THE NEWS THIS MONTH**

BAPTISMS  
RESTORATIONS

202  
84

(Taken from bulletins and papers received by the editor)