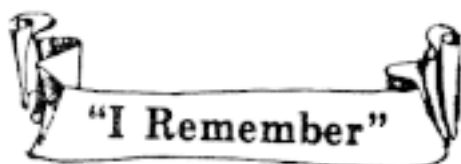


The ARNOLD Report

Louis Arnold
Editor

OCTOBER 2005

Nicholasville
Kentucky 40356



Learning To Preach

I was saved at an early age, and almost at once I knew that God was calling me to preach. I soon started preaching in a childlike fashion to my schoolmates as we walked to and from school. At that time the powers that be had not decided that it was not good for children to walk to school. No school buses were provided, so we walked a mile of graveled road to Westpoint School at the intersection of County Pike and Kirksville Pike in Garrard County, Kentucky.

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Footnote On History

Frontier Mission Work In the Eighteen Hundreds

The first preacher to visit a Western mining camp started his ministry by inviting the rough men of the camp to attend a song service that night.

In mining camps in those days there were men who took pride in being hard cases. Such men usually wore buckskin suits, a broad-brimmed white hat, a brace

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Anniversary MONTH

The fall of the year seems to be the time for me to start new ministries. In September, 1953, I published the first issue of **The Arnold Report**. In October, 1947, I started my daily radio ministry, and in October, 1974, I started preaching on *The Voice of the Appalachians* radio broadcast that Dr. B. R. Lakin and Al Huber had founded some years earlier. These are only part of my ministries, but for several years we have observed October as *Anniversary Month*.

I need the support and prayers of my friends as I continue in the service of the Lord. An anniversary offering will help me keep the ministries going.



Fill the Spaces

Select a large box, and place in it as many cannon balls as it will hold, and it is, after a fashion, full; but it will hold more if smaller matters be found. Bring a quantity of marbles; very many of these may be packed in the spaces between the larger globes; the box is now full, but still only in a sense; it will contain more yet. There are interstices in abundance, into which you may shake a considerable quantity of small shot, and now the chest is filled beyond all question; but yet there is room. You can not put in another shot or marble, much less another ball; but you will find that several pounds of sand

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JUST TALKIN'



It is time for The Arnold Report to visit your home again. I hope you find it a welcome visitor. We prepare it, print it, and mail it with readers like you in mind. We hope you find it enjoyable, inspirational, and challenging.

In each issue we include material suitable for reprinting in church bulletins or using in Sunday school classes, special meetings, or in sermons. Feel free to use

(Continued On Page 4)

★★★★★★ Comments We Love

"I love to read your **Arnold Report**. Thank you for being patient about me mailing support for your ministry," Man Akron, Ohio.

"I am in the hospital, and last night I read your book, *Spiritual Realities*. It is a great book, and it was an inspiration to me," Lady, Georgetown, Kentucky.

"I bought your book, *Israeli Countdown to Eternity* for \$1.88. It is the best book for the money that I ever read, Ha,

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I REMEMBER (Continued From Page 1)

In those days I preached by the mile instead of by the clock. My schoolmates must have been tolerant, for I do not recall that they ever asked me to stop preaching to them.

The teen years intervened, and I put aside the call to preach. But not for long. God's hand was heavy upon me, and when I was 19 I fully surrendered to preach. I was told to wait until I finished my education before I started preaching, but I had an urgency in me that would not wait. My pastor soon asked me to conduct prayer meeting on a Wednesday night. I studied for a week, trying to get something to say, and somehow I made it through that first service.

Soon I preached one night of a revival service in the Baptist church at Mitchellsburg, Kentucky. God was good to a young preacher, and I had my first convert that night. Not long after that I secured the use of an abandoned meetinghouse for a two-week revival. I did not have any sermons, and I reasoned that it would take me at least two days to prepare a sermon. There was no way



Bit of Humor

A woman said to her pastor, "I want you to pray for my husband. He's running around on me."

The pastor noticed that her hair was uncombed, and that she was wearing a long, dirty dress with the pockets hanging open. Her stockings had fallen down around her ankles, and snuff was running from the corners of her mouth.

"Lady," the pastor said, "your husband is not running around on you, he's running from you."

I could preach every night, so I invited another young preacher to assist me. I asked him to preach every other night. Even then I found preparing messages for the meeting about all I could handle.

I studied and made notes, and, when a sermon was finished, I went to the barn and practiced it on the chickens. If the hens cackled and the old rooster crowed, I thought I was doing all right.

Preaching to people was something entirely different. I was scared to death. I think I was shaking like a leaf. Somehow I made it through that meeting, and we had good results. Several responded to the invitations and professed to be saved. My next meeting was in a schoolhouse. It lasted two weeks, and I preached every night.

It was a difficult step from the plow handles to the pulpit, but with God's help I made it. I have followed a long trail since then. I have now been on that trail for 72 years. I have preached my way up from small churches in the Kentucky Knobs, in Bluegrass country, and in the mountains. The trail has led me to city churches, some of them huge, to large tent revivals, and city-wide meetings. And I have had the privilege of preaching to many of my preacher brethren. At first that was difficult, but I have come to enjoy ministering to them.

The Apostle Paul wrote of forgetting those things which were behind, but I have never tried to forget. I do not want to forget my roots. I want always to remember where I started, consider where I am now, and give glory to God for His blessings.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Peace Be Still

Rejoice, rejoice. I have much to teach you both. Think not that I withhold My Presence when I do not reveal more of My Truth to you.

You are passing through a storm. Enough that I am with you to say "Peace be still," to quiet both winds and waves.

It was one the quiet mountain slopes that I taught My disciples the Truths of My Kingdom, not during the storm.

So with you, the time of the mountain slopes will come, and you shall rest with Me and learn.

—Selected

The Common Tasks

The common tasks are beautiful if we
Have eyes to see their shining ministry.
The plowman with his share deep in
the loam,
The carpenter whose skilled hands
build a home,
The gardener working with reluctant
sod,
Faithful to his partnership with God—
These are the artisans of life, and oh,
A woman with her eyes and cheeks
aglow,
Watching a kettle, tending a scarlet
flame,
Guarding a little child—there is no
name
For these great ministries, and eyes are
dull
That do not see that they are beautiful,
That do not see within the common
tasks
The simple answer to the thing God
asks
Of any child, a pride within his breast:
That at our given work we do our best.

—Grace Noll Crowell



FILL THE SPACES

(Continued From Page 1)

will slide down between the larger materials, and, even then between the granules of sand, if you empty yonder jug, there will be space for all the water, and for the same quantity several times repeated. Where there is no space for the great, there may be room for the little; where the little cannot enter, the less can make its way; and where the less is shut out, the least of all my find ample room. So, where time is, as we say, fully occupied, there must be stray moments, occasional intervals, and snatches, which might hold a vast amount of little usefulness in the course of months and years. What a wealth of minor good, as we think it to be, might be shaken down into the interstices of ten years' work, which might prove to be as precious in result by the grace of God, as the greater works of the same period.

C. H. Spurgeon

Hope ,When There Is No Hope

And when neither sun nor stars in many days appeared, . . . all hope that we should be saved was then taken away (Acts 27:20).

Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer: for I believe God, . . . (Acts 27:25).

These verses are taken from a chapter that describes the ordeal Paul and the others on the boat with him endured in a storm at sea. Conditions could not have been worse. Experienced sailors had done all they could to save the ship, but to no avail. They had thrown the cargo and the tackling of the ship overboard to lighten it. Then they had given up trying to control the ship and had let the wind drive it where it would. Finally all on board, except Paul, abandoned all hope of being saved.

Paul fasted and prayed for many days. Then he heard from Heaven. His courage returned, and he stood on the deck of the ship and shouted, . . . *be of good cheer: . . .*

The sun did not break through the clouds; the wind did not abate, but there was hope. Paul said, . . . *for I believe God, . . .* When things go wrong, we need people of faith. Often they can give us hope when we think there is no hope.

-Louis Arnold Sel. "Day Starters"

Which Are You?

- An attender or an absenter?
- A pillar or a sleeper?
- A wing or a weight?
- A power or a problem?
- A promoter or a provoker?
- A giver or a getter?
- A goer or a gadder?
- A doer or a deadhead?
- A booter or a bucker?
- A supporter or a sponger?
- A soldier or a sorehead?
- A worker or a worrier?
- A friend or a fault-finder?
- A helper or a hinder?
- A campaigner or a camper?

-The Baptist

FOOTNOTE ON HISTORY (Continued From Page 1)

of revolvers, strapped to their waist, and a dirk-knife dangling from their sides. They wore their hair and whiskers long and unkempt. More than a hundred men were gathered around the preacher when the tough men approached him, determined to see what stuff he was made of.

"Boys, I never knowed a camp to have any luck as long as there was a preacher in it," he said. Placing his hand on his revolver, he continued: "I'll give as much as the next feller to shoot every preacher that comes to this camp!"

The preacher did not tremble or make any move to leave. He had been in mining camps before, and he knew the thing to do was to get a laugh on the man who had made the threat. So, imitating the speech and manner of the tough man, he asked, "Did you ever read that passage in Shakespoke' epistle to the Egyptians, which says, 'And a preacher can draw a bead also?'"

A great shout went up from the crowd, and the tough man walked away crestfallen. The crowd pressed around the preacher, and he thought they were going to carry him into the saloon, but

another man spoke up.

"Hold on, boys; hold on!" he said. "This is the first preacher that ever came to this camp! By-and-by some of us will be turning up our toes, and we'll want a preacher to say something over us."

They gave the preacher no further trouble, and a short time later he met the tough man who had threatened him walking alone. "My friend, how long have you been in this camp?" he asked.

"Nigh on to two years," the tough man replied.

"Are your parents still living?" the preacher asked.

"I got the best old dad and mom back in Pennsylvania that you'll ever see, and don't you forget it."

"Do they know how you are living?"

"I wouldn't have them to know how I'm living for all the silver in that mountain," he replied, pointing toward the mountain by the mine.

The preacher was able to reach many of the rough men in the camp, and a church was soon organized and a comfortable building was erected.

Ed. Note: Material of this article was gleaned from an article written by Rev. E. A. Paddock, Weiser, Idaho, and printed in the November, 1897 **The Missionary Review.**

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Abe Sez

Abraham is a 34-inch miniature burro who lives at Gospel Acres.

“It’s been so dry this year that even my hooves are dry. I’ll be glad when it snows. I don’t like snow, but it’s better than dust.”



JUST TALKIN’

(Continued From Page 1)

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SELECTED QUOTES

Some of you people will not have time to walk long with the Lord because you have ben walking with the devil too long.

I would rather somebody would laugh at me here than to laugh at me in hell. I would rather somebody would laugh at me here than to hear Jesus say in Heaven, “Why didn’t you stand for me?” or to hear somebody say in Heaven at the judgment bar, “Why didn’t you warn me?”

Just as the sparks fly upward and as

the tree grows in the way it is bent, just so the unsaved man naturally turns to sin.

If you are ever saved you can’t go out in sin and enjoy it. Brother, a hog can wallow in the mud and enjoy it but a sheep can’t. If a sheep falls in the mud it will get up and shake itself, and if it comes to the hole again it will go around it.

— Louis Arnold

STOP AND THINK

If you have ever been born again, there is no way you can be unborn, you can’t unborn a birth.

—Selected "Food For Body and Soul"

PRAYER

Little Peter had been sent to the sands to play and warned not to go near the water. When mother called him in, he was wet through. To her reproaches he replied: “Yes, mummy, I did go into the water. But I prayed hard that I shouldn’t get wet.” Is not this how many people act with regard to harmful and forbidden things which they feel inclined to indulge in?

—Selected

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COMMENTS WE LOVE

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Ha. Actually, it was one of the best books that I’ve ever read. Thanks so much, and God bless,” Man who signed the guest book on my website.

“I got some books the last time Dr. Arnold was here. Those books *The Legend of Old Faithful* and *Out of the Night* are great Christian reading. I recommend all to read them. I’m looking forward to reading the books I am buying,” Lady, Glasgow, Kentucky.



Not Forgotten

You cannot be where God is not;
You cannot be by Him forgot;
Where’er you are, whate’er be your lot
God standeth by.

He draweth nigh when you’re alone;
Within His hand holdeth your own;
He giveth bread and not a stone,
When you are faint.

He knoweth all the ways you take;
He knoweth every pain and ache;
And you He never will forsake,
He knoweth His own.

—Mrs. M. M. Phinney

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