

OUR CALL TO JERUSALEM

by the late Elder A.N. Dugger

Many of our readers write and ask us how we came to be here in Jerusalem and how *The Mt. Zion Reporter* began. We are therefore reprinting, from an old issue of the "Reporter", this article, which is a testimony written by our late founder, Andrew N. Dugger, about how the Lord called him and his wife Effie to Israel to begin the ministry here. Although this article was written many years ago, and a lot has happened since, we believe it will be of interest to our readers, and it should also answer many questions.

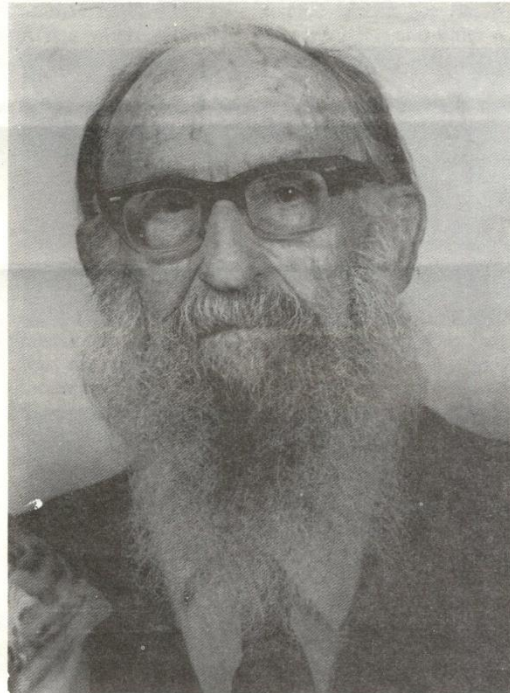
My father Elder A.F. Dugger was a self supporting minister of the gospel for fifty years. He never received a salary, but always trusted in the Almighty, for whom he was laboring, to supply his needs. He began preaching at the age of 16 and passed away at the age of 66, in the year 1910. He had always prayed that his two sons would follow in the ministry. Father and mother's prayers were answered.

Father gave me his old Bible before he died, but having one of my own, it was laid to one side in store. After his death, however, to my surprise, in turning through its old pages and reading the marked portions, I discovered on the 12th chapter of Daniel in father's well known hand writing the following: "The World War will begin 1912 to 1914." He had figured out the time period given in this chapter and also one by Moses. It is well known that this war began in the Balkans in 1912 spreading to the entire world in 1914. It says here the wicked would not understand this prophecy but the wise would understand. — Verse 10.

Knowing my father was a very righteous man, there was no way I could doubt the truth of his calculations, for he was numbered with the wise who would understand. In reading his writings further I found that this first world war was to deliver Jerusalem and the Holy Land from the Gentiles in preparation for the Jews to return and establish a nation of their own. I had been taught from a child, by both father and mother, that the Jews were to return to Jerusalem before the end of the age. Now that this world war was to begin in only two years, I was deeply stirred. I decided that I must give up school teaching and prepare to go to Jerusalem just as soon as the country was delivered and given over to the Jews.

My father was dead. I was teaching high school, and mother was with me keeping house. She loved to have company and prepare good meals for my high school boys who I brought home with me from time to time to spend the night. It was a dark clear night with the heavens sparkling with stars. A young boy about 18 had come home with me as our guest that night. We were outside together and suddenly the boy exclaimed with astonishment: "Where is that light coming from?" "Where is it coming from?" I said, looking up over our heads. High in the heavens, this light was flashing on and off. It was the form of a huge circle about the size of a large tractor wheel.

When it flashed on it came all around us and suddenly the light remained, ceasing to flash on and off. I was filled with a divine ecstasy which is not possible to explain, but it seemed as if there was no weight on my feet. A glorious feeling surged over me. I was praising the Almighty.



Andrew Nugent Dugger

When the light ceased about me I felt weight again on my feet. The boy had disappeared. As I ran to the house a few rods away to tell mother about the strange experience, the same light appeared about half way up in the heavens between over head and the horizon, and in the direction of Jerusalem from where we were in the State of Nebraska, U.S.A.

Excitedly I called for mother to come out and we stood together and watched the light for perhaps two or three minutes until it disappeared.

From that time Jerusalem was on my mind. Going to bed at night it was there, and getting up mornings it was there. I tried to throw it off, but could not do so. At times during the day, when I was alone, high up in the heavens and coming from the north, I would hear the most beautiful music. The sound of hundreds of instruments would be faintly heard. It would grow plainer and plainer and, passing over head, it would vanish away to

(continued on page 16)

OUR CALL TO JERUSALEM

(continued from page 5)

the southwest. The music came in waves, up and down, with perfect harmony. My brother was with me on one occasion when the music passed overhead. He exclaimed: "Where is that music coming from?" I said: "It is up in the heavens, the same as I have heard a number of times."

Father had taught in his writings the result of the world war — which, according to his calculation, would begin in 1912 and end in 1914 — would be to prepare for the return of the Jews to Jerusalem. Some of our readers may remember how the war ended, while others have learned from history that the very last event was the capture of Jerusalem by the Jewish Legion under General Allenby's command, leading the army from Egypt. As soon as Jerusalem had been delivered, as Isaiah pre-announced it would be, "as birds flying" (Isaiah 31:4, 5), the war ended.

The country was turned over to England for her protection, following the historical "Balfour Declaration". The idea was to give it to the Jews as their homeland.

My father had been Editor of the Church of God, leading paper, "Bible Advocate" at Stanberry Missouri. His health failing him, Elder Jacob Brinkerhoff was chosen in his place, but soon his health failed and he was taken to the hospital in St. Joseph, Missouri. The board met and chose me as Editor, where I remained until I resigned to go to Jerusalem.

The Heavenly Father calls different people into different places to serve Him, and we must all do our best in that station to which it has pleased Him to call us. I was definitely called here to Jerusalem for this very preparation work that is going on from here to the world. Miracle after miracle has happened in blessing the work and providing the means at different times as they were needed.

When I came here the first time, after resigning as Editor of the Bible Advocate, we spent the winter in London. While there, Brother Brown gave me a printing press which he shipped over here for us to use, and Brother Henry Cohen, a Jew who was waiting our arrival to be baptized, ran that machine all summer and printed one hundred and fifty thousand four-page tracts in Hebrew, which he and four other Jewish believers distributed all over Israel.

My mother was up in years so we returned to the United States with the intention of returning here later. In traveling from State to State and showing several hundred pictures on slides, my theme was mostly on the Bible prophecies concerning Israel and the Holy Land.

Two attempts were made during this time to get a paper started here to reach out to all the world, but both times it failed. My mother passed away, on the very day that Israel was born and became a nation. She always loved Israel, and died in her early nineties. Then I was free to go and remain where the Almighty had definitely called us, but by this time my son Andy and my oldest girl were both married, and had small children. My two younger girls were both in school, and it was very hard to leave all of them and go so far away. We therefore kept putting it off somewhat

similar, I presume, as Jonah did.

My wife Effie became very sick with the typhoid fever. She was given up to die on a certain Friday night by the doctors and nurses at a certain hospital in Portland, Oregon. She was bleeding inside faster than they could put blood into her, with a needle in each arm, from the blood bank.

It was a dark rainy night in September 1952 when, with my two girls, Naomi and Mary, ages 22 and 18, I went on top of the big hill above the hospital in Portland, Oregon, intending to pray all night for their mother, my wife Effie, that the death warrant would be cancelled. She was sure to die that Friday night.

I had returned to Oregon (where we had our home at that time) after an extended trip in Nigeria, West Africa, where, with five native ministers and Elder A.C. Olson of Wisconsin, we rode bicycles through the jungles, visiting groups of converts from the heathens. Soon after reaching home, I suddenly became ill. We thought it was just an ordinary sickness they call the flu. No doctor was called because we had not been accustomed to doing this in time of sickness, but prayers had always been amply sufficient, and wonderfully effective during the years we were raising our family.

My wife, however, owing to the severity of my sickness, and fearing I might have contacted some contagious disease while in Africa, called a physician for the safety of others calling on us. The doctor mistakenly pronounced it just the flu, while, in fact, it was the typhoid fever. At the time of my partial recovery, Effie took sick, and after she had lingered in a serious condition for several weeks with much internal bleeding, I examined an old doctor book and found that her symptoms corresponded to those of the typhoid. In the meantime, our children had all taken it and had recovered.

Effie was in a very serious condition and had not responded as usual to anointing and prayer. We had a blood test taken which proved it was typhoid fever so she was rushed immediately to the Contagious Isolation Hospital in Portland, Oregon, where she was given blood transfusions. Members of our local church offered blood, and considerable was given by Brother Yancy McGill, as it was of the same type, but the bleeding continued for nearly two weeks and instead of getting better, only grew worse and worse. They had to get blood daily from the blood bank in Portland.

My two girls, Naomi and Mary, stayed with me in Portland, and we fasted three periods of three days each and prayed for her recovery, but it was not effective, and she grew worse and worse. She was losing blood so fast they had to put a needle into each arm, and had put in eighteen pints of blood.

Finally, on Friday afternoon, the head doctor told me they had just taken a test and she was now losing blood faster than it was running in her at both arms. He said they could operate and remove the intestines that were bleeding, but she was too weak to stand an operation, and would never survive. He said there was nothing that could save her, and she would pass away sometime during that night.

It was a dark moon-less, rainy night, but, with the girls, I went on top of the big hill behind the hospital, among the tall trees, intending to stay there all night and pray. The rain was dropping down through the

trees onto us. We had our Bibles and a flashlight. Naomi would let the Bible fall open; then, with the aid of the flashlight, read awhile. Then we would kneel down and pray. This was repeated a number of times. Finally Naomi said: "Daddy, I know Mama is going to get well."

I said: "I know she is too."

That assurance came suddenly over both of us at the same time. I had that night repeated my vow that if the Heavenly Father would restore Effie back to health again, I would sell all of our belongings, and go to Jerusalem.

I had many times definitely felt the urge to go to Jerusalem and publish a paper there, but had made excuses. At night it would come to my mind. In the morning it would come again. It constantly plagued me, and I could not throw it off. It was on my mind that night.

I felt like I was a Jonah, and promised I would leave my children and grandchildren and go to Jerusalem if God would save my wife (see Jonah chapter one).

As we walked down the hill, at a late hour, through the weeds and brush, we saw, above the hospital, a plainly visible glow of light, like a small cloud the size of a door. It stood over the hospital building. We climbed over the big pasture gate, and walked around to the hospital entrance; went up the broad steps and walked inside. It was so timed that at that moment the head nurse of the hospital and the nurse taking care of my wife were walking down the wide central hall.

I stepped out in front of them and said: "How is my wife now?"

They replied: "There is no change yet."

I said: "Well there is going to be a change tonight."

"Why what do you mean?" was their answer.

I said: "We have been on the hill praying and we got an answer. She is going to get well."

The head nurse with an expression of disdain, straightened her back, lifted her head a little higher and without a word pranced down the hall. My wife's nurse, Mrs. Osborn, patted me on the shoulder and said: "Good for you."

At the desk they told me to leave them my telephone number so they could call me. I knew what it was all about, and would not give them the phone number, for it would show a lack of faith. We went to our rooms, and the next morning I got into my car, and drove to the girls' room, picked them up and we went to the hospital without any fear whatever.

We walked in and I asked: "How is my wife this morning?" They answered: "She stopped bleeding last night."

That was sufficient. We went into the room and talked with her. She was brighter than ever. It was only a few days until she was home with the family.

As we talked to her that morning, she suddenly said, "Did you hear that voice?" We said, "No, we did not hear anything." She said, "I heard a voice, and it said tell your husband to be sure to keep his promise." All of this was very miraculous for she knew nothing about the promise I had made on the hill that we would sell everything and go to Jerusalem.

We began making definite arrangements to go to Jerusalem. We sold our little place, paid off the mortgage, and got rid of the other little belongings. We

left our four children, two in school and two married and all of the grandchildren, and in a little less than a year were on our way here to Jerusalem, where we began publishing our magazine. We have witnessed His intervening hand many times, leading the way and providing the necessary means to keep the good work moving on and expanding.

When we arrived, owing to several thousand Jews coming daily, the whole country was crowded to overflowing. It was very hard to find a place to live. We first went to the Y.M.C.A., then to a hotel, but it was very expensive with our limited means. Finally, we got two rooms through an agent as the owners were leaving for six months vacation, and when the six months were expired we could not find any place to go. We prayed much about it, and at the very extremity of time, when we were going to have to move in a few days, I was given a very brief dream in the middle of the night. I saw a signboard hanging down from the ceiling of the room with a post office box number with four figures. It was in black English letters: P.O.B. - - - -. I awoke and my sleep broke from me. It was so strange, and seemingly meaningless, but I decided it must mean something good, so I mailed one of my magazines: "The Mount Zion Reporter" to this box number the following day.

In about a week, one of our friends, an elderly man, a Jewish believer, came to our room telling me he had found a group of believers having meetings in the south part of Jerusalem.

I said: "Well that is fine. I would like to have their address." He said, "Here is their card" pulling a small card from his pocket.

To my surprise, when I looked at it, I found their P.O.B. number the very same I had seen in the dream. I showed it to my wife, and we walked over there, about a half mile, and called on these people. They wanted to know our address. We told them we did not have any for we had to move at once and could not find a place to go. The brother said: "A lady told us a few days ago she had a good big place to rent," and he offered to take us over there, and that is where we live now, and have our publishing house. The lady that owned it had been born and raised here, and her father and mother had passed away here. She said: "You folks remind me of my father and mother," and she just took us right in, and would not take any rent for six months. Later we bought the whole property.

During the terrible bombing of Jerusalem, bombs fell all around us in the lightning war of 1967 but not one struck this property or our church near the border.

We thank and praise our loving Heavenly Father for this wonderful protection and many more similar miraculous leadings of His Spirit since coming here. □

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

All checks, money orders, and bank drafts, etc., sent in should be made payable to: **The Mount Zion Reporter**. All letters should be addressed to:

The Mount Zion Reporter
P.O. Box 10184
Jerusalem - Israel.