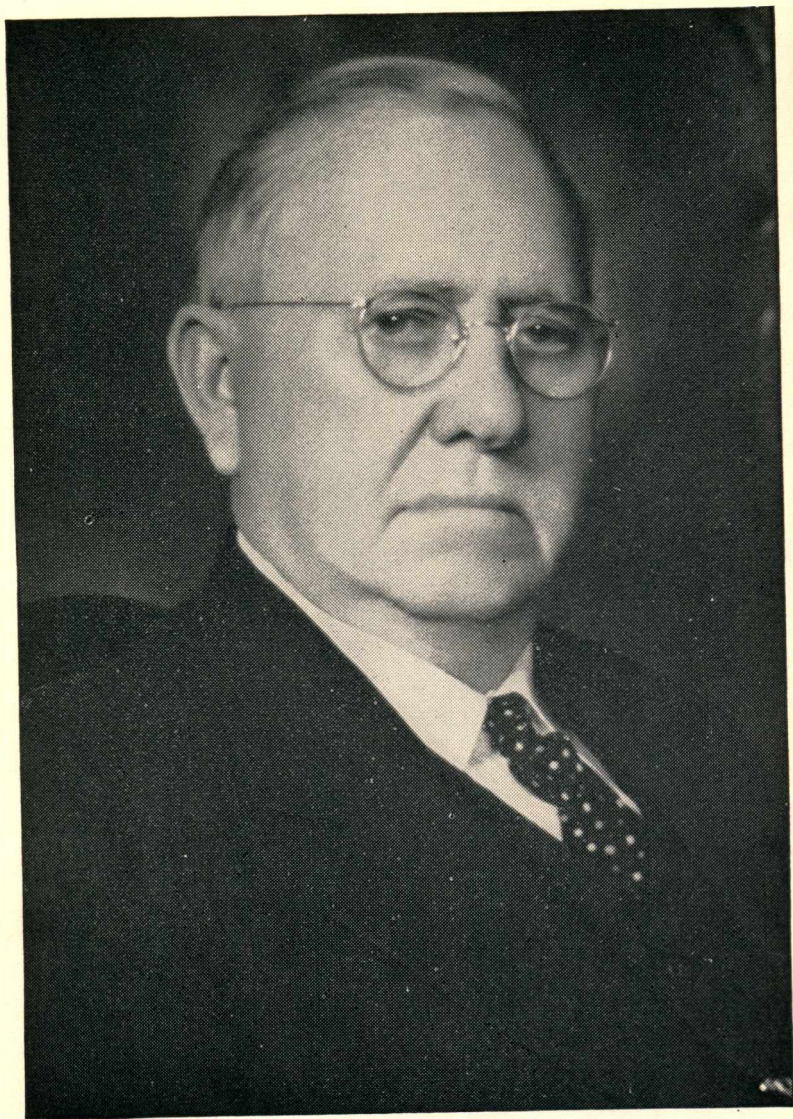


Bud
Robinson

A BROTHER
BELOVED

J. B. CHAPMAN



BUD ROBINSON
1860-1942

Did You Say He Is Gone?

By Haldor Lillenas

Bud Robinson gone!

*Did you say he is gone from this valley of tears?
That no longer a traveler on earth he appears?
He who traveled its highways for many long years,
Did you say, did you say, he is gone?*

Bud Robinson gone!

*Did you say he is gone, that his tongue has been stilled?
He whose "Sunshine and Smiles" all the nation has filled;
That the cup of his wonderful life has been filled?
Did you say, did you say, he is gone?*

Bud Robinson gone!

*Did you say he is gone to that shadowless land?
Shall we meet him again on that fair, golden strand?
Has the soldier obeyed his great Captain's command,
Did you say, did you say, he is gone?*

Bud Robinson gone!

*Did you say he is gone? No, he lives with us yet,
All his sayings and deeds we shall never forget;
He will live with the years so we shall not regret
His home going—he lives with us yet!*

BUD ROBINSON

A Brother Beloved

By

J. B. Chapman, D. D.



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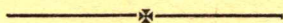


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PREFACE

Bud Robinson has gone! It still seems strange that his chats no longer appear in the *Herald of Holiness*. His long lists of subscriptions come no more to delight and amaze us. He has gone—gone to be with his Jesus whom he loved so devotedly. But the blessed influence of his life lives on, reminding us how the grace of God triumphs over human limitations.

Upon receiving word of Bud Robinson's home-going my thoughts at once turned to the need of a biography that would extend that influence and present the story of his remarkable life to thousands of friends and also to the many who had not been privileged to see and hear him.

Wanting to lose no time in securing the family's approval for such a book, a long distance call was made to Rev. George Wise, a son-in-law, in Pasadena, California. The family's consent was quickly given.

Next came the problem of selecting someone to prepare the manuscript. This was not so easily solved, the task being an arduous one and requiring immediate action. Considerable research would be involved. The biographer must be someone with an adequate background of the earlier days of the church in which Bud Robinson did most of his work. The assignment also would demand an individual who would have a sympathetic understanding of the subject's handicaps and limitations, as well as an appreciation of his points of strength.

All these factors pointed to Dr. J. B. Chapman. His contacts with Bud Robinson at Peniel, Texas; their relationship as editor and contributor; Dr. Chapman's

popularity as a writer both within and outside our own denomination—all seemed to indicate him as the logical choice.

Knowing something about his crowded schedule of speaking engagements and an already full load of writing, I rather hesitated to approach him on the subject. However, I made bold to state my case, and was delighted as well as amazed at his ready acquiescence to the proposition.

At the time, we were together at the Kansas City District Preachers' Convention. During the two days, Dr. Chapman frequently conferred with me about various points in regard to the proposed book. His enthusiasm seemed to mount hourly. Later, I wrote Dr. Chapman that his absorption in and devotedness to the task made me feel that my choice had been inspired.

From here on the book must speak for itself. It's now a case of proving the pudding. My close perspective may disqualify me as a competent judge. But I do think that our author has given a true picture of his subject. The case has neither been understated nor exaggerated. And Bud Robinson would have it that way. I believe he would approve the direct style of writing. I am sure that he would appreciate in particular the chapter of "Incidents and Sayings." He might forsooth be amazed at the things he said and did that live in the memory of his friends and that are now made available to all who wish to read. In my fancy I can hear Bud Robinson's inimitable chuckle at some of these anecdotes in which he figured with such ready wit and keen repartee.

And so we present to you Dr. Chapman's story of Bud Robinson, A Brother Beloved who loved his Lord supremely and his fellowmen unselfishly.

P. H. LUNN.

CHAPTER ONE

A BROTHER BELOVED

“Brother Robinson, I want you to meet Brother J. B. Chapman, a young evangelist and a friend of mine.” From the couch rose a well-built man in his early forties, full-bearded, dressed in a Prince Albert suit, giving every evidence of measureless vitality and fairly beaming with hospitality. He extended his hand and gave me such a warm greeting as one would expect only from an old familiar friend. He inquired about my work and soon discovered and spoke lovingly of “Lonnie” Rogers and others whom we both knew. Three minutes earlier, at the door of the imposing looking house in which the great preacher and his family lived among a dozen or more young theologues, I had all but backed out of making the visit; five minutes later he and his wife, “Miss Sally,” were offering me a home with the rest of the students there in order that I might go to school.

Thus, more than forty years ago, I first met Bud Robinson. It was late in the autumn of 1901, while visiting the college at Peniel, Texas. On the campus I met O. B. Kelley, a student whose acquaintance I had made earlier that year, and he told me that he was rooming and boarding in the home of Bud Robinson. Of course I had heard the name of Bud Robinson, and to find myself right in his home town was something rather more than I expected.

Brother Kelley assured me that Bud Robinson was without doubt one of the greatest preachers in the world and one of the best and most hospitable men one could meet in a lifetime. Along with his song of praise he continued to mingle invitations to accompany him to Bud Robinson's home where he was sure I would be welcome. He even assured me the great evangelist was anxious to meet me! Yet I could not quite put away the feeling that my attempt to see so important a personage was an unseemly intrusion. Who was I, an amateur preacher not yet out of my teens, that Bud Robinson should care to be bothered with being told my name? The feeling never lasted beyond the moment Bud Robinson took my hand.

Early in the visit he asked, "Have you come here to go to school?" When I said I could not enter school just then, he at once supposed my reluctance was based upon a lack of funds for expenses and said, "Now, you really don't have to have much money to go to school here. You can room right here with us. Miss Sally will give you a place at the table, and your living will not cost you a cent. Then if you can manage some way to arrange for your tuition at the school, you can get along all right." Just then Sister Robinson entered the room and he called her to witness that I would be received and welcomed. I went from his presence dazed and very nearly overcome. Outside I commented to Brother Kelley that surely the Robinsons did not mean that I could come there on so short acquaintance and be received and given room and board without price. Surely these people would not take a chance like that

on one whom they knew practically nothing about and whom they had just now seen for the first time. But Brother Kelley assured me they were perfectly sincere, and he joined in urging me to take them at their word, to cancel my evangelistic engagements and come at once to prepare for larger usefulness in the work of the ministry.

I did not make the arrangement and was never a student guest in the Robinson home, but I shall never forget that wonderful man, that wonderful woman and that wonderful home. From that day to the morning late in August, 1942, when a number of us from the Pasadena Camp Meeting ate our last breakfast with Bud Robinson, I was always remembered; and not once in that forty years was there ever a word or deed to mar the good impression of friendship and interest which a ministerial novice received on his first meeting with this great preacher.

When Rev. P. H. Lunn, Assistant Manager of the Nazarene Publishing House, approached me with the information that I had been selected to compile and write the life story of Bud Robinson, I began to ask, "What was Bud Robinson to the people who knew him and to those who heard of him, never having seen him?" I could not escape the conviction that to all Bud Robinson was "a brother beloved." It seems to me that there can be no title for his story like the name of the man, and that there is no subtitle more nearly the equivalent of that name than "A Brother Beloved."

One of the marvels of Bud Robinson was his ability to remember details. During the period when he trav-

eled the nation by train he could tell you from memory what railways served the different cities and towns, and often he could tell you the schedules of the principal trains. It has been said that at one time he knew and could quote from memory at least one-fifth of the Bible, and his mind was stored with all the useful information he ever obtained from reading or from listening to others talk.

Bud Robinson's recollection of faces and names was even more remarkable than his memory of places and things. I never heard an estimate of the number of people whose names he could recall upon sight, but I know the number was large beyond any reasonable comparison. This uncanny ability was used, not only on the great and near great, but upon the lowliest people whom he ever met. Along with his ready recognition and ability to call the name was his easy practice of recalling something complimentary about that person or his friends. If he ever ate a meal in the home he would remember the articles of food served and would mention details that made one know at once he was not generalizing.

He made everyone he met his friend. He was thoughtful of old people and patient with them beyond any reasonable expectation. He could always say something nice, and mean it, about little babies and their mothers. Strong men always thought of him as strong also. Poverty never failed to move him, and he would share his meal with the most dilapidated tramp that happened along. On the other hand, he was never overawed by the rich or the educated. He labored on

equal terms with the greatest preachers of his day: men like H. C. Morrison, Will H. Huff, Joseph Smith, Ed Ferguson and W. B. Godbey; he was often in revivals in Dr. Bresee's great church in Los Angeles. He was never embarrassed by the other's strength and never critical of the other's weakness. He would "boost" when a stripling tried to preach in his presence, and he would weep and shout when a veteran of the cross blew the gospel trumpet.

Bud Robinson was transparently sincere. He practiced all the things that psychologists recommend, but he practiced them without design or effort. He was wise in that he never claimed to be wise. He would stand up before a crowd or talk with an individual with the same show of interest. The large crowds did not frustrate him, the small crowds did not discourage him, and he met the individual with such perfect naturalness that one was bound to feel flattered by his attention. He could talk of his want of opportunity and of his lack of sense, and grow in the estimation of all while he did it. Once he was called upon to speak in the educational service at a District Assembly. In his opening remarks he said, "The only reason I can see for their asking me to speak in an educational anniversary is that by this means they can demonstrate how much preachers need to be educated." From this he went on to tell how he learned to read out of the New Testament after he was grown, studying by moonlight, catching a few words from the page while he turned his team at the end of the corn rows and seeking by hardest methods to know and understand the truths of

the gospel he felt called to preach. He was quite sincere in telling his own educational limits, but at the end of his talk his hearers felt that an interest in learning half as great as Bud Robinson's would result in their obtaining an education.

Within the last three years Bud Robinson was the principal speaker in the night services at a convention where I was speaker for the day meetings, but Bud Robinson was moved with the idea that I should speak in at least one of the night services, since, as he said, some people would not get to hear me in the daytime. I consoled him by proposing that he preach each night, and I would follow with an exhortation and invitation to people to come to the altar to seek the Lord. There were more than twenty seekers at each of the two night services, and Bud Robinson was so happy that he suggested the two of us form an evangelistic party. He said he would preach and I could exhort and we would have revivals everywhere. He was clearly glad that our combination seemed to work successfully, and that was all that mattered to him.

He was always in earnest. Many people laughed at his unique humor, and he laughed, too, but beneath it all there was with him a desire to do good and to save the souls of men that never weakened. When the first camp meeting was held at Columbus, Ohio, the committee, headed by Rev. N. B. Herrell, engaged C. W. Ruth, Bud Robinson, C. R. Chilton and me as the preachers. This was a rather full complement of preachers, and the committee told Bud Robinson that they wanted him there primarily that the people might

meet him, and that they would not expect him to take full turn with the younger men. They proposed that he preach only three times during the camp—once in the afternoon, once in the morning and once at a night service. He was assigned a tent and told that he need not attend meeting regularly and that he should spend much of his time resting, but Bud Robinson was on hand for all the major services, made a good hand at the altar, visited much with the people and took advantage of his light preaching schedule to go miles into the country to visit homes where there was a chance of doing good. I observed to Brother Herrell that it was evident Bud Robinson did not work because of necessity, but because of his real and genuine interest.

There was a "holy recklessness" and interesting abandon about Bud Robinson, especially in his pulpit ministrations, but for all that, he was a discriminating thinker and was thoroughly and consistently orthodox. Theological aberrations found no sympathy in his heart and mind. He was soundly scriptural and thoroughly Wesleyan. There were times when his applications of scriptures were personal and somewhat accidental. He often did what Spurgeon called "utilizing the text," but the gospel he preached from the utilized text was always sound and dependable. He was never carried away by any cult or counted as a supporter of any heresy. He was sometimes, during his long career of more than sixty-two years in the ministry, associated with those who later lost their bearings, but Bud Robinson, like Lincoln, agreed with men and went with them when they were right and parted company with

them when they went wrong. Because of this he was at one time the object of unjust criticism. Under criticism he was patient and followed the example of his Master in refusing to open his mouth in his own defense. Time justified Bud Robinson and proved his worth and his mettle, and for many years before the time of his decease he was beloved of his friends and appeared to have no enemies anywhere.

Although Bud Robinson was better known as a man of love, he was yet a man of high moral principles. He was painstaking in his own practices and was bold and definite in condemning sin and reproving crookedness and hypocrisy. Once in describing John Appell, the leader of the great camp meeting at Waco, Texas, Bud Robinson said, "When the Lord made John Appell He used only galvanized iron and barbed wire; there is no molasses or honey in his makeup." And those who were the subjects of Bud Robinson's Nathanlike reproof had occasion to know that while there were large quantities of molasses and honey in his constituency, there were also goodly portions of iron and blue steel in his makeup, too.

Bud Robinson had not the slightest streak of doubt as to the inspiration and dependability of the Bible, and his intimate knowledge of the Book saved him from being lopsided. He knew what the Bible said on every important subject, and based his doctrines upon the full revelation and not upon some selected portion of it. Enforcing what he found in his Bible was his own experience. He had seen the seamy side of life in the days when he was a great sinner. He knew the depravity of

the human heart from intimate contact with its fruits. He was himself the subject of an epoch-making transformation through grace. He was ever bold to offer hope and deliverance to the most abandoned. He found such full grace for his own need that he could not but preach "full salvation from all sin for all men through the blood of Jesus Christ." His walk with God was so Enochlike that he lived always in the vestibule of heaven, and harbored not the slightest fear that the future held anything but good for him and for all who are saved through Jesus' blood. He was always sure that God was with him, and that He would overrule when He was not permitted to rule. Even when he felt that the end of his days was near at hand there was no expression either of regret or impatience. The example proved again that the gentle are the strong. He did not shrink nor rush headlong. God's way was, as ever, his way, too.

The great men of the world have been of two general types—the Elijah type and the Elisha type. Elijah inspired fear and respect in the hearts of those who knew him, and when he was taken to heaven there was a distinct sense of loss—something in the order of a national calamity. Elisha was the intimate of the common man. People loved to have Elisha in their homes. They expected him to live among them, listen to their stories of sorrow and of hope, and when he died there was a sense of personal loss on the part of every person who knew him. Bud Robinson was of the Elisha type. He was a great preacher—a preacher of national and international reputation: it has been said that Bud

Robinson is more quoted in even the universities and seminaries of the country than practically any other preacher of his day. He was an author of note. He was one of the most traveled men one would ever meet. Yet we all thought of him as a friend and intimate. Even when he was in the pulpit with the great crowds before him, we all felt that he knew we were there, and that he was trying to help us as much as he would try to do if we were to go to him in private. We liked him because he seemed to be preaching *for* us, rather than *to* us. Then when he used illustrations, he used ones familiar to us all. They were stories from the real lives of real people, and the fact that the man before us had been in the same sort of common places that we had been in ourselves made us feel unafraid both of him and of what life's rough experiences could do to us. If I were to say now that a great preacher has gone from us, if I spoke of a unique philosopher, a popular writer or a great philanthropist, my words would be approved, but the approval would be without enthusiasm. But our hearts respond when we realize "a brother beloved" has lifted anchor and sailed on to the other side. We are bereaved by the going away of a familiar friend. And yet in death, as in life, he still serves us as one from another plane of life could not do. The very fact that Bud Robinson is dead is proof that death is not altogether a calamity. We have an incurable conviction that evil cannot really befall one so holy and harmless as he was. We are sure Bud Robinson has gone to heaven, and his going makes us feel that going to heaven is not so difficult as many think. On earth

his message was that what he could do any of us could do, and that same message comes back to us now from the city on high. We think of him in heaven still as our "brother beloved."

Bud Robinson laid no claim to greatness. In fact it was his claim that what he did was done in spite of the fact that he was born in poverty, was afflicted with epilepsy for a number of years in his earlier life, had no opportunities for formal education, was marked by a *biased* mouth and a lisping tongue, and burdened with limitations enough to "sink a battleship." The average person who sat and listened could not escape the feeling that if Bud Robinson could travel two million miles, write twenty books, help more than a hundred young people to get an education, preach more than thirty-three thousand times and lead a hundred thousand souls to Christ, almost anyone could make his mark in life if he would but devote himself to God and to the task of doing good. And yet we shall none of us see his like again on earth. Perhaps that is well. It will make it possible for us to enshrine the one Bud Robinson in our memories and take with us to the city of God the blessed fruitage of his deathless ministry to us and to all who knew him either personally or through his public life. Heaven seems more like home now that Bud Robinson is there.

CHAPTER TWO

THE ROBINSON FAMILY

A windowless log cabin with a mud chimney that extended only halfway up the side of the cabin, a dirt floor in the one room, a hollow log for a cradle and very little other furniture—everything about the place branded it as a drunkard's home. And there, in the mountains of White County, Tennessee, on January 27, 1860, was born the child whom his parents named Reuben Robinson. It is nowhere stated in the sketches the man left behind just when and by whom he was first dubbed "Bud," but whoever gave him the name did a good job, for during all the years when he was engaged in preaching and writing no one ever knew him by any other name than "Bud Robinson."

The Robinsons were among the poorest of the poor in the Tennessee mountains. I think, however, there is ample evidence to justify the statement of Dr. C. A. McConnell that there were "generations of educated, cultured Scotch-Irish back of him." Bud himself says there was a time before his birth when his father was one of the largest tax payers in the county. It was liquor drinking, liquor making and liquor selling that brought the Robinson family into straits, and Bud never found it possible to show the slightest favor to the practices and to the traffic that brought about the conditions which existed in his childhood home. In that

mountain community, eighty-three years ago, drinking and drunkenness were all but universal, and the low moral standards which usually accompany liquor were there with a vengeance. Opportunities for education were meager, and such as were offered were not largely used: Bud Robinson had not yet learned to read when he was converted at twenty years of age.

Bud's earliest recollections were his father's absence in the army while his mother sought by all means to keep the family from freezing and starving, and the intrusion of a union soldier who took away their last work horse, old "Gin." At the close of the Civil War the father returned and the Robinson family moved to Tipper County, Mississippi. For a while the father attempted farming but soon resumed his making and selling of whisky. In a disagreement with the owner of the still, he narrowly missed either being killed or becoming a murderer. Next he tried the tar business. Finally, four years after coming to Mississippi, more reduced in fortune than ever, the Robinsons returned to the mountains of Tennessee.

Mother Robinson undoubtedly had been converted some time in early life. Bud remembers seeing her, when he was about twelve years old, come from the spring carrying their water supply and shouting the praises of God. But amidst the tests and trials of life, she seems not to have continued as a settled Christian.

About this time, in 1872, Bud's father, then sixty years old, died. The mother grew restless in those mountains "a hundred miles from a railroad, fifteen

miles from a postoffice, many miles to the old water mill, without churches and without schools." The three older children soon struck out on their own, and Mother Robinson was left with the ten younger children to care for. Bud was sixteen when she finally decided to migrate to Texas with her fatherless, poverty-stricken family.

She sold her few belongings and went ten miles to get a man to bring his wagon and take her and her family to Nashville, where they could get the train. The trip of one hundred miles to Nashville required three days and nights, and the train trip from Nashville to Dallas, Texas, required another three days and nights. The family landed, on September 18, in a straggling village on the banks of the Trinity River—Dallas in the year of 1876. The country about was largely given over to stock raising. Bud's mother soon found work for her sixteen-year-old son on a stock ranch, and thus was he launched upon the questionable career that usually engulfed a cowboy in those days. Moreover, the owner of the ranch was a Universalist and a skeptic. Being altogether uninformed and unregenerated, Bud readily absorbed the theories and imitated the examples of his employer and his family. The theory was that God brought them into the world without their consent and would take them out without their permission, and being a merciful God he was bound to take them to heaven. During his first week in that home they taught Bud to play cards. A few nights later they had a big country dance and the ranchman's

wife led Bud out on the floor to give him his first lessons in dancing. In a little while there were horse races, inasmuch as the ranchman and his brothers owned a race horse. Four years of life amidst such surroundings made Bud as "wild as an antelope," and it looked as though his doom was sealed for this world and the world to come.

But shortly after the move to Texas, Mother Robinson made a new start and, in addition to finding the peace of salvation for her own soul, prayed effectively for her children. At the age of twenty Bud was converted, and he gave much credit to her prayers and solicitations.

In "My Life's Story" Bud Robinson tells of his last meeting with his mother, more than forty years later. "After the closing Sunday (at Arlington), on Monday, I ran down to Hubbard City, Texas, to visit my old mother, who was at that time eighty-seven years of age. I spent two days with her. My little niece, Miss Eula Kain Hammers, took Mother and me to visit many of the beautiful old saints who listened to me preach over forty years ago. In those days I was a mere boy and they were middle aged men and women. When I went to see them many of them were from seventy-five to ninety years of age. I will never forget that little trip. My mother and I sang old hymns together in every home and the old saints would shout together. That trip lingers with me yet. That was the last time I ever looked on my beautiful old mother's face. The

morning I left her, I will never forget. Mother and I sang and quoted scripture and shouted together.

"After reading and praying together and having a shouting spell, I had to tell Mother goodby. Neither of us thought we would ever meet again in this world. The last time I saw Mother she was standing in the yard waving her hand at me and shouting just as loud as she could whoop. The next time that I see her will be at the great marriage supper of the Lamb."

That was May, 1920. In November, 1921, Bud was in a convention in Henryetta, Oklahoma. His mother was sick in Hubbard City, Texas, and those present asked if they should send for Buddie. But that heroic old mother said, "Why, children, don't you know Buddie is in a meeting, and what if he should come to see me go up and get my crown and a dozen souls should be lost?" And on that very night a dozen did come and give their hearts to God. An hour after the service closed a long distance telephone message notified the son that his mother had gone to heaven. At the close of the convention in Henryetta, Bud went to Hubbard City, to be with the loved ones for two days, but he could not bear to go out to the cemetery. "For I knew," said he, "that Mother was not there. I left Hubbard City, headed for the City in the skies."

In "Sunshine and Smiles" Bud tells how he prayed and worked for the salvation of his brothers after his own conversion. "They were all very wicked and drank and used tobacco and were profane swearers and seemed to take no interest in their own salvation. I prayed for

them for several years before they seemed to yield and come to the Lord. I have gone to town and hauled them home in a two-horse wagon so drunk they could not get up. I would unload them and sit up with them during the night and pray for them and keep them from fighting with each other. After many years' struggling and praying, the Lord saved my two youngest brothers, and in a short time after they were saved, He called them to preach. They worked for the Lord a few years and were very faithful and true and were filled with the Holy Ghost. Right in the bloom of youth they both died and went to heaven praising God." The oldest brother who was a desperate drunkard and drug fiend, and the second oldest, who was a great sinner but not an addict to tobacco or opium, were converted finally.

In September, 1891, Bud Robinson went to Georgetown, Texas, to enter Southwestern University preparatory school to fit himself better for the work of the ministry. There he met Miss Sally Harper, a well-educated and highly cultured lady, and on the 10th of January, 1893, they were married. Miss Harper brought to Bud Robinson the very qualities he lacked most, and contributed to his making in a measure which cannot be estimated. She was his adviser and teacher, as well as his wife, lovingly called "Miss Sally" during their lifelong companionship. Sally Robinson preceded her husband to the heavenly city by just two years, and it is a joy to think of them together again now in the "Plains of Light."

The Robinsons had two children, Sally and Ruby. Sally married Rev. W. A. Welch, and Ruby married Rev. George C. Wise. Both the Welches and the Wises live in California, and both families are blessed with boys and girls that do credit to the name of their worthy grandfather. Some of the grandchildren are ministers or ministers' wives, and all the children of both generations are fully devoted to the ideals of Bud and Sally Robinson whose memory they fondly cherish.

Bud Robinson was devoted to his home and family, but his passion for his work of evangelism was so fierce that he was not often at home, and did not usually stay long when he did come. This was the great sacrifice which a calling like his demanded. The Robinson home in Peniel, Texas, was the largest house in that college town, and wherever Bud went in those days he was wont to tell of the joy his home brought to him, and he was glad to make it a place where young men in training for the ministry could stay. His home in Pasadena, California, was, likewise, a roomy, homey place, a large house surrounded with lawns and fruit trees and shrubs—just such a place as would call to one from distant parts and be hard to leave when the time came for further wanderings. Much of the time this home, too, was a place to remember and talk about, so far as its owner was concerned. Perhaps it was always in his mind that when his active days were over, he would like to be at home: however he continued active to such a late day as to make that final stay a short one. In the meantime, before his fighting strength had

failed, "Miss Sally" entered into rest; and when he came home for the last time, he was tenderly cared for by children and grandchildren. That surely was as he would have had it, for it was as God arranged it.

CHAPTER THREE

BUD ROBINSON'S PERSONAL CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE

The sun was slipping down the western sky one hot summer day in the year 1880 when an old-fashioned Methodist circuit rider came up to a Texas ranchhouse. A wild young cowboy, called Bud Robinson, was commissioned to water and feed his horse. Fearlessly and as a matter of course the old preacher said grace at the table and as soon as supper was over read a long chapter out of the Bible and prayed as lustily as though he were in a camp meeting. He was definite and personal in his prayer, too—so much so that Bud thought the old preacher knew everything about them. Early the next morning the preacher was up and outside for "secret prayer," but his secret prayer could be heard all over the place. Then there were thanks at the breakfast table and another family worship service.

The old preacher at his departure shook hands with all, saying, "My friends, I can't get back to see you for a month," and rode away singing, "Amazing Grace, How Sweet the Sound!" Reporting the meeting, Bud says, "Though I was not saved and did not know God, it seemed to me that Jesus Christ had come to the frontier of Texas in the life of this preacher and that the devil was in a pack of wolves and the devil was fleeing before Christ."

At the end of the month the man of God came again and stayed three days that time. There were more prayers, more thanks at the table, more songs of victory. At the end of the stay the preacher announced that he was going to hold a camp meeting about eighteen or twenty miles away during the month of August, and that they were all invited to come. People came from distances as far as two hundred and fifty miles to the camp meeting, and the rich ranchman on whose place the meeting was held furnished beef for all. A spirit of revival came on the people.

Bud's story of his part in the camp is as follows: "Deep conviction had settled down on me the second day. I felt that I was lost. One day the preachers asked the workers to go down into the crowd and find a sinner and pray for him wherever they found him. A beautiful old mother with white hair and the finest face I ever saw came through the crowd. She looked like you could take a rag and wipe heaven off her face. She found me sitting on the back bench. There was no need of her saying, 'Young man, are you a sinner?' She looked at me and knew no Christian ever looked like I did. She went down before me on her knees and put her hands upon my bare knees where they were sticking through my dirty overalls and prayed for me as loud as she could. The devil got up and said, 'If you don't give her a cussing she never will quit.' But it seemed the Lord said, 'Don't you cuss this woman, she is praying for your lost soul.' Then it seemed to me the devil said, 'If you don't get up and run they are

going to get you.' But, beloved, God had come on the scene. I tried to get up, but could not get off of the bench. It seemed as though I were glued to it while the devil hissed in my face. That beautiful mother prayed louder and louder, and finally began to shout; and rising on her knees she commenced to beat me on the head until I thought I was going to sink through the ground into the pit. The old mother shouted as long as she wanted to, and when she finally arose she looked like she was half glorified."

The arrow of conviction stuck in Bud's heart. That night, in the midst of a tremendous altar service, such as were expected in the old-time camp meetings, he made his way to the place of prayer, taking with him such a burden for sins as one cannot long carry and live. There was around that altar such a prayer meeting that Bud afterward described it as "a life and death struggle." At the close of that prayermeeting Bud Robinson was converted and blessed with such an ecstasy that he could never describe it except by saying "the bottom of heaven dropped out and my soul was filled with light and joy."

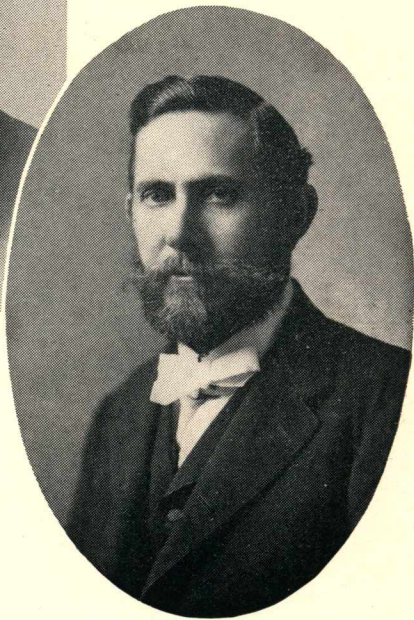
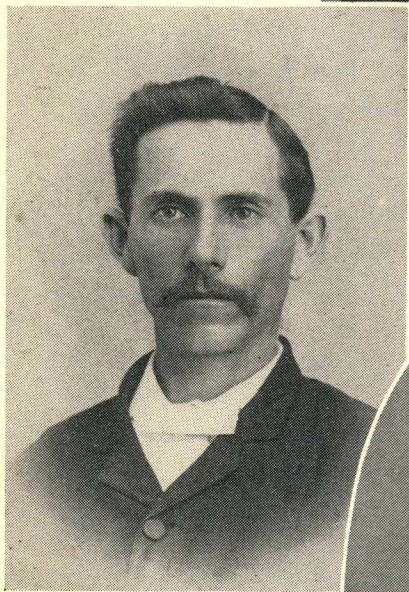
That was on August 11, 1880. That very night as he lay under the wagon, he testified, "God called me to preach."

The crisis of conversion was so radical in the case of Bud Robinson that his whole subsequent course in life was related to that experience even as the tree is related to its root. To Bud Robinson all that was back of the August day in 1880 was always as distant as

though it had occurred during some previous visit to this planet. There was never any expression that suggested he felt any sense of loss in giving up the old life for the new. He was a pauper, he said, as a sinner, and he became a millionaire in one second by coming to Christ. His ragged, dirty clothes which he wore on the night of his conversion were always to him a symbol of his spiritual poverty and uncleanness. But that old-time conversion was not all ecstasy and demonstration, for it was followed by a changed life. The change was immediate and radical, so that from the very first, observers were convinced of the reality of the inner transformation because of the outer change which they could see.

The very next morning following his conversion, Bud went to the testimony meeting and there received such an outpouring of the Spirit as to confirm him and all present in the things of God. The manner in which the people responded to the leadership of this new convert was just a token and a prophecy of what was to come in the years ahead when that new convert would be one of the most sought after camp meeting preachers in the nation. At the close of that testimony meeting, Bud joined the Methodist Church and was baptized by effusion.

Summing up the story of his conversion, Bud says, in "My Life's Story": "Thank God for the fact that I had been converted, joined the church, taken the church vows and had been baptized. I was now on the road to heaven, in poverty, yet a millionaire; without a home,



BUD ROBINSON—

- (1) *Soon after he was converted and began his ministry*
- (2) *Taken about 1893*
- (3) *Taken during his residence at Peniel, Texas.*

yet all heaven was mine. No doubt the reader has read the book, 'Twice Born Men.' I know what that means, for I was born the first time on the 27th day of January, 1860, in the mountains of Tennessee, but I was born the second time on the 11th day of August, 1880, on the beautiful prairies of dear old Texas. Herein lies the difference between the two: I was born a rascal the first time, as one of the first recollections of my life was that of stealing something. I was born a Christian the second time, and for more than forty-seven years (written in 1928) I haven't taken a thing in the world that did not belong to me."

At the close of the camp meeting Bud quit his job on the ranch and returned to his mother's home. Three months after his conversion, he attended a Sunday school for the first time in his life. Although he could not read, he listened eagerly to the reading of the scripture lesson. His testimony was the cause of a wonderful breaking up and a time of rejoicing in the class. The young teacher gave Bud a copy of the New Testament; from this Testament he learned to read, beginning with the first chapter of Matthew, and, using his Testament as a copy book, he learned to write. He was two or three days learning to write "Bud Robinson," but he persisted until he was able to record his thoughts in a hand that at least he himself could read.

Bud began to attend church regularly and tried to pray every time they called on him. He began to feel the pressure of his call to preach, but he had no education, no money, and it seemed to him he had no

friends, for everyone he approached on the subject was sure that God would not call one like him to preach the gospel. Just at this time of fateful decision, a new preacher came to the circuit and encouraged Bud to believe that if God had called him, He would help him, and he could be a successful preacher. Two weeks later the Quarterly Conference rejected Bud's request for license to exhort, and then, before adjourning, re-considered and granted the license.

Bud took his exhorter's license seriously, and set about making opportunities for himself. Since no one invited him to preach, he went out on his pony, rounded up a crowd and made the beginning on his own responsibility. That first service was a success, for although there must have been much wanting in the sermon, three men were converted before the meeting closed. By the end of the quarter, Bud was able to report that he had preached ninety times, had prayed in over two hundred homes, and had had ninety conversions. During the following six years Bud usually preached on Saturday nights and on Sundays, and during the summer months he preached in three or four protracted meetings or camp meetings.

In 1886 Dr. W. B. Godbey of Kentucky, a well-known Methodist preacher of the old-fashioned John Wesley doctrine of perfect love or entire sanctification, came through central Texas; among other engagements, he held a meeting in Alvarado, Johnson County, just ten miles from where Bud Robinson lived. Bud heard Dr. Godbey and others preach this doctrine, and it ap-

pealed to him. The lives of the people who professed the grace of full salvation affected him, too, and Bud Robinson became a seeker for the grace and blessings of entire sanctification. At first he was more or less a secret seeker, and then, at the end of two years, he decided he would be more likely to get the experience if he preached it to others. So he commenced to preach holiness and continued to preach it during the two years until he finally found it and gave testimony to it. Sometimes he would preach that men should be sanctified, then close by telling the people he did not himself have the blessing, but that he was going to the altar to seek it. Sometimes others joined him in the search.

Indeed it was his own preaching on the subject that finally brought him to the place of desperation where he could no longer continue without the blessing. Bud Robinson's description of the inner struggles which he endured during the ten years that intervened between his conversion in 1880 and his sanctification in 1890 is vivid and definite. At first he was not sure that one could have an experience that would stand the test of life without fail. Then he became convinced that such an experience is possible. And finally he became sure that for him, at least, such an experience was indispensable.

On the second day of June, 1890—on Monday after he had preached the day before on, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord"—Bud reached the end of himself while he prayed in his own corn field where he had gone to work. There came upon him such a

wonderful baptism with the Holy Spirit as can be known and described only by those who have received such a blessing themselves. It was like the day of Pentecost to the disciples in the upper room. It was like the blessing Charles G. Finney found that day while he prayed in the woods a few days after his conversion. Bud lay there in the field from nine o'clock in the morning until noon, so blessed and so happy that he could scarcely remain in the body. Then he went to the house and gave his testimony to his mother. It grieved him that she was not ready to accept the account of such a blessing as being true and dependable. To his great joy a few years later, however, his mother entered into the blessed experience that meant so much to him.

In "My Life's Story," written in 1928, Bud Robinson said, "I think the first year after God sanctified me I had more people saved than I did during the ten years that I preached as a licensed exhorter and licensed preacher without the experience of holiness. And yet I want to thank God that from the first time I preached He gave me souls. I have no idea what kind of a condition a preacher must be in and not be able to get people saved." In another paragraph of the same book, Bud says, "I praise God that I was converted in time to get into the holiness movement, and sanctified in time to get the movement into me. And today I am in the holiness movement moving the movement, and the holiness movement is in me moving me. Glory to His name."

Opposers of John Wesley have sometimes claimed that Wesley became weak in his advocacy of the "sec-

ond blessing, properly so called," toward the end of his long life. I think this charge is false. But if in time to come anyone should rise up to say that Bud Robinson ever became lax in his testimony to sanctification or ever preached it with less fervor toward the end of his days, that person will have to make his story out of other than whole cloth. The facts are that Bud Robinson never wavered, no, not for a moment in all those fifty and more years that intervened between that day in his corn field and that other day in November, 1942, when he was translated to heaven. It can be said of him, indeed, that "he kept the faith."

CHAPTER FOUR

TWO DECADES OF PROBATION

It was springtime again, the year of 1892, and the lengthening days found Bud Robinson looking eagerly forward to a summer of reaping in revival harvest fields. It had seemed like a golden day the previous September, a day of climax in his life, when he was privileged to enter the Methodist Southwestern University preparatory school. His pastor encouraged him and generous gifts from the people when they knew he had decided to go to school seemed to indicate that his desire for formal education was in the divine plan. Now, with mingled feelings, Bud put behind him the year of schooling, the only formal schooling he was ever to have.

Southwestern University and the Southern Methodists of Texas were not friendly to the Wesleyan doctrine of holiness in those days, and they did not go far out of their way to make a struggling young preacher who was pledged to preach this doctrine and testify to this experience feel at home among them. It had been a lonely year, for Bud Robinson loved fellowship, even as he loved people generally.

Nevertheless, he left Georgetown that spring day with many a backward look, for he had said "Goodby" also to Sally Harper, whom he met for the first time during the year. In subsequent years, Bud never said

much about what he learned that year, although he remembered thirty-eight years later, when he came to write the story of his life, the names of eleven professors in the university proper, three who taught in the preparatory school, and many young preachers who were students there during that year; also, the names of many lecturers who appeared on the university platform, the pastor of the university church and the presiding elder of the Georgetown District. He remembered that the two literary societies were the Alamo and the San Jacinto (both names connected with Texas' war of independence from Mexico), and that he joined the San Jacinto Society.

It is not likely that he did very much in the way of getting started with the formal courses, but it is also evident that he obtained a great deal of help in the way of aspiration to learn, and he must also have found out something valuable about how to go about learning what he wanted to know. His interest in the education of young people throughout the remainder of his life proved that he never put any premium on illiteracy, and that his own marked success was attained in spite of his lack of formal education and not because of it.

Bud spent the summer of 1892 laboring with Rev. Horace Bishop, presiding elder of the Georgetown District. His report of the summer's work is brief; he says they saw hundreds of people saved and took hundreds into the membership of the Methodist Church.

The Annual Conference was held at Waco in the fall of 1892. Bud Robinson went to it, and the un-

known holiness preacher was deeply impressed by Bishop Hargrove, and the huge number of presiding elders, pastors and visiting ministers. He was impressed by the majesty and dignity of Methodism; but his heart leaped up when he turned a street corner in Waco one day and found a group of uniformed men and women preaching on that public, yet humble spot. Their zeal for souls and their readiness to hold meetings on the street took hold of him; it was his first contact with the Salvation Army, and he quickly decided to don the uniform and cap.

During the few months he was in the Salvation Army in Waco and in Austin, he was a faithful worker, and experienced some splendid successes. He never lost his sympathy with and love for the Army, and there was about him to the very end of his life something in the nature of a holy abandon in the work of God that reminded those who knew that the Salvation Army contributed something permanent to his usefulness. Many holiness preachers and holiness people found home and usefulness in the Salvation Army of that period. L. Milton Williams, afterwards known as a national and international evangelist, was at that time "Major" Williams in the Army. Will Lee, later the founder of a very successful mission work in Colorado, was "Captain" Lee.

Bud gives a very interesting experience connected with his army days. One day in his visiting work, he came to a little cottage somewhat back from the street where a little mother was running a sewing machine,

and her little tots were playing about on the floor. Bud told the woman he had come to pray with her and her children, but she forbade his praying in the house. He then asked if he might pray in the yard, but she forbade that also. Then he asked about praying on the sidewalk, and she said, "That is just with you about that." So out on the sidewalk, he removed his cap, sang a good Salvation Army song, and knelt and offered prayer. Bud remarks that he thinks he could not hear the sewing machine running while he was praying. On his round the next day Bud felt impressed to go back to that home again. He went just as though nothing had happened. The woman apologized for her actions of the previous day, while Bud excused her on the ground that she had been very busy. He prayed in the home with her consent that day. That night the woman came to the hall and was converted. She insisted that the Army people come to her house for dinner the next day that they might meet her husband who was a railway conductor. Within three weeks the husband was also saved, and Bud ever afterwards pondered how much would have been missed if he had not gone back to that home the second day.

At the end of only a few months Bud found that his voice would not stand the singing and preaching in the open air and in January, 1893, he left the Salvation Army. Chronology is a little uncertain in regard to the next five years of Bud Robinson's life. We know he returned to Georgetown to marry Miss Sally Harper on January 10, 1893, and we know that in 1898 he left

Georgetown to organize the Hubbard Circuit in Hill County, Texas, for the Methodist Episcopal Church to which he had by this time transferred his membership. But of that five year period between his marriage and his removal to Hill County we have scanty account. Somewhere during that period, likely in the first part of it, he was given his choice between giving up the preaching of holiness and leaving the M. E. Church, South. His own account of the matter was, "I told them I had only one conscience and there are many churches, so I would keep my conscience." Upon his withdrawal from the M. E. Church, South, he reports that he "at once" wrote to the presiding elder of the M. E. Church to know if he would take a man who believed in sanctification as a second blessing, and had the experience himself. The answer was favorable and the transfer seems to have been made without delay.

There was a "holiness prayer meeting" in Georgetown, and the Robinsons were its promoters. Just how they fared in either a spiritual or financial way is not clear. In "Sunshine and Smiles" Bud refers to this period, saying, "While I was trying to keep loyal to the church and while the presiding elder would not let me preach out of town, and the preacher in charge would not let me preach in town, I ran a dye shop and wood wagon to support my family."

That period, 1893 to 1898, must have been a trying one for Bud Robinson, whose very nature bloomed out under kindness, and whose heart was so ready to go to any lengths, not involving sinful compromise, for the

sake of peace. There are intimations that there were even physical hardships, involving clothing, food and fuel, during that period.

One thing that happened during this period which Bud characterized as "long and weary," was Bud Robinson's miraculous healing in 1896. Bud's own story as related in "Sunshine and Smiles," says, "For sixteen years I had occasional epileptic fits, and for fifteen years I had paralysis, and for ten years bleeding of the lungs, and my arms had been several hundred times pulled out of place and put back. This statement may seem extravagant, but it is literally true. Through the spasms that I had, a keen pain would strike me in the arms and they would be pulled out of joint. After a few years they would not stay in place, and if I reached up a little too high, or if I reached a little too far back, my arm would come out of place. Or if in sneezing I threw up my hands, either one or both of my arms would come out of joint. When at work in the field and often at night in my sleep I would turn and throw my arms out of joint. Whenever my arms came out of place, I would have to lie down on my back and my brother would put his heel under my arm and get me by the wrist and pull my arms back into place. My arms finally got so bad that I had to leave them out of place because it was such intense suffering to have them coming out of place and then have them pulled back into their right place again.

"God is witness that for those eleven years I had never had one doubt about the goodness and mercy of

God and His power to save, sanctify and keep. . . . In 1896 I was wonderfully healed by the Lord. . . . God wonderfully healed me of all, clarified my mind and gave me His Word in my mind."

This marvelous healing was in answer to prayer and faith, and to the end of his days Bud never retracted his testimony regarding it. Yet he never became an extremist on bodily healing. He preached on the subject of divine healing and wrote a book on it, but he always maintained that healing from God is a gift, rather than a grace, and that God heals or withholds healing according to His own sovereign will. Regarding his own healing, he said, "I want health only for God's glory—if it is not for my good and His glory I don't want it." And in his reasoning on the subject, he concluded that suffering and pain are often ministers of God's mercy, since they make one to realize his dependence upon God, and they also act as restraining judgments upon those who would otherwise go to extremes even worse than they now practice. That his own healing was real, he would always witness. Once when he told of his healing, a physician in the audience, an unbeliever, approached Bud saying, "I don't believe your arms are out of place as you say, and I would like to satisfy my mind on the subject." Bud took the doctor into a small room and removed his coat. The doctor found the situation just as Bud had described it. Then the doctor inquired, "If God healed you, as you say, why did He not put your arms back into place as they normally should be?" Bud replied, "I can't answer that question, doc-

tor, unless, perhaps, He left me this way so as to convince men like you that there really was something the matter with me once." That his healing was permanent is proved by the fact that he worked harder than almost any man of his day and yet lived to be almost eighty-three years of age.

In 1898 Bud Robinson moved his family to Hill County and organized the Hubbard Circuit. His stay here was not long, for he left the circuit on the last day of August, 1900, to move to the campus of the holiness school that had been established the year before in the suburbs of Greenville, Texas, in the village afterward called Peniel.

Even while preaching on the circuit, Bud Robinson's heart began to reach out to wider fields.

In May, 1899, we find him listed as the preacher for the spring session of the Greenville Camp Meeting (where the school was really organized) and Dr. A. M. Hills called to the presidency. In July and August of 1900 we find him preaching in the Bates Camp Meeting in Denton County, and in the Denton Camp Meeting in the same county. In August he was one of the regular preachers in the summer session of the Greenville Camp Meeting. After these meetings he returned to the Hubbard Circuit to pack up his household effects and move to the new college campus.

With this removal, a new epoch in Bud Robinson's ministry began. His probation was over; he had made good, and henceforth he was to have a larger world "for his parish" than John Wesley reached in the days

of his personal ministry. He was forty years old—he had lived his first twenty years in poverty and sin; he had served ten years as an exhorter and occasional preacher; and now he had ended a decade of opposition during which he became convinced that he could turn loose every other dependence besides God and make his way as an itinerant holiness evangelist.

CHAPTER FIVE

A CAMP MEETING AND CONVENTION FAVORITE

"Columbus discovered America, but I discovered Bud Robinson," spake the eloquent Dr. Henry Clay Morrison in the General Assembly of the Church of the Nazarene in Kansas City, in 1936.

No story of Bud Robinson would be complete without taking into account the tremendous help he received from such men as Dr. Morrison and Dr. B. Carradine who, like the true prophets that they were, saw in Bud Robinson a rare jewel for the service of God before many other people were able to see it. When Bud Robinson came first to the Waco Camp and met Dr. Morrison he was very little known, and many who did know him were still uncertain about him. Dr. Morrison was unstinting in his praise both verbally and through the *Pentecostal Herald* of which he was founder and editor. He encouraged the committees in the largest camps of the country to call Bud Robinson as full time preacher. There were other loyal supporters, too, but because of the *Pentecostal Herald*, Dr. Morrison was able to give Bud Robinson the publicity he needed, just at the time when he needed it.

When Bud wrote his "Pitcher of Cream" in 1906, he already knew the leading preachers of the holiness movement throughout the country, and had become so intimately acquainted with them that he was able to

classify them on the basis of their outstanding characteristics. His "Flock of White Doves" was composed of M. L. Haney, L. B. Kent, Isaiah Reid, E. Davies, Dr. Foote, Dr. P. F. Bresee, and Dr. Daniel Steele. His "Big Four," whom he described as the greatest preachers he had ever met, were: H. C. Morrison, B. Carradine, C. J. Fowler, and Joseph H. Smith. Then came his "Bible Number 7": Seth C. Rees, E. F. Walker, W. B. Huckabee, G. W. Wilson, A. M. Hills, L. L. Pickett and A. A. Niles. The "Big Six" were: D. F. Brooks, John Hatfield, W. W. Hopper, L. L. Gladney, C. W. Ruth and E. E. Fergerson. The "Eleven Young Giants" were: Will H. Huff, H. W. Bromley, W. J. Harney, John Paul, Andrew Johnson, I. G. Martin, John L. Brasher, C. E. Cornell, Chas. M. Dunaway, James W. Pierce and C. K. Spell. Then classifying his collaborators from another point of approach, he had "The Four Cyclones of Honey": B. Carradine, honey in the rock; Joseph H. Smith, honey in the comb, C. W. Ruth and D. F. Brooks. The "Four Great Teachers" were: W. B. Godbey, A. M. Hills, L. L. Pickett and E. F. Walker. The "Three Great Reasoners" were C. J. Fowler, A. A. Niles and George W. Wilson. The four who were "all backbone and wore galvanized iron breeches" were: B. S. Taylor, John H. Appell, R. M. Guy and W. G. Airhart. He listed as "Some of the Most Untiring Workers": R. L. Averill, J. T. Upchurch, C. B. Jernigan, E. C. DeJernett, C. M. Keith and C. A. McConnell. The great singers he said were: J. M. and M. J. Harris, Charlie D. Tillman, Charlie Weigle, W. B. Yates, L. L. Pickett,

Mrs. Flora Phillips, Arthur Johnson, Rose Potter Crist, John M. Waters, C. B. Jernigan and Asbury Dean and wife. Finally he set out Joseph H. Smith as the greatest Bible teacher in the holiness movement.

No ordinary man could have risked making such a classification as this, but all would take it from Bud Robinson and not be offended. He had come to know all these men within the space of twenty years, beginning with Dr. Godbey who came to Alvarado in 1886; the larger proportion of them he had labored with only within the previous six to ten years. His fast growing acquaintance is partly accounted for by his own almost unparalleled activities. The year 1901 was his first in practically constant evangelistic work. He reports that year in one sentence: "I traveled 17,000 miles and saw some 5,000 converted and sanctified." Writing in 1904 he said, "In labors with others, I've seen in the last twenty years (that would take him back to 1884) some 20,000 souls converted and sanctified."

The period of Bud Robinson's intensive evangelistic career was roughly from the beginning of the century to the end of 1923. During this time he went up and down, round and round over the nation with the thoroughness of, as George Wise puts it, "a farmer working his field up one row and down another." He crossed and recrossed the continent; he went to some places many times. He labored among the people of over seventy denominations.

Bud Robinson was always clearly a favorite with the people. A great camp meeting preacher, a cola-

borer with Bud Robinson, sat one night watching the throngs gather under the great tabernacle. At last he said, "The people have learned that, according to the rotation, this is Bud Robinson's turn to preach, and look how they come!" There was no jealousy in the preacher's heart, but there was a sort of sense of inferiority, great man as he was, because here was a man who could interpret the gospel to the common people in its fullest meaning and still make them like it.

Dr. C. J. Fowler, President of the National Holiness Association and one of the editors of the *Christian Witness*, was a close second to Dr. Morrison in introducing Bud Robinson to the people. He early employed Will H. Huff and Bud Robinson as members of his "Coast to Coast" convention team. Their first engagement was in November, 1903, only a little over a year from the time that the Robinson-Huff evangelistic party was formed.

Will H. Huff was one of the most polished preachers of his time. He had been a potter in East Liverpool, Ohio; was converted and sanctified in the early holiness meetings held in that section; went to Asbury College in Kentucky for a year, and then on with Dr. Hills to the new college at Greenville, Texas. Altogether he spent four years under that master teacher. Every sermon of Huff's was a finished oration, and was delivered under the power of an unusual spiritual unction. I have heard him preach when there were no fewer than six climaxes, each a little higher than its predecessor. And when he had finished there seemed to be no more

to say on the subject he had presented to the people. He and Bud Robinson were complements and had almost no similarities as preachers. For this very reason the two men made a balanced team. The admirers of each man claimed that his favorite was the big horse in the team and that he took the other along in order to give him a chance, but the truth was that these men were stronger together than the two of them were when they were apart. Bud Robinson was always an easy man to work with, but he was never quite as happy with anyone else as he was with Will H. Huff.

C. E. Cornell, who was a lay evangelist with headquarters in Cleveland, Ohio, for a number of years, and who was later pastor of the First Churches of the Nazarene in Chicago, Los Angeles and Pasadena, successively, was also a wonderful colaborer with Bud Robinson. Cornell was a direct, intense preacher, and one of the most successful exhorters that the holiness movement ever had. He could boost right through when another man preached, and then join in the exhortation and invitation with as much fervor as though he had delivered the sermon himself.

C. W. Ruth was another colaborer who was an evident favorite with Bud Robinson. He was a wonderful Bible preacher, and his thoroughness in presenting evidence worked in well with Bud Robinson's unique manner of enforcing by means of testimony.

Bud Robinson always preferred preachers altogether unlike himself. H. C. Morrison, Joseph H. Smith, Will H. Huff, C. W. Ruth, C. J. Fowler, Dr. Bresee,

E. F. Walker—and Bud Robinson! Such combinations on camp meeting and convention schedules were the usual, and no one was more happy to have it thus than Bud Robinson himself. He would come along in the next service after one of these giants of the preaching art had lifted the people to the heavenlies, and in his simple, inimitable manner would point the people to Christ.

In 1916 Bud Robinson and Evangelist L. Milton Williams agreed upon a plan for the purchase of a "Big Brown Tent" and equipment for it, and the gathering of a staff of specialists for the most pretentious evangelistic campaign that either of them had ever undertaken. They opened their meetings in the spring of 1917 and continued with large success for eighteen months. I have never seen a complete list of the cities this unusual evangelistic party visited, but I know they included Arkansas City, Kansas; Oklahoma City, Oklahoma; Wichita and Topeka, Kansas; San Antonio and Austin in Texas; Des Moines, Iowa; and Hammond and Bluffton in Indiana. There was a time when the "Big Brown Tent" evangelistic party had within its number, besides Evangelists Williams and Robinson, John E. Moore, song leader; Brother and Sister A. L. Hipple, property managers; Stephen Williams, publicity manager; Professor and Mrs. Kenneth Wells, special singers and pianist; Miss Lou Hatch and Howard Williams, Violinists; and Miss Virginia Shaffer who was entirely in a class by herself when it came to gospel solo singing. This party of specialists gave holiness evangelism a

high rating wherever it went, and there remains to this day many evidences of the good done.

Bud Robinson was idle, so far as evangelistic meetings were concerned, for ninety days in the fall of 1918 on account of the epidemic of influenza which swept the nation and the world. Following this enforced vacation, he preached in and around Southern California until the last of May. Then he made his way on up to San Francisco, to join C. E. Cornell and D. Shelby Corlett in a meeting in Donnell Smith's church—the First Church of the Nazarene, San Francisco. On the night of June 1, 1919, occurred that tragic accident in which Bud Robinson was struck by an automobile and critically injured.

I have had the place of the accident pointed out to me in San Francisco. There really was no special reason why there should have been an accident there in the middle of the block. From all accounts, Bud Robinson was occupied with his thoughts, under the special burden on account of disappointments in connection with his home church, and he walked right out in front of a moving street car. When he saw his predicament, he deliberately chose to leap in front of the automobile, rather than to be run down by the street car. His choice was a fortunate one, for the street car would have undoubtedly crushed him to death, while the automobile did leave him a chance to recover.

The accident was all but fatal. The details of the whole matter were given by Bud Robinson in his little booklet, "My Hospital Experience," which had, I think,

the largest circulation of any of his books. When he was able to travel and preach again, Bud made his hospital experience one of his special topics, and through his recital of his tests and trials and the testimony he gave in connection with them, this tragedy was turned into good account and made to bless multiplied thousands of people. From June first until October Bud was most of the time in the hospital. It was the first of November when he took the train for his first engagement in Boston. He stopped off in Chicago, and on Sunday afternoon, in the First Church of the Nazarene, made his first attempt to tell an audience about his hospital experience.

In Boston he joined up with his old companions, C. W. Ruth, Will H. Huff and Kenneth and Eunice Wells for a series of conventions in Cambridge, Lowell, and on south and west—on to Lansing; Indianapolis; Denver; Tacoma; Portland; San Francisco; Los Angeles; San Diego; Long Beach; and then back across the southern way to Newton, Kansas; Oklahoma City; Emporia; Decatur, Illinois; Louisville; and Indianapolis again. It was just a round as some members of that party, including Bud Robinson, had made a number of times before, and it was these short conventions that made Bud Robinson's name a household word wherever lovers of the work of full salvation are found.

In between the camp meetings, conventions and special meetings of the large tours were numerous little side trips for extra preaching. They were fruitful years. Bud Robinson never put a premium on numbers, but

it is supposed that more than a hundred thousand people sought the Lord for justification or for sanctification in meetings in which he preached. He was all the more busy because there began to be a feeling with many that he would not be able to continue much longer, so they wanted him to be sure to come this time. Bud's own way was to say, "Everybody wants me to take a long rest—just after I come for a meeting with them."

CHAPTER SIX

"IN LABORS ABUNDANT"

"At the close of the General Assembly—"

This great quadrennial gathering of the Church of the Nazarene of which Bud Robinson had been a member since 1908 marks the epochs of his life. At the time of the Assembly in 1923 he was past sixty-three years of age, and his accident with the automobile aged him faster than the years otherwise would have done. Nevertheless, he was able to preach and was the idol of the people.

As far back as the Assembly of 1911 in Nashville, Tennessee, Bud Robinson was to preach in the Sunday afternoon service. Things had been a little strained in the convention. When Bud got up, he told about his desire to be something for the Lord. He said he looked at the Lord's fine gospel chariot and longed to be the horses or the harness or some essential part of the chariot itself. But the Lord did not seem to need him for any of these places, and it looked like he was going to be left out. And so, finally, he cried, "O Lord, let me be the axle grease to make the chariot run smoothly." And the Lord said, "All right, Buddie, you may be the axle grease." The following week there were many candidates for the place of axle grease, and the chariot of the General Assembly ran with less friction.

During the 1923 Assembly in Kansas City the question of changing the name of the *Herald of Holiness*

came up. When the Church of the Nazarene founded its Publishing House at Kansas City in 1912 and chose C. J. Kinne for the first manager and Dr. Haynes for the first editor of the official organ, it was decided to call the paper the *Herald of Holiness*. For some months leading up to the General Assembly of 1923 there had been agitation in favor of changing this name to one that would contain the word "Nazarene" so that the paper and the church it represented would be identified in the minds of people generally. The idea seemed to have merit, and there was considerable expectation that the change might indeed be put into effect.

G. B. Collins, a layman and a long-time friend of Bud Robinson, was enthusiastically in favor of the change; when he presented the matter to Bud Robinson in private, Bud seemed to agree with him. Brother Collins was confident that the change would take place. When the debate came to the floor of the Assembly, however, opposers of the idea argued that to take the word "holiness" down from the banner of our church paper was an indication to the world that we were weakening on our holiness emphasis. Although champions of the change thought they answered very well, Bud Robinson could not follow through on anything that looked like retreat—he had been on the militant offensive too long. He arose to say, "I thought I was in favor of this change in the name of our church paper. But if anyone is likely to think that this change in name indicates a loss of emphasis on the doctrine and experience of holiness, then I am against it. Let's keep the

name, 'Herald of Holiness,' and all go out from here to boost the paper and take subscriptions for it. I will agree to get 1,000 subscriptions for the paper every year myself for the next four years, and I will get them for the *Herald of Holiness*." Evangelist Jarrette Aycock joined in with Bud by agreeing to get 1,000 subscriptions a year also; and the motion, put in the midst of a tremendous spirit of good will, such as Bud Robinson could inspire, was lost by an overwhelming majority. The subject has never been up for serious consideration since that time.

Speaking of his relationship to the Church of the Nazarene, Bud was likely to add his own name to the list of General Superintendents, and explain to the people that the other General Superintendents had to be elected by the General Assembly, but that he was appointed, having just appointed himself. The Church of the Nazarene became a denomination in 1908, and it is likely that Bud Robinson did more to publicize in a favorable manner this church of his choice than any other one man who has been connected with it during its history. And yet Bud Robinson was never a narrow sectarian. The gospel of Christ was his one great theme, and he was so sure of his thesis of full salvation that he could be liberal even with those who did not agree with him. He was always loyal to what he learned from the Salvation Army, "A man may be down, but is never out."

For a good many months during the period after 1923 Professor L. C. Messer traveled with Bud Robin-

son, and the great evangelist never had a more faithful colaborer. Messer took the responsibility of keeping the car in order and driving it to the various destinations. He led the singing, and took over much of the preliminary part of the services, when there was not a regular director of the services. In addition to all this, he took special personal care of Bud Robinson, seeing that he got his rest, proper food and comfortable surroundings.

From 1923 on "Uncle Buddie" had taken on something of the status of an "institution." It was not altogether his preaching or even what he could do other than preach; it was just Bud Robinson himself. After the Assembly, he left to make a tour of one day and one service conventions with District Superintendent Chalfant on the Chicago Central District. By this time his influence was far too wide to be absorbed by Nazarenes alone. Everywhere he went Methodists, Mennonites, Quakers, Evangelicals and people of many churches gathered to see and hear him, and all were liberal in their support of whatever agency brought him within their reach. The habit of having "Bud Robinson Tours" was taken up by District Superintendents, promoters of colleges, missionary interests and others. Everywhere it was the same—the promoters could always be assured of crowds, if they could get Bud Robinson. Churches that might be lukewarm on the particular project being promoted would agree to a presentation—if "you will bring Bud Robinson." Then the promoters could present their project, raise money for vari-

ous purposes, sell books, make announcements and otherwise occupy the time, but the people would wait, and Bud Robinson would not become nervous. He often got up at an hour so late that the people could well have expected the meeting to close, and then go on preaching for an hour; no one would leave until he quit speaking. Sometimes Bud was tired in mind as well as in body, and at such times he was likely to be tedious. Nevertheless, there was always the possibility that there would be a flash of his old light and fire and wit, and people waited for that to come.

For almost two generations it has been the habit of preachers to quote Bud Robinson. There is no better way to awaken interest than to be able to say, "As Bud Robinson has said—" Usually the quotations are quaint, sometimes they are witty, but always they are apt, and serve to let in more light on a subject than the ordinary preacher can command in fifteen minutes of argument.

Bud Robinson estimated that he traveled two million miles during his lifetime, that he preached 33,000 times and that he saw 100,000 people seek the Lord in the meetings where he preached. It is known that he sent in over 53,000 subscriptions for the *Herald of Holiness*, the official organ of his church, during the period 1923-1942. Surely he was like Paul in that he was "In labors abundant"—or as Paul put it in the comparative sense, "In labors more abundant."

There is something very human and yet very beautiful in the picture we catch, after Bud Robinson's trip

to the Holy Land, of the beloved old gospel preacher sitting on the curb of Jacob's well in Sychar, where his Master once sat and talked with the sinful woman; or weeping in the Garden of Gethsemane where Jesus lay prone sweating bloody sweat; or standing before the ruins of the house of Martha and Mary in Bethany, near the tomb of Lazarus whose story Bud Robinson loved to preach about.

Bud Robinson is credited with two million miles of travel—even John Wesley's books record only two hundred seventy-five thousand. His journeys took him up and down and all around over the forty-eight states of our country and most of the provinces of Canada, until it is impossible to keep the web of travel chronologically straight. Yet there was still one journey that Bud Robinson, like most Christians, longed to make; and that was a visit to the land made sacred by the footprints of the Master whose he was and whom he served. He talked much of his proposed visit to Palestine, and more than once made fairly definite plans for the journey, only to find the sailing date had to be postponed.

Finally, in February, 1934, in company with Dr. J. T. Upchurch of Arlington, Texas, Rev. Julius Himes, and Dr. G. Frederick Owen and wife, now of Golden, Colorado, he sailed from New York for the Holy Land. Dr. Owen had been in Palestine twice before, and many hours of the sea voyage were pleasantly occupied with lectures and talks by Dr. Owen on the places they were soon to see. The ship stopped at the usual places in North Africa, and there Bud Robinson got his first

glimpse of real "foreign" life. It was ever afterward an amusing and interesting experience to hear him tell of the weaver who could manipulate his loom with hands and feet and produce such splendid results with such crude equipment. Bud was deeply impressed by the immensity of the pyramids. After his visit to Egypt he liked to recite from memory the area covered by the base of the great pyramid, the size of the stones, the height of the pile itself, and the estimated weight.

In Palestine Bud Robinson was more at home than many well educated people would be. His intimate knowledge of the Bible gave him an idea of the importance of places in Bible lands. He was not really interested in archeology; he just wanted to walk where his Master walked and to sit where his Master sat. Any place connected with the life of Jesus was to him a shrine, and there he could sit and meditate, kneel and pray, weep and laugh. All his telling about the places he visited was rich with accounts of his own inner feelings toward them so that the impression on listeners was that of a sermon, and not a mere lecture or travelogue. Many were the people who were drawn to church to hear Bud Robinson speak on his journey to Palestine and went away realizing, when the meeting was over, that they had been to hear an evangelist and soul winner.

When Bud Robinson talked about Palestine, he made that ancient land live again in the minds and imaginations of the people. He would tell of their approach to a certain place, what impressed them particu-

larly, how they read their Bibles on the spot, who prayed and how their souls were blessed and refreshed as they thought of the things that occurred there in the time of Christ or during the history of Israel. All his references were made with the ease of an expert. His mind was a veritable storehouse of facts and figures, and with a wave of the hand he could indicate directions and relative positions, and the crowds felt that they were almost seeing the places themselves.

Bud was no critic, and troubled himself not in the least about the debates of the specialists; instead his mind and heart were fired anew because of the evidences of the authenticity of his Bible which he found in the land where the Bible's principal Hero lived, died and was glorified. To Bud Robinson Palestine was a gigantic altar at which to worship and praise the true God through His Son Jesus Christ, and he made others feel the force of this appraisal. I have been to Palestine myself, having spent a number of weeks there, and yet I think Bud Robinson made the place more vital to me than even the personal visit was able to do. Under his unctuous spirit the deserts of the favored land blossomed again as the rose, and the bones of the ancients revived in the dry valleys. His tears of sympathy and joy were like rain upon the parched earth of the land of Canaan, and his eyes were like magic glasses through which ordinary mortals could look and see meanings and precious thoughts hidden in the dens and caves of the land of our Lord. Even people who knew the geography of the Holy Land well, and who might be classi-

fied as specialists on Bible history, were glad to hear Bud Robinson tell his experiences in this tiny country, sacred alike to Jew, Mohammedan and Christian.

While seeking to make us know and love Palestine more, Bud Robinson also enabled us to know him better and love him more. Many said, after Bud's return from abroad, "Well, Bud Robinson may not be educated in books, but he certainly does have an organized mind, and he knows what to do with what he sees and hears." It is never possible, of course, to make a complete distinction between natural endowment and acquired ability, and it is easier on the rest of us to say of men like Bud Robinson, "Oh, God just made him that way." I think, though, there is abundant evidence that Bud Robinson purposely looked with both eyes, listened with both ears, and built his intellectual house with the best art he was able to command. Someone asked Bud if he made any notes on his observations in Palestine; he replied, "Oh no, I did not make any notes. If I had made notes I might have lost the notes, and then I would not have had anything. I just remembered what I saw."

Bud Robinson came back from Palestine rested and renewed physically, mentally and spiritually. He used to say that his friends were all insistent that he take a good long rest, but they all wanted the rest to begin just after he held a meeting or convention for them. It turned out that in all his active years he never did take a voluntary rest. Sickness stopped him for brief periods now and then, and his terrible automobile accident

was the occasion for an enforced rest—if that could be called a rest. Such a schedule of service as Bud carried on was bound to show marks of wearing, and those who knew him best were quickest to observe these marks and to wish for something that would break into his incessant labors and give him a chance to renew himself. The trip to Palestine did just that for him.

Whatever brought revival to Bud Robinson brought revival to many others also. Bud, if he ever learned anything, immediately told someone else about it. If a new life impulse coursed through his mind and heart, he was instant to testify to it and to encourage others by it. The new illustrations which came to him by means of this visit to the Holy Land made all his preaching new. Many of us heard Bud Robinson during a period of more than forty years, and we often remarked to one another that we enjoyed hearing him tell the same stories, use the same illustrations and preach the same sermons we heard him use at the beginning. He was one man who seemed as interested in his talk the thousandth time he gave it as he was when the thought occurred to him first. It always seemed that he had the freshness of a discoverer, even when he was saying something he had said every week for the past thirty or forty years. Nevertheless, we all noticed that after his journey to Palestine he was new—not that he ever left off the old, but the old was afterward so mixed with the new that it was all fresh. Like Dr. W. B. Godbey, whom he so greatly admired, from that time on Bud Robinson talked of “the Holy Bible, the Holy Land, and

the holy experience," and he talked of these in turn, in pairs and all three at once.

One of the last manuscripts Bud Robinson prepared for the press was an account of his journey to Palestine. This he submitted to the Pentecostal Publishing Company of Louisville, Kentucky, and the booklet has appeared on the market. Both those who heard him speak about Palestine and those who missed this rare privilege will want this booklet, and all are assured of an intellectual and spiritual tonic in the reading of it.

It was a gracious providence of God that this man who sought so diligently to walk in the very footsteps of his beloved Master during a long life of consistent living should have been allowed, during a few weeks of his life, to trace those footprints in the land of Canaan. I like to think of his joy as he stood on the top of the tower that crowns the hill where his Lord stood on His last day upon earth and from which He ascended to heaven after He had given His disciples His final earthly benediction. Yes, let's leave him there; Bud would have liked us to think of him that way.

CHAPTER SEVEN

BUD ROBINSON AS A WRITER

The first time writing was suggested to Bud Robinson he looked utterly blank. Sally Robinson used to say smilingly that he could stand up and preach, but when a piece of paper was put before him "he took stage fright" and could think of nothing to say. It was she who devised the plan of having him walk the floor and recite his experiences while she jotted down what he said. This was pretty much the manner in which *Sunshine and Smiles* and *A Pitcher of Cream*, as well, were written. They were among Bud's early books and are his most characteristic ones; beginning with the *Sunshine and Smiles* dedication—"I lovingly dedicate this book to the whole human family, to whom I am indebted for every idea expressed in it, for when I came into this world I knew nothing at all, not even the way to my mouth"—they sound just like Bud Robinson talked and include the things which made Bud Robinson famous. *Sunshine and Smiles* touches upon the high points in his life's story, and *A Pitcher of Cream* contains the "cream" of his unique sayings.

Sally Robinson also used to take pencil and paper to meetings and jot down Bud's sayings. The amusing sequel came when the writing got cold and Bud would deny saying what she had written! Much of *A Pitcher of Cream* is composed of short sermons and characteris-

tic sayings, the nucleus of which Sally took down from her husband's public talks, afterward revised and enlarged between them.

Once Bud caught the vision of another way to spread the gospel, it became his habit to send reports to the various holiness papers of the country, and his manner of describing a place or a meeting or a preacher was so entirely different that editors and publishers were glad to give him space. *Sunshine and Smiles* was brought out in 1902, printed in an edition of 5,000 copies by the Texas Holiness Advocate Company at Greenville, Texas. The next year the Christian Witness Company of Chicago secured the copyright and brought out a new and enlarged edition; many editions appeared and the sale was always large—portions of the book have even been translated into other languages, including Chinese. Finding that writing gave him opportunity to print the gospel as well as preach it, Bud Robinson was found to be "easily entreated" in the matter of preparing copy for the printer.

Looking back, Bud said, "C. E. Cornell was the first man who ever paid me for writing for a paper"; that was the *Soul Winner*. Dr. H. C. Morrison, founder and editor of the *Pentecostal Herald* at Louisville, Kentucky, engaged Bud in 1904 to write a "Bud Robinson Corner" that continued for ten years in his paper. Bud Robinson was also for a considerable time one of the chief contributors to the *Pentecostal Advocate* while it was printed at Peniel, Texas; and for almost twenty years his "Good Samaritan Chats" were a weekly feature in the *Herald of Holiness*.

In 1904 appeared two booklets, *The King's Gold Mine* and *Walking with God or the Devil, Which?* and in 1906, his second sizable book, *A Pitcher of Cream*; the dedication is intriguing, for it reads, "I lovingly dedicate this book to old Jessie, the best friend we ever had, who has provided us with Jersey milk and sweet cream for lo, these many years. If there is a land of perpetual clover where Jersey cows go, may old Jessie have an abundant entrance in"! Bud Robinson's first dollar size book, "Lazarus," came out in 1909. "Mountain Peaks of the Bible" appeared in 1913 and was followed in pretty regular succession by *Honey in the Rock*, a book containing seventeen of Bud Robinson's sermons; *My Hospital Experience*, covering the story of his accident in San Francisco, and his long fight to get back on his feet again; *Bees in Clover*; *Nuggets of Gold*; *The Holy Land*; *My Life's Story*; and *Does the Bible Teach Divine Healing?* Altogether there have been twenty books and booklets, and there is another book or two still in manuscript form.

Just a few years ago, Dr. J. W. Montgomery, a man always alert to use any and every means for publishing the gospel, had Bud Robinson record a few of his brief talks on master records. This work of recording was really quite a task for Bud, but in days to come many will rejoice over the privilege of hearing that familiar voice which, for more than half a century—sixty-two years, was so constantly used to blow the gospel trumpet.

After the *Pitcher of Cream* Bud was able to dictate to a stenographer or to write on his own typewriter,

and he continued to use one or the other of these two methods to the close of his life. He finally gained the necessary freedom and confidence to prepare his copy and send it on to the editors without assistance, but he was always utterly indifferent to spelling and punctuation; however, the editors were so glad to get his material that they never complained of the extra work involved in getting it ready for printing.

I have never heard that the literary critics cared much for Bud Robinson. Speaking strictly from the approach of material, it is true that Bud Robinson was very limited; books like *Lazarus*, *Mountain Peaks of the Bible* and *Bees in Clover* were just printed editions of his preaching material. Bud knew this, and he wanted it that way, for he was first and last the preacher and evangelist, a soul winner and a soul saver. It happened that he was a great entertainer, but that was incidental—a by-product of Bud's way of saying things.

In spite of the critics' disregard, the common people like Bud Robinson's books just as they love Bud Robinson. His books have reached an aggregate circulation of more than half a million copies. No doubt there are multitudes of people now living and yet to be born who will read Bud Robinson's books and be blessed in their reading.

That is all Bud Robinson desired, so surely "he being dead yet speaketh."

CHAPTER EIGHT

AT THE RIVER'S CROSSING

Bud Robinson wrote, on July 29, 1942; that he had been to church only five times in eight months. These months of waiting for the ferryman must have been somewhat trying, but in the same letter he remarked that the people had been kind in coming to see him, and that he did so enjoy their visits. During August the great evangelist's health improved enough that he was able to be present for one service almost every day of the Pasadena Camp Meeting. One morning he had a group of the camp meeting workers along with his daughters and grandchildren down to his house for breakfast. He was exceedingly cheerful, proving himself, as always, a peerless host and showing us about the house with a warm interest.

Just slightly more than a week after that breakfast, on September 8, Bud Robinson became seriously ill and was never out of his house again until he went to "the house of many mansions" on November 2, 1942. Most of the sketches of these seven weeks of waiting at the river's crossing, furnished by friends and loved ones who were near during the last days, are reprinted from the Memorial Number of the *Herald of Holiness*.

For many years Bud Robinson contributed a feature known as "Good Samaritan Chats" to the *Herald of Holiness*. The last of these "Chats," which appeared

October 12, 1942, began as always, "Beloved Samaritans," and then went on:

"The reader will remember that St. Paul said in Second Corinthians chapter thirteen, verse eleven, 'Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you.' There are enough B's in this one verse to make honey enough to spread honey an inch thick on every man's biscuits in the United States.

"Notice that he said, 'Be perfect,' then he said, 'Be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you.' I do not believe the apostle meant that a man could be perfect physically in this world, and I do not believe he meant he could be absolutely perfect mentally, for in the fall of man we went down mentally, physically and spiritually. I believe the new birth and the baptism with the Holy Spirit will do a great deal for your mind and for your body, but I think a man could get to heaven with a weak body, and with an untrained mind, but he could not go to heaven full of sin. So the great work of the atonement—while it is threefold—spirit, soul and body, is to cleanse and purify the nature and fill the man with perfect love and enable him to live a clean, consecrated Christian gentleman right here on this planet.

"After traveling more than two million miles I have met with multiplied thousands of people who, while they had a weak body and a mind which was not in good state of cultivation, yet they enjoyed a Christian

experience that gave them victory over the world, the flesh and the devil. I have met people who were blind who enjoyed perfect love; I have met those who were deaf who enjoyed perfect love, and I have met those who were crippled and deformed who enjoyed perfect love; so the greatest thing in the world is perfect love or Christian perfection.

“Now the second B is, ‘Be of good comfort,’ and there is no man who can be of good comfort if he does not have the abiding Comforter.

“The third B is, ‘Be of one mind,’ and the only way in the world to be of one mind is to get rid of the carnal mind, leaving the mind of Christ to rule and reign in your life.

“Also, the scripture says, ‘Live in peace.’ The reader will remember another text of scripture which states, ‘And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus,’ and another great text on peace is, ‘Great peace have they which love thy law: and nothing shall offend them.’ So a man can live in this world, in spite of the devil and difficulties and surrounding circumstances in such harmony with God the Father and God the Son and God the Holy Ghost, that the devil will be unable to rob that man of his peace. He may be peeled and scaled and blistered by the devil, but if he has the peace of God that passes all understanding, as Brother Will Huff used to say, he can walk right down through the tar buckets of hell, and the devil cannot throw tar on his white robe.

"But he adds in another verse, 'And the God of peace shall be with you.' The reader will notice that there is enough gospel in this one verse to save the United States, and one verse of scripture, rightly understood, will convince any man in the world that the Bible is an inspired Book. In spite of the devil and unbelievers, Jesus Christ is the only being who ever walked this planet who actually could say, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

"Japan has no peace to offer to the world. Germany has no peace to offer to the world. Italy has no peace to offer to the world. The Church of Jesus Christ is the only institution known to God, men or devils, that can offer a peace that passeth understanding. And I am so glad that we found it out. The greatest thing in the world is to know God, and the reader will remember that John says (17: 3), 'And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.' To know God the Father, and to know God the Son, and to know God the Holy Ghost, and to believe every word of the Bible, from the word 'In' in the Book of Genesis, to the word 'Amen' in the Book of Revelation, is to be a multimillionaire.

"May Heaven smile on the Good Samaritans.

"In love,

"UNCLE BUD."

When the doctor was called to see Uncle Bud the day he was taken ill, he told the members of the family that there was little he could do, but that he would do what was possible to make the patient comfortable.

Those who were permitted to visit the sickroom came away with wet eyes and tender hearts, feeling that they had been at the bedside of a saint who would soon be at the throne-side of his blessed Lord.

Nurse Rilla M. Chapman testifies as follows:

"It was my privilege to be one of Rev. Bud Robinson's nurses. Uncle Buddie was truly a man of God; a marvelous example of patience, amid intense physical suffering, never complaining. At first he desired to be healed in order to keep on preaching; finally with no encouraging signs, he turned his prayer to asking God, if it was His will to take him to heaven, and to please let it be soon, and then he turned his mind to thinking of heaven. He would say, 'Think of heaven, and all who are waiting for us.'

"One day he said, 'Nursie, the chariot is coming soon, and I want you to be here when it comes.' Many times we felt drawn nearer to heaven as we sang and prayed together, and especially when he commenced to say, 'I am on the banks of the river, the River of Life.'

"What a wonderful Savior we have to fit us up for heaven, then we can truly ask, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' For the gift of God is eternal life."

Nurse Laura R. Patten says:

"It was a great privilege to have been with Uncle Bud Robinson in his last days. God was magnified in him, and I felt the presence of the Divine ever around him. In his deep suffering one day he lay back on his pillow as if he were crossing the border, as he did many

times. There he communed with the Lord, sweet peace came to him, and his pain was eased and he had rest, and his face was beautiful. The Ninety-first Psalm ever was in my mind: 'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. . . . With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.' We give thanks unto God for such a person as Uncle Bud Robinson, for I feel that my life has been enriched through this contact with him."

Rev. George C. Wise, son-in-law of Bud Robinson, wrote the obituary and gave an account of the funeral. There were statements of tribute and sympathy from men and women all over America; a few of these were read at the funeral, and some of them were printed in the Memorial Number of the *Herald of Holiness*. All expressed sincere love, and all agreed that we shall not see his like again until we see him on the "evergreen shores" of heaven.

The obituary and the account of the funeral service are reprinted from the *Herald of Holiness*:

OBITUARY

"It was a cold wintry day, January 27, 1860, which marked the beginning of a life equipped only with 'a bundle of tendencies,' and placed amid an environment adverse to hopeful anticipation. Civilization had not come to the mountain regions of Tennessee. In one sense, life was simple: A log cabin on the mountain side; small clearings for cultivation; crude implements in comparison with modern times; sparkling springs and rip-

pling brooks; no schools and no churches. Such was the beginning of the life of Bud Robinson.

"When but five years old, his father, Immanuel Robinson, and his mother, Martha Jane Robinson, moved to the state of Mississippi, where one unfortunate event led to another during the four years spent in this part of the country. In 1869, with a few household goods on the wagon, pulled by a little yoke of oxen, a big tar gourd full of tar swung from the coupling pole of the wagon, his father and mother and seven other children, besides himself, left the swamps of Mississippi and started back to the mountains of Tennessee.

"In 1876, after the death of his father, his mother sold what little they had and moved to Texas. They settled in Dallas County, near Lancaster. After an endeavor as a share-cropper, which did not pan out any too well, Buddie, as he was called, hired out to a man on an adjacent ranch and worked for three years.

"It was while employed on this ranch that the old circuit rider, a Methodist preacher, spent the night at the ranch and upon another occasion spent several days. These were disturbing times, completely upsetting the practices and customs of the ranchers.

"It was in August of 1880 that plans were completed and arrangements made for a camp meeting in the community near the ranch. Mrs. Martha Robinson planned to go and arranged to take Buddie with her. It was on the eleventh day of August that the Lord was able to reach his heart with conviction, and about eleven o'clock that night he was gloriously saved.

"That same night, while lying under the wagon with his hat on a mesquite stump for a pillow, the Lord called him to preach. He had no education, he stutted so badly that he could hardly tell his name, yet the first year of his ministry saw about three hundred converted in his meetings. The first four years that he preached the people gave him \$16.00, which would make \$4.00 a year for his services.

"January 10, 1893, he was married to Miss Sallie Harper at Georgetown, Texas. For two years he served the Hubbard circuit, but the remaining sixty years of his ministry were given to evangelism.

"He traveled over 2,000,000 miles.

"He preached over 33,000 times.

"He saw more than 100,000 souls at his altars.

"He spent around \$85,000 in helping young people with their education.

"He secured over 53,000 subscriptions to his church paper, the *Herald of Holiness*.

"He wrote fourteen books and sold more than a half million.

"In spite of his handicaps of physical ailments, lack of education and speech impediment he was able to make *Who's Who* in California.

"For a number of years 'Uncle Bud' was a member of the Bresee Avenue Church, located just a block from his home. He enjoyed the fellowship of the good people and was loved and respected by all. His life was one of great activity. His will to his dying hour was to live and to do. He would say, 'Why, I am only eighty-

two, my brother lived to be ninety-six. It seems that I have done nothing at all. I have not touched the borders of what could be done.'

"On September 8, 1942, he was taken seriously ill. For eight long weeks he suffered intensely. At 8: 53 Monday night, November 2, he bade farewell to all that is mortal and entered the realm of the eternal. His last Chat in the *Herald* was significant of his home-going. He centered his comments around that verse in Second Corinthians 13: 11, 'Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you.'

"He is survived by two daughters: Mrs. Sallie Welch of Delano, California, and Mrs. Ruby Wise, of Pasadena; fourteen grandchildren and two great-grandchildren; two sisters, Mrs. Mollie Dean of Pasadena, and Mrs. Carrie King of Hubbard, Texas."

FUNERAL SERVICE

"Thursday, November 5, people began to stream into Pasadena, California, from the four corners of the district. The body of Uncle Bud Robinson was to lie in state at the Bresee Avenue Church of the Nazarene of which he was a member. The time was from twelve to one o'clock, but before the doors were open the people had already begun to come that they might have a last glimpse of the 'best loved man in America.' Dean Hildie of Pasadena College played softly many of the old hymns of all churches.

"At two o'clock the service was scheduled to begin. The great church was filled to its utmost capacity. There

were many sprays of gorgeous flowers brought in and wired from over the nation. On the huge platform every available chair was filled by ministers. Mrs. J. Russell Gardner played several of the old songs especially loved by 'Uncle Bud.' The Girls' Trio from Pasadena College, sang so beautifully, 'Zion's Hill.' Dr. H. Orton Wiley, president of Pasadena College, read the thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah. Dr. J. W. Goodwin, General Superintendent Emeritus, prayed. Dr. A. E. Sanner, Superintendent of the Southern California District, read a few of the many telegrams, and spoke briefly of the life and influence of 'Uncle Bud' throughout the nation and the world. Dr. J. Russell Gardner, pastor of the Bresee Avenue Church, reviewed the life of 'Uncle Bud' and made some brief remarks of his last visits with him. Rev. Joseph Ransom, assistant pastor to Dr. Gardner and music director at the church, sang 'Amazing Grace.'

"Dr. Henry B. Wallin, pastor of the First Church of the Nazarene at Long Beach, preached the main sermon, using for his text the words of Jonathan to David: 'Tomorrow—thou shalt be missed.' Dr. Wallin emphasized the place that 'Uncle Bud' had filled in his world ministry; that he would be missed in every department of the church, and by multiplied thousands of friends.

"For more than forty-five minutes almost a thousand people filed by to see and to pay their last respects to the man who was everybody's friend. Here were elderly people, middle-aged people, young people and children in their mother's arms. Here were educators and here were students. Here were people from various na-

tionalties and from many denominations. All of them felt that 'Uncle Bud' was theirs, and he was. Approximately one hundred ministers were in attendance, most of whom served as honorary pallbearers. Those serving as active pallbearers were: Revs. Ralph Hertenstein, V. P. Drake, L. D. Meggers, Lloyd Byron, John Mandtler, and Russell C. Gray.

"The committal service was conducted by Dr. Orval J. Nease, General Superintendent. At the Mountain View Cemetery, where the interment was made, a group of singers from the church and school had preceded the procession and were singing while the families and friends were gathering. Thus another soldier has fallen from our ranks, and he shall be missed."

CHAPTER NINE

AN INTIMATE APPRAISAL

Time is essential in the appraisal of men. Some men are better known to succeeding generations than to their own contemporaries. But always it must be asked: What was he to those who knew him best? The rule is that a man's intimates are his severest critics, and the man who can pass muster with those who live with him from day to day is happy indeed. Men hasten in their making of proverbs, and frequently they mistake the exceptions for the rules. There are men who are heroes to their own valets, and familiarity breeds contempt only when the object of one's familiarity is really contemptible. Bud Robinson bore acquaintance and his deepest admirers were those who knew him best and had known him longest. Men like H. C. Morrison, J. T. Upchurch and C. A. McConnell who knew Bud Robinson from old Hubbard Circuit days were his staunchest friends and fullest admirers to the very end of the way. And men like Will Huff, L. C. Messer and George C. Wise who traveled with him in closest companionship for periods of years were unlimited in their confidence in the sincerity and essential value of the man.

Physically Bud Robinson was scarcely ever really well and strong. During a good share of his life both his arms were out of their sockets, so that he was not able to

raise his arms above his head. But he accepted the average as normal health, and did not worry so long as he was no worse. And he was insistent on making the best of such heritage as he had. His habit was to awaken early—just before daybreak—to pray and to take his physical exercises. He developed a system of exercises adapted to his condition and to the situations in which he was habitually placed as a constant traveler, and he followed that system religiously. He was a good sleeper, and without apology he fell asleep whenever and wherever he could, whether on the train, in an automobile, or in some home where he was being entertained. And besides this he was exceptionally regular in his hours of retirement. And he concerned himself not the slightest about noise or ordinary disturbances. Kenneth Wells tells how Bud Robinson was approached in the wash-room of the Pullman one morning by a traveling man who asked, "Mister, are you a rich man?" Bud replied, "Oh, no, I am really quite a poor man." "Well, then," said the traveling man, "it's all right. I just thought that if you are a rich man you should hire you a private sleeper. Your snoring keeps others awake, you know."

Bud Robinson was a good eater. He loved substantial food, and seemed to take it without harm. But he learned by experience that some things were not good for his health, and these he scrupulously avoided. Eating was a sacrament with him, and he was one of the most delightful dining companions one would meet in a lifetime.

In the old days, of course, Bud Robinson rode on horseback. Then he had a buggy for the circuit. Then

he crossed and recrossed the continent on trains in the early days of his national evangelistic work. But during the last twenty-five years of his life he was a devotee of the automobile. Necessity compelled him to travel, but he rode more than necessity required. One time he came with E. O. Chalfant, L. C. Messer and others from Rockford, Illinois, to Sapulpa, Oklahoma, where I was in charge of the District Assembly. The journey required two days of hard driving, and the others of the party were glad for a respite. But on the very next day after their arrival when someone suggested that he would like to take Bud out for a "little airing," Bud suggested that they take a hundred mile drive that he might "see the country." One of his sayings was, "The baby buggy is the hope of the holiness movement, but the automobile is the comfort of the holiness movement."

Bud Robinson loved to fish. He was no expert. He did not bother much about equipment. He simply "dropped a line into the water and waited." But no one ever got a greater thrill than he did when a fish did become attracted to his line. I am too pessimistic to enjoy fishing. There is so much water and so few fish that I always think the odds are against success, and so find no joy in the one-sided game. But I always enjoy seeing those people fish who do love fishing. Once I went deep sea fishing on the Pacific with forty-eight other preachers of whom Bud Robinson was one. Bud found a convenient place on the deck of the little hired boat and sat for three hours without becoming restless. Once I passed by and

taunted him saying, "Brother Robinson, you can't catch fish that way. You are too comfortable. You have to get into a strain so that something must happen. But Bud looked up at me with a different face from any I had seen on him before. He said nothing at all, but as plainly as though he had used words he told me that he was engaged in serious business and that I should not interfere.

Preaching and associating with people were recreations with Bud Robinson. Seclusion was no necessity with him. In this particular he was like Dr. P. F. Bresee. Friends used to insist that Dr. Bresee should take vacations. But he answered that his work was his recreation, and that he rested while he labored. Once when Bud Robinson's schedule was quite full, a brother approached him apologetically, saying, "Brother Robinson, we had counted on you to preach for us in the eleven o'clock service in the convention, but they tell me you are overworked. Anyway, I wonder if you will not come down and talk to us a little. Just tell us a little of your experience, or anything you like." But Bud Robinson answered, "Why, brother, I will come down and preach for you. I will give you a full length sermon, and I will also be fit for the next service which the brethren think I will have to sacrifice if I come to you." It was this attitude toward his work that enabled him to hold up to such a strenuous program for so long a time.

Bud Robinson was always a great giver. The year the Columbus, Ohio, camp meeting was organized, while Bud Robinson, N. B. Herrell, L. N. Fogg and I were

seated at a table apart from other diners, the dining room manager approached Brothers Herrell and Fogg, who were members of the committee, and told them that certain preachers had come to the camp meeting under the impression that they would be given their meals free in the dining hall, and he wanted to know what to do about it. The brethren, knowing how pressed the camp meeting was for operating funds, were reluctant to allow the free meals and yet were sympathetic toward the poor preachers to whom the high cost of living meant so much. They were discussing the question between themselves, and Bud Robinson and I were not really supposed to be hearing. But just at the critical point in the discussion, Bud Robinson spoke in a low, earnest voice, and said, "Brethren, give the boys their meals, and take pay for them out of whatever you were going to give me."

People loved to give Bud Robinson money, and he loved to give it away just as well. He was not really a business man, and but for his full income for a long period of years, might have died in debt. His son-in-law, George Wise, says he cannot recall a time when Bud's bank account was in excess of one thousand dollars, and usually it was much smaller than that. For years before his death he proposed that when he died he would leave no estate for friends and relatives to quarrel over, and his desire in this matter was realized.

Bud Robinson's friends were from all walks of life, and age and station were altogether incidental with him. He was just as happy over the friendship of a colored man or a little child as over that of a state governor or a bank

president, and he was just as likely to speak of his joy over a meeting with an illiterate old neighbor as an acquaintance with a college president. He gave coins to little children and called them pet names. "Old Sugar, Apple Blossom, Peach Tree Bloom," and such like designations were always welcomed by the little folks, and Bud Robinson was "everybody's uncle." His respect for and patience with old people was touching. And the old people loved him even as did the children.

Everyone who has heard of Bud Robinson has heard of his wonderful memory, but I think it is a mistake to suppose that this memory was a gift straight from heaven. It may be he did have the memory faculty in unusual measure, but I know also that he worked at the job of memorizing. He probably never read any of the memory courses that are offered to the public, but he practiced the best of what these courses teach. Early in his life he came to the conclusion that anything that is worth time and trouble to learn is worth remembering, and he trained himself to remember what he heard and saw. He was in a sense an uneducated man, but when he attempted to describe anything it was immediately evident that he had seen more than the majority see and that he had seen more clearly than the majority see. Early he commenced to read and memorize the Scriptures, and at one time it is said he could recite something between one-fifth and one-third of the whole Bible. Also he memorized the old hymns, and could recite or sing them even up to the time of his death. He read the newspapers casually, but regularly, and he read every item

in the *Herald of Holiness* every week. He also read many books, but he was pre-eminently a student of people, and he made it his business to know them that he might serve them. Even as regards his wonderful memory, I think we should not forget that he did so well because he thought the task worth while. Most of us could do better if we really tried—tried as hard as he did. It is like the ancient son who complained to his father that his sword was too short, and the father replied, "In that case, son, add a step to its length." Bud Robinson added that step to his memory by hard work and that made up for the difference.

In the fall of 1941 Bud Robinson developed a serious heart ailment, and was himself impressed with the conviction that his work was nearly finished. To others his seemed like a life of which one could be justly proud. But looking back over the way himself he said, "It seems to me that I have done nothing at all." Like all true saints who come to the crossing place, he claimed no merit except the blood of Jesus, and accounted all he had done as of too small consequence to be mentioned.

Bud Robinson traveled on for a time as a sick man. But, finally, under a doctor's advice, he was put to bed for several weeks. He improved and was up most of the time during the summer of 1942. In August of 1942 he was able to attend at least one service a day during the Southern California District Camp Meeting in which Holland London and I were the preachers and Professor Baumgartner was the song leader. In these services Bud

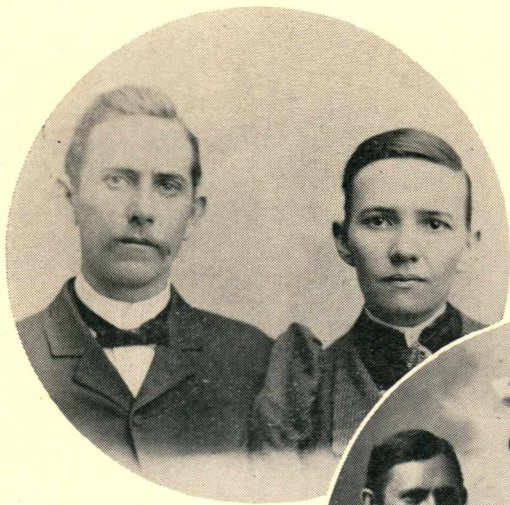
represented the *Herald of Holiness* and solicited subscriptions. But, on September 8, he was taken seriously ill and was never able to arise again from his bed.

A map of the United States on which is drawn the travels of Bud Robinson during the sixty years of his intensive work would look like a spider's web—two million miles he thought he had gone. A half million copies of his books were sold during his lifetime. He secured by personal solicitation 53,038 subscriptions for the *Herald of Holiness*. For almost twenty years his "Good Samaritan Chats" were a weekly feature in the *Herald of Holiness*, and a hundred thousand people credit Bud Robinson as their spiritual father.

For a while during that last illness he longed to get well, and asked for prayer to this end, but later he seemed to discern the Lord's will, and looking up with a smile, he said, "Well, so we are going to heaven!" At another time he said, "Heaven can't be far away; I must be almost there." Near the end he said softly one day, "I am on the bank of the river of life."

Speaking of the very end, Rev. George C. Wise, Bud Robinson's son-in-law, says, "It had been a long, long trail that began winding down the hills of Tennessee on the eve of the Civil War. Two million miles it extended to the banks of the river of life; it had taken Bud Robinson eighty-two years, nine months and six days to follow to its end. Now the laborer would soon be rewarded. The warrior waited silently before his Great Commander. The servant of the Most High soon would

know complete liberation and eternal emancipation, freeing him from all the effects of sin. The child of God awaited his Father's embrace. Then the pilgrimage ended, and the evening of November 2, 1942, at eight fifty-three o'clock was Bud Robinson's coronation day."



Reading from top of page: (1) Wedding picture taken in 1893; (2) family group taken in 1905 or 1906; (3) Uncle Bud and Miss Sallie taken in 1922; (4) Mrs. George C. Wise (Ruby), Bud Robinson, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. W. A. Welch (Sallie).

BUD ROBINSON

LON WOODRUM

He was a funny sort of fellow,
Said he came from Tennessee—
Shirt was busted at the elbows,
And his trousers at the knee!
Ran into a gospel meeting
Somewhere down Texas way,
Heard a preacher preaching
About the Judgment Day!

Don't know who was preaching—
Some nameless son of God!
Don't know about his converts—
Except the one called "Uncle Bud"!
But if in all his fishing
He never caught another one,
He sure did land a whopper
In this Bud Robinson!

Bud couldn't read the Bible,
Couldn't write his name—
But he outwrote the bishops,
And preached his way to fame!
Wherever English language
Is spoken or is read
The preachers will be saying
The things that Bud has said!

Bring in your biggest skeptic,
Bent with heavy study,
Against their arguments
I'll stand our Uncle Buddie!
I'll show the road he traveled,
Winning souls in North and South—
I'll take the shining record
And shut the cynic's mouth!

Now Bud is gone some place—
Of course we all know where!
It'll be a place of holiness—
And Jesus will be there!
They'll sing "Holiness forever!"
Till they shake the highest dome—
There's holiness in heaven—
So old Bud will be at home!

UNCLE BUD ROBINSON

BY RAYMOND BROWNING

The people of this land ne'er saw a person half so quaint
As Uncle Bud Robinson, our weeping, smiling saint.

He weeps a bit and laughs awhile, then says some
searching thing

As keen as any surgeon's knife yet never leaves a sting.
A log house in the Cumberlandds of eastern Tennessee
Is where his boyhood days were spent in direst poverty
And when his drinking father died and friends laid him
to rest

That mountain widow took her brood of children and
moved West.

Far out upon the Texas plains where life was hard and
rough

Our Bud grew up a cowboy and the toughest of the
tough.

You've heard him tell how he was dressed when first
he sought the light,

Trousers and shirt, pistol and boots, ready to swear and
fight.

But God had sent across those plains one of His brave
good men,

A circuit rider who would beard the lion in his den.
And where he found those reckless men out on the wild
frontier

Like Christ's ambassador he stood and bade them come
and hear.

'Twas such a man that Buddie heard, poor, crude, un-
lettered boy.

I've heard him tell the story and have wept then
laughed with joy.
Bud said, "That preacher preached on hell until I
feared its woe
And then he preached on heaven until I surely longed
to go."
Down in the altar straw he fell and stammered out a
prayer
Then heaven broke upon his soul and Jesus met him
there;
And such a miracle of grace this world has seldom
known
For not a letter did he know and he a man full grown.
But after work of day was done out on the moonlit plain
He learned to read his Bible first and through and
through again
He read that Book, devoured it, until his memory
Was stored with truth. His mind became a royal treas-
ury,
And when that lispng tongue turned loose in sermon,
speech or prayer,
His sayings and his epigrams were jewels rich and rare.
The Methodists were cautious when he asked the right
to preach.
The licensing committee listened to his uncouth speech
And one good sympathetic soul said, "Don't turn Bud
away.
He hasn't sense enough to use the license anyway.
He cannot hurt the church a bit and may be 'twould be
wrong

If we should not encourage him. Let's help the boy along."

Another said, "Some kind of test must show in our report.

Let's ask some simple questions and be sure to make them short."

One said, "Buddie, tell us have you studied Geography?"

"I didn't know there's such a thing," said Bud, "it's news to me."

"Now, what's the longest river in the world? of course you've heard?"

"River of life," came the reply, "I've read that in the Word."

"And what's the highest mountain peak?" (This question was the last.)

"Mount Zion," came the answer—and the brethren said he passed.

Some years went by. There came a time when Bud was sanctified.

Then camp meeting was all aglow and as the rising tide Swept sinners to salvation and saved ones to second grace

Our preacher hungered after God and wore a troubled face.

He knew he had been brightly saved and yet within his breast

The carnal mind would stir and rage and would not let him rest.

He sought the blessing, prayed for peace, yet still the
fight went on
Until next day when in the field he prayed while thin-
ning corn—
But let him tell the story in his ever-thrilling way
Of what took place in that cornfield that memorable day,
“All of a sudden tassels on the corn were turned to gold
And Jesus in His chariot through that old cornfield
rolled.
His great hand took out of my heart the last remains of
sin
And flung them into Adam’s grave and then the joy
came in—
A hogshead full of honey in my soul and, don’t forget,
There’s just a lot of beehives that I haven’t robbed as
yet.”

No matter where this preacher went he set the folks
on fire.
The crowds turned out to hear him preach. He stirred
the devil’s ire.
Among the Texas Methodists there was a mighty host
Who little knew of Wesley and less of the Holy Ghost.
Some ministers of carnal mind and much of worldly
pride
Had fits and spells and nearly died when folks got sanc-
tified.
Of course they knew ’twas in their creed and so they
kept professing.

That they "believed in holiness but not a second blessing."

Now to the simple trusting souls this matter seems quite plain

That the "first blessing" is that grace by which we're born again

And then the Holy Ghost must come to cleanse from inbred sin.

This is that "second blessing" when the Spirit dwells within.

However these blind leaders called poor Buddie to their court

And tried him for such heresy and made proceedings short.

They took his license, turned him out, their Pilate-hands washed clean

And that is why Bud Robinson became a Nazarene.

He's met the beasts of Ephesus and never lost a fight
For years he's buffeted the storms and now the port's in sight.

He's nearing threescore years and ten and still he preaches on.

We'll never see his like again when this brave soul is gone.

Young men and women clothed and fed from his own meager store

And trained in school to teach and preach have gone to foreign shore.

The sun ne'er sets on these his wards who number sixty-three,

And preach salvation from all sin with holy liberty.
His books are sold by thousands and his sayings never fade.

When Bud got on God's altar then a genius was made.
The final word on lodges by this humble man was said.
'Twill be retold a thousand times long after he is dead.
"Some folks always follow the Lamb" (his lisp I cannot quote.)

"And these folks are too busy then to ever ride the goat."

The chariot of the Lord will come for this good man
some day

And tens of thousands will be sad to know he's slipped
away,

But heaven will seem nearer and my soul with glory
fills

When I think of Buddie shouting on those everlasting
hills.

The scars of battle will be gone, the loneliness and pain.
The tears he wept for all the lost will never come again.
No more he'll wander through the land like one who
had no bed.

Earth's sorrow is forgotten and eternal joy's ahead;
And I can hear him saying in that concourse of the
blest,

"I didn't save them all, dear Lord, but I have done my
best."

—*Herald of Holiness*, April 10, 1929.

CHAPTER TEN

JUST ABOUT BUD ROBINSON

BY GRACE CHAPMAN RAMQUIST

BUD ROBINSON'S LIFE

"Buddie had been working for the Unitarian whose wife taught him to dance and play cards—both most entrancing to a nature like Buddie's. This was after Mother had gathered her little family of ten and moved to Texas. Like other states there can be found in Texas just the kind of society one likes best, and while Buddie found the wild unsaved ones, Mother found where there was to be a camp meeting, and persuaded Buddie to go.

"There was where he tried to get a game of seven-up with the young men and couldn't; where he tried to spark the little red-headed girl and couldn't succeed at that either; where the old lady prayed for him until she prayed through to victory. The little preacher in the short coat told how Jesus loved the sinner, and the old man with white hair stood up and asked any that wanted to meet him in heaven to come up and give him their hands. Then it was Buddie decided if ever he was going to do anything religious, that was the time; and he started down the aisle. His pistol—which he had taken along to shoot some fellow with, if he fooled with him, felt as if it weighed as much as a mule, and his deck of cards in the other pocket felt as heavy as a bale of cotton.

"When they said, 'Fix a seat for this young man, he's mighty deeply struck,' he could not have sat in a rocking chair; but fell across the split-log mourner's bench on his face. Someone turned him over on his back, and he screamed until you could have heard him a quarter of a mile. He felt like he was over hell on a broken rail. Mother heard them praying and screaming, and knew by her feelings that it was Buddie. Then the light of heaven broke in on his soul, and he began to climb the benches and tell folks he had religion; though he had never had any before and had seen very little, but he recognized it when he got it. That night he lay awake under his wagon, too happy to sleep, while all the stars came out on dress parade and danced together.

"The Lord came to him there, and asked him if he would preach the gospel, and of course he was glad to do anything the Lord said. The Lord seemed very near and beautiful, and folks were just a shining throng that served him; so to Buddie, just converted, lying on the bed under the wagon, preaching for the Lord was easy.

"Buddie went to conference, and when the time came, they sent him out and discussed his case, and decided they couldn't license him. But one man got up and befriended him. He said that while he knew that he was sick and afflicted; yet the little fellow might be discouraged, and couldn't do any harm with the license; so they decided to grant him license. He took it home, the happiest boy that ever had license to preach. Moth-

er read it to him, and he used it. He drummed his own crowd, and preached in schoolhouses, private houses, brush arbors, anywhere, so that the gospel be preached.

“Then under the life and preaching of Ben Cassaway he was convicted for a holy life and heart. One night Buddie preached on ‘Holiness,’ and with a friend had gone to the altar on his own altar call. The next morning he was working in the cornfield, the corn was in swab tassel, and preaching to himself on the text, ‘Follow peace with all men and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord,’ when the Lord came down and so filled him with glory that he fell in the fence corner. God continued to pour in the glory until the cornfield seemed full, and the corn blades shone, and he was afterward satisfied that the Lord wasted enough glory on him to save Texas. He had to ask the Lord to stop or he would ‘be dead in a minute.’

“The first time I ever saw Buddie to know who he was, was in the fall of 1891. There was a meeting in the university, and he was put up to preach. His hair was long and curled at the ends; his coat was faded brown on the top of his sleeves and his shoulders, but when he raised his arms it revealed that it was striped, much the worse for wear. He had on a pink necktie, quite soiled. He had forgotten either to take it off or to tie it. He was sallow and thin.

“There had been a standstill in the meeting, but when he had finished his experience he made a call for those who wanted to meet him in heaven. There wasn’t

a boy left behind of the four hundred students—they moved forward like a sea.”

Thus Sally Robinson, in the book published in 1913, *Buddie and I*, tells part of Bud Robinson's story. A year and a half after she first saw him in the university prayer meeting, on January 10, 1893, they were married. Both of them were so weak and sickly that folks predicted they would starve.

Giving his own testimony, Bud Robinson said:

“When the Lord found me, there was nobody else that wanted me but the devil. No man can tell just what God can do with a human being. When He found me I was all done up in my body; not one easy day came my way; but the blessed Christ touched my soul and blotted out my life of sin. Then, bless His dear name! He touched my mind and enabled me to study His blessed Word, and made it real and plain to me. Then He touched my body and my fearful troubles disappeared; and He even touched my mouth, and my stuttering disappeared. He then touched my social standing and gave me friends all over the land.”

Bud described one of his early experiences in the following words:

“One morning a number of years ago I was out of food. We had simply eaten up the last bite. After breakfast the Lord said to me, ‘Harness up your ponies, hitch them to your hack and go to town.’ I had nothing in town to go after, I had no money to buy anything with, and so far as I knew there was no one to see me.

"But I obeyed the Lord, hitched my ponies to the hack, drove into town, tied my ponies to the rack, and walked up and down the sidewalk and shook hands with old friends until it was almost noon.

"I was pretty hungry, didn't have a nickel; but after awhile a drunk man came down the street, so drunk that he simply walked all over the sidewalk and came staggering up and got his arms around me and said, 'I mean every word of it.' He said, 'We are going to stand by you with our money.' And I said, 'All right, George, that will be mighty nice for you boys to stand by me.' He said, 'You bet your life we are going to.'

"He ran his hand down into his pocket and took out a handful of silver dollars. He was so drunk he staggered off and nearly fell off the sidewalk, but staggered back up to me and said, 'Now this is yours; every dollar of it.' I took the money and put it in my pocket. He reached over and patted me on the shoulder and said, 'We are going to back you, old boy.' I shook hands with him and he went on down the sidewalk.

"I went into the grocery store and bought a lot of groceries and got home in time to have a good dinner.

"There was one of the clear leadings of the Lord for me to go to town. I didn't know why I was going, but God had a drunk man with a pocketful of silver for me. He had to send it to me by a drunk man. So far as I could see there was not a church member in that part of the country who lived close enough to the Lord that He could talk to him and tell him what to do. But,

thank the Lord, He can impress a drunk man to help a preacher."

In the spring of 1912 the Robinsons sold their home in Peniel, Texas, and moved to Pasadena, California. Looking back, Bud said that he could name at least five young men who had lived in their home in Peniel from one to five years and had gone out to become college presidents. Bud's description of the dirt-breaking for their new home in Pasadena is very interesting:

"I have seen a few dirt-breakings for schools, or colleges, or universities, or courthouses, but a regular breaking for a private home was never seen by this scribe until he held one on the ground where our new home is to stand. We invited our pastor, Rev. Seth C. Rees, and family, and we gathered under a large peach tree and sang a hymn. I read the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, and then we had some fine speeches and a great season of prayer. As we prayed for everybody who might come under the roof and prayed for the contractor and every carpenter and for every plank and nail and sack of cement and all the material that goes into the make-up of a house, the Lord came down upon us. We wept as we prayed and God poured out His Spirit on us and we were blessed until I cried until it was easier to keep on than it was to stop. I have never been in a more refreshing, heart-melting service. It was plain to me that the Lord was pleased with such a dirt-breaking as we had. Fine talks were made, first by Sister LaFontaine, and then by Brother Rees, and then by Sister Ames, and then by Brother Ames, and

then by Miss Sally, and when the speeches were all over we all knelt there on the sand, and the praying began. It was like an altar service. When the prayers were over we all gathered at the spot where the house was to stand and each of us in the name of the Lord threw out a shovelful of sand. After some twenty or more of us had thrown out a shovelful of sand, we all sang, 'Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow.' We left the ground feeling that we had been to God's house to worship and that God was in His temple to own and bless His children. Let me say that it would be a good idea for the Nazarenes all over the United States to never erect a building of any kind without first reading the holy Scriptures on the ground and offering prayer to God for His protecting care. We ought to be different from the rest of the folks."

On the night of June 1, 1919, occurred Bud Robinson's terrible automobile accident. C. E. Cornell wrote to the *Herald of Holiness*:

"The writer with Brother Bud was engaged in holding revival meetings at San Francisco in connection with the District Assembly. One Sunday night, after the evening service, Bud was on his way home. In crossing the street, a fast running auto going toward the ferry was nearly upon him, and he sprang toward the center of the car track to avoid being hit; instantly he observed a street car going the other way would hit him, and he sprang again to avoid the car, when an auto running alongside the car, that he could not see, and the driver

of the auto could not see him, struck him and hurled him thirty feet. He was picked up by the police and sent to the receiving hospital. The writer was called at 1: 30 a.m., and then learned of the accident.

“We found him in much pain, but was then not aware of the extent of his injuries. He was removed to the Lane Hospital the next morning and a surgeon and another doctor called. They planned to have him examined the next morning at 7 a.m. Bud was then suffering awfully. The doctors found that his right arm was broken with a jagged break that protruded through the flesh and severed the muscle three-fourths off. They also found that his left arm was broken and in addition the ligaments under the arm broken, which made a very serious condition. They also found that his left leg was broken between the ankle and the knee, and that this was a bad break also. They operated on him and put him together with fair hopes of recovery. Through it all Bud never lost his composure, his cheerfulness, nor his faith in God. He was radiant, cheerful and trustful.”

The First Church at Pasadena celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of Bud Robinson's entering the ministry, and his seventieth birthday, on January 26, 1930. There was a great crowd; the seats were taken upstairs and downstairs, and the standing room around the wall on both floors. Bud Robinson reported his part in the meeting as follows:

“After Brother Little had made a fine speech and had taken a love offering for old Bud, then it was up to

me to make good, and the thing that entertained the people much was a pair of old-fashioned leather saddlebags which I carried down and showed them. None of them had ever seen the saddlebags of an old, early day Methodist preacher. I told them that at one time these saddlebags were my trunk and my pillow; also that they contained my suitcase; also that they contained my private library, and were my bookcase."

There is wistful longing, never to be realized in this life, in a bit that Bud Robinson wrote in 1931:

"In my life I have walked cement sidewalks and looked at brick walls and watched for the green light to come on so I could cross the street, until I am hungry to get out on a farm and be quiet and listen to the voice of God as He talks to His children when they get quiet. After the dust and smoke and hurrah and knock down and drag out and fuss and fight and look for work and expect somebody to come along and hire you, I would like to eat my own bread and drink my own milk and listen to my own calf bawl and my own hens cackle and my roosters crow, and read my own Bible and pray with my own wife and children and sleep in my own bed in my own home, a happy free man."

BUD ROBINSON AND HIS GOOD SAMARITANS

When Bud Robinson was able to write again after his hospital experience, he was especially anxious to place the *Herald of Holiness* in the hospitals and other public institutions of the country:

"Last year I spent three months in a great hospital and never heard of a religious paper being sent to any

of the people there. Some may have been sent, but I never saw or heard of them, and it has been in my mind and heart for months to do something of this kind, and now the Lord has opened the way.

“The devil will see to it that his poison is placed in the depots and hotels and public libraries, while we as a people have the best and cleanest reading matter on the face of the earth, and yet make so little effort to get the best reading matter before the dying multitudes of this poor, sin-cursed earth.”

He had to call for help in his campaign to distribute the *Herald of Holiness* widely, and conceiving of his readers as his helpers in this task, he dubbed them “Good Samaritans.” Thus, on May 5, 1920, began Bud Robinson’s “Good Samaritan Chats,” which continued for twenty years. A precious part of them were the prayers he penned for his “Good Samaritans” from time to time:

“Let every Good Samaritan memorize my daily prayer and once a day get on your knees and join me. Here it is: ‘O Lord, give me a backbone as big as a sawlog and ribs like the sleepers under the church floor; put iron shoes on me and galvanized breeches and hang a wagon load of determination up in the gable-end of my soul and help me to sign the contract to fight the devil as long as I have a vision and bite him as long as I have a tooth and then gum him till I die.’”

“My prayer is now that the Lord will turn a hog-head of honey over in your soul and just let it ooze out between your ribs until you will be so sweet that ev-

ery bumblebee and honeybee in the settlement will be abuzzing around your doorstep."

"Ten thousand blessings on your head; and may the Lord set the sideboards of your soul out and load you up with bread from the King's table, and as you run over the rocks and ruts of life may some of the bread jolt off for the hungry multitudes; and when you come to the marriage supper of the lamb, may there be a great crowd following your wagon."

TRIBUTES TO BUD ROBINSON

That Bud Robinson was deeply loved and appreciated was evident from the letters, telegrams, messages and tributes that poured in at the time of his death. All praise was not reserved for his funeral, for many tributes came to him down through the years:

"Bud Robinson, one of the most remarkable men of his age, is shaking this nation, not by intellect, but by his sweet, godly spirit. It is this that makes the multitudes laugh and cry when he talks."—Rev. A. C. Smith in 1907.

"Bud Robinson is six feet of the Holy Spirit and can quote the Bible all day. What the Lord has done for that man is simply phenomenal."—J. Preston Gibson.

"Dear Bud, he loves everybody, and when he finds someone whom grace has touched and put some of the divine in, Uncle Bud loves him much."—Brother Agnew.

"We were glad to have Uncle Bud with us at Headquarters October 12th. Uncle Bud not only brings a pocketful of subscriptions to the *Herald of Holiness* each time he comes, but is always a blessing, bringing 'sunshine and smiles' to everyone."—*Herald of Holiness*, 1925.

"The paper wouldn't be complete without dear Uncle Bud Robinson's 'Good Samaritan Chats.' And the paper has no better booster than Bud Robinson with his two favorite texts, 'Holiness' and the '*Herald of Holiness*'."—*Herald of Holiness*, 1931.

BUD ROBINSON PRAISES PREACHERS

There is a sermon on "The Duty of Praising People" with the text, "I praise you" (1 Corinthians 11: 2). Bud Robinson practiced this friendly duty, and was always in his own unique way saying something good about those with whom he came in contact. A few examples are:

"He is simply a nugget of gold wrapped up in silver."

"He is as good as Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder which is advertised 99 and 99-100 per cent pure."

"It is remarkable how preachers raised in different parts of the country can get saved and sanctified, unite with the Church of the Nazarene and meet anywhere in the United States and their hearts run together like two drops of water."

"He has the softest heart and the hardest head of any man in the Church of the Nazarene."

"They are big enough to be little and at the same time they are little enough to be big and that makes a great man. I have met so many fellows that were too big to be little, and sorry to say, their next station is the scrap pile."

"He is so good that it is easy to love him."

"He is so kind that you could wipe kindness off his face with a rag."

"There are three things about his [Joseph Owen's] preaching that are wonderful, here they are: when he gets up to preach the bench on which you are sitting feels perfectly comfortable, when he has been preaching for ten minutes, the bench feels perfectly soft, and when he has preached for forty-five minutes, you forget that you are sitting on a bench at all."

BUD ROBINSON SAID

Besides reports to various holiness papers, his "Chats" in the *Herald of Holiness*, and thirty-three thousand sermons, Bud Robinson wrote a number of books—*Honey in the Rock*, *Sunshine and Smiles*, *A Pitcher of Cream*, *Bees in Clover*, *My Hospital Experience*, *Nuggets of Gold*, *The Story of Lazarus*, *Mountain Peaks of the Bible*, *The King's Gold Mine*, *Walking with God*, *Two Sermons*, *Does the Bible Teach Divine Healing?* and *My Trip to the Holy Land*. Whether he wrote it or spoke it, he had a quaint, pointed way of expressing his ideas; ever since I can first remember people, and especially preachers, have been in the habit of getting the attention of their listeners by beginning, "Bud Robinson said—"

Below a few favorites are quoted, as well as some other sayings just as good, but perhaps not so well known.

"A guilty conscience is a mighty poor bedfellow. I've just got to keep Bud Robinson saved; I've got to keep company with him, travel with him, and sleep with him.

"A dying man said, 'All that I have given away, I have kept, and now have: but all that I kept I now lose'."

"The priests and rulers were busy killing heifers, and offering sacrifices, and burning incense to God. He came to town and they didn't know Him. God comes now occasionally and the people don't know He is there."

"You've got to be a sanctified man to be natural: the unsanctified man is abnormal."

"If I ask any one of you what is your favorite chapter, you will say the 23rd Psalm, 'The Lord is my Shepherd.' Well, if the Lord is your Shepherd, then you are his sheep; and if you are His sheep, He can shear you. You try to shear a goat and it will alarm the settlement. But a sheep won't bleat. Can the Lord shear you any time this year?"

"If you set your affections up yonder you won't have to move 'em."

"The justified man is a milk drinker. When he cuts his spiritual teeth, becomes sanctified, he can go to eating solid food."

"The young man said, 'Brother Robinson, I'd like to ask you a question. When you get down to pray why don't you confess your sins like Pap?'"

“Well,’ I said, ‘maybe your Pap hasn’t quit sinning yet. I have.’”

“The Lord doesn’t know a circumstance. Circumstances are all man-made.”

“God was never guilty of giving a low standard. We get the low standard after we become backslidden.”

“You may ‘jew down the Jews,’ ‘jew down’ the Gentiles, but you can’t ‘jew down’ God. You can’t get a dollar blessing on a ninety-five cent consecration. You’ve got to pay down the whole dollar on the counter in order to keep the blessing.”

“Any preacher is much better off to plan something big and do half of it than he would be to plan to do nothing and do it all.”

“When I think of it, I can hardly stand it to think that the dear Lord would allow me to run with the people called holiness people. It seems to me I ought to take a week’s lay-off, to do nothing on earth but shout and celebrate.”

“Established! Why most people in their religion are like folks used to be on the frontier of Texas—just squatters. And when a squatter moves you can’t tell which way he is going. He is just as liable to go backwards as forward.”

“Holiness is a cube; you can turn it over as often as you choose, and it stands straight up every time.”

“I had rather be good than anything I ever heard of in my life.”

“The Lord Jesus can take an old, guilty sinner, and clean him out and fill him up and send him out all

in a flame of love and glory, and can put his neck under the yoke of burden, with the bow of promise under his neck, and the man can pull all day and lie down at night and not know he has been hitched up."

"Well, glory! A little faith in a big Jesus is the key that unlocks the gate and lets the lamb into the clover field where the hummingbirds hum and the honeybees make honey all the year around. A fellow in the clover up to his eyes forgets all about a yoke and a burden. In fact, in the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ we have found out by experience that the heavier the burden, the lighter the yoke and the higher the clover."

"The holiness folks give all they have, and then give on credit."

"You have to put weights on a man who walks with God to keep him down on this old earth at all. Enoch walked with God, up and down, and he talked to God and God talked to him. And one day God said, 'Enoch, come, go home with me and stay all night.' And Enoch said, 'Well, all right.' And he went. But he hasn't come back. You see, there hasn't been any night there yet. And if we want to see Enoch any more we'll have to go to him."

"Let every Nazarene take courage, buckle up his belt a little tighter, and lay his last nickel on the altar, and throw his hat in the air, and leap up and down because of the fact that he is in a church where he can preach holiness as straight as a gunstick, and can look for the coming of Jesus, and can shout himself hoarse

any time he gets ready, because he is saved and sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost."

"If we will use both eyes, and see a hungry world with one and a great Savior with the other, the devil will hear from us. If we pray on one knee and run on the other to bring word to the starving multitudes that we have found Christ bigger than the devil, we will get at least one of their ears and we will fill it so full of the Bible and holiness that they will never get over it in this world. Glory to Jesus!"

"It was hot overhead, and it was hotter underfoot; the devil put up a fight, and strange to say, he used some of the Lord's sheep. Of course, their wool was short and dirty and full of cockleburs, but we had to accept them as sheep, and so we do, and just go on with the battle."

"We did our best to put some burrs in their wool that will be there until shearing time."

"The most beautiful thing I ever saw was a poor sinner coming through at the altar with tears and prayers and laughter and shouting all mingled together, because he had unloaded his burden and had found Christ."

"A converted man is a baby in the cradle, and a wholly sanctified man is a man with his breeches on and his haversack on his back and his gun on his shoulder, with both eyes open and saying, 'Where is the enemy?' and not, 'How many are there?'"

"When you shear a sheep you'll get no noise and a sack of wool. When you shear a hog you get noise and no wool."

"Not long ago in a city in the United States, I preached Sunday night to over seven hundred people on the 'Second Blessing.' Just four blocks away a pastor in a hundred thousand dollar church with a membership of two thousand, preached to twenty-seven people by actual count of one of the stewards."

"No finer crowd above ground; everyone of them a thoroughbred, and the one you are with last seems to be the best."

"But, O Lord, deliver us from that kind of holiness that is holiness under the brush arbor and something else behind the brick wall. Down in Coon Hollow it's 'holiness or hell,' and up on College Heights we take no stock in this green-eyed fanaticism."

"The blessing will make any young man a success at home or abroad."

"The *Herald of Holiness* is a white-winged messenger loaded to the waterline with good things for the hungry heart and life and mind."

"We can afford to fail at almost any other point, but we must have revivals."

"Here is a strange fact: the rich have so much and enjoy it so little, and the poor have so little and enjoy it so much."

"We are not even looking for a good place to slow up."

"We had folks to peddle."

"Wherever you go and find Nazarenes you find a band of the best people on earth and they are simply

pitchers of cream, and also sacks of salt and some of them would remind you of bowls of honey.”

“Already a lady asked me if I had false teeth and I told her that I did not, that there was nothing false about my teeth that they were shop-made and the real thing and no make believe.”

“Let us keep true and keep on fire and keep as sweet as honey, and keep level-headed, and keep the uplook and walk on our knees and pray out of our hearts and give out of our pockets and shout in the teeth of the devil and preach the Word and victory is ours.”

“Do you sort of feel like the Lord has turned that hogshead of honey over in your soul, that I sometimes preach about, and that the honey itself is sort of oozing out between your ribs, and have you any of those symptoms down in the bottom of your soul that you are heaven-born, heaven-bound, heaven-thrilled, and heaven-filled, and that by the help of the Lord you are ‘climbing up Zion’s hill’?”

“You can’t live any better on the outside than you are on the inside.”

“I remember that one time when I was in a hard place the devil came up and suggested that if the people had stood by me I could have put it over, and I notified him that the man who could not take the material he had on hand and succeed with it was a failure. The man who waits for somebody else to put him across is already a flat failure. When God sends out a man he can do it.”

"The year 1931 came creeping around the corner and was already here and doing business before the most of us fellows were out to see what was going on."

"Strange, the people who believe the Bible never get enough of it while the crowd who don't believe it can't stand any of it."

"It takes a big fellow to get down with the little fellow, but, sorry to say, a little fellow often thinks he is too big to get down with a fellow his size."

"I have been cleaned up and cleaned out and filled up and sent out and charged and surcharged and wound up and now I have nothing to do but just unwind and run down and shine and shout and the devil can't come around and tell me to cut it out."

"In many places over the nation now they don't like the words *second blessing*, and when we dodge the second blessing we take the backbone out of holiness and it can't stand alone. And in taking out the backbone we also at that same time extract its teeth until it can't bite. And in so doing we also take the fire out until it can't burn. You take the backbone and teeth and fire out of holiness, and you have nothing left but a beautiful, well-rounded, up-to-date, twentieth century fad. It is holiness without being holy, and that, of course, would not offend any of the worldly church members."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

INCIDENTS AND SAYINGS

The unusual qualities of mind and heart of Bud Robinson often were revealed in seemingly unimportant incidents. Upon one occasion he and "Bill" Yates, a singer of national reputation, having closed a campmeeting in Mississippi, where they had enjoyed few conveniences, and being in need of rest and good food, went to a hotel in Memphis. The hotel lobby was well filled with men, sitting, reading, or in conversation. Bud Robinson slowly approached the desk where the following conversation took place between him and the clerk: "What will a room cost us tonight in this here hotel?" "Two dollars and up," replied the clerk. "Two dollars and up whur?" came the question. The clerk, rather taken off his feet, began to explain: "You see, sir, we have inside rooms and outside rooms, some being higher than others." "Would you want an inside room?" "Shore," replied Uncle Bud, "ef we wanted to be outside we would not come in." By this time, the men reading and talking in the lobby had laid down their papers and were in convulsions of laughter. The clerk's face was red with embarrassment. Uncle Bud continued with a chuckle, "Now, brother, see here, I don't want to buy the hotel, I just want to sleep in it one night. I live down in Peniel, Texas, in a thirteen room house, and ef you will come down there to

see me, I will let you sleep in my bed, kick the foot-board, and snore as loud as you wish, and hit won't cost you a cent." Then he reached for his bag, chuckled some more, and followed the bellboy to the elevator while the clerk wiped the sweat from his brow and the audience broke into yet louder laughter. On another occasion he was in Little Rock, Arkansas, attending a convention and staying in one of the prominent hotels of the city. The first day of the convention he sat at a table alone. Before eating, he bowed his head and offered thanks "out loud." His words were inoffensive and deeply spiritual. A business man sitting near, seeing and hearing him, moved over to the table and asked permission to eat with him. At the close of the meal, the man paid the bill, and requested the privilege of eating with Uncle Bud three times a day as long as he was in the city, saying he would pay for the meals just for the fellowship and the pleasure of the conversation.

Once a highly educated man came to Uncle Bud's room, after hearing him preach. He began the conversation by saying, "I don't believe in the Bible. I don't believe God created man. In fact, I don't believe in God himself. I am an evolutionist. Man came from nothing into something. This is the teaching of science, which I believe, and I have no use for the Bible."

Uncle Bud heard the man's story, and then replied, "You are the most brilliant, the most cultured, the best informed man I ever met. You know more about science and philosophy in a minute than I could learn in a lifetime. But there is one thing I know, Doctor, that

you don't know. I was once a sinner, a slave to drink and tobacco, physically diseased, having had both my arms out of place many times from epileptic convulsions. One day I met Jesus. He healed my body. My epileptic spells passed forever. He forgave my sins, sanctified me wholly, and for many years has been my constant companion, and has never left me alone." The man looked at Uncle Bud and said, "I know nothing about the things of which you speak. I am utterly ignorant of such experiences; and, after all, perhaps you are as well informed in your line as I am in mine." Uncle Bud requested the man to kneel in prayer, and then prayed the heavens open, and this unbeliever was gloriously saved.—R. T. WILLIAMS, *General Superintendent*.

SELECTED SAYINGS OF BUD ROBINSON

"Money is a commodity that will purchase anything in this world except happiness, and is a passport to every country except heaven."

"The first time I ever saw the ocean, I sat down and cried, and said, 'Praise the Lord! Here is one thing I have seen that there is enough of.'"

"Once when I visited an ear specialist, I said, 'Doctor, I can hear perfectly well out of this ear; and I can't hear at all out of the other. What do you think is the matter?' The doctor said, 'Uncle Bud, I think the biggest trouble with your ear is just old age,' But I said, 'No, doctor, I don't agree with you at all. You see I can hear perfectly well out of my right ear, and can't

hear at all out of my left ear, and yet you know these ears were born at exactly the same time'."

Looking at the hillside farms in North Carolina, Bud Robinson said, "These farmers ought to make a lot of money—they have turned their farms up on edge and are farming both sides."—RAYMOND BROWNING.

After quoting John Wesley in one of his sermons a man came up and chided Bud Robinson for being so old-fashioned as to believe in Wesley and his doctrine of holiness. Uncle Bud looked at him and said, "Who be you? Every boy and girl in America who is eleven years old knows who John Wesley was, but I never seen you till just this minute." During the last years of his ministry his pronunciation doubtless improved, but earlier it was so unusual as to in itself be funny. Always humorous, though sensible, it bothered Dr. Fowler when the people laughed so much during Bud's sermon. At the camp meeting at Mooers, N. Y., years ago Dr. Fowler preceded Bud's sermon with an exhortation not to laugh but listen. He gave them such a severe reprimand that the people thought it would be almost a sin to laugh. However, when Uncle Bud stated in his first sentence that "Lazarus was thick," uncontrollable merriment swept the listeners. Even Dr. Fowler joined in the hearty laughter. Buddie was at our home when his daughter Ruby was expecting her sixth child. At family prayer he was praying for her. We all laughed and cried together. He was so frank and friendly with the Lord, telling Him about the other children, and how he wanted his daughter to have as many children as there were

apostles and that now No. 6 would make her half way through. I never met "Miss Ruby," as he called her that day, but am sure she must have felt that wonderful prayer. At our camp at Beacon, N. Y., he related in his sermon how it was the healthiest place he had ever been, and in all his travels had never been in a place so long without hearing of a death somewhere. He said, "I ain't even seen a dead hen since I came here." Mrs. L. A. Reed took the hint and said, "Uncle Bud, you shall have a chicken for supper."—PAUL S. HILL.

When I was pastor at First Church, Pasadena, Bud Robinson was a member of my church. Once when he was at home for the holidays, we announced he would speak on Sunday afternoon. Those who know southern California, know that folks do not rally for a Sunday afternoon service, especially during the holiday season. But Bud Robinson never failed to draw a crowd, even in his home town. While eating my Sunday dinner, I told my family that this service would test Uncle Bud's popularity in his home church. Before the meal was over the custodian called and said to me, "Get the ushers on their job for the house is filled now and they are going to the galleries." This was long before time for the service.

One day we were invited out together for dinner. A long platter was filled with golden brown fried chicken, everything from light to dark meat, drumsticks to gizzards, was set before us. The lady hostess, so pleased that Bud Robinson was in her home for the first time,

stood back of him and said, "What is your choice piece Uncle Bud?" He replied, "Why pick over it; ain't we goin' to eat all of it?"

He was a man who loved children, and they all loved him. When our little girl, Mavis, at the age of eleven, went to be with Jesus, Uncle Bud was unable to attend the funeral. Some months later we saw him, and when Mrs. Harding and I met him we were all crying. He put his arms around both of us and called us "Children," and said amid sobs, "children, we know where she is when the curfew blows." We received many letters and wires of words of sympathy, but the words of this mountaineer philosopher have cheered us thousands of times and we have passed them on to others passing through sorrow.

Bud Robinson always had good things to say about everyone. If he ate a meal and the lady had only fried apples, he would boost the cook and say she was the greatest cook since Eve fried apples for Adam, and her husband was a miracle worker. Once when he had spent the night with a family in Missouri, in a preacher's home where there was a large family, he bade them goodby and asked God's blessing upon the home, and then gave them the love offering he had received the evening before. Driving away he sat in silence until one of the party asked him what was wrong. He said, "Well, we will have to go back." They took him back and he gave the preacher's wife some more money and then rode away singing cheer to the rest of the party. That family of children are growing into manhood and womanhood. They are here where I am pastor, at-

tending college, but they still remember Uncle Bud's wonderful visit.

Years ago, we were walking across the camp ground together. A lady came running up to him and looking him square in the face said, "And you are Bud Robinson?" He said with a chuckle, "I pay his tax." She said, "I came five hundred miles to see you." Then she said, "You look like Jesus." He didn't swell up over this, even though it was the greatest compliment any man could receive, but he cried and wiping away the tears said, "Just pray that I will live like Him."

When with a group of his fellow ministers he was the center of attraction and entertained them with his stories. Sometimes professional men get critical of others in like professions, or of the people they serve. Immediately Uncle Bud would lose his interest and you would hear him singing "Amazing Grace" as he twiddled his thumbs. He perhaps knew more human weaknesses and sometimes even sins of the folks under discussion, but he knew it would not help them to tell it, but would hurt him.

Some of his close friends, given to impersonations, sometimes entertained their friends imitating Uncle Bud, with his quaint lisp. Even this writer they say is proficient at it. On one occasion in company with my friend of years, Rev. N. B. Herrell, for whom I was holding a meeting, said to me, "Call up Mrs. Herrell and imitate Uncle Bud and we will have a good dinner today." I did so, and when Mrs. Herrell said, "Well, Uncle Bud, what do you want for dinner?" I said, "Oh, chicken and dumplings, I guess, and some home-made ice

cream." When we got to the house, using Uncle Bud-die's phrase, "the perfume of chicken broth pervaded the settlement." The nice white linen table cloth was spread and one of the boys was on the porch turning the ice cream freezer. But I would prefer to imitate him in his humble spirit, his forgiving heart, his optimism, and to look only for the good in everyone. This humble philosopher, Second Reader preacher, and author from the Tennessee hills! He was at home with a King in his parlor, or with a peasant in the kitchen.—U. E. HARDING, *Pastor* College Church, Nampa, Idaho.

Bud Robinson and Dick Albright were great friends and colaborers. On the face of Dick's tombstone at East Liverpool, Ohio, is a Bible, four by four and one-half feet in size. On the open Bible is the following: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path" (Psalm 119: 105). "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace" (Psalm 37: 37). "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake with thy likeness" (Psalm 17: 15). "And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever" (Revelation 22: 5). On the back of the stone in five-inch letters is the word, SALVATION. Uncle Bud and a few friends conducted a memorial service before this stone. Bud read the verses given above, and said, "Bless God, that just looks like old Dick. That is the most wonderful tombstone I have seen in all my travels and it marks the grave of a

sanctified man." He then quoted many scriptures regarding the sanctified, and prayed as only Bud Robinson could pray. All present were deeply moved by the Holy Spirit.—O. L. BENEDUM, *Superintendent, Akron District.*

In a convention sponsored by the National Association for the Promotion of Holiness at Newton, Kansas, in 1920, I first met and had the privilege of hearing the noted evangelist, "Uncle Bud" Robinson. During the intervening years as pastor, evangelist and District Superintendent I have had the privilege of being quite closely associated with him, and his beautiful example of perfect love has been a blessing and benediction to my life.

One of the outstanding characteristics of "Uncle Bud" was his love and consideration for others. He loved people and they felt that he loved them. I took him to Beaumont, Texas, in January, 1939, for a ten-day revival meeting. Our church there was passing through a crisis and I felt that the ministry of this apostle of perfect love would help us in the solution of our problem. We arrived for the opening service and the worst blizzard in the history of southeast Texas was on. There were about thirty-five people in an auditorium that would seat four hundred. I was concerned as to how this man who was accustomed to speaking to packed houses would adjust himself to this situation. When I presented him to the small congregation he arose and said, "Friends, I am so happy to see you this stormy night, and I just want to say that I believe that

each one of you has more religion than I have, for if it had been announced that one of you were going to preach here tonight I think I would have stayed at home and toasted my shins by the fire. And yet all of you have come out to hear this old man preach second blessing holiness." Those words so warmed the hearts of all present that soon the tears were flowing and we felt we had already been repaid a hundredfold for our trip through the storm.

It was during the above mentioned meeting that "Uncle Bud" celebrated his eightieth birthday. We had planned a morning service and ministers and laymen from over the district were to have been present. When time arrived to start for the church Mrs. Mathis and I saw to it that he was bundled up good so he would not get cold. He had a little difficulty getting into the car. When he was finally seated he chuckled and said, "How times have changed. Sixty years ago I could get on a bronco while he bucked and bawled and now I can hardly get into a car with it standing still and the door open."—I. C. MATHIS, *Superintendent, Dallas District.*

Mrs. Brown asked "Uncle Bud" if he liked fried mush. He replied, "Sister, I like nothing better and get less of it." At the close of breakfast some pieces of the fried mush were left on the platter and Uncle Bud pulled the platter up to him and said, "I just can't stand that old fried mush in my sight," and he proceeded to put it out of sight.

When traveling the district with "Uncle Bud," I became quite carsick one morning as we crossed the

Rockies. Later "Uncle Bud" said, "Melza Brown was the seasickest man I ever saw on dry land."

As "Uncle Bud" viewed the Rocky Mountains, he said, "Brethren, the Lord surely did some great work around here."

One of Uncle Bud's unusual characteristics was his perfect confidence in an automobile and the driver. He slept soundly as the car rolled over the Rocky Mountains, as we went up and down and around and around. Horseshoe bends and hairpin turns, grades and passes, cliffs and one-way roads were all taken by "Uncle Bud" in perfect ease. He would awaken only once in a while to praise the Lord, and immediately drop off to sleep again. At the end of the journey he would exclaim, "Wasn't that a great trip," mostly taken by sleeper for him. — MELZA H. BROWN, *Pastor*, First Church, Nampa, Idaho.

"Uncle Bud" was in Boston, Mass., conducting a revival in a Methodist church, and was stopping at a hotel not far away. One morning he started down the street to a restaurant for an early lunch. It was bitter cold and the snow was falling. A tall, shabbily dressed young man came up to him and said, "Mister, will you please give me a nickel. I'm hungry." "Uncle Bud" said, "I don't mind giving you a nickel, but if I do you'll walk right into that saloon and spend it for beer."

"No, I won't," answered the young man, "I'm really hungry."

"But what can you get for a nickel?" asked "Uncle Bud." "There's a cheap eating place not far from here

where I can get a bowl of soup and some bread for a nickel," he replied.

"Well, if you are hungry," said "Uncle Bud," "you just come right along to the restaurant and eat with me." When they were seated at the table "Uncle Bud" said, "How would you like to have a nice steak and some fried potatoes?"

"If you please, sir."

"And half a dozen fried eggs?"

"If you please, sir."

"And a big piece of pie and a cup of coffee?"

"If you please, sir."

Bud said, "When I saw that fellow eat I was prepared to believe what he had said about not having had anything to eat for two days."

After the meal was over he said to the young man, "Brother, at two o'clock I'll be right over yonder at that Methodist church preaching and I want you to come and hear me. Will you be there?"

The man said, "Mister, I'll sure be there if I ain't dead."

He was there all right, and listened attentively. "Uncle Bud" took him out to supper and then gave him money to pay for a bed that night. For several days he cared for him, and preached to him, and, as might be expected, the young man got saved and friends found a job for him.

When "Uncle Bud" left Boston the young man insisted on going to the train, and carrying his grip, and when the two parted the young man broke down and

cried like a child. He said, "Brother Robinson, I hate to see you leave. You're the best friend I've ever had."

More than a dozen years passed by and "Uncle Bud" went out to North Dakota to preach in a campmeeting. One day he was in his tent getting ready to preach when a big, tall, handsome man rushed in and grabbed him and jumped up and down laughing and crying. Finally he said, "Brother Robinson, don't you know me?"

"No, sir, I never saw you before in my life," said "Uncle Bud."

"Oh, yes, you have. Don't you remember that fellow that came up to you one morning in Boston, and asked you for a nickel?"

"Yes, I remember that, but surely you ain't that man?"

"I'm the same one," he said.

"But what are you doing out here?" asked "Uncle Bud." "I'm preaching. It's a long story, but after you left Boston, I worked hard and studied my Bible, and soon I felt the call to preach. One day I picked up a copy of *Zion's Herald* and saw where a District Superintendent, out here in North Dakota, needed some young men. I wrote to him and asked if he could use me and he wrote for me to come. The Lord has blessed me in my work. I've married a fine Christian girl, and she and my little boy are right out here in the buggy, and she's crazy to see you."

"Uncle Bud" said, "We went out to where a pretty young woman was sitting in a nice, rubber-tired buggy,

and on her lap was the finest looking little fellow I 'most ever saw. He was just as white as sugar, all except his hair, and that looked like molasses candy. She took my hand and cried, and said, 'Brother Robinson, I never can thank you enough for saving such a good husband for me.' "

"Uncle Bud" closed by saying, "And, friends, he didn't cost me very much—about two dollars and eighty-five cents was all, and I'd spend that much money any time to get a preacher for the Lord."—RAYMOND BROWNING, Bennettsville, S. C.

Although "Uncle Buddie" was denied the opportunity for a formal education, he had a keen appreciation of the value of such training and, in fact, was amazingly well informed through wide reading on a broad range of subjects. However, as with other handicaps, he was big enough and humble enough to refer to his educational limitations in jocular vein. I remember that when he was asked to speak at the educational anniversary of a District Assembly in Chicago, he began by saying in his amusing and inimitable way, "I don't know why I have been asked to speak at this educational meeting, unless it is to show the need of a good education."

Holiness schools never have had a better friend than "Uncle Buddie." Characteristically, his interest in Christian education found expression in practical service. Through the years he assisted in raising multiplied thousands of dollars for various colleges in times

of emergency. Furthermore, his sense of the importance of an adequate education made him the benefactor of scores of young people whom he assisted substantially in securing college training. He also took a keen personal interest in them, encouraging and challenging them to rise above the ordinary and to attain places of unusual influence and blessing in the work of Christ.

Rev. Will Huff, the noted evangelist now of sainted memory, was a conspicuous example of this special and individual interest. Early in Brother Huff's college career "Uncle Buddie" said to him, "Will, somebody will become the outstanding holiness preacher of your time, and it might as well be you." There can be little doubt that such interest, encouragement and challenge to excel had much to do with the unusual ministry of that great holiness preacher. Rich indeed will be the eternal reward of our beloved "Uncle Buddie" for the investment he made in the training of consecrated young people.

In his prime, Uncle Buddie's wit, speed and skill at repartee surprised and disposed of critics and hecklers completely and unceremoniously. I recall well his story of one of these encounters.

Uncle Buddie was preaching to a large crowd and made a rather sweeping statement to the effect that there were "no mysteries in the Bible," evidently meaning that God in His good time would make all clear. Instantly a man arose in the rear of the building and shouted, "You say there are no mysteries in the Bible.

What about the he goat that came from the west and never touched the ground?" In a flash "Uncle Buddie" answered, "Well, brother, as he came by, I'd hang my hat on one horn, my collar and tie on the other, and have a poor, unregenerate sinner just like you!" With that the heckler went down as if he had been shot.—HUGH C. BENNER, *Pastor*, Kansas City First Church.

Bud Robinson's ability to estimate men properly and render a just verdict is shown in the following. Asked his opinion about a certain Nazarene preacher, he said, "He lacks just a little of being the greatest success or the greatest failure you about ever see. A little bit either way would do it."

My first meeting with him was in the Utica Avenue Church in Brooklyn. After a brief getting acquainted period, I asked him if he did not think there might be some advantage that he had over others who had not come up over the hard road of poverty and lack of education, etc. He replied, "I don't know about the advantages, but I can tell you some of the disadvantages."

I had mentioned Dr. C. J. Fowler who was at that time the president of the National Holiness Association. Comparing himself with Dr. Fowler he said, "Dr. Fowler was born so nice." Then he continued to tell of a meeting with Dr. Fowler in California where a drunken woman made comments during the sermon so that Dr. Fowler could not preach any more. Uncle Bud stood up and said, "Now, Dr. Fowler, let me try," and

proceeded to say as how it was a drunk woman, they should be glad it was not themselves, and that God could save her and save them too, and that they all needed Jesus. He made an altar call and several responded. During the altar service, Dr. Fowler knelt beside him and prayed, "O Lord, make me more like Bud Robinson."—PAUL S. HILL.

"Uncle Buddie" well understood the characteristic reactions of human nature, and was frank enough to confess them. While he and a friend were visiting in the new science laboratory of the college where I was assembling some apparatus for the fall semester, I overheard the following choice bit of wisdom: "Well, Brother, you have had experience with a holiness school, and I have had experience with a holiness paper, and we are both much wiser."

On his return to Pasadena from an evangelistic tour, he was rehearsing to a group of college professors some of the experiences of the summer. "You know," he said, "I have just come from a place where they are thinking of starting another school. I told them not to do it. I told them that a holiness school was like a pair of shoes. They squeak loud when they are new, but they get pretty flat when they are old."

Even when plied with foolish questions, his ready wit never failed him. To a sister who said, "Uncle Buddie, why is it that your hair is so much grayer than your beard?" he replied, "Why, sister, you know it is about twenty years older." Always simple, always sin-

cere, what a great man he was!—H. ORTON WILEY, *President, Pasadena College.*

In a zone meeting in Clovis, New Mexico, "Uncle Buddie" referred to the text, "Consider the ant, thou sluggard." He told us of the industry and thrift of the ant, and said, "There isn't a lazy one in the whole outfit. Why, in harvest time, every morning when the first rooster crows, every ant rolls out and begins to shake the dirt out of his socks getting ready for the chase." He applied this to the harvest of souls that is now ready to our hand, and the thought has been a great blessing to me.—R. C. GUNSTREAM, *Superintendent, New Mexico District.*

Bud Robinson and L. Milton Williams were conducting a revival in Calgary, Alberta. A learned man, a Greek scholar, one of the translators of the American Revised Version of the New Testament, attended the services. One day he said to me, "That evangelist from Texas knows he is not a scholar, but there is something about him that touches my heart. He does not know Hebrew and Greek, but he does know God, and I can sit at his feet and learn." Once in our home, when he was past seventy-five years of age, my wife suggested to "Uncle Buddie" that he should retire. But he almost shouted, "Retire, no. I am refiring. I want to hit the ball." And then as though the idea were reverberating in his mind, he repeated, "I want to hit the ball." And he did.—E. E. MARTIN, *Superintendent, North Pacific District.*

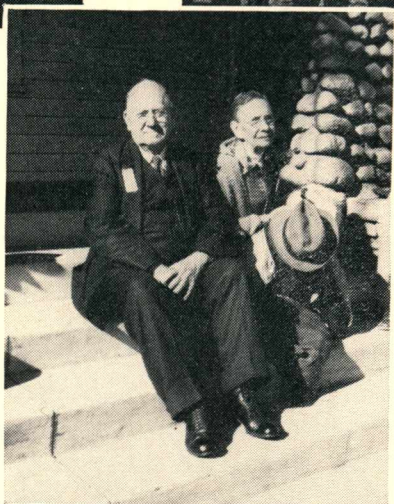
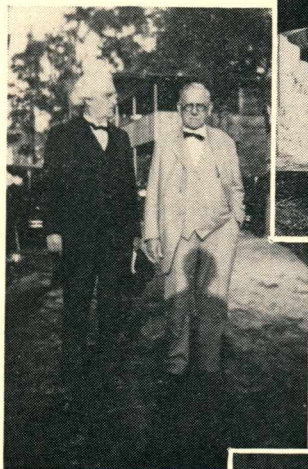
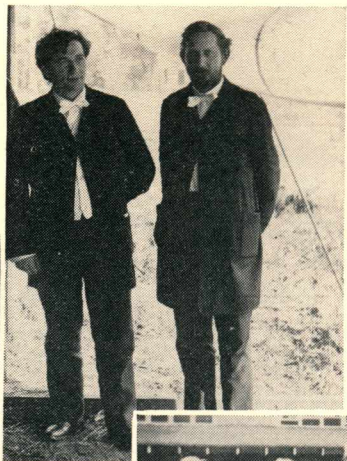
In the autumn of 1940 "Uncle Bud" made a tour of our district. Several times during the first few days he expressed anxiety as to how "Little Mother" (referring to his wife) was getting along—she had not been well ten days before when he left home. I offered to relieve him of the rest of the tour that he might go home to his sick wife. But he said, "No, Brother Knight, Little Mother knew when I left that she might not live until I returned. She has all the care that it is possible for humans to give her, and I better wait until I hear again." Two days later, just before time to preach, word came that Sister Robinson was very low and that there was no hope for her recovery. But even then, with rare courage, he walked to the tent where several hundred people awaited his message, and preached with power and glory, mentioning only at the end of the service that his wife was dying 1,500 miles away, and that he must leave to go to her bedside. Two days later he was to stand there to see her die. May I have such courage and faith as were his to possess.—JOHN L. KNIGHT, *Superintendent*, Abilene District.

"Uncle Bud" was a man of courage, as well as a man of love. I saw him threatened by a mob in the fall of 1913, but he never flinched, and continued the meeting until the time announced for it to close.—L. E. GRATTAN, *Superintendent*, North Dakota District.

Mother picked out a large grapefruit, prepared and served both halves to "Uncle Buddie." He was pleased, and said, "Sister Cove, I hope the Lord will place my

house near yours in the heavenly Jerusalem. Your family has always been nice to their old 'Uncle Bud'." Then bowing his head reverently, he said, "Dear Lord, we thank Thee for the big pieces." One day he insisted that my sister, then a small child, should play a piece of music that was on the piano. The family was aghast, but "Uncle Bud" said, "The devil has no music. It all belongs to God. Perhaps the devil has some music fixed up so it will fit into places of amusement. But before it was fixed like that it belonged to the heavenly Father." At North Reading Camp "Uncle Bud" had preached in the morning, and was to preach again in the afternoon. He had been sick, and very much needed rest. But soon after lunch my sister, Edith, found him sitting in the midst of a crowd that had gathered about him to listen to his talk. She insisted that he go and take rest. But he answered, "Oh, no, little Edith. I am resting fine. I just love people, and it rests me to talk to them and have them talk to me."—MARY E. COVE, Member Woman's General Foreign Missionary Council.

When I was a lad of fifteen, some young men took me into Bud Robinson's home in Peniel, Texas, and prayed for me a long time. I was not converted then, but that visit to Bud Robinson's home made a lasting impression on me. One day Bud said to me, "Brother Jarrette, some of the young preachers use me as an excuse for not getting an education, and they think I don't know much. I may not use good English, but there is scarcely a book that has been put through the



Reading from top of page: (1) Will Huff and Bud Robinson; (2) Dr. H. C. Morrison and Uncle Bud; (3) four veterans of the cross, Bud Robinson (age 75), Dr. D. F. Brooks (age 90), Dr. H. C. Morrison (age 78), Commissioner Samuel L. Brengle (age 75); (4) Rev. and Mrs. Bud Robinson at home.

channels of the holiness movement in the last thirty years that I have not read, and I have studied and studied hard." Once we went together to hear Sherwood Eddy speak on conditions in Russia. Bud took no notes, but that night in the meeting he quoted all the principal facts and figures that Dr. Eddy had given out.—JARRETTE AYCOCK, *Superintendent*, Kansas City District.

"God bless you and little Sister Florence. The good Lord has brought you back to America to tell us how our prayers have been answered. I have been praying for you every day of the year. I remember the missionaries one by one by name every day in prayer." This was the way "Uncle Buddie" greeted us at the General Assembly in 1940. I thanked "Uncle Bud" for his prayers and assured him he would share in the reward for every soul saved and every church organized. But he answered, "I am not looking for reward. I am counting on you, Brother Will." I went away with a lump in my throat, and longed to get back to my work in the Island Empire.—W. E. ECKEL, *Missionary to Japan*.

At our last meeting "Uncle Buddie" shook my hand, and said, "Sister Fitkin, thank God that you and 'Uncle Bud' are still on the way to heaven." He wrote me last on July 29, 1942, and said, "I have been to church only five times in nearly eight months, but the Lord has been so beautiful to me."—REV. MRS. S. N. FITKIN, *President*, Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

“Uncle Buddie’s” last service before going to the Holy Land and the first after his return was held in the East Rockaway church. Reporting on the Great Pyramid he told the acreage it covered, its height, width, shape, number of stones it contained and estimated weight. Concluding he said, “If you don’t think that’s some pile of rock go look at it for yourself and see.”

At the Beacon Camp Meeting, without effort, he told of leaving California New Year’s Day and gave his hour of departure, and continued the story of his trip across the United States, naming churches and preachers visited in their order until he came to the camp in July. Continuing he told his proposed schedule until he arrived again in California in time for Christmas. He gave the time of all train connections and distances as well as the number of *Herald of Holiness* subscriptions received en route.

Rev. C. B. Jernigan and “Uncle Bud” were both at our house at the same time. When Bud was absent from the room we were talking of his unusual memory of dates and events. It was agreed to test his memory by a blind question referring to a date and incident Brother Jernigan knew. When the questions was asked “Uncle Bud” replied, “Yes, sir. That was the time we had the horse pasture meeting. I got there about half past two in the afternoon and we drove out to the tent and had a great time.” He also gave the date.—PAUL S. HILL, *Pastor*, East Rockaway, New York.

Up in the high Rocky Mountains, I said to “Uncle Bud” one day, “Do you keep physically fit about all

the time?" He replied, "Oh, yes, Doc, as long as I give attention to my eating, physical exercises and sleep, I get along. But when I neglect these I get to feeling low and no good. Then I take myself in hand, and say, 'Here, Bud Robinson, you know what you ought to do to keep yourself in good condition. Now get busy and do it, for I am going to make a man out of you, old Bud, or I am going to kill you.'" I have often used this as an illustration of how we ought to take ourselves in hand for discipline, Bible study and prayer, that we may be strong, healthy Christians.—C. W. DAVIS, *Superintendent*, Colorado District.

Our little girl heard "Uncle Buddie" preach, and after that always looked for his picture with his "Good Samaritan Chats" in the *Herald of Holiness*. One day "Uncle Buddie" came to our house. He did not get out of the car himself, but when our little tot saw him, she exclaimed, "That is 'Uncle Buddie,' that is 'Uncle Buddie,' just like in the paper." "Uncle Buddie" drew a nickel from his purse, and said, "Any little girl that can remember Old Bud is worth a nickel." That nickel is now safely tucked away in a scrapbook and is known as "Uncle Buddie's nickel."—NORMAN R. OKE, *Superintendent*, Manitoba-Saskatchewan District.

In a letter along with a manuscript, Bud Robinson once wrote, "It is strange how an educated man can spell a word only one way, while right on the same page you will see how I can spell the same word five different ways." Accompanying one of Bud's articles

was a memorandum to the editor which said, "You know I am not very good at this punctuation business, so here are a lot of periods, commas, etc. [and he included a considerable number in a line across the page]. Just sort these in wherever they belong."—P. H. LUNN, *Assistant Manager*, Nazarene Publishing House.

"Uncle Bud's" brother Andy was given to drink, and sometimes to the use of drugs. Often in his desperation he would take Bud's clothes and exchange them for liquor, and one morning Andy was gone and so were his brother's boots. In spite of his drunkenness that had continued through years, "Uncle Bud" was patient with his erring brother, and loved him tenderly. They were living on a farm in Texas, when Bud got so disturbed about Andy's condition that one morning he refused to eat breakfast. He said that Andy must be saved, and that he was going out to the barn and pray for him. He knelt down on a pile of cottonseed and prayed until noon, and then until dark. His mother tried to persuade him to eat, but he refused, and late in the night he came to the house and slept a few hours, and then went back to the crib of cottonseed to pray for Andy. Three days he fasted and prayed with but a few hours of sleep. On the fourth morning Mother Robinson wept and begged him to eat, but he said, "No, I've got to pray for Andy. He must be saved." He prayed all the morning and past noon. About two o'clock in the afternoon poor old Andy came staggering home. The first thing he said was, "Where is Bud-

die?" Mother Robinson said, "Oh, Andy, Bud's out in the crib in the cottonseed praying for you. He's going to die if you don't get saved." Andy went right out to where Bud was kneeling in the cottonseed praying. He put his arms around him and said, "Buddie, please pray for me." Right there in that old crib Andy prayed through to victory. Later God called him to preach and Andy never wavered from that time. He lived a useful life and died in the faith.—RAYMOND BROWNING, Bennettsville, S. C.

My father, Rev. C. O. Moulton, used to travel and preach with Bud Robinson. One night the two stayed in the same room in the home of Rev. F. M. Messenger in Chicago. In the morning, "Uncle Bud" said, "Well, praise the Lord! If I had not got saved I never would have slept in as nice a bed as this." Once when he was with my parents in New England, he very much missed being away from his family, and said, "I wish I could see my Sally, and roll on the floor with the children and bite their ears a little bit." When food for the crowd ran short one day, my mother bought ham to finish out. Some at the table were opposed to eating pork, and when the ham appeared, they made some uncomplimentary remarks about it. But Bud Robinson said, "Praise the Lord for the food! I eat what is set before me and ask no questions for conscience' sake." My mother was always thankful for Bud Robinson's thoughtfulness that day.—M. KIMBER MOULTON, *President*, General Nazarene Young People's Society.

I arrived at Trevecca College, Nashville, Tennessee, in September, 1910. The president, J. O. McClurkan, met me in the vestibule and said, "Yes, my boy, you are here to attend school. Go right into the chapel and hear Bud Robinson preach." Bud told that day of two cross-eyed Irishmen who ran together when they met on the street. One said, "Why don't you look where you are going?" The other replied, "I do, but why don't you go where you look?" Just last winter "Uncle Bud" and his granddaughter walked into the dining room at Olivet Nazarene College unannounced. "Uncle Bud" greeted us with, "Well, praise the Lord! Hurrah for us!" The students wanted "Uncle Bud" to pray. He prayed the Lord to bless the poor folks, and then said, "Lord, you know that is us."—A. L. PARROTT, *President*, Olivet Nazarene College.

I preached the last sermon that "Uncle Buddie" ever heard. It was during the California Camp, this past August, where Dr. Chapman and I were doing the preaching. Bud Robinson came to the afternoon service and heard Dr. Chapman preach on the subject, "Beulah Land." He sat there throughout the service and cried and shouted and had much to say about the message. He returned that night and talked about the *Herald of Holiness* and took a number of subscriptions. Turning to me he said, "Holland, I am not feeling well, but I want to stay for this service tonight." He did stay and that was the last time I ever saw "Uncle Buddie."—HOLLAND B. LONDON, *Superintendent*, Arkansas District.

Bud Robinson was with us often for tours on the Ohio District. He called our well spread tables "Ohio poverty." We stopped for breakfast in a cafe. He said to the waitress, "Little sister, what have you got for breakfast?" She said they had "Most anything you want," but later she came back to report she could fill only part of our order. Then Bud ordered oatmeal with "real cow's cream." The waitress did not like this so well, and said, "What kind of a place do you think this is?" "Uncle Bud" replied, "Little sister, when you have traveled this country over a million miles and worked it like a farmer works a farm, you will know the difference between real cow's cream and this here canned stuff." Once I had arranged with "Uncle Bud" for a tour of the district, but observing that he made no record of the engagement, I asked if he would be sure to remember it. He replied, "I was with you last year, wasn't I? We started up at Toledo, and then went down to Dayton, and then to Cincinnati, and then to Portsmouth." He went on and named every church we visited, practically every home we stayed in, and enumerated a mass of details I had completely forgotten. And by this I learned he would not forget the next year's date.—CHAS. A. GIBSON, *Superintendent*, Ohio District.

Bud Robinson was a true friend of the cause of Foreign Missions. He always greeted us personally with a hearty handclasp, and "How is my angel, today? Bless your heart good." Our missionaries abroad and

our workers at home will miss this good friend.—MRS. PAUL BRESEE, *Executive Vice-president* of the W.F.M.S.

As a young boy I kneeled at the altar in Bud Robinson's meetings, and when he was grown aged I saw him in the hospital at Nampa, Idaho, where, although in pain himself, he was solicitous about the soul of everyone who came into his room.—IRA L. TRUE, *Superintendent*, San Antonio-Monterrey Mexican District.

Bud Robinson was a guest in our home. At evening prayer he remembered "Miss Sally," Sally and Ruby the daughters, the two sons-in-law, and each one of the grandchildren by name, asking God to protect and bless. His intimate devotion to his family amidst activities which gave him a place in the Hall of Fame impressed and blessed me.—A. D. HOLT, *Superintendent*, Virginia District.

I saw Bud Robinson first in Los Angeles First Church in 1923. When I was introduced to him by my pastor, Rev. Fred A. Smith, Brother Smith told "Uncle Bud" how he had just been telling me of his ability to remember names and faces. "Uncle Bud" said simply, "Well, son, what's the use of havin' a noggin if you don't use it?" In my own home in Des Moines, Iowa, I found "Uncle Bud" in the sitting room when I arose at 6: 30 a.m. He had already prayed for an hour, covering all the interests of the church, and had taken a bath in unheated water—and he was nearly eighty. On

another occasion, also at a time when he was nearing eighty, he arose at four a.m., ate a hearty breakfast, stopped on the front porch to quote a Psalm in a loud voice, then climbed into the car with his son-in-law, George Wise, and started for home in California—two thousand miles away. A few days later he wrote me that they “drove straight through,” and that they “out-ran the streamliner,” and reached Pasadena at 9 p.m. on the day after they left our house.—HARDY POWERS, *Superintendent*, Iowa District.

One day at the old “Bates Camp Meeting,” founded by my father and my wife’s father, Bud Robinson was shining Dr. H. C. Morrison’s shoes. Dr. Morrison inadvertently discoursed upon the subject of his good “Kentucky blood.” When the shoes were shined, Bud said, “Dr. Morrison, I have no blood to brag about. All I have is the blood of Jesus—but it is enough.” Dr. Morrison gathered Bud into his arms and said, “Buddie, you are always ahead.” On Sunday afternoon Bud stood in the pulpit with tears coursing down his face, and said, “When God wanted to give a message to the world, He just took St. Paul and dipped him in the blood of Jesus and wrote across the world, ‘Follow peace with all men and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.’” God’s holy anointing was upon him, and the Spirit of God swept over the crowd like a storm.—J. E. BATES, *Evangelist*.

In 1911 Bud Robinson came to the Boise Valley in Idaho, where I was working as a young licensed

preacher. His meeting in the Methodist church in town was closed on account of quarantine, and we asked him to come out to the schoolhouse in Apple Valley for the five days he could spare before his next engagement. He came. God gave us souls. We raised what little money we could, and then gathered an offering of apples, potatoes and other produce and sent it to his family in Texas. Twelve years passed, and I walked into a church where he was preaching. He stopped, came down to meet me, and said to the crowd, "This is Brother Pounds. The last time I saw him he was driving a pair of black horses gathering up apples and potatoes to send to my family. That offering lasted all winter and we canned some of the fruit for summer use." I never forgot this great man's willingness to serve anywhere, nor his wonderful memory for details nor his devotion and loyalty to God and the church.—EARL C. POUNDS, *Superintendent*, South Dakota District.

Bud Robinson was past eighty when he made his last tour with us on the district. One day he told me that he had commenced to feel that some time within the next five years he would have to slow down some, and he wanted me to help him get a small farm near some good church where he could rest about half the time and preach in conventions the other half. I hunted a place of prayer for myself, and asked God for more faith and courage.—L. T. WELLS, *Superintendent*, Kentucky District.

While I was pastor at Akron First Church, we had Bud Robinson announced for a service to begin at 7: 30 p.m. At five p.m. we received a wire saying he could not arrive until 9: 30. The house was crowded at 7: 30, but the people waited until he came, and then he held them for an hour amidst weeping and shouting and praising God, and I believe some will make it to heaven on account of the blessings of that meeting. Once a woman, seeking sanctification, said, "Brother Bud, I believe I have everything on the altar except my tongue." He replied, "Well, sister, the altar is about sixteen feet long. I think you can get it all on."—H. B. MACRORY, *Pastor, First Church, Cleveland, Ohio.*

It occurred in a campmeeting at Frost Bridge, Mississippi, and "Uncle Bud" was the evangelist for the occasion. The last Sunday had arrived and "Uncle Bud" had got up to preach in the afternoon service. A great throng of people was present and there was every reason to expect the camp meeting to have a happy and triumphant closing day; but listen to what happened. "Uncle Bud" said, "Just as I got up to preach I happened to look over to my right and there near the end of the altar bench stood the biggest bulldog I ever saw in my life. He was a big, bench-legged yellow dog, and his gaze seemed to be directed to something over to my left. I looked and there stood a big white bulldog, and while I was taking my text the two dogs met right in front of the pulpit and passed a few remarks and took hold. I said, 'Won't somebody take these dogs

out of here?' Then one fellow yelled, 'Let 'em fight!' One man said, 'My dog ain't never been whupped,' and another said, 'And my dog ain't never been whupped.'" Then "Uncle Bud" called out, "Where is the high sheriff of this county?" Now it happened that the camp meeting shed stood right on the dividing line between two counties, and two men arose and came forward. While the two dogs were battling and women and children screaming these two sheriffs had a brief consultation, and then announced that unless the owners of the two dogs came forward and separated them that each sheriff would proceed to shoot a dog right through the head. The owners came and each man got his dog by the hind legs and some other men proceeded to choke the dogs until finally they were able to pry them apart. "Uncle Bud" concluded by saying, "One feller tuk hith dog and went off into the woods to my right, and about half of the crowd followed him. Then the other feller tuk hith dog and went off to the woods on my left, and the rest of the crowd followed him, and the campmeeting was over, and that was the meanest trick the devil ever done me."—RAYMOND BROWNING, Bennettsville, S. C.

I met Bud Robinson at the Red Deer Camp Meeting in Alberta, in 1926. I was a young pastor, and was greatly blessed by his story of his hospital experience, and was impressed with his wonderful ability to quote the Scriptures from memory. Twelve years later I met him again at the Sunday school convention in Bethany, Oklahoma, where I was being entertained in the "Bud

Robinson Hall" on the college campus. I did not expect recognition, but he spoke my name, and said, "I am glad you are being entertained at my home." The last time I saw him, several years later, was when he was making the last tour of the North Pacific District. I asked if he remembered me, he grasped my hand, and said, "Why, yes, you are one of my boys, and I pray for you every day of my life." Then he told of his systematic prayer plan by which it seemed to me to take us all in. It has often encouraged me in times of test to know I was being remembered in prayer by Bud Robinson.—J. R. SPITTAL, *Superintendent*, British Columbia District.

It was a session of the Southern California District Assembly. Pasadena College had been moved to its present site and lots were being offered for sale in the new addition. Dr. Bresee was presiding. Bud arose and said, "I have just been thinking how nice it would be if you folks would buy me a lot, and I would build me a house and come out here to live." The suggestion was all that was needed. The lot was purchased, and Bud Robinson built his house—the house in which he lived until the end of his days.—E. P. ELLYSON, *Editor Emeritus*, Sunday School Publications.

Bud Robinson was late to a camp meeting in which I was also one of the preachers. People insistently asked when Bud would be there, and we all talked much of the treat that was yet ahead. A newspaper re-

porter had been covering the meeting in a very acceptable manner. Bud preached on the afternoon of his arrival, and the next morning the report in the paper began: "Well, the great 'Uncle Bud' has arrived. He says he is from the hills of Kentucky or Tennessee, and to hear him no one would doubt it." Then the reporter went on to give a list of "Uncle Bud's" phrases. While waiting for dinner that day "Uncle Bud" read this report, and I could see his sides shake with laughter while he read. That night when Bud started to preach, he said, "Some people do not like my grammar, but God never called me to preach grammar, He called me to preach the gospel." The people got the gospel that night, and the altar was lined with people seeking God. —J. W. GOODWIN, *General Superintendent Emeritus*.

During my twenty-eight years as pastor and District Superintendent, my soul was often refreshed by the ministry of "Uncle Bud" Robinson. A few days before he went to heaven, Dr. H. B. Wallin and I called to see him. He received us most graciously, although he was very weak. He inquired about our wives and children, calling each by name, and then asked about the various pastors on the district. After this his mind wandered back to camp meetings and conventions of the past, and his words were of his comrades of those other days. His words came slowly, but his face was alight, his eyes gleamed with holy fire and he made a characteristic gesture as he emphasized how they preached in those days. Then he sought to show us

how they used to sing. In a low, sweet, faltering voice he sang:

“Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power.

“Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.”

He lowered his head to rest, while we in tears took our last goodby.—A. E. SANNER, *Superintendent*, Southern California District.

Uncle Bud Robinson visited Ontario twice. The visits were eight years apart. The second was in July, 1941, when he came with Dr. G. B. Williamson, to tour for Eastern Nazarene College. In His introduction on this second trip he reviewed minutely all the places he visited and preached on his first trip, eight years before. One of the places, where he had preached on an afternoon, was open but a little while, and most of us had forgotten that we ever had such a place. But “Uncle Bud” did not forget.—ROBERT F. WOODS, *Superintendent*, Ontario District.

Rev. Harry Carter and family and myself and family had gone to Olivet for the College Commencement and Camp Meeting in 1922. On our way to the dining

hall, after the morning service, we met "Uncle Bud" Robinson. He sized us up, and said, "Well, where did this gang come from?" We told him who we were and that we were there to attend the meetings. He said, "That is fine. Just make yourselves at home around here. You look mighty good to me." We never forgot this warm welcome, and that afternoon while being blessed under the ministry of Bud Robinson, it came to me as almost an audible voice, "This is your crowd, and the sooner you get into it the better." And so Bud Robinson was both the cause and the occasion of our finding our place in the service of the Lord. He was with us for his last complete tour in November, 1941, and, as he would put it, "rolled up almost a thousand subs. for the *Herald of Holiness*." Thank God that we ever knew this great and good man.—JESSE TOWNS, *Superintendent*, Indianapolis District.

Many years ago a band of holiness people secured a large hall in Boston, and put on a convention. "Uncle Bud" was invited, but he was not well-known at that time, and was not expected to take a major part on the program. At first the meetings were not very well attended, but what happened may be best explained in his own brief account. "When my friends knew that I was going to Boston to preach they told me about the educated folks there, and told me to be very careful about my language and my grammar and my verbs. I really tried to do that, but one night I was up trying to preach and the Lord blessed me nearly to death, and

I had a shouting spell and forgot all about my verbs and said, 'I feel just like I'm a settin' on a rainbow swingin' my feet.'" There were two reporters in the audience and next morning one of the daily papers had a big cartoon of Bud Robinson sitting on a big rainbow swingin' his feet. From that day through more than seven weeks the big hall was crowded and Bud Robinson was the chief attraction.—RAYMOND BROWNING.

I first met "Uncle Bud" at a convention in Louisville, Kentucky. Later while serving as Superintendent of the Georgia District, we made several tours together. It was my privilege to be with him in one of these tours on his seventy-fifth birthday anniversary. A fine dinner was given in his honor, with a large group in attendance, at the Y.M.C.A. in Waycross, Georgia. "Uncle Bud" said that the "two-story" cake symbolized regeneration and sanctification, and that the number of candles on it reminded him of a prairie fire. The ability of Bud Robinson to see something good in everyone and to love everyone seems unsurpassed among mortals. By common consent, he was the ambassador of good will for the Church of the Nazarene. Everybody loved him, because he loved everybody. More than once he has told the writer, "I could not love you more than I do." And when he had completed his last tour of our district, and farewells were being exchanged on the lawn of the district parsonage in Atlanta, he said to me, "I love every hair in your dirty little old head!" This statement, highly imbued with that humor so characteristic

of "Uncle Bud," was, nevertheless, spoken in such sincerity that it left no doubt that Bud Robinson loved me, even me.—P. P. BELEW.

The last service I was in with "Uncle Bud" was the opening service of the Annual W.F.M.S. Convention at Akron, Ohio. On Sunday he spoke three times in Cincinnati, early on Monday had a radio broadcast, and then drove more than three hundred miles across the state of Ohio. For the Monday night's service we could not get the Armory, so had to go to one of our churches seating seven hundred and fifty people. We packed in eight hundred people but the overflow crowd would not be denied. On this occasion he was speaking of his trip to Palestine.

When "Uncle Bud" had spoken fifty minutes, without any previous warning we asked him to stop. We declared a recess of fifteen minutes. In that time we were able to get the first crowd to file out through a rear door, and the crowd that had been waiting in the street filed in to fill every seat and take all available standing room. When the speaker began he did not repeat so much as a sentence, but began with the second crowd where he left off with the first and spoke for another forty-five minutes. The next morning when he was on time for the 9 o'clock service, he was questioned as to why he did not get some much needed rest. His reply was that he was afraid something would happen and he did not want to miss it.

It was our privilege to call on "Uncle Buddie" at his home in Pasadena last February, about eight months before his homegoing. He looked well and was quite cheerful. He affirmed that he was still in the fight. He said he had been busy that morning and had just completed a list of one hundred and fifty great holiness preachers that he had worked with, that had already gone to heaven. It was evident that he was nearing the Eternal City.—C. WARREN JONES, *Foreign Missions Secretary*.

While waiting for the opening of the evening service, Brother Robinson discovered that the mosquitoes were especially bad. While brushing them away, Bud Robinson was musing. Finally he said, "These mosquitoes are the most religious I ever saw: they always come to church, they always sing and pray, and when they pray they always get on their knees. And the remarkable thing about it is they always get an answer to their prayers." While touring with him on the Eastern Oklahoma District, where I was at that time the Superintendent, I used to try to stay in the room with him at night or in a room right next, so as to be able to take care of him. One morning early he sat up on the side of his bed, and called out to me, "Praise the Lord, Doc!" Immediately I inquired how he made it through the night and how he felt. He replied, "Fine, and I am all ready to go again. And, Doc, if the devil ever tells you that I don't love you, just hit him on the noggin with a big ear of corn from the land of Canaan and tell him he is a liar."—W. A. CARTER.

I roomed with Bud Robinson one night while we were traveling in the interest of money for the Bud Robinson Hall at Bethany-Peniel College. I awoke in the night and heard Brother Robinson praying quietly. I heard him call the names of a number of the leaders and missionaries of the church, and ask God to bless them. He finished by saying, "Thank you, Jesus," and immediately he was asleep. During that trip he was rather careful about his diet, and had along cubes from which to make bouillon broth, which he often accounted as sufficient for the evening meal. But in the Smith home in Waco, Texas, he found a large platter of pork backbone and a round plate of cornbread in front of his plate. I noticed that the bouillon cubes went quickly into his pocket, and he ate heartily of the backbones and cornbread. After a little while I mentioned to him that he had forgotten his cubes. He replied laughingly, "I have to stand before the Lord only once, and I figured there was no better way than to be full of cornbread and backbone."—L. T. CORLETT.

I heard a Presbyterian minister introduce Bud Robinson in Robinson's Chapel in his home community. The minister said he had traced the Robinson genealogy and found there was a Robinson Chapel in Ireland, and that there had been a line of Presbyterian elders in the Robinson family for more than six hundred years. Just about a year before his death a man came up to the rostrum, shook hands, and said, "Hello, 'Uncle Bud'." Bud looked at the man earnestly and said, "Ain't you

the fellow who went out to Bon Air Schoolhouse with Cousin Lige Weaver and me eleven years ago and I preached?" The man replied in the affirmative, and I marveled at such memory.—J. D. SAXON, *Superintendent*, Tennessee District.

Some preachers I have known must have a favorable atmosphere and environment in which to put forth their best efforts. "Uncle Bud" had the unusual ability to create such an atmosphere. In fact he seemed to carry his own environment like a terrapin carries his shell. I saw this happen the day we visited the School of Religion at Duke University. Some of the students had heard of "Uncle Bud," and the young minister who was the president of the ministerial student association said in introducing him, "The name Bud Robinson has been a familiar one in our home ever since I can remember." However, most of the students seemed merely curious to see and hear a man who had been remarkably successful as an evangelist, although lacking the usual educational and cultural advantages that are expected to be in the equipment of a preacher. Whatever may have prompted them to attend, we were informed that every teacher and every student of the School of Religion was present. They were quiet, courteous and attentive, but I could not forget that we were on the campus of a great liberal university where the preaching of Bible holiness might not be welcomed. It was a tense moment.

"Uncle Bud" got up quietly and leaned on the pulpit and began without apology. Duke University with

all its magnificence seemed to fade away and for twenty-five minutes we were right in the midst of a second blessing holiness camp meeting. "Uncle Bud" was telling of his early life and his conversion and call to the ministry; and then he took us down to that old cornfield in Texas and told us how Jesus came riding through in a chariot of fire and sanctified him wholly while he was thinning corn. My son-in-law, Jack Moore, and I were saying "Amen," and the rest of the congregation were looking happy. The old hero had won his crowd and blessed them.

After the service the faculty and the students took us to a special dinner in a big dining hall, and "Uncle Bud" was the honored guest. After the meal was over students hung around "Uncle Bud" for an hour and a half listening to his stories until finally I had to pull him out and start on the way to our next appointment. After we were gone a divinity student approached one of the professors who was thought to be rather critical and modernistic and said to him, "Doctor, what did you think of 'Uncle Bud's' sermon?" The doctor's face grew serious, and he said, "Really, I have no criticism to make of 'Uncle Bud.' That old man is one of God's prophets." —RAYMOND BROWNING, *Superintendent*, Carolina District.

Once, on the old site of Olivet Nazarene College, "Uncle Bud" was helping raise money for the school. He said, "Now you just as well give it, for if you don't you won't have it anyway. I was out in the Middle

West holding a meeting, and wanted to go into Kansas City on the midnight train. I was tired, and thought I would take a sleeper. The ticket agent said the sleeper would cost me four dollars. I said, 'Four dollars?' and he said, 'Yes, sir, four dollars.' I told him I would sit up and save my four dollars. So I sat up. But now where is my four dollars? The railroad didn't get the four dollars, and I haven't got it. So where is it? You better give your money to the school and then you will know where it is."

At the National Camp Meeting at Eaton Rapids, Michigan, it was "Uncle Bud's" time to speak on a hot Sunday afternoon. But before Bud's time to come on, four or five college presidents were introduced and given time for short talks. Their speeches were correct in every particular, and I wondered what "Uncle Bud" would say after all that. But my concern was needless and my sympathy was wasted, for when "Uncle Bud" arose, he said, "Well, I have enjoyed the speeches of these splendid gentlemen, and agree with all they have said. But I can make a better speech in favor of education than any one of them. If you will just listen to me for the next forty minutes you will all agree that a fellow ought to have an education." The crowd forgot about the row of college presidents on the platform, and laughed and cried while "Uncle Bud" preached on "The Two Works of Divine Grace," and at the close the altar was lined with hungry seeking souls.—R. V. STARR, *Superintendent*, Michigan District.

During a period covering thirty-four years, I was in forty-one engagements with Bud Robinson. In a meeting in a large city church, Bud's denunciation of secret and public sins became so terrible that the church people got up a petition asking that he leave town. That night he attacked sin in such a manner as I never heard before, and then at the close said, "Your old petition didn't go through, but old Bud did. Go home now, you have all you can stand for one service." During our first camp meeting together, at the postoffice one morning, an old man asked Bud, "How is the camp meeting up on College Hill?" "You never saw anything like it," Bud replied. "How is the music?" continued the questioner. "You never heard the like," said Bud. "And how is the preaching?" persisted the old man. Bud's eyes flashed, "Bless God," said he, "I know that is good, for I am doing it myself." One morning I heard Bud Robinson quote one thousand passages of scripture before arising from his bed. Sitting on the camp meeting platform one day, he said, "Some of you *fellers* out there could not sell your brains as second hand, for you have never used them yet." The last time we were together, he said, "I have traveled two million miles, had more than 100,000 people at my altars, taken more than 50,000 subscriptions for the *Herald of Holiness*, and am still fighting the devil at the age of eighty. And I will fight the devil as long as I have a fist, bite him as long as I have a tooth, and gum him till I die."—A. S. LONDON, *Sunday School Evangelist*.

Bud Robinson was an educated man, even though he never went to college, and he accounted himself an example proving how much one misses who does not have formal education. He helped pay the way of several students through Trevecca College, and helped 103 students in various schools of the country. He planned to come to our zone to raise money for a "Bud Robinson Memorial" building on our campus, and he was never permitted to come for that purpose, I believe we shall have a Bud Robinson Memorial building on Trevecca campus some day because of His faith in and for such a project.—A. B. MACKAY, *President, Trevecca College.*

Touring more than half a year in all with Bud Robinson, I discovered many new angles of his colorful life. His patience during an all-day wait behind a wrecked train en route to Marlinton, West Virginia, was most refreshing. He reasoned that our Christian progress and speed to glory were as rapid as if the wheels were still turning underneath. For hours he entertained the people in the coach until all worries and impatience seemed to vanish. He then seized the opportunity to leave a clear testimony to the saving grace and sanctifying power of his Lord and Savior.

In a lecture to preachers, he said, "Don't fuss at the folks. If you're sent to the sagebrush to preach to field-larks, just tell them they are the nicest birds around there, and when you pass the hat you will get as much as any preacher in the settlement."

After urging pastors to undertake worth-while things for God, and to use all of their energy in building the church, he prayed thus: "Bless all live preachers in the church, and please, Lord, give them all the health and strength that the other kind are wasting. If you have any use for dead-head preachers in the glory world, load up as many as possible and get them there as quick as you can. Then send us as many live soldiers to take their places here."

No one could surpass Bud Robinson in loyalty to a cause. When a large church wanted him to speak, but was unwilling to give an offering to the home mission interest for which he worked, he refused to accept, saying, "If they don't want what I'm giving my life for, they're not getting me."

Late at night when we had car trouble, farmers were afraid to open the door until the name of Bud Robinson was mentioned. Then the lady of the house got up and dressed in order to come to the car to meet him. When the engine was hot, and we stopped for water at another farm home, the man of the house sent for their neighbors to come and meet him, saying not many Sundays passed without the preacher quoting him from the pulpit.

Bud Robinson's greatness was revealed by his interest in little things. When we stopped for gas, I asked, "How's business and religion in these parts?" The attendant, a stranger to us, replied, "As far as I can tell, the Nazarenes and oil stations are taking Indiana." "Uncle Bud" continued to tell that story as

long as he lived.—J. W. MONTGOMERY, *Superintendent*, Fort Wayne District.

We were in a home mission church. The crowd, while good for the place, did not number more than 75. Bud Robinson poured out his soul upon the people for fully an hour, called penitents to the altar and stayed to help in prayer. I said, "Uncle Bud, you are not well. Our people are glad to have you, but they do not expect so much of you. You must take care of yourself. Take things a bit easier." His reply was characteristic. He said, "Son, this old soldier won't be here much longer. If I get my work done, I shall have to do my best."—OSCAR J. FINCH, *Superintendent*, Kansas District.

Few ever have faced life, at least such a life as Reuben Robinson found, with a greater handicap. Born into a Tennessee mountain home of abject poverty; an epileptic whose frequent falls had dislocated his shoulders until it was impossible for him to put on his coat; tongue-tied; and with a stammering speech that made its understanding painful, if not impossible, to the listener. In such a condition, wholly illiterate, three mighty factors came into his life which were to bring to light one of the greatest miracles of modern times: He found Jesus Christ; he found Sally Harper; God called him to preach His gospel.

In those early days I have seen him standing upon the platform, in all his uncouthness of dress and person, stammering and stuttering in intense eagerness to speak,

until he would fall prone upon the floor, foaming at the mouth, unconscious. Again and again I have seen him stand with tears streaming down his face, unable to say but six words, "Come to Jesus. He loves you." And the people would come, filling the altar with seekers.

Notwithstanding the poverty of his early home, Reuben Robinson had generations of educated, cultured Scotch-Irish back of him. "Miss Sally" taught him to read his Bible—and Bud memorized a third of it. He became an ardent reader of books, and later a voluminous writer.

God healed his epilepsy; healed his stammering, and unloosed his tongue, until he became one of the most sought-after and loved speakers that America has produced. From Boston to Los Angeles, from Calgary to Houston, thousands thronged to hear him, charmed by his wit, but no less by his advocacy of holiness.

Buddie walked so long and so closely with the Master that he became like Him. Today he is with Him.—CHARLES ALLAN McCONNELL, *Professor Emeritus*, Theological Department, Bethany-Peniel College.

Since all of the other workers have gone to their reward who were associated with "Uncle Bud" at the time of his terrible accident—"smash up" as he called it—in San Francisco, in June of 1919, perhaps I should give some of the incidents surrounding that event. We were in a revival in our First Church there, beginning the week before the District Assembly; Donnell J.

Smith was the pastor, Rev. C. E. Cornell, then pastor of Los Angeles First Church, and "Uncle Bud" were the evangelists, and Mrs. Corlett and I were the evangelistic singers.

"Uncle Bud" had come to the city fully a day before the meeting began. Mrs. Corlett and I had been there almost a week. On the day before the meeting started, "Uncle Bud" and I had gone across the bay to the city of Oakland. He was passing through the greatest trial of his life. The burden upon his heart was crushing; frequently he would look off into space and wipe tears from his eyes. He spoke briefly of his grief; frequently he would sigh a prayer in a voice slightly above a whisper. He was not bitter, he had no unkind or harsh words for those responsible for his grief. While he was passing through deeper waters than he had gone through before, he was not being overwhelmed by them, rather he was relying upon God and seeking to find His way through them. For thirty hours previous to his accident he had fasted and prayed. It was the united opinion of all of us close to him at that time that the inward battle he was fighting was the cause of his accident, for his mind was so occupied and he was praying so constantly that thoughtlessly he stepped from the sidewalk into a line of fast-moving traffic on what was then one of San Francisco's busiest streets. It is sufficient to say that God brought him out victorious over his great trial and grief, and that the experiences of this time, his bitter testing and the suffering caused by the accident, God worked together for "Uncle Bud's" good and to make him a greater blessing to the world.

Never shall I forget the scene at the city emergency hospital on the morning following his accident. Brothers Cornell and Smith and I walked into the ward where the police had herded the accident victims and drunks gathered up the night before. We came to the bed on which our beloved brother and coworker was lying. He had been terribly mangled; both arms were broken, one so badly crushed that the bone had protruded through his flesh and clothing and the doctor despaired of saving it, and his left leg was almost as badly broken. He was in extreme pain, although it had been deadened somewhat by the opiates administered by the attendants, and they had done little more for him than to give these opiates, for they did not expect him to live through the night. He had bled considerably after being placed upon the bed until the bedclothes were covered with large spots of blood, and the blood had dried on his clothing which had been only partially removed.

Soon arrangements had been made by Pastor Smith to have "Uncle Bud" taken to the Leland Stanford Hospital. The ambulance came and the attendant picked up the mangled body of "Uncle Bud" in his arms to place him upon the ambulance cot. This handling caused him excruciating pain. I picked up his clothing and carried it to the ambulance. For some unknown reason, it fell to my lot to go with him in that ambulance, while Brothers Smith and Cornell went by car to the hospital. This ambulance riding was not a new experience to me. On at least three occasions I had been

carried in an ambulance; twice as an accident victim, and once as a soldier severely wounded on the battlefield of France. I knew from experience what Bud was suffering. He seemed to feel my sympathy in his suffering. The shock of moving him from the hospital bed was severe, several times during that trip to the Stanford Hospital it looked like he would die. I had my hand upon his most of the time; and prayed for him almost the entire distance.

He would ask, "Do you think I can make it, son?"

"Sure, 'Uncle Bud,' you'll make it. You must get well. We can't do without you just now," I would reply.

He said often to me privately and to hundreds of audiences to which he related his hospital experience, that he was sure he would have died in that ambulance if it had not been for the praying and boosting he got on that trip.

We called on him frequently at the hospital. On one occasion when Brother Cornell and I went to see him, this conversation took place:

"Hello, Bud. How are you today?" said Brother Cornell.

"Well, Clarence," replied "Uncle Bud," "I've just been alyin' here thankin' the Lord that I'm not as bad off as I might be; and not as bad off as some other poor fellows have been. You see, I have only both arms and one leg broken, and I'm a whole lot better off than a feller with both arms and both legs broken. Wouldn't I be in a fix if my other leg was broke too?"

That was Bud's whole philosophy summed up in one short statement. He always looked upon the bright side.

On the last visit that "Uncle Bud" made to Bethany, Oklahoma, a group of us, including "Uncle Buddie," were gathered in the home of Dr. Lewis T. Corlett to spend the evening. He entertained us that night largely with the relating of interesting experiences of his life. The one experience most outstanding to me was the relating of a vision that he had soon after he was converted. It was at the time when he was struggling with the call to preach. Out under a moonlit Texas sky he prayed for a considerable time. Finally he yielded to the call of God. As he meditated on what that call might mean to him, he said that God gave him a vision of what his life might become under the blessing of God.

I asked him how the life he had lived compared with the vision he had that night. He replied that his life had been lived very much as he saw it in that vision. This is most astonishing to us as we consider the circumstances of his conversion, his physical afflictions, his illiteracy and the utter absence of favorable factors which contribute to such a life. It was God's pattern for his life, and it became to Bud what "the heavenly vision" became to the Apostle Paul, and, he like Paul "was not disobedient to the heavenly vision."—D. SHELBY CORLETT, *Editor, Herald of Holiness.*

In the early spring of 1939 I secured Bud Robinson for a tour among the churches of the Wisconsin Dis-

tract. The special interest of the tour was home missions. At the time the newspapers were full of stories about Hitler and Mussolini. The weather was cold, and "Uncle Bud" would often come up the aisle of some crowded church with his overcoat, muffler, gloves and overshoes on. As he approached the front of the church, he would turn and face the congregation, and say, "Beloved, it looks like Hitler and Mussolini are about to start a World War and knock God off the throne. But I have had a talk with the Father and He told me He does not intend to vacate." The effect upon the people was like that of the beginning of a great fire.—C. T. CORBETT, *Superintendent*, Wisconsin District.

When I accepted the District Superintendency of the Chicago Central District, and commenced to publicize my plans, someone asked Bud Robinson if he thought I was doing all I said I was doing. Bud's reply, as reported to me, was, "Anybody knows Chalfant doesn't do all he plans to do. But I'd rather be like Chalfant and undertake to do a whole lot and do half of it than to plan to do nothing and do it all." And then he announced, "Some say it can't be done, but I am going over to Illinois and Wisconsin to help Chalfant do it." He came. We made the tour by train—that was in the spring of 1923. We had only thirty-five churches in Illinois and Wisconsin. We raised money to buy twenty tents. In the fall of 1924 he came again. Wherever we went the houses were filled with people, and we often had three services a day. One day Bud

took 110 subscriptions for the *Herald of Holiness*, and the people gave him \$80 for his services. My last day on earth with Bud Robinson was July 20, 1941. We had a house full at Lewiston, Ill., at the Sunday school hour, a tent full at Canton at 11 a.m., a mission hall full in Pekin at 2 p.m., and a house full at Peoria First Church at 7: 30 in the evening. We made forty places in three weeks and the people gave Bud Robinson \$462 for his services.—E. O. CHALFANT, *Superintendent*, Chicago Central District.

When I was a lad of about ten years I first saw "Uncle Bud" Robinson. My parents had taken me to a big tent meeting at Jamaica, L. I., N. Y., where the engaged evangelists were Dr. C. J. Fowler, Will Huff and Bud Robinson. Sitting on the front seat, my feet barely touching the sawdust, I listened intently to "Uncle Buddie" as he stirred and amused my young heart. I shall never forget one sentence of his which caused me to laugh right out loud. He said, "If you thuck until you get the theed, then you will thuck-theed" (succeed). I have never forgotten it. On August 23, 1942, forty years later, we were leaving our Pasadena pastorate to accept the pastorate of Chicago First Church, and drove past his house. We stopped for just a moment at the curb as he was sitting on his front porch. He waved goodbye to us and shouted, "I hope you get so blessed in Chicago First Church that you will have to be identified."—L. A. REED, *Pastor*, First Church of the Nazarene, Chicago, Illinois.

My first recollection of "Uncle Bud" Robinson dates from my boyhood. We were living in Lansing, Michigan, and my mother took me with her to attend a service of the National Association for the Promotion of Holiness, held in the First Methodist Church of that city. "Uncle Bud," and if memory serves me correctly, Dr. C. J. Fowler, the man referred to as "logic on fire," composed the convention team. The people laughed and cried in response to this lisping prophet like a field of grain moves with the summer breezes. It was at this convention that copies of *A Pitcher of Cream* and *Bees in Clover* fell into my hands and were eagerly read with all the fascination of a boy's book of adventure. Little did I dream that it would be my privilege to be closely associated with this "best loved man of the holiness movement," in many an experience which warms my heart even to this day.

Tears and laughter were never far apart in the equipment of this man who was ever seeking to persuade men to the way of holiness experience, holiness schools and holiness periodicals. "Uncle Bud" loved people, that was one reason why people loved him. No kind act was ever lost upon him. His appreciations of sermons, brown-backed biscuits or babies, while always expressed in superlatives, were always sincere and wholesome.

At the General Assembly of 1936, held in Kansas City, Missouri, one of the high points of that gathering was the public greeting exchanged between Dr. H. C. Morrison and "Uncle Bud." After an embrace of each

other that thrilled the vast audience to shouts and tears, Dr. Morrison declared that, "While Christopher Columbus could boast that he had discovered America," he wanted the world to know that "he, H. C. Morrison, had discovered Bud Robinson."

I have never known a man who enjoyed the relating of a wholesome story more than did Brother Bud and perhaps the kind of story he enjoyed the best was that which had to do with his experience as an angler. "Uncle Bud" loved fish—he enjoyed catching them, eating them and relating stories about them.

My family was invited with a few others to be "Uncle Bud's" guests at the Azusa Angler's Club, which is located in the foothills back of Azusa, California. Mountain streams are there captured in deep pools which abound with hungry rainbow trout. It is a fisherman's paradise. Here we took turns at casting the line baited by our host and thrilled as the beautiful trout responded to the lure. Hot skillet and hungry mouths left nothing but well-picked bones. "Uncle Bud," the perfect host, walked in and out among the guests with hot fish in one hand and cornbread in the other chuckling and shouting, "Praise the Lord!" His manner of saying "Praise the Lord," will identify him in heaven.—
ORVAL J. NEASE, *General Superintendent.*

It was my privilege to live in the home of Bud Robinson when a teen-age boy attending Texas Holiness University at Peniel, Texas. He and I were members of the same Methodist church, and by his nomi-

nation I received my first license to exhort, likewise my first local preacher's license. We were both charter members of the first Church of the Nazarene organized in Texas.

I knelt by his bed in Pasadena when he was facing life's sunset and held his palsied hand. He faintly said, "Henry, it ain't far to the end now; I am pushing on to Glory."

In those pioneer days in Texas he sat one day in the humble kitchen of my wife's father, Rev. John E. Threadgill, and while the tears flowed, he made the statement, "John, I am glad you are 'poor' for you don't feel yourself above me." Bud Robinson was the embodiment of humility.

In the closing weeks of his life he was very restless. In his delirium he was preaching and calling seekers and shouting them through. Once he said to his son-in-law, Rev. George Wise, "George, why can't you and Ruby pray me back to health? My brother lived to be 89 years old and I am only 82." He loved life and he put his all into it. His last exhortation to me was, "Henry, preach second blessing holiness until you die."
—HENRY B. WALLIN, *Pastor, First Church, Long Beach, California.*

The unique manner of "Uncle Bud's" preaching was forced upon me about thirty years ago when I heard him preach to a crowd of people who had gathered from all over the nation. I had never seen him before. When he arose to preach and I heard his voice

and noted his personality, I had a let-down feeling. "This crowd will be disappointed," I said to myself. He had preached only a little while, when I felt my heart strangely warmed. "I guess it won't be bad after all," I thought. Soon I was sitting on the edge of the seat listening to every word. I was caught in a wave of holy hilarity that swept over the entire crowd. For forty minutes "Uncle Bud" held my attention. I was utterly forgetful of all about me.

I wept as he told of the hunger and poverty of his boyhood days. I shouted for joy when he told of his marvelous conversion and the night following when he lay under the wagon and watched the stars as God brought them out on dress parade to celebrate his conversion. My face burned with shame for the ministry as he told how he cut cordwood for fifty cents a cord, when he was so weak and sickly that he could hardly swing an axe, then took the money and gave it to his preacher who in turn went to the store and came back smoking a long black cigar. I lived my own experience of sanctification anew as he told of the skimming process God took him through, and of how he shouted himself hoarse amid the glistening corn blades in his own field. I sat up, stung with the lash of truth, when he pictured the difference between true and false professions by telling of the old farmer's pigs that could tell the difference between the loaded and the empty wagon. The rattle of the wagons revealed the truth, loaded or empty.

With eyes red from crying, sides aching from laughter and my conscience smiting me for not praying more

for the service and the salvation of souls, I became aware that the sermon was over and that "Uncle Bud" was ready to make an altar call. I felt certain that no one would come, because he had said nothing about the horrors of hell, the terrors of the judgment day nor of the dangers of grieving the Spirit away. But when he said, "Come on," they came and they came in a hurry. They were all broken up. I had never heard such praying before. About fifty men and women prayed through that night. That service convinced me for all time that "Uncle Bud" was unique, Spirit led and in a class by himself.—D. I. VANDERPOOL, *Superintendent*, Northwest District.

My father had gone to heaven. My mother was sick. The year was 1914. I was trying to support my mother and two sisters. Mother craved strawberries, but they were twenty-five cents a box, and that was much beyond what I could spare out of my small earnings. On Sunday I prayed the Lord to help me get the strawberries for Mother. Monday morning on the way to the street car I passed "Uncle Bud's" house—he lived but a half block from us. He was out spading in his front yard. As he came over to greet me he took fifty cents out of his pocket, handed the coin to me, and said, "Here, daughter, take this and buy your mother some strawberries." No one but the Lord had told him to do this. I cried while telling him about my prayer, and when I got home that evening Mother had a full crate of strawberries that "Uncle Buddie" had bought

and sent over. He was a grand neighbor and friend.
—MRS. J. E. McABE KIEMEL.

Preaching in my pulpit at the Oakland First Church of the Nazarene, Bud Robinson said, "Modernism is being disrobed and its skeleton riddled with sanctified fire." Preaching on "Holiness" at the Nazarene Camp Meeting in Pasadena, California, some years ago, he said, "Inbred sin is sin in the breed. It manifests itself through devil-possessed men, in a scrap, for instance." From the First Church of the Nazarene pulpit of Pasadena, he said, "Sin is moral insanity compounded. Two young men while I was holding meetings in Portland, Oregon, stole an automobile, then took on liquor, crossed the drawbridge that divides East and West Portland, but on coming back, the drawbridge had swung around. The tender yelled to them to stop, but they cursed him and broke the chain, and into the river fifty feet below they plunged. Their bodies were taken out of the Willamette River five miles below, the next day." On another occasion, when "Uncle Bud" was urging Christians to pray and serve God, while carrying on their business profession at the same time, he used the bulldog as an example in action. He said the reason for a bulldog's nose being so high up, is "so he can hang on and breathe at the same time." In preaching from the text, "The More Excellent Way," from a holiness camp meeting platform in southern California, "Uncle Bud" said, "I could quote 6,000 verses of Scripture from memory when at my best, and have preached twice, and

committed to memory as many as 75 verses of scripture a day."

Preaching from the Church of the Nazarene in Tulare, California, on "Holiness," he said, "Leaven is a type of sin. Pride in the heart of man is the only thing that makes everyone else sick, except him."—
FRED M. WEATHERFORD, *Pastor*, Medford, Oregon.

Bud Robinson did not have school advantages, but he had a fine mind and made good use of it. Of course it is his amusing sayings that we remember. Once in our Nashville camp meeting he said, "If I wanted to be worldly wise, I would join the evolutionists—they say we came from nothing. Then if I wanted to stay with this crowd, I would join Mrs. Eddy—they say we are nothing. Then if I decided to follow them, I would join Pastor Russell's outfit—they say we are going to nothing. There you have it: we came from nothing, we are nothing and we are going to nothing." "Uncle Bud" said, "Once when I was younger than I am now, I went to a place to hold a meeting, and things did not just suit me. I took my text and for about an hour I skinned both the saints and the sinners, and nailed their hides to the wall, like I used to do coon hides. On my way home, the Lord came and climbed into the buggy with me, and asked for the privilege of saying a few words. He said, 'Now, Bud, you have skinned the people and nailed their hides to the wall: what are you going to do with these hides?' I saw the point and was a little more careful in my skinning ever afterward."

Speaking of this machine age, Bud said, "Humanity is divided into two classes: the quick and the dead, for all who are not quick are dead." He told about the lawyer who asked him many questions he could not answer. Finally Bud said to the lawyer, "Well, if you are so smart tell me why a pig eats so much." The lawyer was nonplussed, and Bud said, "That's easy. He eats so much because he is trying to make a hog of himself." —H. H. WISE, *Pastor*, First Church, Nashville, Tennessee.

It was my privilege to make one of the last extensive tours with "Uncle Bud" that he ever made in the interests of the kingdom. It was in the summer of 1941. We traveled together for eighteen days. I was amazed at the endurance of his physical strength and still more amazed at the vigor and clarity of his mind. It was a real privilege to be with him. The Crusader Quartet of Eastern Nazarene College traveled in the party also. All of them look back upon those days with "Uncle Bud" as one of the high points in their experience.

As I reflect upon my association with him in those days and my knowledge of him through the years, there are two things that make an indelible impression upon my mind and spirit. First, was his love for Christ and his gratitude for the great experience of salvation which transformed his life and made him the unique person that he was and gave to him the great ministry which resulted in so much good being done. The second thing

that impressed me was the fact that he was possessed of a really great mind. It is true that he was denied the privileges of education in his early life and never knew what it was to attend the institutions of learning which have made such large contributions to the lives of others. Nevertheless, when he dedicated himself wholly to God, he had much to offer for there was a keen mind that God saw fit to use in a very outstanding way. In intellectual capacity, he was superior. If all his quaint, wise sayings could be compiled, they would make a remarkably sound and inspiring philosophy of life. There was wisdom in his words. Their effectiveness was greatly increased by the uniqueness of his mind and personality. They held the interest of multitudes of people because they were spoken in his own distinctive style. He had great capacities and they were dedicated wholly to God.

There was one incident which he related to us privately as we traveled along the highway one day which made a great impression upon me. It shows his keen insight into human nature and, at the same time, his wonderfully good and Christlike spirit. He told us of a letter he had received some time before from a brother, whom I shall not name, in which the writer took occasion to criticize "Uncle Bud" severely. He discounted greatly the "Good Samaritan Chats" in the *Herald of Holiness*. He accused him of being insincere in always boosting everyone who entertained him and ridiculed with stinging sarcasm to a length of ten typewritten pages. "Uncle Bud" said that at first he was

tempted to write him in the same vein, but he decided not to answer for a few days and when he did, this is the substance of what he wrote:

“Dear Brother:

“I received your letter a few days ago and I wish to thank you for it, for it has been a blessing to me in this way. I have decided that people generally are so much peeled and skinned and blistered that from now on I shall do my best to say more kind and encouraging words to them and about them than ever before, for I believe they need all the encouragement that they can get. Many people seem to appreciate my ‘Good Samaritan Chats’ in the *Herald*, and I consider this sufficient justification for continuing to write them. Thank you for your letter and God bless you.”

“Uncle Bud” said he did not hear from the brother for some time but after several weeks, he wrote to “Uncle Bud” and humbly apologized for his previous letter. I am sure that all of us can learn a lesson from that reply. He knew how to use cutting sarcasm himself. There were plenty of faults in the man who wrote the letter for him to point out and magnify, but instead he chose rather to make his stinging words a means of grace to his own soul and used them as an inspiration for more words of good cheer to the people who thronged his pathway as he journeyed through life.—G. B. WILLIAMSON, *President*, Eastern Nazarene College.

Once when I expressed concern that more souls were not finding God, and was low in spirit, I asked

"Uncle Bud" why it was so. He said, "Son, remember that when you do your best, and plant with tears, holiness seed never rots." One time "Uncle Buddie" told us about preaching in a street meeting. A man in the crowd got disgusted with the meeting and spit right in "Uncle Buddie's" face, and "it ran down over my shirt bosom," he said. Someone in the crowd to which he was talking said, "And what did you do, 'Uncle Bud'?" "Uncle Bud" replied, "Well, I took my handkerchief and wiped it off. What would you have done?"—GLENN GRIFFITH, *Superintendent*, Idaho-Oregon-Utah District.

While I was a student at Asbury College, "Uncle Bud" visited the school. One day as I was coming from the dining hall he called to me and said, "Roy, I have had an accident with my watch. I wonder if you could get one for me before the evening service." I promised that I would. Late in the afternoon I went to his room where I found him on his knees before his open Bible. I started to withdraw so as not to interrupt him, when he said, "It is all right, son. Come right in, I was just talking to Father about the service tonight, and He has just told me that there will be twenty at the altar." After chatting a few minutes longer about common interests back home in Pasadena, I left, realizing that I had been on holy ground and was somewhat dazed over his statement that bespoke such intimacy with the Father. I looked forward to the evening service with wonderment. Would twenty people seek God that night? I shall never forget the feeling that I experienced as the

twentieth seeker did bow. "Uncle Bud" really had heard from his Father. This experience made a profound impression on me as a lad looking forward to the Christian ministry.

In a recent conversation with Dr. Donald Householder, associate pastor with Dr. Bob Schuler of Trinity Church, Los Angeles, the following incidents were related to me. In the midweek prayer service of the above church, when news was received of the death of "Uncle Bud," the order of service was automatically changed and a spontaneous testimony meeting began among a surprisingly large number in the congregation who had either been saved or greatly blessed under his ministry. One of the most interesting stories was that told by Dr. Schuler himself. Friends of Dr. Schuler will remember that some years ago, due to a technicality, the court sentenced him to a prison sentence in Los Angeles. "Uncle Bud," having heard of it prayed, "Lord, help the Supreme Court to immediately consider Bob Schuler's case and release him so that he can attend his General Conference which is to meet in Texas. They need him down there. When he arrives have the brethren ask him to preach." The following morning in Sacramento the Supreme Court Justice said, "Let's consider this Bob Schuler case even though it isn't on the docket." They did, reversing court action, called Los Angeles and asked that Bob Schuler be released. Dr. Schuler caught the first plane for Texas and as he walked in for the opening session the powers that be said, "Here is Bob Schuler; he's just out of jail and

ought to have something interesting to tell us. Let's ask him to preach." Dr. Schuler testifies that "Uncle Bud" prayed him out of jail.

In this same meeting Mrs. Clifton, mother of the proprietor of the famous Clifton Restaurants, testified that, many years before in the Midwest, while attending a camp meeting where "Uncle Bud" was the evangelist, she found herself financially embarrassed in that she lacked funds to pay her hotel bill to the amount of five dollars. She made this a matter of earnest prayer. At the close of a service, when most of the people had left the auditorium, she returned to get her shawl that she had left on the platform. "Uncle Bud" was standing by the pulpit, and as she picked up her shawl said, "Sister, have you been asking the Lord for some money?" Surprisedly she said she had, as he reached into his pocket and took from it a five dollar gold piece, adding that the Lord had told him that someone in the service that afternoon needed five dollars. When he asked the Lord how he might know who among these hundreds of people needed five dollars He said, "You wait on the platform at the close of the service and I will send a lady to get a shawl." After giving her the money he said, "Sister, let me tell you how I got that money. Some time ago while in the West I was invited to dinner. When I turned my plate over at the dinner table I found a five dollar gold piece under it. As I picked it up the Lord said to me, "Bud, this is not for you, it is for someone in the Midwest. So don't thank me for it,

sister, the Lord gave it to me to give to you.”—ROY CANTRELL, *Superintendent*, Minnesota District.

Mr. — had distinguished himself as an avowed infidel. His library shelves were filled with books written by unbelievers and skeptics. This blatant defier of God and rejecter of the Bible, with his elegant home and the broad acres beyond it, was the dominant figure in his community. Into this neighborhood a stuttering, stammering, ignorant young Irishman came to hold a brush-arbor meeting. At the close of a service, an elegantly gowned young woman stepped forward and said, “Brother Robinson, will you grant me a favor?”

Looking at her earnestly, Bud Robinson replied, “If it is in my power, thister, I will.”

She said, “It is something you can do. I want you to talk to my father about his soul.”

Bud said when he thought of the great man and his elegant home, he almost fell upon the ground. But he had given his promise and he could not draw back. The following morning he arose very early, had a long season of prayer, and visited in a number of homes to get his courage up, then rang the bell on the door of the infidel’s mansion. While standing there thinking what he would say when a servant opened the door, it suddenly swung ajar and the big infidel confronted him. Bud was so dumfounded he stood there in confusion unable to open his mouth until the man said, “Good

morning," to which Bud stammered out, "Good morning, thir," and went no farther.

The man looked amused as he asked, "I believe your name is Robinson, isn't it?"

Bud said, "Yeth, thir, that's my name," and stopped.

The man interrogated, "Aren't you conducting a meeting down in the brush arbor?"

"Yeth, thir, that's what I'm doin'," replied Bud.

"Won't you come in and have a seat?"

"Yeth, thir, if you please." Bud entered the elegantly furnished home, sank into a chair and was so abashed he had no idea what to do with his hands or his feet. He sat there confused and bewildered. The man endeavored to engage him in conversation and asked, "What do you think of Demosthenes?"

Bud looked up earnestly and said, "Who wuth he?"

The man explained and then asked him, "What is your opinion of the Darwin Theory?"

"Whath that? I never heard of it." When the man explained, Bud replied, "I don't know, but I think Mr. Darwin wath wrong, because I can remember as fur back as my grandmother, and she never looked like a monkey." Then it was Bud's turn. Looking the big infidel right in the eye, he asked him, "Brother, what do you think of Jesuth Christ?"

It was the infidel's time to stammer, but before he could reply, Bud said, "Leth pray," and down on his knees he went. His stammering tongue became a flame of fire that scorched that infidel's soul like molten lava. When Bud arose from his knees wiping the tears out

of his eyes with his coat sleeve, he extended his hand and said, "Brother, come to the meeting," and walked out.

That night when he arose to preach, he was amazed to see the infidel on the front seat. But he stammered through his sermon, gave an altar call, and down went the infidel in the straw and prayed through to God.

Later this man wrote his experience for the public press and declared that he had never had any trouble in confusing any person who discussed religion with him; "But," said he, "when I opened the door that morning and looked at that poor, ignorant Irishman, something struck my heart that I could neither gainsay nor throw off." I thought, 'Surely God does not think more of that ignorant crippled Irishman than He thinks of me.' So I decided to find God or die in the effort, and that is why I am a Christian today."—J. T. UPCHURCH, Dallas, Texas.

It was during a revival meeting in our home town, Duncan, Oklahoma, that I first met "Uncle Buddie." He was to be entertained in my father's home. How anxiously we awaited his arrival! It was late when he reached town, so he went directly to the service. The big tabernacle was well filled and the speaker kept the attention of his crowd from the beginning to the end. My father, being ill, was unable to attend—a disappointment this was as he had heard so much of about "Uncle Buddie." When we reached home "Uncle Buddie" stepped into the sickroom, father expressed his keen disappointment at not being able to attend the service

and asked what his subject was,. "It was holiness, Brother Peck," was the reply. At this he repeated his text and began to laugh and cry and quote scripture till Father forgot his illness, sat up in bed and laughed and cried with his guest. "Uncle Buddie" repitched his message with as much interest as at the old tabernacle.—FLORENCE DAVIS, *Vice-president*, General Council W.F.M.S.

Several years ago while District Superintendent in the East I was privileged to take "Uncle Bud" to our home in New York state for a service. At that time there was no church in Brooktondale but services were being held in our home anticipating a church. "Uncle Bud" spoke to a crowded cottage, every nook and corner being filled with interested listeners. It was several years later that my mother-in-law was talking with "Uncle Bud," telling him of the new church that had been built across the road from the cottage where he spoke that night. In an effort to explain just where the church was built she reminded him that the site was directly across the street from the house. "Oh, yes," replied "Uncle Bud." "You mean where that field of buckwheat stood." This incident tells of his photographic mind and memory that enabled him to so endear himself to the personal lives of thousands of people across the country.—H. V. MILLER, *General Superintendent*.

As a youth of seventeen, I was stricken with pleurisy while working on the farm and confined to the house

for several weeks. For three years I had been resisting the Spirit of God and fighting a call to preach. The intensity of the conflict which raged within was largely responsible for my breakdown in health. Having exhausted the limited reading matter in the home, I picked up Bud Robinson's *Honey in the Rock* and began to read his unique sermons on holiness. As I read my fear of the implications of surrender to Christ and my dread of the ministry were replaced by a great hunger for God and a desire for the beautiful experience which he described. It was only a short time until I was definitely saved in my own bedroom, and two weeks later was sanctified at Cleveland Bible Institute where I had registered to prepare for the ministry. Several years went by before I saw Bud Robinson, but the reading of his book marked a definite change in my life, and more than any other one thing, influenced me toward holiness. — J. C. ALBRIGHT, *Pastor*, West Somerville, Mass.

We were driving along the beautiful highway en route to a meeting. Bud was so quiet I thought he was asleep, so I drove along singing a few lines from first one old hymn and then another. Presently "Uncle Bud" chuckled, and said, "Doc Jim, you are a wonderful singer. In fact you have them all beat: you can sing a half dozen songs with one tune." It was "Uncle Bud's" last appearance at the Texarkana Holiness Convention. He said, "I want to pray for you all." When he came to me, he said, "There is old Doc Jim. You

know, Lord, how we love him. If the old devil, the old dirty devil that he is, ever sticks his head over on Doc Jim's side of the fence to tell him we don't love him; please help Doc Jim to just take the biggest ear of corn he can find in the land of Canaan and crack the old devil on his old dirty head, and tell him to just keep his head on his own side of the fence." That prayer has blessed me many times. December 15, 1941, we closed our tour of the Western Oklahoma District, not knowing it would be "Uncle Bud's" last with us. We all bade him good night, and said, "Come again soon." "Uncle Bud's" car rolled away into the night on the way to his sunny California home. But we shall see him again in the morning when our day's work is finished.—J. W. SHORT, *Superintendent*, Western Oklahoma District.