

LOOK UP

FOR YOUR
REDEMPTION DRAWS NEAR



BY BILL RENFRO



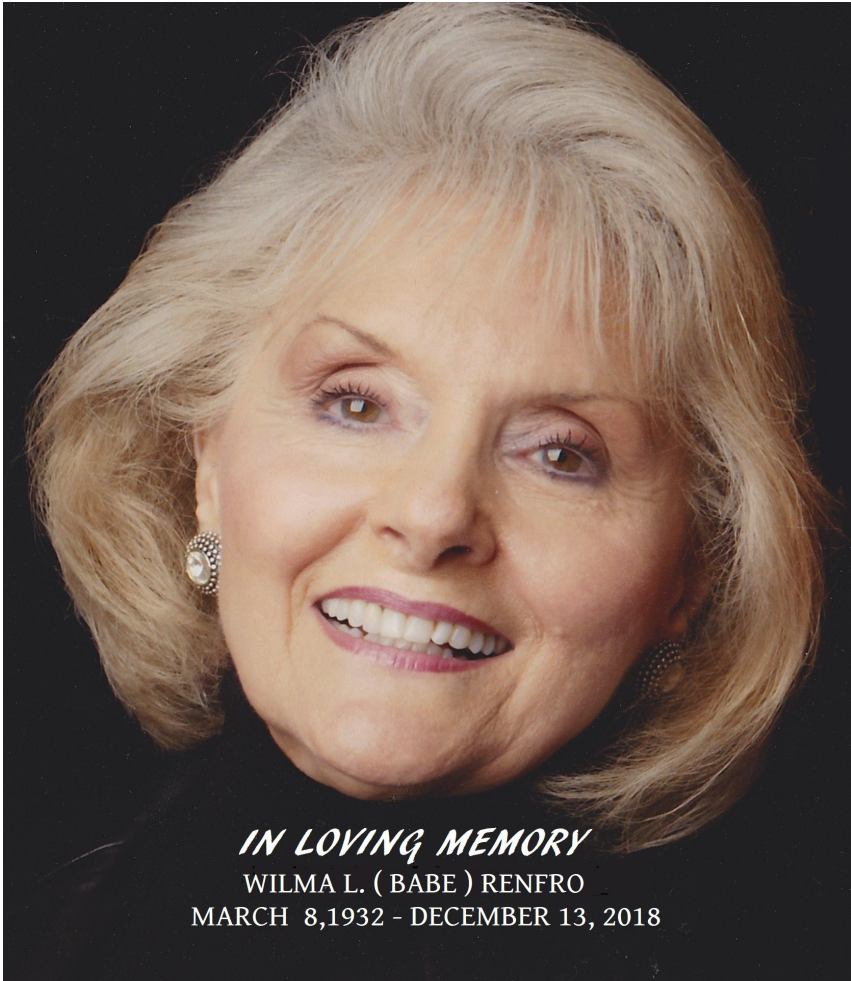
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DEDICATION





THIS BOOK

My wife Babe and I , both having accepted Jesus Christ as our Lord and Savior at the ages of 10 years and lived as man and wife for 70 years, had looked forward to the rapture of the church, and that we wanted to go up hand in hand to meet our God. This hope was erased with the passing of the love of my life, and has kept me in a continuous mourning for the past 1 1 /2 years.

My spirit has just reminded me of the verse of scripture that says we mourn not knowing that maybe she was taken away to protect her from the wrath that is to come.

We both had believed that according to the Book of Revelation, we were in the end times. I believe that what we are seeing happen around the world, and our own country, that what was described in this book of the Bible has been taking place right before our very eyes. This is not a time for believers to be fearful, but to know that the word of God is true, and that we will soon be going home.

I am writing this book to show the non-believer that world events line directly up with the written word of GOD.





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CHAPTER 1

The sun came up slowly this morning as it had done for many mornings before, but it was welcomed this morning because it had rained the night before. The rain was slow at first, and I had enjoyed hearing the music that was being played as drops of rain came down thru the small holes in the roof. The four or five kitchen pans that had been placed around the three rooms of the small single wall country house where we lived, and each pan being of a different size, each rang out their own note to contribute to the song of summer that was being played. Then the wind gave a gust and blew thru the trombone that was the cracks of the wall and they added their own notes as they blew through the loose builder paper that covered the thin walls that made up the house. While the music was sweet to a boy my age, we knew that the song would end with the rain, and we would have to stay in this land of sticky black dirt until it decided to release us.

This would mean that my dad, who was a tenant farmer, would not be able to work the fields, but would get to stay home and play with me, and since I was the only child at this time, I would receive all of his attention. But I was wrong, mom had a large list of things that she needed to have done, so my time was cut to a minimum.

Mom was right, there was lots of things that needed his attention. It seems that dad was not much of a fixer-upper. I guess that after long days of working in the fields, under a blistering sun day after day, he would have liked to rest for a while. But life was hard, both inside the home and outside in

the cotton fields. Mom had worked along side of dad after they were married, for the first 13 years. I could only imagine what their honeymoon was like.

Dad would have to clean the old ice box that we had to keep our perishable foods in, to be ready for the return of the ice man each week. The old box was made entirely of wood, but had a metal pan on the inside top to hold the ice, with a lid that opened to fill it through. The bottom compartment was not even as big as the top part. It had a door that opened to the front to fill the lower compartment. This lower part had only one shelf which did not allow for much storage, but we only had fresh milk each morning and a few other things. All of our pork was raised on the farm and cured so that it did not need to be refrigerated.

Our kitchen was small and did not have a sink with which to wash the pots and pans, so mom had to use a large pan. There was no running water in the kitchen either, so it was brought by bucket from the cistern that sat near the back door and collected rain water for all of the family usage.

Past the cistern, ran a walkway of old planks, put there to keep our feet clean, on our way to the old outhouse which lay out about 40 or 50 feet from the house, and set close to the edge of the old one car garage, which was just big enough to store a Model T Ford. The old garage had been used for storage mostly in the last several years, but there was not much in there now, because the building was leaning so far over that even the door would not open. Past the garage was the barn, it being the farthest from the house and downwind. Past that was the cattle tank. The area around the tank and a small area around the barn was just large enough to keep two mules and a milk cow or two. All land was for the growing of crops, and was planted as close to the buildings as possible.

We raised our own chickens and our own garden for fresh vegetables in season. We had enough to eat so I never knew that we were poor. Besides, at my age I didn't know what poor was. Remember this was in the 1930's.

Dad worked a 90 acre farm by himself, using two mules. Just to keep the ugly critters feed and watered was a chore by itself, not having to run them down each time that he had to harness them for work would have been a big help.

We had great neighbors living just up the road from us, two families in fact, across the road almost from each other and within walking distance of our house. I remember as a small boy, our small family walking up to visit these kind and loving families, on a bright moonlit night and being treated as if we were visiting royalty. The memories of these people and these times have remained with me for a lifetime.

About this time in my career, I experienced my first setback. My mom gave me a baby brother. This event changed the whole ballgame. I now no longer was king of the hill ! Not only was he real small, he could not even walk, and all he did was eat, sleep and complain. Besides that, he did not know how to play one single game. But the rest of the family seemed to like him, so I kept my disappointment to myself.

He did get better as he grew and I was able to teach him lots of the things that I had learned over my four years.





CHAPTER 2

Dad was a good farmer, and after he was able to buy his first used, iron wheel Farmall tractor, the land owner gave him a larger and better farm to work. This farm had been the home place of the landowners family and not only was the farm larger, but so was the house and barn. This farm also had a windmill at the stock tank, that pumped water up to a large overhead tank that had water piped into the house, but only to the kitchen sink. Again there was no bathroom or drinking water in the house and we again had to rely on an outdoor toilet and to a cistern that caught rainwater for us to drink, bathe and wash dishes. But compared to the old farmhouse, we felt that GOD had truly blessed us.

My mom had been taught to play the piano and had began to play at the age of 13 at the small country church that we had attended, and continued to be the main church pianist for 72 years of her life, until she passed away.

When I was born, she would wrap me up good, put me in a carrying basket and carry me to church each time she went. So you see, I might be the longest church attendee still alive.

Since we now lived in a larger home, mom had room for her own piano, and she began to teach piano lessons from home. I thought that maybe, since I had connections with the instructor, that maybe I could get some free music lessons. The idea was great, but I soon found out that I had completely zero music talent, so I went back to just being a plain kid.

There must have been hundreds of kids that she taught to play, and who enjoyed it as much as she did.

It was while we lived here that I had grown enough to start helping with the daily chores of farm life. I got to slop the pigs, get corn out of the corn crib and feed the animals while my dad milked and did other things. The bad part of this all was the thought that we had to get out of bed at the crack of dawn, so that we would be finished in time for my dad to get to the fields, and later for me to leave for school.

Not only did I get to help my dad, but I got to help mom when she washed our cloths. This was quite a chore because it meant that a wood fire had to be started under the huge metal wash pot to heat the water for washing. This operation was a chore that took mom and me all day. The clothes had to be put first in the hot water, stirred briskly for several minutes and then put into some cold water to cool it down enough for her to twist it around to remove all the water she could, so that it could be put on the clothes line to dry.

This was one chore that I could have done without, but since there were no girls in our family, I was chosen. I was so thankful when I had grown large enough that I could help my dad instead. Now that I think of it, I never knew where my little brother hid while all this work was going on.

Finally the time came when I reached the age to go to school. School was a 5 room wooden building with 4 large rooms for classes, each with one space for 2-3 classes each, and one teacher each. At the time of my beginning, only 2 of them were used, each with the 3 classes. Class 1-3 was taught by Mrs. Cock and the classes 4-6 was taught by Mr. Cock, each across the larger center room that was the auditorium. This couple lived on the school grounds and looked after the building and grounds. This man and wife were responsible for the early development of my life, and I shall always hold their memory in great esteem.

The school was about 4 miles down the road, just far enough not to walk unless it was necessary, and too far for your father to take you, but just far enough for horseback. And it just so happened that the school had a large horse barn out back just for that reason. The students rode in, tied their horses in their own stall, where they spent the day waiting for school to be over and they could get back to their own barn.

At the time I began school, I was not large enough to handle my own horse, so I rode with my cousin and his sister, who lived just down the road. The only problem with this arrangement, was that me, being the smallest of the three, was placed in the center, which was the back end of the saddle, with my cousin in the front part, and his sister behind the saddle. At least I didn't have much chance of falling off.

Finally, the day came when dad got me my very own horse. This was a day of great pride for me, finally at the age of about 9, I felt as if I had achieved manhood. The mare had been raised around children, so was gentle and patient with a young and aspiring cowboy. I think that the tolerance and understanding that this animal gave me was the one largest thing that developed my lifetime love for horses.

I also remember that at the end of the school day, when all of us ran out, got our horses and headed home to catch Tom Mix and his Ralston Straight Shooters show on the radio. There was also Gene Autry and his Melody Ranch program. These things also gave me a love for Westerns and cowboys, which I still love, and have written about in a book called "Riders of the Silver Screen".

I attended this country school through the sixth grade, when the school was incorporated with the Dawson School District.

While we were still living on this farm, we continued to attend the same country church where my mom played piano, each time that the doors were opened. The church was a Methodist Church and was the same one where my Renfro Grandparents had attended. The church shared the same lot as the Baptist Church and we shared many social activities with them. One that I really liked, was when the Baptist had an all day singing and dinner on the grounds. The men would take two of the church pews outside, put them together face to face, and place all the food that the ladies had brought for the occasion. The food was always great and you had a chance to eat things that you didn't always get at home.

It was not until I began high school did I learn that one of those kids that were all running and playing during these times of joint church gatherings, that among that group of little girls was the one that God had selected to be my life mate, the love of my life and the mother of my children.

We had grown up down the same country road but had not really known each other, because she went to a country school in one direction and I went in the opposite direction. We did not get to know each other until we were in high school and in the same classes.

We both had accepted Jesus Christ as our Lord and Savior when we about 10 years old, and while we attended these small country churches. Her father was a Deacon at the Baptist Church and my mom played piano at the Methodist Church, so God was no stranger to us. This fact was part of our lives.

The congregation of the Methodist church finally became so small the church was torn down and the members began going to church in town.

CHAPTER 3

My dad was able to buy his own farm which happened to be just across the road from the corner where the two country churches had been located, but at this time only the Baptist church remained and the membership was growing smaller and smaller, but they held on.

This was my freshman year of high school and a chance to play football and baseball. Football turned out to be too much like work for me, but I continued through all of the 4 years. I guess that maybe I was just too lazy to enjoy all this pain. If I needed to have this kind of exercise, I could just go home and do farm work.

I was a B+ student, and sometime an A slipped through, although I didn't like to study. I made it through my freshman and sophomore years without incident, but was not prepared for my junior year. That was the year that I discovered the love of my life, sitting right there in my own classroom. One day in our English class, I asked her for a date and she said yes. We fell in love on this first date and continued dating until we graduated, and then were married. This was a marriage that lasted for 70 years.

After we were married we lived and worked on the farm for 5 years and had begun our family, before moving to the Houston area where we spent the next 55 years living and working until I retired in 2005 and we moved to the Dallas area. My wife Babe had spent 10 years working as the office manager for a Bible College, and me spending 55 years in the engineering business.

Both my wife Babe and I were active most of the years in

our local churches and lived a rather normal life as Christians should, but my life changed with her passing in December of 2018.

My life now consists of endless days and sleepless nights as I continue to try and relive the past 70 plus years. I had never known the depth of my love and need for the girl that I had with me for all but 18 years of my almost 90. We had married as children and had grown up together. When we had been dating and we knew that we would soon be married, we had discussed looking forward to growing old together, and now it had come to pass without our notice. We had also, in later years, as we saw what was going on in the world, known what the Bible had taught us about what to recognize as being the end times. We had wanted to go up in the rapture of the church, holding hands. This dream was shattered with her passing, but not destroyed. Her remains are placed by her bedside, next to mine, and we are still looking forward to going up together, because the scripture says that at the rapture, the dead in Christ shall rise first and then those who are alive in him will rise to join them and they shall go to be with the Lord forever. This is the blessed hope that Babe and I have placed our lives on, and expect to come about. The time is short and getting shorter, and which I expect to see at any moment.

The early Christians began looking for this to occur at any time and have looked forward to it for over 2000 years. I believe that from what I see and hear, that the time is now and that it could occur at any minute.

How do I know that what I have read and heard for all of these years is true ? Because the Lord my God has shown me that it is true. I have been spoken to by the Spirit, I have seen my guardian angel and I was spoken to by my wife after her passing.

The very things that we see going on around us match to a T the things described in the Bible that would be happening in the last days. If the Bible was not true, how did the writers know that these things would be happening 2000 years later? Were they just guessing, or did they have a greater knowledge ? I chose to believe the latter !

The scripture says that in the end times that there will be wars, that there will be storms, that there will be hurricanes, that there will be floods, that there will be famines, that children will kill their parents, that there will be lawlessness, that there will be pestilence. Which of these have we not seen? We are now in the middle of a world wide pestilence, with no end in sight. What would it take for you to believe ?

For some reason that I can not explain, we do not hear the last chapter of the Bible being taught in our Churches, I wonder why ? Only a few brave end time prophecy teachers are preaching this. Why are they afraid to preach the word? Would they lose members or tithes, or were they not taught this in seminary ? And while I am thinking about it, I don't hear much about hell either. I know that satan was given dominion over this earth until the return of the Lord, could it be that he knows something that we don't ?, because he seems to be working overtime, especially in Washington, D. C., in our schools and colleges. He sure likes our young.

These are the things my dear wife Babe and I had been watching for our entire lifetime and are now seeing come to pass. I have not given up on our dream and it is the reason that I say to you -----

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BILL AND BABE RENFRO



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