Jewel Colonel Cole was born July 27, 1909, in Pensacola, Florida. At the age of 19 he moved to Akron, Ohio, where he received his personal Pentecostal experience. Called to the ministry he spent ten years under the supervision of James A. Frush, founder and pastor of the Christian Apostolic Church Newark, Ohio. Brother Cole was ordained in 1940.

He was united in marriage to Mary Shirley, the daughter of George W. Shirley and Malissie Colonie Pressley on May 30, 1931 in Newark, Ohio. Mary Shirley Cole was born October 3, 1909 in Cullman, Alabama. Sister Mary Cole was appointed the first District President of the Ladies Auxiliary of the East Central District of the United Pentecostal Church, and served until her appointment as the First International President of the Ladies Auxiliary of the United Pentecostal Church in 1953, serving until 1960. She was ordained to the ministry in 1954, and her name is listed in the first edition of Who’s Who of American Women. When she died December 9, 1970, in Parkersburg, Brother Cole married Helen Ruth Anderson (Keen) in 1972. Helen had been married to Reverend Augustus “Gus” Anderson who preceded her in death on January 29, 1971. They were the pastors of Christ Apostolic Church in Louisville, Kentucky.

Jewel and Mary Cole were the parents of five children, Marlene Elizabeth, William Harry (Billy), Hilda Mae, Ruth Marie and Benjamin David.

Brother J. C. and Sister Mary Cole traveled as evangelists for several years until God directed their ministry to Mellin, West Virginia. Brother S. R. Hanby, a well known and respected minister from Ohio, had held a meeting in the open air in Mellin where logs were set up for benches, and torches were placed all around for lighting. Every log was...
Malawi Crusade Update

- 899 - Holy Ghost
- 168 baptized
- 18 confirmed deaf healed
- 7 blind received sight
- 30 people instantly healed.

J. C. Cole, Stanley Hanby, Harlen I. Goodin, and Anton Huba

Continued from page 1 - The Editor's Corner

pieces collected here and there as we walk through life; sew them all together to make our scrapbook. It makes the past become real to us again. We remember how it was back then, and the beauty of it is then passed on to our children. Perhaps in no other way will they ever know what it was like in those days of sacrifice and toil. The value we place upon those memories will be judged according to the emotion we allow to mingle with the telling. If we merely converse about our memories, it will be to our next generation like the gentle breeze, appreciated, but having made little impact.

Time will put its sanction on anything. What today may elicit laughter becomes a treasure in the telling, especially if it is recalled concerning a person we revere. Even mistakes have a way of being erased as the sands of time fill the memory with its tranquilizing balm.

History, after all, is only a record book and tradition a collection of relics both good and bad that we’ve accumulated over a long period of time. Heroes and bandits, martyrs and madmen; they are all colored by the kindness of time.

I sit with tears flowing freely, often smiling to hide the salty sting as they coursed their way down my cheeks to lightly fall into the sands of time. We walk tenderly through the yesteryears of our heritage. Those days are now long gone and buried, except in the minds of some of us who remember the past days when people were more friendly. When the doors of our homes never knew the clicking of a lock, nor did we have to carry large amounts of keys to protect our treasures. We sang the songs many of us treasure with a voice now cracking under the strain of age, and lifting gnarled hands the songs emphasize a point here and a memory there. At times it makes me an emotional wreck.

Do I want to return to what are referred to as 'the old days?' No, what I want is that those days will come again to us.

Suddenly I think, ‘We are making history every day!’ What we do are the events that create treasures for our children. We remember certain things with a fondness as we see the mental images of dear friends flash upon memory veins. Again I think when I am with the friends of my generation, ‘Some of these participating today, will be gone from us in another meeting. We will be only able to gather the little pieces of memory and tenderly file them away to ’sew’ them together, and some day take our memories and vocally trace them lovingly for our children. But it will be a different setting; some day it will be the “them” who lift gnarled hands. The strange voice will be theirs...’ This is inevitable.

In one of our last conferences, I looked around and there was an inauspicious feeling that swept over me. Many of our present leaders obviously find other important things to do.

Continued from page 1 - Highlighting the Pioneers

‘J. C. Cole began his West Virginia Ministry in Mellin, and then into Harrisville.’

Cole to serve as the pastor. Brother Cole gave a productive ministry to the growing congregation of Sunrise Apostolic Tabernacle.

In 1942 Brother and Sister J. C. Cole extended the scope of their ministry to the community of Harrisville, the county seat of Ritchie County. Under God’s direction Brother J. C. Cole held a tent revival in the Oakwood edition of Harrisville and drew great crowds. After a period of having services in various locations they were able to obtain a building adjacent to the existing location of the First Apostolic Church where they established the church and called it ‘The Apostolic Gospel Tabernacle.’

Brother and Sister Cole felt a burden for Parkersburg and moved there in 1944 to establish the Apostolic United Pentecostal Church. The founding congregation, consisting of 17 members, was meeting in a building on St. Marys Avenue. With the help of this small group he constructed a building located on 3015 Camden Avenue. Brother Cole was a visionary and extended the work supervising the construction of the present edifice, located at 3209 Sixth Avenue. Brother Cole died on October 7, 1982, in Parkersburg.

Brother Cole served for nine years as District Presbyter and two years as Home Missionary Director of the East Central District of the United Pentecostal Church.

To capitulate, Brother Cole pastored thirty-nine years in Parkersburg, building three church buildings, trained thirty-five full-time ministers, and was responsible for establishing twenty-three churches. His son “Billy” served as the founding missionary of the...
The Editor's Corner

and don't feel the necessity of 'assembling ourselves together... so much the more as the days...'. They are pressing so much. Please let me, your warm friend, caution you, these are moments men and women will cherish in days that will come all too soon. It seemed only yesterday I stood in Norfolk, Virginia, young and sassy, and appealed for a Youth Camp ground for the youth of the 'old' East Central District! But I still remember the passion, though it is only a memory. These memories... I earned them.

Yes, sometimes our elders who speak to us are redundant and repetitious... This happens to all. But please don't ever forget, if it had not been for those precious old timers, it is highly possible you would never have been exposed to the privileges from which you have produced so much. They are the stones in your life's foundation, and the tent poles that held the thing together until you found your way into it. If I were you, I would walk up to those spiritual giants still among us and look beyond their dim eyes and faltering steps, fall upon my knees and grasp their hands to my cheek and say, "Thank you for the great legacy you bequeathed us!"

As a young boy I traveled with Brother Durst on numerous occasions. His auto was not the latest model, but I never heard him speak of envy of the other pastors driving a more modern version of the Ford he was driving.

I preached from the time I was thirteen until I was married, without ministerial license. He spoke to the District Board, and my Local License was mailed to me without my asking. Brother Jack Scott asked me when I would be requesting my General License. I laughed, but in a few days my General License arrived by mail. How did they do that? I really don't know...

So I would like to say, "Thank you Brother Durst, my wonderful pastor! Thank you, Brother Poling... Brother Goodin... Brother Sowards... Brother Kitchen... my wonderful superintendents, you made my life rich. I owe you so much!"

Many of the ultra-successful pastors in other districts owe their development to Jewel C. Cole in Parkersburg, West Virginia. What a legacy passed on to the UPCI by such a man!

When I was a pilot on the river for the Pure Oil Company, many times we would dock near Parkersburg and my hours were such that I could leave the boat and visit with Brother Cole, many times ministering for the congregation. It was a delight for me to be able to have a break from the rough riverboat crowd and to spend time with a revered friend. I believe that Brother Cole and I were very close.

He loved for Sister Scott to sing, "The King And I," and would request it in nearly every service where we happened to be together. Well, he had reason! You that remember, she could shake up a congregation when she got to the chorus, "Why He should care for me will always be a mystery; He holds the whole world in His hand, but who am I." By this time hands were raised, and Joy was lost in a world of her own. It was no wonder Brother Cole loved it!

Some Moving Reports Published From Parkersburg

Brother L. J. Roshon of Millersport, Ohio, held a revival beginning on New Year's Eve 1949 with souls greatly stirred and the saints blessed. Twenty-eight were baptized in the name of Jesus and nine were filled with the Holy Ghost.

Evangelist Thomas L. Holmes ministered in Parkersburg during the month of March 1954. Eleven were baptized in the name of Jesus and four were filled with the Holy Ghost. The Sunday school was maintaining a higher average than ever before in Parkersburg.

Willie Johnson ministered in Parkersburg: "We have been especially blessed in Parkersburg in having Evangelist Willie Johnson with us. During this revival thirty were baptized in the name of Jesus and quite a number received the Holy Ghost. Some nights we could not seat the large crowds and the good revival spirit is continuing."

Evangelist and Sister C. H. Webb of Bemis, Tennessee held revival services in 1958. Seven were baptized in the wonderful name of Jesus, and six were filled with the Holy Ghost.

Brother Cole reported that the church had purchased fourteen lots, one and one-half blocks from their present location. This purchase was the future building site for their new church.

In February of 1959 Brother J. C. Cole traveled to West Hohenwald, Tennessee to minister in revival services. Thirty were baptized in Jesus' name, and three were filled with the Holy Ghost.

Again on New Year's Eve 1962 Parkersburg was in revival services.
West Virginia

The Mountain State
Also known as ‘Almost Heaven’

Our beautiful state of West Virginia is located in the heart of the Appalachian region. West Virginia became a state following the Wheeling Conventions and separated from Virginia during the American Civil War and admitted to the Union, June 20, 1863.

The European migration began in the 18th century, and immigrants began entering the Appalachian Mountains. A significant proportion of the early immigrants were Scots, migrating to the Appalachian areas where they became identified as “Scot-Irish.”

Appalachia began to distinguish itself as fiercely independent. During the American Revolution backwoodsmen known as ‘Mountain Men’ routed British forces after rejecting a call by the British to disarm.

During the American Civil War, West Virginia suffered comparatively little. Union forces gained possession of the greater part of the territory in the summer of 1861, culminating at Randolph County’s Battle of Rich Mountain, and Union control was never again seriously threatened.

Quilts

Scot-Irish quilters in West Virginia developed a unique interpretation of pieced-block quilt construction. Their quilts embody Scot-Irish quilting techniques. Cabin Creek quilts are known throughout the United States.

Religion Statistics of West Virginia

According to a comprehensive survey by the American Bible Society in 2008, 68% listed themselves as Christians or main-line church affiliation, while 7%...

Jewel C. Cole - Continued from page 3

Evangelist Ace Summers of Mt. Vernon, Illinois was the evangelist. Six were baptized in Jesus’ name, and three were filled with the Holy Ghost. Every night was like a camp meeting.

On December 31 the church celebrated the nineteenth anniversary of Brother and Sister Cole as pastors. We moved into our new church two years ago.

Beginning New Year’s Day 1965 Parkersburg enjoyed a wonderful revival with their spiritual son, Evangelist James A. (Jim) Wolfe. Nine received the Holy Ghost, and four were baptized in the name of Jesus. Many were healed. We had 120 visitors, and many are still attending.

In 1966, and for the fourth time, Evangelist James A. Wolfe ministered in revival services. This time there was an added blessing. He brought his wife, Ann Erickson Wolfe, formerly of Alexandria, Louisiana, to minister with him.

During the meeting the Sunday school record was broken with 433 present.

The Genealogy of Jewel Colonel Cole

Along with the above personal information, Brother Cole’s father was John Riley Cole, who was the son of Samuel Cole, born on June 25, 1795, in Hartford, Connecticut. Samuel died July 13, 1891, in Bayou Grande, Florida. Mary Elizabeth Lovelace was born June, 1838, in North Carolina, and died in 1913 in Pensacola.

Continued on page 5
That Blessed Hope

Once he had been an active, vigorous pastor, enjoying the pleasures of life to the full. He was our strength, our stalwart foundation of right and wrong. It was not in him to ever present a sad face, rather the brilliance of hope to attack the shadows of despair. That was when he was able to stand in the pulpit, when he stood by our families during trying times, and when he counseled in times of distress. Years later our pastor, D. W. Durst, got up in the night, tripped over a slipper or shoe, and fell, hitting his head upon a table. His many years of ministry suddenly came to an end.

Now, in an apathetic acceptance of the fact his thought pattern became erratic, he sat alone in his living room, sometimes even a mental distance from his beloved Pearl. His eyes, once so alert and piercing, now reduced to a dull and vacant stare.

There was a time when the expectancy of recovery stirred his interest, but as time moved onward and with an increasing slowness of speech, and everything that represented that hope diminishing, his eyes turned to a world beyond where life would be complete.

Though visitors were far too few, those who did visit pitied him. He was grateful for their kindness, but his faith was beyond all that one could ever imagine; he actually looked forward to a day of change.

He had taught all of us who sat under his ministry that Christian believers have an anchor during the storms of life. And insisted that anchor was the Lord Jesus, who had given the precious promise: “In my Father’s house are many mansions ... I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go... I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.” He believed in Him who would not default that promise.

He taught that natural hope, at best, was limited and ends with this life. That often, natural hope is only a mirage, a prospector’s lure, a sort of mere optimism. He warned that in times of desperation this illusive hope would drive people to grasp at straws. Natural hope would delude visionaries and dreamers and impel them to attempt the extravagant and unreal. He frowned upon preachers who were fakes, offering their wares in glowing terms, preying upon the hopeless and hysterical.

In contrast, he would say, Christian hope is based on the unfailing promises of the Scriptures that imparts peace and joy to a troubled life. He would quote Weymouth with fluency, especially Romans 14:4, 5 “... with patience and comfort,
derived from the scriptures, we may sustain this hope." He urged that Bible reading was an excellent way to cultivate a true Christian heritage. The marvelous examples of God’s faithfulness to His children in the past would give assurance that He would faithfully provide for the future.

Again, how vividly remember those of us (I count 19) who went out from his pastoral care into ministry, his Weymouth’s version of Romans 15:13, “May God, the giver of hope, fill you with all joy and peace because you trust in Him – so that you may be overflowing with hope through the power of the Holy Spirit.” As a missionary and pioneer pastor, I mentally leaned upon this overflow of hope simply because he, my hero, believed it. He taught us not to escape problems, but work through them to enjoy a fulfilled Spirit-filled life.

Alone, and waiting for that blessed hope, in our visits Joy and I would sing for him as we often had when our church was young, “I shall not be, I shall not be moved” his eyes would shine brightly, and he would say, “Brother Danny, when the world is trembling with uncertainty, stand! Continue to stand; knowing that in Him every hinge opens the doors of hope. For the Christian, there is no evil over which hope cannot reign triumphantly.”

Because we lived at the time in California, over 3,000 miles from him, and our visits had become rare, I would leave his house with tears rimming my eyes. This man was a giant! He was the only pastor I ever had. My wife, Joy, who also served God out of the same church, would look over and ask, “Honey, why?” My answer was an example of what I had learned from that great man, “It is not ours to question, it is only ours to survive the test.” Inwardly I was as shaken as she.

Finally one day, the angels came to personally transport him to that heavenly hope, and he was gone. Feeling alone in a hostile world, I went to my district superintendent, Paul Price, and tearfully appealed, “Will you be my pastor?” I must have someone to whom I can submit my life, for every man needs a pastor! From the men in official capacity (even pastors with large congregations), to the layman in the local church, there is no exception to this rule.

In an era of crisis, when men’s hearts fail them for fear of what sudden catastrophe may come tomorrow, this man’s blessed hope of Christ’s return to take us to a better world will keep Joy and I in peace. With my 68 years in ministry, I can say there was never a time when I was unfaithful to my pastor. Every man should be able to say that, and every pastor deserves the right to have members who will remain faithful. May this blessed hope purify us and strengthen our faith to live for Him until He comes.
Earlier this month, a man by the name of Drewitt-Barlow said he and his civil partner, Tony, would go to court to force gay weddings on churches.

He said at the time, “The only way forward for us now is to make a challenge in the courts against the church.

“It is a shame that we are forced to take Christians into a court to get them to recognize us.”

He added, “It upsets me because I want it so much—a big lavish ceremony, the whole works. I just don’t think it is going to happen straight away.”

The news is full of these types of threats! Another example is the following: There is a bakery that has been taken to court because the owner refused to bake a cake for a same-sex wedding. Florists are also being sued because they won’t prepare floral arrangements for a same-sex wedding.

If I have any expertise in administration, it is to create a constitution that will protect the church in a legal manner. I had to learn this because as a missionary, we were a minority among the various organizations. Because we set laws that governed the church and inserted protective measures in our internal regulations that addressed unforeseeable problems, we rose to be the largest religious organization outside the Catholic Church. Once, even defending ourselves (with kindness) from that organization, it was because we had laws that were registered in the archives of the government that they could not prevail against us legally.

My advice to each of you pastors, as well as to the district administration, is to adjust your constitution with a legally held business meeting, create an amendment, pass it with a vote of your congregation, and allow your church attorney to record the adjustment legally. If there would, God forbid, come a threat of a law suit against the pastor for refusing to perform a wedding for a same-sex couple, you have the same legal right they are appealing to. Your laws have been registered. Your headquarters has already done that, and you will hear more about that in the General Conference.

West Virginia, continued from page 4

listed themselves as Catholic. The Jewish community accounted for 1%, Hindu 1%, unaffiliated as 19%, and other religions at 3%.

Appalachia Language

Even in modern times the Scot-Irish vocabulary is used without apology and heard throughout Appalachia, especially among the older generation. Joy and I have made a study of the terminology because both of us are a part of an older family culture. Joy’s grandmother Utalka, a McGinnis/Jarrell, used the ‘old language’ consistently. She vocalized ‘used to could’ as opposed to mere could, by saying, “I used to could grow chickens in my back yard.” She used ‘when ever’ instead of when. “Whenever you fetch me the milk, I will do my churnin’.” The word, done, was used in a sentence such as “Whenever we got there, he was done dead!” Or “I done told you that boy did not have a proper upbringin’.” Sometimes we would laugh at her vocabulary, especially when she used the word ‘intercourse’ for having conversation, and ’you’uns,’ meant plural you. “Now, You’uns make yourselves to home.” ‘Y’all,’ was a plural for a greater number of you: “I hope y’all will come again.”

To know something for Grandmother Utalka Jarrell was ‘knowed.’ “No, we didn’t know nothin’ about that... all the thing we knowed was what was told us.” She would add the letter a to a verb as though it belonged. “They’re a-sittin’ there on the porch.” She used ‘they’ and ‘there’ interchangeably. About the big cloudburst in 1939, “They come a big rain and warshed the coal piles out of Cabin Creek!”

The a-add-ons were fixed to common verbs: a-runnin’, a-comin’; or “She was a-talkin’ tonight, a-talkin louder than the wind a-roarin’ out yonder an’ the thunder a-clappin.”

An -n is placed on possessive pronouns: hern, hisn, theirn, yourn, etc. In Appalachia the term like to was/is used as nearly, “I liked to have laughed myself to death!” Hisself is himself, theirself for themselves, hit for it, and yonder for over there.

Someone ‘sassy,’ is called briggity. The intrusive r in potaters, tomaters, tobaccer, is often found. How soon and Lord sometimes is used together, but Lord is Law. “Law, I hope how soon we get some rain!” The word allow more often means “think, say, or suppose” than “permit.” “He lowed he’d ’git’ it done tomorrow.” Should a-been means something important was needed.

Nudity is frowned upon in Appalachia, but for some reason there are numerous “nekkid as” phrases. Any casual conversation probably contain: “Nekkid as a jaybird, “ “bare-nekkid and ‘start nekkid.”
Lloyd Garlitz was born October 1, 1915. His parents were itinerant farmers who moved from southwest Pennsylvania into Preston County, West Virginia, and eventually settled in Kingwood. It was in Kingwood, that Brother Garlitz met the woman whom he would marry, Dorothy Elizabeth (Betty) Cassidy. Sister Garlitz had received the Acts 2:38 message at Kingwood, West Virginia, in a church pastored by Clark Shade (Emmanuel Apostolic). Brother Shade was a contemporary with Brother H. I. Goodin and Brother W. T. Poling in Morgantown. It was her faith in God that helped her to bring Brother Garlitz to the Lord. He received the Holy Ghost in an Assembly of God church in Cumberland, Maryland, during a revival with Evangelist Mal Kerr, but when Brother Garlitz began to teach the revelation of Jesus name in the Assembly of God church, they asked him to leave. Brother and Sister Garlitz were baptized in Jesus Name in 1950.

Another important fact is that when Brother Garlitz received the Holy Ghost he received a special ministry of healing and evangelized for many years, sacrificing the comforts of home to spread the Gospel, bringing souls to salvation.

Then Brother Garlitz started having home prayer meetings with some family members of Brother C. A. Wakefield (who later came to Cumberland to pastor the church in Cumberland, Maryland). It was at this time that his son, and our former West Virginia District superintendent, Daniel Garlitz, received the Holy Ghost on January 23, 1954.

Lloyd Garlitz worked with Brother Wakefield and the store-front church was moved to its permanent property at 400 Homer Street in South Cumberland. He received his ministerial license and went to Romney to establish the church there in 1956. The work started in a little building in Shanks and then later moved to purchase property in Romney. After the church was constructed in 1961, Brother Garlitz felt a call to evangelize, and in 1962, he started holding revival meetings while his wife and son, Daniel, cared for the church. Daniel began preaching at age 16.

Ted Smith was elected pastor of the Romney church and the Garlitz family moved to Keyser in 1964 with Pastor James Williamson.

Many people will owe their eternity to an evangelist. Among those revered in West Virginia is Lloyd Garlitz!

Brother Lloyd Garlitz’s evangelism ministry was truly Apostolic. He preached and the Lord working with him to confirm the word with signs following. He was a prolific evangelist, ministering throughout the Northeast. He preached revivals in West Virginia, Maryland, Virginia, New Jersey, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and Pennsylvania.

God performed many miracles during his ministry. Countless people received healing as cancers were healed, the crippled walked, and blind eyes were opened. Because of this I said, “His ministry was truly Apostolic.” He developed this ministry out of an intense prayer life, sometimes spending the entire day in prayer for the evening service. District Superintendent William Starr of Albion, Michigan, said that during a revival with Brother Garlitz, he would be in his room praying when he left the house in the morning and would be still praying when he came home in the evening.

Brother Garlitz served the West Virginia District as the Home Missions Director during the 1970’s, but his calling was that of an evangelist, and in that field he served with excellence.

In 1974 he was elected as the pastor of Sang Run Church, Maryland, and in 1979, he resigned and moved back to the Keyser area because of ill health. He continued evangelizing until his death, November 26, 2003. His last message was a Bible study in Keyser just two weeks before he went home to be with the Lord. He retired from pastoring, but not from preaching... his text Hebrews 11:6.50

Lloyd and Betty Garlitz raised five children together: Daniel, Mary Beth, David, Timothy, and Debbie. They had eleven grandchildren.