



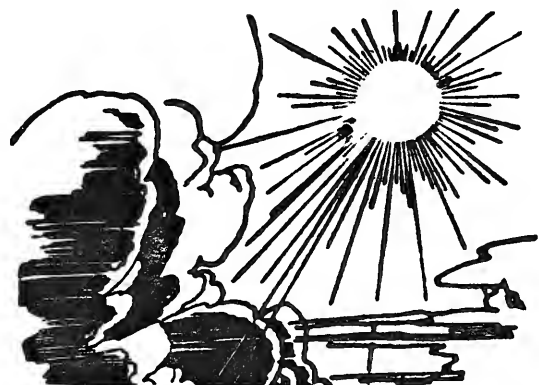


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# GLEAMS OF LIGHT



*For Those*

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*In*

# SORROW



# GLEAMS of LIGHT

*For Those In Sorrow*

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ORATION AND SERMON  
BIBLE AND POETRY

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*Compiled by*

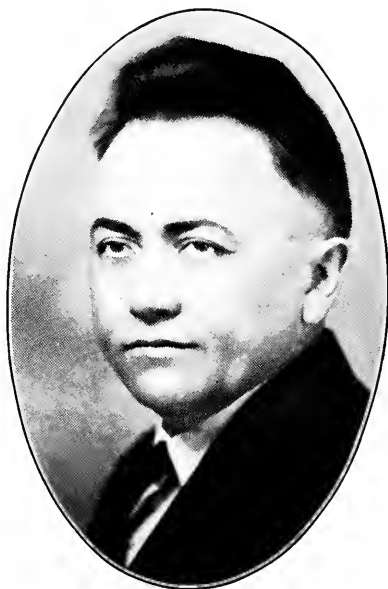
MRS. B. E. REDIGER, *Wife of Founder,*

FORT WAYNE GOSPEL TEMPLE

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PRINTED BY ECONOMY PRINTING CONCERN,  
BERNE, INDIANA

IN MEMORY OF REV. B. E. REDIGER



Passed Away Nov. 22, 1931, Age 38

"He will never be forgotten,  
Never shall his mem'ry fade;  
Sweetest thoughts will ever linger  
'Round the grave where he is laid."

—Mrs. F. A. Griep.

## FOREWORD

"Glams of Light for Those in Sorrow" is intended to be a "balm for bleeding hearts". This was a favorite expression of our dear departed brother, the Rev. B. E. Rediger. Wherever the severing of human ties is the cause of heartache and pain, there is only one effective healing balm, one comfort and one ray of light, namely our hope in Christ Jesus, His blessed return and the reuniting of the saints of God.

We are sending forth this little pamphlet with the expectation that it may reach many who will by the reading of its pages be encouraged and comforted. It has been compiled with eternity in view. While we do not underestimate the problems and blessings of the material life, yet we are convinced that this world will leave us empty and void, unless we draw our strength from the unseen treasures of the life in Christ Jesus. Loss and loneliness will then be supplanted by joy and gladness for He has promised to give "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness".

In the compiling of these pages, Mrs. B. E. Rediger readily received the help and cooperation of quite a few persons to whom she again wishes to convey her gratitude. May the Lord abundantly bless all the dear friends of this noble work, now and in the life to come.

C. H. MUSELMAN,  
Publisher and Printer.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE



“Oh, the joy of that reunion  
When our loved ones we shall meet  
And together stand adoring  
At our dear Redeemer's feet.

Christ is coming, Christ is coming  
And our heart with rapture swells  
And we seem to hear the tinkling  
Of the coming wedding bells.”



## THEY ARE NOT DEAD

They are not dead, those loved ones who have passed  
Beyond our vision for a little while.  
They have but reached the Light while we still grope  
In darkness where we cannot see them smile.

But smile they do, and love us, and do not  
Forget, nor ever go so far away  
But that their hands still clasp our hands and hold  
Us safe from falling when we fain would stray.

They are not dead. Theirs is the fuller life,  
Theirs is the victory, the joy, the gain;  
For us is still the waiting and the strife,  
For us the loneliness, for us the pain.

Then let us gird us once again with hope,  
And give them smile for smile the while we wait;  
And loving, serving, when Our Father calls,  
We'll go to find our dear ones wait us at the gate.

H. A. C.

(From Mrs. Deweed's "Last Mile of the Way").

## AT THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY

*(Excerpts of Oration Given by Dr. DeWitt Johnston, Pastor-Evangelist of Fort Wayne Gospel Temple, at the Grave of Rev. Rediger, Nov. 20, 1932, One Year After Rev. Rediger's Departure.)*

On October 1, 1893, on a farm in Livingstone County, Illinois, was born the founder of this great Temple.

Ours now is to carry forward the work so nobly begun. Ours still shall be a message of love, good will to men, hope, healing and victory through Jesus' precious blood, until the Day star arises and sorrow and sighing flee away. "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." World conditions are such that we need more and more light-houses of faith like this. Let us go on. The Gospel of Jesus can meet any demands of life and any need in this world. Uncounted thousands have been blessed through the ministry of Rev. B. E. Rediger. His spirit still goes marching on. Let us be true to the doctrines he set forth.

Summer is gone. The maples are no longer clad in bright colors. The leaves have turned brown and sere and have fallen. The scarlet runners, like little poems of regret, have turned pale under autumnal frosts. The

mortal remains of our beloved founder lie under the drifting snows, cold in death's icy embrace. But our love and devotion to him is as warm as ever. Faith's lamp is still lighted.

Dear, precious founder, loaned to us for a while by a loving Father: we want you to know that our love is not cooled by drifting snows nor chilled by death's cold stare. We love you and your Savior as ever. Today, gazing upon this noble work you began so well, and looking upon your picture, lighted by the lamps of love and devotion, and looking up to Him whom our sins pierced but who forgave us and redeemed us unto Himself, we pledge anew to thee our devotion. We pledge anew our love to Thee, precious Christ, to you, precious founder, and to her who stood so nobly by your side these many years, bearing the heat and burden of the day; to her whose humility, consecration and quiet faith still lead the forces of Almighty God in this great testimony at the Temple; to her, your wife, mother of your children three, the one who, next to Christ, you loved above all others, Edith E. Rediger. God bless you on this mournful but triumphant day. I bespeak for you the loyalty, prayers and

devotion of thousands who are friends of a full Gospel.

Of Rev. B. E. Rediger we say that he still lives. Down into the cold tomb went only his body. His real self lives today with Jesus, while his works still follow him. How many were saved, baptized in the Spirit, or healed, only eternity will reveal. But yesterday he was here in full vigor, a loving and devoted father and husband and peerless preacher of the everlasting gospel of God's dear Son. But yesterday he wandered hand in hand with his little children out through the trees where the apple blossoms were sending their delicate and lovely fragrance up to the skies. As they knelt in prayer in God's great out-of-doors, their prayers made sweet incense before the throne of God.

A giant tree falls in the forest aisle and time turns it into a bank of violets. Our founder fell and left an open space against the sky that none can quite fill. But his beautiful life has made a flower-garden in a barren world and its fragrance rises up to God today.

A story is told of a rose that found a crevice in the garden wall and, wandering through, bloomed on the other side. God

had a choice flower blooming in His garden one day and trained it through one of Heaven's apertures to bloom in and make fragrant the earth-side. That flower from Heaven was our founder.

When the heart of Dr. Wengatz, honored missionary in Africa, was broken and crushed through the untimely death of his wife, a letter of sympathy was sent him by the Alumni of Taylor University. In the letter was a poem, "The Rose Beyond the Wall." I give part of it here to comfort all broken hearts today:

"Near a shady wall a rose once grew—  
    Budded and blossomed in God's free light,  
Watered and fed by morning dew,  
    Shedding its sweetness day and night.  
As it grew and blossomed, fair and tall,  
    Slowly rising to loftier height,  
It came to a crevice in the wall  
    Through which there shone a beam of light.  
Onward it crept with added strength  
    With never a thought of fear or pride;  
It followed the light through the crevice's length  
    And unfolded itself on the other side.  
Shall claim of death cause us to grieve  
    And make our courage faint and fall?  
Nay! Let us faith and hope receive;  
    The rose still grows beyond the wall."

## PERSONAL TESTIMONY AND GREETINGS

By MRS. B. E. REDIGER

Given over the Radio, Station WOWO, Sunday Evening, December 18, 1932

Dear Friends:

I thank the Lord that I was taught to pray by my precious parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Rich, as far back as I can remember.

When I was nine years of age, I often felt convicted. This I believe was my first step toward God, for after that I began to pray much and wanted to be saved, but did not understand it. At the age of fifteen years, while in High School, I read an article about a missionary that deeply moved me to give my life to the Lord and to follow as He would lead. I was sitting on the porch as I read, and then and there, to the best of my knowledge, I gave my life to the Lord. From that time on I prayed daily, and I date my spiritual birth from that decision to follow the Lord, although I did not tell it then.

A year later, when I was sixteen years of age, an Evangelist came to our country church and I went to the altar and definitely took my stand for Christ publicly. I continued my studies in school until I began to teach, and during that time I laid my problems in school and out of school before the Lord, and He marvelously heard and answered and helped me.

The same experience carried me through three years of teaching until I was married to my dear husband, and then unitedly we were led step by step, as Mr. Rediger has revealed in his Life Story, until his early

home going. Though this is a great mystery I can still lean hard on my Lord, and He has promised to be especially near to the widow and the orphan, and I am looking forward to the day when we will be reunited. God's promise in Deut. 33:25, has been verified in my life continually, "*As thy days so shall thy strength be.*"

God raised up my dear husband, B. E. Rediger, to establish the Fort Wayne Gospel Temple. Around him there rallied many brave and consecrated men and women. My husband has gone to be with Jesus, but the work is still going forward and spreading on all sides. Please continue to pray for us and to support us with your gifts.

Though there are multitudes of you whom I have never seen in the flesh, we are soon going to meet each other face to face, when Jesus comes, and we will sit down together at the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. May God bless you all.

\* \* \*

"I'll soon be at home over there,  
For the end of my journey I see  
Many dear to my heart over there  
Are watching and waiting for me."

\* \* \*

"I miss thy holy comfort,  
I miss thy dear caress,  
I miss thee in my gladness  
And hours of deep distress;  
I miss thee when the moments  
Are sad, gay or sublime;  
I miss thee, O my lover—  
I miss thee all the time."

## BEYOND

"It seemeth such a little way to me  
 Across to that strange country—the Beyond;  
 And yet, not strange, for it has grown to be  
 The home of those of whom I am so fond,  
 They make it seem familiar and most dear,  
 As journeying friends bring distant regions near.

So close it lies, that when my sight is clear  
 I think I almost see the gleaming strand.  
 I know I feel those who have gone from here  
 Come near enough sometimes, to touch my hand.  
 I often think, but for our veiled eyes,  
 We should find Heaven right round us lies.

I cannot make it seem a day to dread,  
 When from this dear earth I shall journey out  
 To that still dearer country of the dead,  
 And join the lost ones, so long dreamed about.  
 I love this world, yet shall I love to go  
 And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

I never stand above a bier and see  
 The seal of death set on some well-loved face  
 But that I think, 'One more to welcome me,  
 When I shall cross the intervening space  
 Between this land and that one "over there",  
 One more to make the strange Beyond seem fair.'

And so for me there is no sting to death,  
 And so the grave has lost its victory.  
 It is but crossing—with abated breath,  
 And white, set face—a little strip of sea,  
 To find the loved one waiting on the shore,  
 More beautiful, more precious than before."

—Wheeler.

Handed in by Oattie M. Faith, Rev. Rediger's special stenographer.

\* \* \*

"I know not what the future hath,  
 Of marvel and surprise,  
 Assured alone that life and death  
 His mercy underlies."



## "HEAVEN"



## A PREPARED PLACE FOR A PREPARED PEOPLE

*By the late* REV. B. E. REDIGER



*(This message was one of the first of his writings issued in tract form. Many thousands have been distributed. The message is definitely one of comfort and encouragement.)*

"Heaven"—what a name, what a word, what a world of comfort wrapped up in this word "heaven". Broken hearts cry out, when a loved one has slipped quietly away, "Oh, where are they now? What could they be doing? Are they really happy? Will I be able to see them and know them? After all is heaven a real place?" These and a thousand other questions rise in the minds of anxious hearts, day after day. There is nothing more positive than the Word of God. We turn to its pages in these days of doubt and skepticism and find the comfort and rest by its absolute, concrete, and positive statements of the future world.

Some think Heaven is only a state of mind. But Jesus, very definitely, says in John 14,

"In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you and if I go to prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." Here He definitely states that He is going to prepare a place, a positive place. Thank God for a place that He has prepared for us when the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved.

Again the question arises, "Will I be able to know my loved ones over there?" We have bidden "Good-bye" and frantically cry and do not understand why it is all come about. And we wonder, "Shall we ever see them again? Will I be able to clasp their hands and look into their eyes and be cheered by their smile?" In I Corinthians 13:12 we read, "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known." Now we know each other as through a glass, darkly and then it will be with all the smoke taken off of the glass and the glass removed. And we will actually know each other as we have never known each other before in the light of that heavenly splendor whose atmos-

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phere is never darkened and the air never chilled by sin's cold blasts.

The Spirit slips quietly away and departs to be with Him. The body returns to dust until the Savior comes back, not to be crucified, spit upon or crowned with thorns, but as a King He will come with a shout. Then those dead in Christ will He bring with Him and from corrupted bodies, as the sprout from a corrupted grain comes forth, so their bodies will come forth, incorruptible; nevermore to be hindered by sin or sickness. Then together with Him we shall be from the ages unto the ages, for ever and for ever.

Nothing could be more clear as to the future of those who have died in the Lord. We need not pry into the mystics of magic or even into the weird, dark rooms of the wizard, but in the Bible we search and find glorious hope that we'll meet our loved ones again. During this time of waiting, the spirit is resting in the presence of Christ, there by the throne of God, far above the stars, conscious of the angels' songs, enjoying the splendors of the Heavenly Home. At best this life is only a shadow compared with eternity. This world is not our home; we are merely

passing through; we are pilgrims here bound for that country, that city not made with hands; eternal in the heavens.

If you have not started yet, have never come to Christ, have never asked Him to make His abode in your heart, do it today. That Mansion is waiting for you for He says, "I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go to prepare a place I will come again and receive you unto myself." As the father stood in the evening time looking, wonderingly in the distance to see his prodigal boy return, so the Savior is waiting for you. The great feast in Heaven will soon be on and you have the invitation, "Come, for all things are now ready, enter into the joy of the Lord."

\* \* \*

"A father to the fatherless and a judge to the widows is God in his holy habitation." (Psalm 68:5)

\* \* \*

"For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor power, nor things present, nor things to come, Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Romans 8:38, 39.

## NEVER ALONE



Never alone because Jesus has promised  
Ever to be with His own  
We are so glad in His Word He has told us  
"I will not leave thee alone."

## CHORUS:

Never alone, never alone  
Never to be without Jesus  
Never alone, never alone  
He promised never to leave us.

Never alone when our burdens are heavy  
Jesus will help us to bear  
It's good to know that our Saviour will help us  
'Tis sweet to be in His care.

Never alone when the hot tears are falling  
With loved ones slipping away  
O how we lean on His arm then for comfort,  
Jesus will then with us stay.

Never alone as we toil on together  
Working with Jesus our Lord  
Striving to win precious souls for the Master  
Naught for our guide but His Word.

Mrs. J. F. Pullyblank, Canada.

*Dedicated to* MRS. B. E. REDIGER.

The words of this song have been set to music by William Dillon, Band and Choir director of Fort Wayne Gospel Temple.

A copy of the song can be secured by writing to Gospel Temple, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

## IN MEMORIAM

Of The Faithful Testimony, The Fruitful  
Ministry, and The Fragrant Memory of the  
REV. B. E. REDIGER

*Founder and Builder of The Gospel Temple,  
Fort Wayne, Indiana,*

Who Fell Asleep in Jesus November 22, 1931.

Faith and Hope shall pass away,  
But Love can never die;  
Though dearest objects of that love  
In silent graves may lie.

So sleep, Beloved, take thy rest,  
Our loss has been thy gain;  
Heaven is richer, earth is poorer,  
Since Jesus called thy name.

The silent grief that's in the soul,  
No human eye may trace;  
For many a broken heart lies hid  
Behind a smiling face.

We sorrow not as others do,  
Whose hopes fade like the flowers;  
There is a hope that's born of God,  
And such a hope is ours.

Thou canst not come to us again,  
But we shall go to thee  
When God's bright day of glory breaks,  
And earth's night shadows flee.

By DUNCAN McNEILL.

(Passed away since printing of this pamphlet.)

## OUR RADIO CONTROL OPERATOR

SAVED AS A RESULT OF REV. REDIGER'S  
DEATH

Sunday morning, Nov. 22, 1931, the news flashed over the country that B. E. Rediger, our dear brother, had gone to be with Jesus. God melted down my hardened heart. I confessed all to Jesus and told Him I wanted to meet Brother Rediger in Heaven. I was called to do God's work as operator of the radio control boards at the Temple last April. I ask His blessing on our equipment each day and it has never failed during this time due to our equipment. I ask daily for this power in life's equipment and God's great Heavenly Power Plant never fails me. JESSE W. ROBBINS.

\* \* \*

"Swift to its close ebbs out Life's little day  
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away."

\* \* \*

"Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain  
shadows flee;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me."

## A TRIBUTE TO HIS MOTHER

By B. E. REDIGER



Mother dear, I so often think  
Since you have gone away  
Of all those youthful happy days,  
When all was bright and gay.

You cared for me before I knew  
You held my hands in prayer,  
And when my little footsteps grew  
You watched with tenderest care.

But mother's gone to be with Him  
In that fair Beulah land  
She's free today from pain and sin  
And with the angels stands.

There by the pines her grave's adorned  
The winds sigh through the trees.  
She waits that resurrection morn  
When we'll together be.

Then when the trumpet sounds once more  
And from the grave she'll rise.  
Your body too transferred will be  
We'll all meet in the skies.



## IN MEMORY OF OUR BROTHER

B. E. REDIGER



More and more, we'll miss him  
Out here in radio land,  
For when we hear his station  
His voice is not at hand,  
But yet he lives as ever  
His soul will never die,  
It's safe in the arms of Jesus  
Who called him up on high.

Our Brother will be with us  
When Jesus comes again,  
To reign on earth forever  
That time will soon begin,  
For in our Brother's message  
We oft would hear him say,  
That he expected Jesus  
To come most any day.

By MR. IDDO E. CARLSON, R. 2, Box 295,

Elkhart, Ind.

## THERE IS NO DEATH



I tell you they have not died,  
 They live and breathe with you.  
 They walk here at your side  
 They tell you things are true;  
 Why dream of popped sod  
 When you can feel their breath?  
 When flower and soul and God  
 Knows there is no death.

Death's but an open door  
 We move from room to room  
 There is one life no more;  
 No dying and no tomb.  
 Why seek ye then above  
 Those that ye love so dear?  
 The all of God is love,  
 The all of God is love.

I tell you they have not died,  
 Their hands clasp yours and mine,  
 They are but glorified  
 They have become divine.  
 They live! They know! They see!  
 They shout with every breath  
 Life is Eternity!  
 There is no death.

—Gordon Johnstone.

"Angels are ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation." Heb. 1:14.

## A MESSAGE FROM PARADISE

What mean you by this weeping,  
To break my very heart?  
We both are in Christ's keeping,  
And therefore cannot part.

You there—I here—though severed,  
We still at heart are one;  
I only in the sunshine,  
The shadows scarcely gone.

What if the clouds surround you?  
You can the brightness see;  
'Tis only just a little way  
That leads from you to me.

I was so very weary,  
Surely you could not mourn  
That I a little sooner  
Should lay my burdens down.

Then weep not, weep not, darling,  
God wipes away all tears;  
'Tis only yet a little while,  
Though you may call it years.

—ANON.

This poem handed to Mrs. Rediger by Mr. Evans,  
a dear friend of Mr. Rediger.

## WAITING

"Serene, I fold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for winds nor tide nor sea;  
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,  
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays—  
For what avails this eager pace?  
I stand amid the eternal ways  
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,  
And friends I seek are seeking me;  
No wind can drive my bark astray  
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?  
I wait with joy the coming years;  
My heart shall reap where it has sown  
And garner up its fruits of tears.

The waters know their own and draw  
The brook that springs in yonder height;  
So flows the good with equal law  
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;  
The tidal wave unto the sea;  
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,  
Can keep my own away from me."

*Sent in by G. A. FETHER.*

## "WHEN THOU PASSEST THROUGH THE WATERS"

When the sands of life are ebbing and I near the Jordan's shore,  
 When I see its waters rising and I hear its billows roar,  
 I will reach my hand to Jesus, in His bosom I shall hide,  
 And 'twill only be a moment till I reach the other side;  
 It is then the fullest meaning of the promise I shall know,—  
 "When thou passest through the waters they shall never overflow."

Selected.

Author Unknown.

\* \* \*

### IN HEAVEN

Orphans no longer fatherless, nor widows desolate.

\* \* \*

"O dear, familiar yesterday  
 O sad and strange today,  
 Yet who would call the glad soul back  
 To rouse the resting clay."

Sent in by Mrs. Ellen Epps.

\* \* \*

When the shadows fall and you go to sleep to those who love you, will it be "good-bye" or a short "good-night"?

B. E. R.

## IN HIS STEPS

By LEONA BAYS GATER

"The road is too rough," I said, "Dear Lord,  
There are stones that hurt me so."  
And He said: "Dear child, I understand;  
I walked it long ago."

"But there's a cool, green path," I said,  
"Let me walk there for a time."  
"No, child," He gently answered me,  
"The green road does not climb."

"My burden," I said, "is far too great;  
How can I bear it so?"  
"My child," said He, "I remember its weight:  
I carried My Cross, you know."

"But," I said, "I wish there were friends with me  
Who would make my way their own."  
"Ah! yes," He said, "Gethsemane  
Was hard to face alone."

And so I climbed the stony path,  
Content at last to know  
That where my Master had not gone,  
I would not need to go.

MRS. ELLA LIKES, 201 Park Ave.,  
Kendallville, Ind.

\* \* \*

"Whether on earth or in heaven she is still your  
mother."—B. E. Rediger.

## BEYOND

Beyond the shades of evening  
The Star of Hope is shining;  
Beyond the clouds of darkness  
There gleams a silver lining.

Beyond this crushing sorrow,  
The pearly dawn and fair  
Of a beautiful Tomorrow,  
Awaits to bless you there

(Sent to Mrs. REDIGER by Mrs. J. E. EVERELY, May  
6, 1932 "Temple Evangelist")

\* \* \*

## GRAVEN ON HIS HANDS

"Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my  
hands." Isaiah 49:16.

Sounding from the sacred pages,  
Lo, a promise sweet I hear;  
'Tis the Master's gracious accents:  
"I am with thee, do not fear.  
Thou shalt not forsaken be,  
On my hands I've graven thee."

Through the "Valley of the Shadow",  
He will lead to mansions bright;  
I shall dwell with His redeemed ones,  
Clad in garments clean and white;  
Faultless in His sight I'll stand,  
I am graven on His hand!

PERFECT LOVE TRACT SOCIETY.

## SILENT ROOM

"This is the room he loved with warm content,  
 Here, all familiar objects seem to share  
 A quiet mood, to feel a homely care  
 Of the bright soul of happy hours spent.  
 This is the room, how every object here  
 Leaps out and cries, and gathers up my grief  
 With swelling voice, like mourners' wails of gloom  
 In grim processional, behind the bier.  
 Here, there is pain that throbs without relief,  
 For death has passed across this silent room."

*Sent in by* MRS. JOEL H. CAVIN,  
 McComb, Ohio.

\* \* \*

## ANTICIPATION

We'll have so much, dear sweetheart, you and I  
 To talk about when on that other shore  
 Where you have gone, we meet to part no more  
 Forever; each new scene that greets my eye,  
 Each book I read, each song I hear, I'll try  
 To keep for you, beyond the hidden door  
 That guards the wealth of memory's golden store,  
 And tell you all about it by and by.

Herbert E. Hershey, written after wife's death.

*Sent in by* MRS. ABBIE STAPLETONS,  
 237 E. Jacob, Louisville, Ky.

\* \* \*

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." I Cor. 2:9.



## LIFE THROUGH DEATH

"And the corn of wheat that falleth,  
Into the cold ground to die;  
Shall come forth in glorious beauty,  
At the summons from on high.  
When the trump of God shall sound,  
And the dead in Christ arise;  
Changed will be these mortal bodies,  
And we'll meet Him in the skies.

Then no more those bitter heartaches,  
For we'll never part again;  
And no more those falling tear drops,  
For we'll know no more of pain.  
But forever and forever,  
We will sing His praise above;  
Dwelling there in sweet communion,  
With our Lord and those we love."

MRS. C. W. DONEY.

\* \* \*

And now we thank you, Father dear  
For Jesus first of all,  
And then for B. E. Rediger  
Who heard your Heavenly Call.

MRS. J. F. PULLYBLANK.

\* \* \*

"In days to come, it may be we shall see  
Just why was sent this bitter test;  
Till then, we can but bow our head in tears  
And say God knoweth best."

*Selected by* MRS. SAMUEL ACKER, Decatur, Indiana,  
sent to Mrs. Rediger.

## AT REST

They say she's dead, Ah, no: She's only sleeping.  
But why this constant pain of heart? And why this  
bitter weeping?  
And why this lonely feeling stealing o'er us like a pall?  
And why this constant listening for her footsteps in  
the hall?

They say she's dead, Ah, no: She ever liveth,  
She's passed beyond this vale of tears, and praise to  
Christ she giveth;  
With wondrous rapture she now sings, and looks upon  
His face,  
And gives the glory all to Him, who saved her by His  
grace.

Her race was one of plodding, but it was well begun,  
And steadily carried onward, until today it's done;  
For the things that pleased her Saviour, and the things  
that made Him glad.  
She was never weary trying, and if she failed was sad.

This robe of clay is laid aside; This mortal coil at  
rest,  
And while our hearts are aching, we'll try to do our  
best;  
For soon the trump of God shall sound to call us to  
His side,  
We'll meet again. Oh, Blessed Day, and e'er with  
Christ abide.

MRS. C. W. DONEY,

*Dedicated* to Miss Saylor, missionary of Egypt.

(Found in Mr. Rediger's Study after his death. Unpublished heretofore.)

Cheer up, my weary pilgrim friend,  
He giveth grace anew  
To run your race with patience here,  
Forever take you through.

Your life may void and empty seem,  
But if you're in His will  
No work or moment worthless deem,  
But labor and be still.

Then when He comes we'll hear His voice,  
"Well done, thou faithful friend,  
Come now unto the marriage feast,"  
As we to heaven ascend.

B. E. R.

\* \* \*

Each step brings us nearer to Heaven  
Each day is one less on the road  
As there heads into sight  
That city whose Maker is God.

DUNCAN McNEILL.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes;  
and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor  
crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the  
former things are passed away." Revelation 21:4.

\* \* \*

"O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,  
So free from all sorrow and pain  
With songs on our lips and harps in our hands  
To meet one another again."

EXCERPTS *from* "MALCOLM AND MARIE"

Sleep on, Marie, sleep on, my love, sleep on,  
'Tis better death than life, for life is death.  
Your body, lying here beneath my feet,  
I cherished once, I loved it as my own;  
But you have put it off, you need it not,  
For you have gone, have passed behind the veil;  
Your home is now amid celestial realms,  
Where God is love, and love is all in all.

"Yes, you have gone, but I, ah, I must stay—  
For you, Beloved, 'tis day; for me, 'tis night,  
And every thought is but a dagger sharp,  
And every memory a bitter pang,  
And every dream a nightmare in disguise,  
And every hope a vision unfulfilled.

Life holds no charm, no sweetness as of yore;  
Ambition fades, the will to live is gone.  
You came, you went, and I am left alone  
To live and think of what life might have been;  
To die, but dying, live again with you,  
Assured that in that world of love and life  
Our dreams will all, yea, all at last, come true—  
Till then, Marie, farewell! farewell! farewell!

OSWALD J. SMITH,

(Quotations taken from sermon, "O DEATH WHERE IS THY STING! O GRAVE WHERE IS THY VICTORY!") By B. E. Rediger.

"The flowers have not yet grown and the casket has not yet been built that can dry the tears from the eyes of the widow or widower who has lost the one they loved most on earth.

The sting of death has remained throughout the ages and the grave has gulped in its victims, and it seems sad today to lay away one of our dear ones, whom we have loved so much and call it death.

But here is Christ our Lord who went out and met that giant Death for us. *He is the only one who will take you through the chilly waters.*"

\* \* \*

"When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." Isa. 43:2.

\* \* \*

"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." John 14:1, 2.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S GOOD-NIGHT

Sleep on Beloved, sleep, and take thy rest;  
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast;  
We love thee well; but Jesus loves thee best:  
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep;  
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep;  
Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep,  
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

Until the shadows from this earth are cast;  
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last;  
Until the twilight gloom is overpast,  
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

Until the Easter glory lights the skies;  
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise  
And He shall come, but not in Lowly guise:  
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

Until made beautiful by Love Divine,  
Thou in the likeness of thy Lord shall shine,  
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine:  
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

Only Good-night, Beloved, not farewell;  
A little while, and all His saints shall dwell  
In hallowed union, indivisible:

Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!  
Until we meet again before His throne,  
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own;  
Until we know even as we are known:  
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

—Sung at the funeral of Rev. Rediger, by Tom Rhodes, formerly a Detroit policeman.



SUNRISE TOMORROW

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# HIGHLIGHTS IN THE LIFE OF B. E. REDIGER

OCT. 1, 1893 - NOV. 22, 1931



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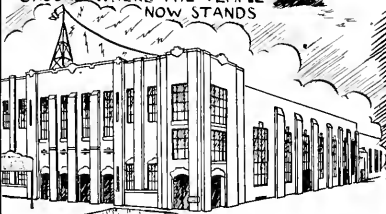


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