

Our purpose is to “earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints,” and to “prove all things; hold fast that which is good.”

OLD PATHS ADVOCATE

“To continue speaking the truth in love,” “endeavoring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace,” “keeping the ordinances as delivered.”

“Thus saith the LORD, ‘Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the Old Paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls’ (Jer. 6:16). ‘And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places: thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called, The Repairer of the Breach, The Restorer of Paths to Dwell in’ (Isaiah 58:12).

VOL. XCI

LEBANON, MISSOURI • AUGUST 2023

NO. 8

DON KING OBITUARY

By Frank Brancato

As most readers of the Old Paths Advocate know by now, Don King, publisher of this paper for 47 years, passed away on July 9th. This issue of the paper is published in Don’s honor by his son Lance King and grandsons Landon Baker and Colton King.

Don L. King was born in Lebanon, MO on October 30, 1942 to Homer and Helen King. He passed away July 9, 2023. Don’s father Homer was a gospel preacher for over 47 years, so Don had the rare opportunity to travel all over the country with him as he preached.

Don obeyed the Gospel in 1956 at Stockton, CA. He graduated from high school in 1960 and attended various colleges in California as an English major and music minor. He preached his first sermon in 1961 and began his full-time preaching career in 1969. In 1971, he moved his family to Fremont CA to start the Mission work there which became his home congregation. Fremont eventually moved its congregation out to a new building in Livermore in 2014 to which he remained committed until his last day.

Along with his work and dedication to his home congregation, Don preached throughout the United States and in other countries, most notably the Philippines where he spent decades mak-

ing yearly trips to help develop and encourage the work there. His preaching career also included a television program called “Search for the Ancient Faith” where he was honored to be its speaker, and aired in various locations throughout the United States and Canada for several years in the 1970s.



In 1976, Don acquired the publishing responsibilities for the *Old Paths Advocate*, where he served as publisher and writer for its Editorial page. It brought great joy to Don that the paper had not only been a conservative voice in the brotherhood for many years, but had also been a catalyst for the start of many works throughout the world—most notably, the work in the Philippines which started in 1981.

Don travelled to the Philippines 38 times and considered it one of the greatest works in the world. As Don often said, “In the time the work has been in existence, no American has ever lived among them. They do their work, they solve their own problems, and the church has continued to grow.”

Don is survived by his wife Patsy King, his son Lance (and daughter-in-law Kelly), and his daughter Kris Baker (and son-in-law Bob). He is also survived by his grand children Landon Baker (married to Emilee), Colton King (married to Alee), and Nicole King Yarbrough (married to Dylan). He also had three great

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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grandsons, Jaxon King, and Haden and Rennick Yarbrough whom he greatly cherished.

It was truly my honor to officiate at brother Don’s service because he was one of the greatest influences in my life. Lance King, Colton King, and Landon Baker all wrote beautiful words of tribute which I was privileged to read. Jeff Cryer did a great job leading the singing. Jimmy Winchester worded the prayer and also offered words of remembrance, and Carl Elliot worded the final prayer at the graveside.

Don’s passing is certainly a profound loss to his family, the church, and to all those that knew and loved him. I was so blessed to have been able to travel to the Philippines with Don 15 times. He taught me a great deal about mission work and I will forever be grateful. Don was my friend and mentor, and I will miss him greatly—*Frank Brancato*

MY DAD
By Lance King (at the Funeral)

I would like to share a few thoughts about my dad with all of you. I would love to have been able to tell them to you myself, but I know I would not be able to get through it, so I have asked Frankie to do it for me.

Most all of you here today knew my dad as a Gospel preacher and knew that he loved the Church more than anything. Many of you attended church with him regularly and knew him as a dear friend, loved him, and considered him family, and he felt the same about you. Others knew him as a painting contractor that he developed an everlasting friendship with through the decades. Some of the best times of his life were spent with you, so the fact that you all are here today would have meant the world to him!

My dad loved to work and he worked as hard as he could until he was nearly 80 years old. I could tell you a lot of funny stories about the things he loved to do. He loved fishing, guns, the outdoors, fast cars, Corvettes, Chevys, dirt bikes, and Sunday football with his family.

One of my fondest memories as a child is time spent in Missouri where he’d often be holding meetings. At that time in his life, his favorite

place to go was fishing at Bennett Springs where he grew up. I would beg him to take me fishing and he would tell me if I was awake in the morning I could go, but I would wake up to the smell of my grandma Buck cooking breakfast and see the sunlight coming through the window and I knew...he had left me! He would come home with a huge stringer of fish, place them in my grandma's sink who would look them over with excitement and treat my dad as a returning conquering hero and tell him "Honey, you are undoubtedly the greatest fisherman I've ever seen!" I was so enthralled with the fish that I forgot about being left behind, but to his credit, later in the day he would take me down there, and that's how I grew to love fishing. For several decades I made that trip and would fish that body of water, but my dad always felt a sense of responsibility to be at all of the Church services either preaching or supporting those that were, so we rarely fished it together. Years later, and on more than one occasion, he expressed regret for not spending more time with me fishing there, but I told him, "Dad, you did the right thing," and I meant it. I do remember a rare morning in particular though that he and my Uncle Clovis got up early to go with me and my cousin Kendall to fish, and when they began to get ready to leave so that they could get to the morning service, Clovis said "Boys, get ready to go," and I turned to him and sheepishly said, "Nah, we're going to fish awhile and then go have some breakfast." My Uncle then looked down at me from the embankment he had just climbed and said to both of us "OK boys, but when you leave today you better get you a cool drink of that water, because where you're headed it's in mighty short supply"!

I will also admit, that years later, when I would return to Missouri with my own family to attend the 4th of July Meeting, I too would leave in the wee hours of the morning to fish Bennett Springs...and leave a little boy sleeping.

Many of you know I worked with my dad, starting when I was just seven years old. As a boy, he gave me as much room as he could. He tried to teach us right from wrong, but for some reason, if he said left, I went right. If he said don't do it, I just had to try it! Most of the time, he tried to be patient, but if you pushed it too far and you saw a flash of that gold tooth of his, you knew severe consequences were coming! My sister will tell

you she remembers this too as if he ever disciplined her! NOT TRUE! He spanked ME as a punishment to HER! All of you know her, and clearly she was able to get through that just fine!

On a very serious note though, I want to tell you the kind of father he was and I really only realized this on about Saturday, as he began to fail and the impact of his ailments he had valiantly fought and kept at bay crashed down on him.

My father raised me my whole life telling me how wonderful I was! How talented I was. If I wrecked his truck or his cars, I was a great wrecker! If I tore up a brand new dirt bike, I was the greatest dirt bike flipper ever; however, those flips were never intentional. If I behaved poorly, he would always tell me I was a good boy at heart but needed to get my act together. When I gave lessons, he always told me "You did a wonderful job. I hung on every word you said. You could have been a great preacher if you had applied yourself." Undoubtedly, however, I'm sure he thought to himself at times how could I have missed so much in the chapter.

He told me I was a great worker, and that without me his business that he built from the time I was just a little boy would never have worked or prospered. That I was the reason that everybody was calling the phone. He told me I was a great father. That I was the glue that held our family together. He told me how much the Church needed me and that he valued my opinion because I had wisdom. He told me how much he loved me and didn't know what he would do if he lost me to foolishness as a young boy or worrying as a grown man to take better care of my health. And I believed him!

I, on the other hand, would tell him his sermon was too long, or that he took too long in a business meeting to solve a problem. He once asked me if I even knew one preacher in the Philippines that we supported, and I told him I didn't, but that was beside the point and I could handle the problem in half the time, and he would say "OK Lance." I would tap my chest and just say to him, "Let me handle it dad," just so we could get to the pizza joint quicker...and he would roll his eyes and say "OK Lance," I would walk onto a job with a slurpy in my hand and ask him, as he sat on a five-gallon bucket, "Well, what have you

been doing while I was gone?" He would play along with my arrogant sarcasm, as he always did, and say, "Just waiting for you to make it happen son." Even the guys on the job would jokingly say to me, "You know your dad's the favorite around here, right"? and I laughed it off, never believing them and thinking to myself, "Ah they're just being so kind to him"...but it was TRUE! I KNOW they loved him and they're here today.

It wasn't until last Saturday when I became alarmed at his deterioration after calling him and had my sister put him on a speaker phone. She rarely left his side on many hospital stays I might add, and I had never gone but maybe one time. My mother and sister supported him completely in those trying times when over and over he beat his illness and heroically rebounded, I think by sheer will and most definitely God's help. But this time, I was going to get him moving. I made him speak to me and told him under no uncertain terms, "Get up and get moving." He responded to every call with "OK Lance," and "Lance, I'm doing fine." But this time, his beautiful southern speaking voice failed him, and his two valiant attempts to get out of bed to appease and calm me failed. My sister was horrified, and her reports were not good. I told him I would be there the next day after church to get him moving, and he said "OK Lance." My mother called me the next morning as I was preparing for the lesson and told me he was worse and had not had a good night, and that he now also had pneumonia. I knew in my heart he was not going to overcome that. When Church was over, we rushed to the hospital, and while mom was at church he had horribly deteriorated. He had hardly slept in 4 days, trying to stave off what he must have known was waiting for him if he were to soundly fall asleep. When I got there, I could not believe my eyes. Everyone cleared the room, and I did my best to rally him and bring him back to a more conscious state. Unfortunately, the only thing I got was a brief glance and no response. I watched as the room filled with my mother, my wife, my children, and grandchildren. They hugged him and kissed him and were absolutely destroyed at his condition. My mother had made the unwavering decision to stop all the doctor's unyielding efforts to save him, and agreed to just make him comfortable. It was that very moment, I realized for the first time the great man he was.

That HE was the cornerstone of our family. HE was the driving force for our successes. HE was the draw for our business. HE was the problem solver. And HE was the one with the wisdom. As my little grandsons kissed his withered hands that once were full of iron and strength and they told him "We love you grandad," when I saw the sorrow in my son and daughter and my son-in-law and daughter-in-law, and my wife, and my sister and mother heartbroken, I realized the magnitude of our loss but more importantly the magnitude of MY loss. My entire life, he had never been concerned with his many accomplishments. He had never even one time allowed his worth and value to overshadow me. He was only concerned with raising me to be proud of myself and be confident. He sacrificed everything he was and had become to make sure I was the man he wanted me to become. I was now a one legged marathon runner tumbling down the straight away. A one winged bird that no longer had him telling me that I was about to soar like an eagle. I left there shaken to the core. For a moment, everything I thought I was is now gone. I went home and Kelly and I hoped for a miracle, but in just two short hours the phone rang and it was mom. I had hoped some miraculous thing had happened, but when I answered the phone her sorrowful voice said he was gone and would Kelly and I come back. Kris was still there, my daughter returned immediately, and our son rode back with us. I walked into that room and could not believe my eyes. The greatest man I ever knew was peacefully resting with not a care in the world, and it hit me. I had stood tall my entire life because I was standing on his shoulders that on my best day I would never be half the man he was on the day he died, much less when he was in his prime.

He sacrificed and protected me until the last ounce of his strength was gone. He taught me everything he wanted me to be, and for the most part I think he was successful. In his peaceful death he reminded me of his greatest lesson. That when you take your last breath, all that matters is that you have been a good honest man, a loving husband, father and grandfather, and great grandfather. That you always stand for what is true and right, and that you put God and the Church first in your life! I will recover, but none of us in our family will ever be the same.

On behalf of my mother, my sister, and our entire family, thank you for being here. All of your cards, flowers, texts, posts, and condolences have been a comfort.

I know that we all have experienced loss, but thanks to Almighty God and the sacrifices of the Good Lord, we have Heaven waiting on the other side—*Lance King*



GRANDDAD

By Landon Baker (at the Funeral)

His name was Don Leonard King, although that wasn't what he was called. Some called him Don King, others called him Leonard. He was also known as Don L, Mr. King, or simply Don. Two people had the privilege to call him dad, or daddy. Others, when describing him, called him wonderful, marvelous, strong, and wise. But to me, he was just Granddad.

He was the one who no matter how busy he was painting or writing for the *Old Paths Advocate*, would answer the phone, and take time to answer any and all questions. He was the "Google" to any Bible question. Whether it was how to enunciate a name or place, or if it was an in-depth study on a set of verses. He was the authority on all things cars, and would tell you what the problem is before you even took it to the mechanic.

And if you were a little short on cash for those repairs, his credit card never failed. He was there if you needed someone to confide in. And whatever you told him never left his lips. And after all this, he was still just Granddad.

For those who did not know, he admired the Apostle Paul. He once told me that the biggest inspiration came from the book of Romans chapter ten and verse one where it reads "Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved." His life's work was to save those who were lost. It did not matter what hour, what day, or how far he had to go to save a soul.

Granddad fought a good fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for him a crown of righteousness. And someday I know we will meet again, as I go on following in his footsteps, as he followed after Christ. Again, thanks to everyone who came out to be with us this morning. And thank you for all the kind words and love—*Landon Baker*

MY GRANDDAD

By Colton King (at the Funeral)

It is impossible to lose a man like my Granddad. Even now I struggle to comprehend his loss. It feels impossible, that I might peek into his office and not see him there. It feels impossible to glance across the room and see an empty chair.

Granddad is in nearly every memory I have. And I could joyfully talk about all the trips to the snow we took, the adventures we went on, and the love he shared with me as I grew up. But in the past 3 years, I have grown an even deeper appreciation for my Granddad. When I became a father, the spotlight seemed to shift. It wasn't about me anymore. It was about a new little boy. And it was by watching Granddad and my son Jaxon that I gained a new perspective on just how wonderful he was.

Watching him love Jaxon the way that he did will be something I cherish for the rest of my life. And he fought tirelessly day after day for just one more moment with the ones he loved. I know he didn't want to leave. And that hurts me even more than losing him. I saw the tears run down his cheek every time he left our home. I saw the

quiver in his lip every time he hugged his great grandchildren goodbye. And I saw that he was afraid. One of the last things I ever heard my granddad say was that “I love seeing these kids, and I just hope I get to keep seeing them for just a little while longer.” And I wanted that for him. As a boy I looked to him for all the things I wanted. I wanted to go eat somewhere, or I wanted some expensive toy, or I wanted to go on some fun trip.

But at the end I wanted to give him what HE wanted. And I’d have been content to just sit there and be with him. I love him more than what can be described with words. And I would be half the man I am today without him. And it is with that thought that I find comfort. Because it truly is impossible to lose my Granddad. He has made too many men...better men. And too many fathers...better fathers. I will carry his influence with me until the day I die.

I may have heard his final lesson. But I can still teach what he taught me. He may not be treading this walk of life any longer, but I can follow in his footsteps. And I may have hugged his neck for the last time, but I can love others...the way he loved me.

I love you Granddad. And I promise I will see you again—*Colton King*

REMEMBERING DON L. KING

By Greg Gay

Our families have been closely intertwined for over 100 years. Don’s father, Homer L. King (born 1892, baptized 1910), and my grandfather, Homer A. Gay (born 1894, baptized 1911) were the best of pals, as they called each other. They preached in the days when innovations were spreading like wildfire through the church. They traveled the country to help create a brotherhood of preachers and leaders who would not be afraid to say an emphatic “No” to the digressions of the day.

The report from Homer Gay’s first preaching trip to the Ozarks of Missouri included details of holding a meeting at Lee’s Summit, out in the country about 10 miles from Lebanon. The baptisms during that meeting included Homer King’s first wife. She passed away as a young woman,

leaving three children, Nola, Velma, and Howard. After some time, Homer married Helen, who was Don’s mother.

My father’s family, Homer and Susie Gay and my mother’s family, the Reagans and the Deems moved to that area of Missouri in the mid-1930s, which is how my mother, Maxine Deems met my father, Sonny Gay.

Lee’s Summit, my mother remembers, was once the home of seven gospel preachers, including the two Homers. Homer King lived near where the church met and published the *Old Paths Advocate* from a very humble office where every paper was addressed by hand. The paper began in 1932 and was immediately a great source of encouragement and information all over the country to all who were working hard to do what was right in the work and worship of the church.

This was the family and area of the country Don was born into in 1942. His father was one of the busiest and most influential preachers among us, plus he was the publisher of the *Old Paths Advocate* and of brotherhood song books.

My mother recalls that Don was in grade school when the Kings left Missouri to live in California. The tales I have been told about Don are that he was quite mischievous. I was told he sat beside a buddy during one of his father’s candy-stick sermons, which meant it was a favorite sermon he preached everywhere he went. Having a great memory was one of Don’s blessings so he knew that sermon as well as Homer did, including what was coming next. I was told Don leaned over to his buddy at one point to say, “He’s about to cry.” And he did.

Don had a great sense of humor and, with his amazing memory, could easily talk about the preachers that were contemporaries of his dad, which included my grandfather. I loved visiting with him, as all did.

Don preached some of his father’s sermons, most notably the sermon, “The Red String in the Window.” I remember Don saying he wanted to preach that sermon, but he could not quite remember how a part of it went till he had a dream one night of his father preaching it. After that, he preached that sermon with the same points he had

heard all his life.

I moved my family from Missouri to California in 1978 and found many others there who were from Missouri, including Don. He was immediately a friend, which was one of his amazing talents. He could make you feel like you had known him well forever.

Our paths crossed in California many times when we held meetings in each other's congregations and at the Memorial, Labor Day, New Year's, and 4th of July meetings in Missouri. Don and I could not see each other for months and just begin visiting as if we had been together just the day before.

Don worked closely with his father on the *Old Paths Advocate* and was its publisher for many years. His monthly editorials were always carefully chosen and well written. I was honored to be invited to become one of the editors some years ago. Don was always very proud that the *Old Paths Advocate* was instrumental in helping spread the gospel outside the United States to other nations.

Don's work was not just in California. He held meetings all over the country and traveled outside the country as well. Most notably, he made annual visits to the Philippines with different traveling companions and with Brother Virgilio Danao, who labored long in the Philippines and moved to Hawaii to lead the work on the island of Oahu till his death. We were in Hawaii more than once when brother Danao returned from being with Don for their annual campaign to the Philippines. Brother Danao would list each place they preached and how many were baptized during that time. I do not believe it is an exaggeration that each trip would often include 100 or more baptisms. What great work Don was involved in for many years! It is still a great work, with many congregations on those islands.

I have never known a time in my life when I did not know Don. He and I are from the same humble beginnings in the Ozarks. My people and his people are buried in the same cemetery at New Hope, just down the road from the Lee's Summit church building. I am glad he was my friend, but more importantly, my dear brother in Christ. I look forward to seeing him again on the other

side—*Greg Gay, 3816 Tambos Trl. Edmond, OK 73034 papagreg@aol.com 916-804-3787*

MY FRIEND, DON L. KING

By Rick Martin

With the passing of my dear friend, Don King, comes the end of an era. Don had a tremendous influence on our brotherhood, as did his father, Homer L. King, before him. It was an influence that will be greatly missed. Don's father served as publisher of the *Old Paths Advocate* for many years. Don assumed the publisher's role in 1976 and served as publisher longer than anyone else. He wrote editorials for the *Old Paths Advocate* for many years, and it was my honor to publish many of these writings in a book titled, *Think On These Things*. He always ended his editorials with this exhortation. It has been my honor to be of what little assistance I could to help Don with the publication of the *Old Paths Advocate*.

Don's influence was not only felt in this country, but also throughout the world. His work in the Philippines was dear to his heart. He made yearly trips to check on the work and encourage the Filipino brethren. He was highly respected and greatly loved by the brethren there. He was also highly involved in the work in Hawaii.

I had known of Don all my life, but I first became acquainted with him when he was staying with my grandparents while holding a meeting in Napoleon, AL. We were eating supper when a storm knocked out the power. Don went to get a flashlight from his suitcase, only to find out the batteries were dead. Don knew that Lance had been playing with it the day before. He said, "Lance, what do you suppose happened to this flashlight?" Lance replied, "I don't know dad, the storm must have knocked it out."

Don spent a lot of time with some of my older Prince cousins, Alice Ann Thompson, Faye Rowe, and Eulene Bowen, in LaGrange, GA while his dad was holding meetings in the south. They were all good singers like Don. We were riding through downtown LaGrange one day when Don said, "I was in a café on this street and came out and watched a motorcade, with then presidential hopeful, John Kennedy." I replied, "Well I was standing on this same street a few miles back as a second grader and saw the same

motorcade.”

Although he was eleven years my senior, Don and I became close friends. He was without a doubt the closest friend I had. Don, Patsy, Jane, and I had a special relationship. We spent a lot of time in each other’s homes. We spent time with each other at the 4th of July meetings, as well as other brotherhood meetings. We spent vacation time with each other, going to places like Branson, MO, Savannah, GA, Nashville, TN, Pigeon Forge, TN, and Boston, MA. We visited several Presidential Museums. We would discuss serious matters concerning the church and our families, but most of our time was spent enjoying our time together. Most of which was filled with laughter! Don was always levelheaded and gave good advice.

When Don became ill, I told Jane that I was afraid he would not make it. Even though I told myself that, I still cannot believe he is gone. It seems like a dream. My heart aches for Patsy, Kris, Lance, and the rest of his family.

When we as believers lose someone who is also a believer, we grieve because we miss the person who is gone, but we also know they are in a far better place. We believe with great assurance that Don is in a better place.

In a sense, we grieve for ourselves because we must find a way forward without Don. But we grieve with hope because we know the end of the story, as I often heard him say.

For now, I will “Think On These Things.” Good-bye for now my good friend until we meet again in a fairer land where the former things have passed away—*Rick Martin*

DON L. KING, TRIBUTE

By Carl M. Johnson

Don was always a good-looking guy. He was almost 30 when I first became acquainted with him. He had an athletic build and many people thought he looked just like movie star Chad Everett. His suits were in good taste and they always looked professionally tailored. He wore leather jackets a lot in the Bay Area for casual wear and his favorite cars were Corvettes. He had a million dollar smile and laughed easily and heartily when

swapping stories with friends.

On most occasions there is a lot of pressure on kids who grow up as preachers’ kids. Don wasn’t just any preacher’s kid, however, he was Homer L. King’s kid. Brother King may have been the best-known and most influential preacher in our brotherhood for four decades. Consequently, Don grew up with a lot of people observing his every move. I asked Don about some of the stories people told about his youth and he shook his head and laughed and said, “Those stories have been greatly exaggerated!” He did tell me, however, that as a teenager he once played lead guitar for a rock band called, “The Heartbreakers.” He said his band actually played a gig one time across the road from where his dad was holding a Gospel meeting!

Everything changed, however, when Don became a Christian in 1956 and resolved in 1969 to dedicate his life to preaching the Gospel. He developed into one of the very finest preachers in our brotherhood and conducted Gospel meetings all over the country. He was one of our favorites in Ada.

Don loved foreign mission work, especially in the Philippines. Much of his life, however, revolved around publishing the *Old Paths Advocate*. Brother Homer King began publishing the paper in 1932. Don McCord published the paper for 14 years when Brother King’s health faltered, but Don took over the publishing responsibilities in 1976.

Don asked me to join the editorial staff in October 1994, and in April 2003 I began writing a monthly column titled “The Back Page.” The column lasted for 15 years. Don and I had our closest association through the paper.

The last time I saw Don was at the 2022 California Labor Day Meeting in Livermore. During the meeting he came to a morning service in a red, monogrammed Polo shirt and dark pants. I said, “Don, you look great—you are as trim as a racehorse!” I joked, “It doesn’t matter how you feel as long as you look good!” He said, “I have lost 30 pounds, but I’m not trying to lose.” Little did I know that would be the last time I would see him.

He always signed his letters to me, “Love, Don

L.” I loved him too and I shall miss him greatly
—*Carl Johnson*

DON L. KING, A MAN WHO
LOOKED TO THE FIELDS

By Billy D. Dickinson

“Lift up your eyes, and look to the fields,” Jesus admonished His disciples in John 4:35, “For they are white already to harvest.” It is obvious to me that Brother Don was an evangelist who took this challenge from our Lord seriously! That’s why he made many yearly trips to the Philippines to preach the gospel and to build up the church in that country. Also, it thrilled him to realize that the *Old Paths Advocate* had a part in the beginning of nearly every foreign work our brethren have been involved in. In the October 1998 issue of the *Old Paths Advocate*, he wrote the following: “The world is lost, sin-cursed, and we haven’t changed it a great deal in our generation. Of course, we have works in several parts of the world today. There is no denying we have made great improvements toward evangelizing the world in the last forty years or so...What responsibilities we have! We must be ever mindful that preaching the gospel requires a concern for the lost on a worldwide basis” (from one of his editorials, “Look to the Fields”).

Don was a great preacher in so many ways. In my opinion, he was one of the best at telling a Bible story and pointing out the great truths illustrated by it. His sermon on Jonah and the great fish, for example, was a classic and demonstrated his ability to hold an audience captive. Not only that, but he was not afraid to oppose worldliness and unscriptural innovations. When I purchased his book, *Think On These Things* (a collection of the editorials he had written through the years), I was impressed with the variety of topics covered and how he did not shy away from addressing a controversial topic. However, he always did it in a manner that was meant to bring about correction and to unite brethren on the truth of God’s word. This book is a precious one to me in my library, but that is especially true since his death. After all, on the first page Brother Don wrote these words—“Billy: I love you man!” Yes, I loved him too and long to see him again on that great reunion day—*Billy Dickinson*

“CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS”

By Kevin W. Presley

The last few years have marked the passing of several preachers who helped shape the church of the past 60 plus years. With their passings, an era has been ending.

We now mourn the loss of our beloved brother, evangelist, and publisher, Don L. King. His departure leaves a void in the brotherhood and breaks a living link to a lot of our history. It was this writer’s joy to be closely associated with Don at various times and his unexpected passing calls forth many wonderful memories.

Don held meetings here and stayed in our home when our family was young. I recall him being with us when my wife and I were looking for our first home to purchase. He went with us that week as we looked at houses and offered his wisdom and expertise. He was later with us when we had brought a new puppy into our home for our then five-year-old daughter and were struggling to housebreak him. We had that dog for fifteen years and when we think of him, we also think of Don and the witty humor he brought to a frustrating situation all that week. His infectious humor and ability to recount a story made for memorable and happy times.

More importantly, he made valuable contributions to the brotherhood he served and to my work as a younger preacher. Don’s knowledge of the scriptures, his golden voice, and his eloquent manner of stating the truth stirred the minds and hearts of all of us who heard him. His dedication to spreading the gospel around the world inspired us.

One of Don’s beloved sermons was from Solomon’s exhortation in Ecclesiastes 11:1 to “Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.” He believed that the gospel would do its work if we faithfully did our work to spread it out over the world around us. His work in the gospel was a testament to his conviction of this fact. He dedicated well over forty years to publishing and sending this journal around the world in hopes that it would continue to spread the movement of returning to the old paths in the work and worship of the church.

He spent a combined total of several years half-way around the world travelling from city to city and village to village preaching the simplicity that is in Christ to hungry souls. It was my privilege to travel with Don in 2002 to the Philippines to assist him and the late Brother Virgilio Danao in their work. It was three weeks of tiring but rewarding work. I was still a fairly young preacher at the time and Don remarked as we embarked on our trip that “you will never see the preaching of the gospel the same again.” He was absolutely right. It was evident why he loved and dedicated himself so selflessly to this work. Over forty years of his travels there, thousands were baptized, and many churches were planted that remain today. A reward doubtlessly awaits him for his faithfulness to cast the bread of the gospel upon the world’s waters. May God bless his memory and the brotherhood he loved so much.
—Kevin W. Presley

REMEMBERING DON

By David Griffin

I must confess that I do not have the long, close relationship to Don that other writers in this issue had. For years, I only knew Don from a distance. I remember him holding a meeting for us at the Northside congregation in Springfield, MO back in the mid-80s. As a young fellow and rather new in the church at the time, I remember being quite impressed with his preaching. I also remember during that meeting that he preached his sermon from Ecclesiastes 11:1—“Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters” (mentioned by others elsewhere in this issue). Right after that meeting, I recall Irvin Barnes, who worked with the congregation at the time, saying to me that “Don is not a man of pretenses. He is a man who just wants to please the Lord, and he isn’t worried if other people are not pleased by that.” That statement has always stayed with me.

In later years, I ran into Don from time to time at meetings and such, and I submitted a few articles to the paper along the way. He always graciously printed my little writing efforts, and complimented me on them whenever he saw me. It was in late 2018, I believe, when Ronny Wade asked me if I’d be willing to handle the subscription list for the paper. I guess he and Don had already talked about that. I believe their thinking was that since I was living in Lebanon, MO where the print

shop for the paper was located, it would be a good idea to ask me to handle the subscription list.

I was reluctant to say yes, because I already felt like I had plenty on my plate. I told Ronny I’d consider it, and he said, “Well, Don will probably be calling you about it.”

A couple days later, sure enough, I received a call from Don. At the time, I was still not fully decided to assume the task, but when Don called, he was so gracious and complimentary that I simply could not say no! As it turned out, I’m glad I said yes. Working with Don, I found that he was always just as gracious, deferential, and considerate as he had been in our initial conversation about the sub list!

That was always his manner when we communicated, sometimes for long conversations on the phone, about the paper and other things about the church, the brotherhood, and his original home “stomping grounds” around the Lee’s Summit church in Missouri where I now work and worship. He asked me a couple of times to take some pictures of his boyhood home just up the road from the current meeting house, which I did and texted them to him. He was thrilled to see them!

A year or so after I assumed the subscription list, Don asked me to become an editor on the paper, which I consider a great honor. I am thankful that I was able to get to know him better over the past few years.

His impact on the brotherhood through the paper and other ways through the decades is enormous! So many people, including me, will greatly miss him and his service in the kingdom—*David Griffin*

Field Reports

Michael Bolton—As I write today (July 7, 2023), I am happy to report that I have recovered from the usual jet lag from our Asia trip. This generally takes a couple of days. The process was unimpeded this time.

I was thrilled to be able to take my wife with me on this trip. She proved to be a valuable helper, as she was able to make connections that I could

not have possibly made. It is my hope that she can go each time that I go in the future.

The work in Cambodia is going well. Vanny is an excellent worker and diligent student. He understands people and has made many connections all over the country. We were able to meet several. Most were open to continued studies with Vanny and the brethren in Cambodia. This provides great hope for future conversions. However, some were clearly opposed to the idea. One man, a leader of an Assemblies of God group, stated clearly that he did not want teaching from the apostles but only from Jesus' words. No amount of persuasion seemed to make any impact.

The effort in Nepal was productive in that it met the objectives. I have been studying with a denominational group there for several years. The decision was made late last year that some things needed to move one way or the other. So, I arranged a two-day seminar. Day one of this seminar I gave lessons about the Bible: "What is the Bible?," "How to understand the Bible," "Bible Authority," and "How to read the Bible?" Day two was focused on the church. "What is the church?," "How many churches are there?," "Church History," and "How to be the Church." The lessons were well received for the most part. And I have been asked to arrange a four-day seminar of Bible teaching every six months. I replied I could possibly do it once a year. And have determined to return in the spring of 2024. I am pursuing a serious call to action (repentance) on their part for final determination. Your prayers are greatly appreciated.

We returned home and hit the ground running. We have recorded another podcast. Arranged to restart our studies with individuals in the congregation. And are looking forward to our meeting with Kevin Presley next week.

We now have a zoom study arranged most mornings with various groups across Asia. We are looking to go to Bangladesh, India from mid-October to mid-November. Please pray for us as we need wisdom and energy and health—
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REMEMBER THY CREATOR

By John Michael Criswell

Context: Many years ago I recall Don King giving a "tribute" to his own aging father at the 4th of July meeting. He based his moving remarks on Ecclesiastes 12. I don't recall the year. Anyway, such now is my tribute to Don King: Gospel Preacher! (jmc)

Remember Thy Creator (Ecclesiastes 12)

The fleeting days of happy youth
Have passed me by
As I think of who I was
It makes me cry

I've shed a million forlorn tears
Down on my knees
Now the dreadful voice of time
Keeps calling me

Now the watchmen of my house
Do tremble sore
And the nightingale's sweet song
I hear no more

At the brook, the village mill
No longer grinds
The open sign on my life's door
Reads closing time

All at once, the mourners gather
In the street
It's for themselves, not for my life
For which they weep

Unto the dust we'll all return
Whence Adam came
But someday soon, with body new
We'll rise again!

Refrain

So your Maker, honor well
While you are young
Keep your eye upon the One
Who gave His Son
Soon the dreadful hands of time
Will point at you
What will you hear, your Maker say
When life is through!

John Michael Criswell, 7/11/23

WALKS THROUGH THE BIBLE...

“THAT HOME OVER THERE!” (TRIBUTE TO DON KING)

by Jerry Dickinson

“Keep your creator in mind while you are young! In years to come you will be burdened down with troubles and say, ‘I don’t enjoy life anymore.’ Someday the light of the moon and the stars will all seem dim to you. Rain clouds will remain over your head, your body will grow feeble, your teeth will decay, and your eyesight fail. The voices of singers will be shut out by your deaf ears, but even the song of a bird will keep you awake. You will be afraid to climb up a hill or walk down a road. Your hair will turn as white as almond blossoms. You will feel lifeless and drag along like an old grasshopper. We each go to our eternal home, and the streets here are filled with those who mourn. The silver cord snaps, the golden bowl breaks, the water pitcher is smashed, and the pulley at the well is shattered. So our bodies return to the earth, and the spirit returns to God” (Ecclesiastes 12:1-7 CEV).

When I lived in McAlester, Oklahoma years ago, Lynwood Smith held a great meeting and his last sermon was entitled, “That Home Over There!” It was very short (what some called a bus catching sermon, lol) but very memorable. He talked about his first preaching trip to California as a very young preacher. He rode the bus to Bakersfield from Mississippi, a long, long journey. The last part of the trip was crossing the desert and going over the barren mountains. “Am I ever going to get there?” Finally...finally, the bus topped the mountain and off in the distance burst fields of green and orchards stretching as far as he could see. What a sight after so long a trip!

“Someday,” Lynwood declared, “It will be like that when we take our long journey to our eternal home—that home over there! We will close our eyes in death and take our flight toward our heavenly home, and then suddenly it will burst on our sight—that home over there!” As I recall, that was pretty much the sermon. Of course Lynwood used his oratorical skill to embellish and describe the journey and scene more than I have, so surely the sermon was a bit longer, but not much! I vividly remember, however, his reference to “That Home Over There!”

That last journey is one we all must take, and all are going to take, ready or not. We are going to “fly away” when this life is done. For Christians we fly away to our home over there. Brother Don King has flown away; that is, his spirit has flown away. The body returns from whence it came, Solomon tells us, but the spirit returns to God who gave it. Our loved ones go about mourning, but we go to our eternal home.

In 1976 I held my first meeting in Stockton, California. Homer and Helen King lived there and I remember fondly watching Brother Homer when I preached. He had suffered a stroke some years before but his eyes were bright and he listened intently, I could tell. After each service, Sister Helen would “interpret” for him and he always had encouraging and insightful comments on my sermons. Don and Patsy came down to the meeting of course, and it was the first time I remember meeting Don. He was always a joy to talk to and always encouraging. I told Don not long ago that I am sure his father and mother would be proud of his ministry. Of course, I know Patsy and the rest of the family are proud as well of the great work Don accomplished as publisher of the *Old Paths Advocate* and all his other work. It was during that meeting that a meeting was held in Stockton about the new work in the Philippines. Brethren from up and down the state gathered on a Saturday afternoon as Don talked about his trip (his first trip I believe) and the great potential for the work in the Philippines. That work was dear to Don as we all know, and I do not know how many trips he made through the years.

In 1990 I held another meeting in Stockton and my son Jason was 16 and had just started driving. Don came to the meeting one night driving his Corvette and Jason went out to look it over. Don came up and asked Jason if he wanted to take it for a drive down the freeway. I wasn’t so sure about that, but Don said he would go with him and it would be alright. Off they zoomed and they were gone for what seemed like a long time to me, but finally zoomed back into the parking lot. That was the highlight of the meeting for Jason, no doubt. I texted Jason after hearing about Don’s passing and asked if he remembered that, and of course he did. Thanks Don, for your work and encouragement to all of us. In times like this, we think of “That Home Over There!”

O think of that home over there, by the side of the river of light,
Where the saints all immortal and fair, are robed in their garments of white.
My Savior is now over there, there the saved and the saints are at rest,
Then away from my sorrow and care, let me fly to the land of the blest.
I’ll soon be at home over there, for the end of my journey I see,
All the saints and the angels up there, are watching and waiting for me.
Over there, over there, O think of the home over there.
Over there, over there, I’ll soon be at home over there.