

Dr. Finis E. Yoakum

Perhaps you have lived in Highland Park long enough to hear of Dr. Yoakum, or it may be you are living on the other side of the world and know of his works. Perhaps you have smiled doubtfully, or shrugged your shoulders, slightly when his name was spoken, or you may be among the thousands he has helped to new life. Whoever you may be, the facts of Dr. Yoakum and his work are bound to arrest your attention when you observe them for yourself.

To speak of Dr. Yoakum apart from his work is next to impossible for he is his work. Franklin says, "The Lord helps those who help themselves," and Dr. Yoakum adds, "The Lord helps those who help someone else," and in living this creed, Dr. Yoakum has built up the great Pisgah movement which is spreading to many parts of the world.

Here in Highland Park is Pisgah Home, the parent plant of his whole work, sheltering its hundred and half—a nondescript collection of humanity. Its door is ever open an hour, day or night, to receive the poor, needy, homeless, the drunkard, fallen outcast. Across the Arroyo, the "Ark" makes a home for rescued women and girls. Nearby is the "Workers' Home," and the "Store," over whose counter no money has ever passed in the five years of its existence. Voluntary contributions keep its supply ever ready for the needs of the many who apply.

Eighteen or twenty miles away are the "Gardens," twenty-four acres of fruit, vegetable and farm land near Lankershim, with one hundred acre under cultivation. Here a hundred or more are gathered, a colony of consumptives fighting their way back to health, a group of epileptics and feeble minded, and an orphanage for "nameless" and homeless children. Apricot, plum and peach trees furnish fruit which is dried by the ton, and cannery preserves much of the fruit which, together with other products is distributed to the poor, "without money and without price."

In far distant mountains, ten miles or so from Santa Susanna, lies "Pisgah Grande," the great ranch of over three thousand acres, an outlet for the city's cursed, where men and women are given the chance to mend the broken pieces of their lives. In the two years since its opening, roads have been built and crops of grass grain and vegetables put in, as well as extensive orchards and vineyards

representing the labor of many willing hands. Tiny houses built from brick and by their own hands are being constructed for the hundred or more residents. Here too has recently been opened a training school, educational and missionary, where students, with or without means, from the Harvard graduate to the most illiterate, may study under the leadership of Rev. W. C. Stevens, for the

past thirteen years principal of the Missionary Training Institute of the Christian and Missionary Alliance at Nyack, New York. Four hours of study and four hours of assigned daily labor in field or garden, sewing room or kitchen, are the only entrance requirements or tuition.

It may be that some Sunday afternoon has found you in a spirit of criticism or pity for these poor deluded people, wending your way down Echo street toward the Tabernacle. From every direction you see them coming—in wheel-chairs, on crutches, stumbling in blindness, tottering with age, bent with burdens, faces marred and broken, painted with sin, stamped with greed, and you can scarcely keep back a bit of sympathy and interest as you see the great Tabernacle benches filling and the aisles crowded with suffering bodies and hungry hearts. But as you look, you are aware also of glowing and happy faces scattered through the crowd as you hear their whispered greetings of "Peace," and "Peace be unto you." Before you know it, you are joining in the mighty volume of song swelling from earnest, grateful hearts. You are caught with the ring of sincerity and the depth of feeling as one after another tells his wonderful story of rescue from sickness and sin, and as you go away, your mind is full of questioning—Is this the Christianity that counts? Can God work the wonders today that He did in Bible times? Did Jesus come to heal our bodies as well as our souls?

A glimpse into his past shows us Dr. Yoakum's early life on a Texas ranch and his school days spent at Larissa College and Trinity University. His title of Doctor has been many times earned by study in numerous colleges of medicine and the diplomas he holds from six of them. For one who has gained wide recognition in the world of medical science to find the faith that brings healing from the Great Physician, is attracting the attention of thoughtful men and women the world over. In a recent issue of

"Pisgah," a magazine with a circulation of 100,000, Dr. Yoakum tells in detail of how he was snatched from death after being hopelessly crushed by a runaway accident in Denver. One after another, within the year, thirty-two physicians had pronounced his recovery hopeless, and "nothing but an Unseen Hand could have thus marvelously restored me." Is it small wonder that such an experience as this

Paragraph missing

ven of rest, until crowded for room in later years, they moved their family of children out into a tent. Here two years ago, Dr. Yoakum's brother, the railroad magnate, found them and built for them the beautiful home on Echo street which they now enjoy.

To see Dr. Yoakum, you would be impressed by the man of large stature and perfect physique, and feel a confidence in the quiet kindness of his voice and his simple unassuming manner. In his barren little office, with waiting room and porch benches filled with the motley crowd, he sees them one by one and with a few questions, a bit of advice, and a simple prayer, he sends them on their way with lighter step.

Some find the way at once, others come back to the meetings, still others take refuge in the Home, or if their need is such, go to the Gardens or the big ranch with the ever present welcome and "without money or price." Each finds his place in the big family of five hundred, and later goes forth to prove by his transformed life, the reality of his experience.

Some day it is hoped the whole Pisgah work may become self supporting. The resources of Pisgah Grande are adequate for supplying thousands of people when their fullest development is accomplished. Now contributions are voluntarily sent from all directions and every dollar is worth one hundred cents in the work for no staff of clerks, solicitors or employees are drawing salaries. Among so many are to be found a wide scope of talents and training and thus their willing service is gladly given as they have been received, "without money and without price." The wonderful executive ability and the love in the heart of one man and his wife have brought this order out of seeming chaos.