

Perry Como

"The man who invented 'casual'"

—Bing Crosby



"I'd perform with the world's greatest artists on TV, and then come home to the world's greatest family."

Pierino Ronald "Perry" Como (1912-2001) was an American singer and television personality. After putting aside his career as a barber his singing career spanned more than half a century. "Mr. C." as he was nicknamed, sold millions of records for RCA and pioneered a weekly musical variety television show, which set the standards for the genre and proved to be one of the most successful in television history. Como was seen weekly on television from 1949 to 1963, then continued hosting the Kraft Music Hall variety program monthly until 1967. His television shows and seasonal specials were broadcast throughout the world. One of the many factors in his success was Como's insistence on his principles of good taste; if he considered something to be in bad or poor taste, it was not in the show or broadcast.

Known for his smooth baritone crooning, he released the hit song "It's Impossible" in 1970, and was one of the most commercially successful popular singers during a career that lasted over six decades.

Despite his immense popularity, Como is rarely given credit for being one the great artists of our time.

Como died in his sleep on May 12, 2001, at his home in Jupiter Inlet Colony, Florida, six days before his eighty-ninth birthday. His record sales exceeded 100 million.

Article and Photos: Wikipedia and Wikimedia



Brush Arbor Days

BY REV. C. J. GREER

At our church in Brighton, Missouri, we had a brush arbor meeting every summer for several years. Fifteen of them were with the great auctioneer and evangelist, Earl Blansit. The Lord really blessed this man of God. With all the hard work with building the arbors: building a platform, cutting the brush, cutting the frame work, moving the piano and pews, stringing the yellow bug lights, I always looked forward to them.

I have many wonderful memories of the brush arbors, but the brush arbors of all brush arbors occurred with Evangelist Walter Neely. This little evangelist had great faith. When he prayed for people, they would usually fall prostrate on the ground.

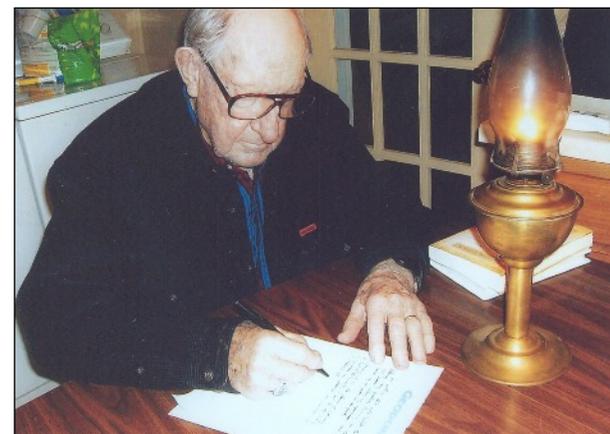
When he gave his altar call, or was praying for others, he would make this challenge: "If you don't believe this is the power of God, you come up here, and when I lay hands on you, if you don't go down, I'll serve your God. If you DO go down, then you'll serve MY God!" Every time he would do that, I would pray, "Oh God, don't let it happen." (I just knew someone would challenge him some night.)

Well, it happened. A gang of ruffians from Pleasant Hope area decided they would challenge him. They chose one from the group to do it, and they all came to services one night. The fellow who said he would do it, drank some liquor to get his nerve up, along with the rest of them, and here they came. The crowd was really large. News had got around that they were going to challenge the Evangelist that night.

Well, the service began! I never knew about what was going to happen. Brother Neely gave his challenge, and a big stout fellow stood to his feet. Brother Neely pointed a finger at him and said, "You don't believe it do you! Well, you come up here and if



Brother Neely challenged the ruffian to come forward and let the Evangelist lay his hands on him. The challenge was answered.



C. J. Greer, (1921-2013) recalled this story as well as many others while writing his memoirs by an oil lamp.

the power of God doesn't knock you down, I'll serve YOUR God, and if the power of God DOES knock you down, you'll serve mine." The fellow made his way forward, and you talk about praying! I didn't know whether to run or stay, but I knew the work of God would either be lost or gained right then. "Please, dear God, stand by your servant." I'm still praying. "If this fellow doesn't go down, it will bring a big reproach, and another attempt to establish a work in Brighton would go bye-bye."

Brother Neely didn't wait until the man got there. He met him half way, and slaps his hand on his head, and rebukes every devil from Dan to Beersheba, and the fellow goes down like a ton of brick. "Glory to God, Hallelujah!" People gather around him and pray. He finally gets up and says, "Folks, it's real." Come to find out that man had a family, and they all got saved, and came to our church for a while. God had proved He was in control. Our crowds grew even larger, and reached the 400 mark, before the revival ended.



Building a brush arbor was a team effort.