

# ***All That I Can Do Is Thank Him***

***(things I learned  
from my Dad)***



**A Tribute to Lance Appleton**



By his daughter,  
Crista Joy Garza

With special thanks to his wife  
Merna Appleton  
and son  
Eric Appleton  
for help with the editing process

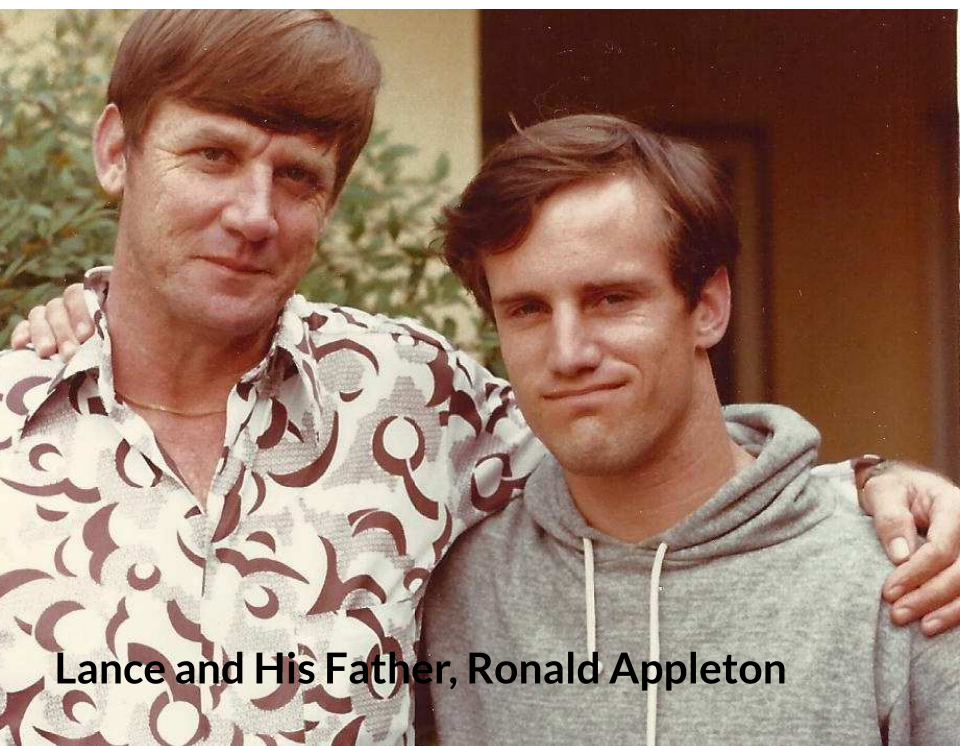


## For The Generations

“I will open my mouth in a parable: I will utter dark sayings of old: Which we have heard and known, and our fathers have told us.

We will not hide them from their children, showing to the generation to come the praises of the LORD, and his strength, and his wonderful works that he hath done.”

Psalm 78:2-3



**Lance and His Father, Ronald Appleton**





**Lance's Mother, Irma Appleton**  
**Forward by Irma Appleton**

As his mother, I met Lance C. Appleton early on--though not when expected. He was due on Aug. 8th, and did not arrive until September 22, 1952. We thought we were ready for him -- coming and going (Feb. 18, 2015) --but maybe only God is truly ready, willing, and eager for us all, so... Thy will be done, All Wise and Holy One!

## Introduction

"In everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."

I Thes. 5:18

Only three weeks after my dad's death the Lord spoke to me early one morning bringing me a much needed message.

"I want to set you free... Embrace your Father's death... Thank me for it."

I wanted to be obedient, but it seemed difficult at first. How could I thank God in the middle of my pain? However, in everything I am to give thanks, so I gave it my best try. I began to thank Him for taking my dad, for the sorrow that my family was experiencing, and for all of the days we would have to live without him.

As I did this, I felt a change inside. I no longer focused on enduring the pain, now I was lifted above the circumstances and brought into His presence where I was given divine strength.

*"All that I Can Do is Thank Him"* is my way of honoring my dad and of passing on a few of the lessons that he taught me.

"For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in His pavilion; in the secret of His tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock." Ps. 27:5 (KJV)







## Lance and Merna 1972

In 1971 Lance and I met at Gateway College of Evangelism in St. Louis, Missouri. He was different and my first thought was “How did he get here?” He looked different. His style of music was different. Even he wondered why he had come. But it was God’s doing. In three years of Bible School God changed him from the hippy looking boy that arrived on campus into a young man with a desire to do a work for Jesus.

Along the way we fell in love.

We were married for over 42 years. We moved to Columbia, Missouri from Bible School, worked in Campus Ministry for a short while before we began evangelizing. Lance wrote songs and played piano, flute, harmonica, and guitar all very well. When the minister turned the service over to him, he always sang and played several songs before preaching inspiring the congregation to worship. During the altar call he usually played and sang more. We traveled as a family and the children and I sang with him. He recorded albums and we sold records, 8-tracks, cassettes and finally CDs.

But as in all lives, things happen. Lance backslid. He went back to what he did before he was saved. He drank and did drugs. He let his hair grow. Although he was having issues, he wanted his family to keep serving the Lord and always tried to come to church with us.

I did not want to talk with people about it, but my daughter was different. Everywhere she went Crista asked for prayer for her father. She always believed he was coming back to God. Different ministers reached out to him. On January 27, 1991, on a Sunday morning in Columbia, Missouri he prayed back through to the Holy Ghost. He had prayed many times at the altar, but this time was different. He was delivered. He went home and got rid of his stash and made a clean break.

What a day of rejoicing!

God was merciful and Lance was so grateful for his deliverance. He meditated on the Word of God. His songwriting took on new depth and eventually he began ministering again. He evangelized with our son, Eric for a time and later with our daughter and son-in-law, Crista and Mark Garza.

The last few years of his life were spent assisting in our home church in Columbia, while being treated for advanced prostate cancer. Throughout his illness he kept a positive attitude, and never doubted God's ability to heal. When his time came to go I thank God that he was full of the Holy Ghost and ready to meet the Lord.

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# 1. Osmosis

## (the power of example)

My dad was not a person who talked a lot. He mostly enjoyed music or silence, so when he did say something we all listened. Usually, when he spoke it was to make a joke, or to give us something to meditate on. Most of the things I learned from him were not through direct teaching, but through direct living (osmosis)

- Start the day with early morning prayer
- Be content with whatever God gives
- Freely share what God has shared with you

These are three of the most important things I absorbed by watching. It is because of this last one that I am sharing these memories.

(playing with grandkids Jeshua and Grace 2007)



## 2. Jesus is Forever...(first things first)



For as long as I can remember my dad has been writing this on albums, cards, and notes of encouragement. The picture above is from the last letter he ever wrote to me. He drew the letters a little bumpier than normal due to his trembling hands, but I cherish it.

These large block letters are imprinted echoes of a living hope inside my soul. They seem to shout out... "keep first things first... Forever is a long time... And I'll see you there."

### **3. You're Never Bored... when You're Serving the Lord (joy)**

Some people may have thought church was boring, but my dad was not one of them. Sitting next to my dad in church you might hear the stomping of cowboy boots accompanied by a loud, "Glory to God," or see him take off for a lap of victory around the church with his flute raised high.

However, when the preacher began his sermon, out came his pen. Taking good sermon notes was serious business! He always recorded who, what, and where, and the date he was there. Looking at his Bible is a real joy as it journals both his spiritual and physical journey. I have since then filled up several Bibles in like manner. It's a wonderful heritage to pass on!







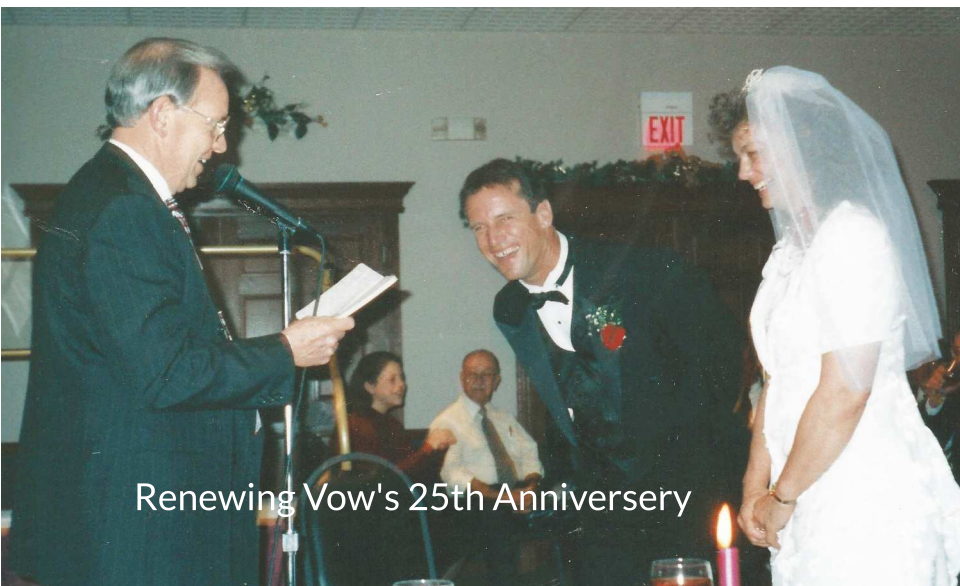
#### **4. Thank God We're all Together (the importance of unity)**

This was a very important prayer of thanks that my dad prayed over and over at the dinner table and referred to during Holidays. Having come from a family where his parents were divorced, togetherness was very important to my dad. He had to attend 14 different schools in twelve years due to his dad being in the Navy. This probably explains why he stayed with one wife, one church, and one house for his entire married life.



## 5. Enjoy the Journey (abundant life)

My dad never skipped an opportunity to enjoy the scenery of any of the national parks, or nearby attractions, if possible. As long as he had a cup of McDonald's coffee, a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, and a camera, it was a good day to relax and enjoy the journey with his family. The spirit of adventure led us into caves, rivers, bluffs, canoe trips, tours of national monuments from coast to coast. He loved to learn about nature, and memorized many of the names of the plants, trees, and constellations. He also occasionally read the encyclopedia or dictionary, and was strangely fascinated with numbers.



Renewing Vow's 25th Anniversery



## **6. My Name is Lance... And I Love to Dance (wholeheartedness)**

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might..." Ecclesiastes 9:10

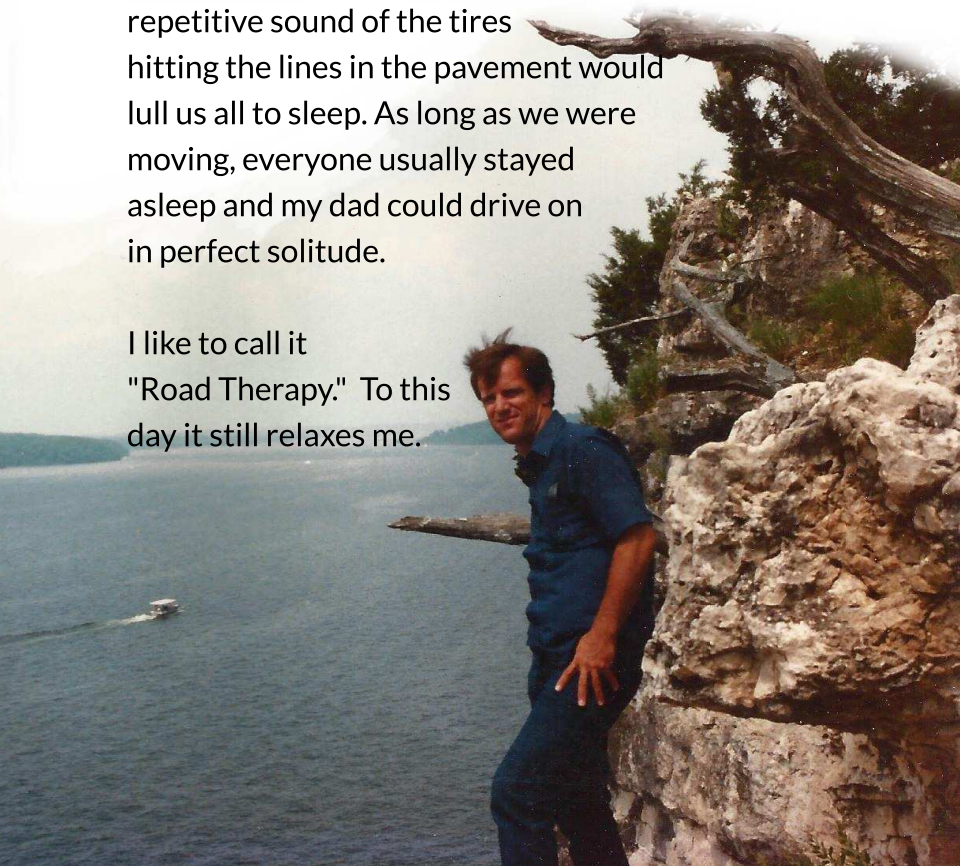
Worship was no exception. Many times I heard my dad say, "If you have not broken a sweat by the time you leave church, you have not really praised God the way He is worthy of being praised." Frequently he would have to change his clothes before going to eat after church because he had been singing and praising so much that the sweat had drenched his suit coat.

## 7. Road Therapy (rest and renewal)

On days when we were all tired, he would roll down the windows of the car, turn up the music, and drive. Something about the wind blowing in my hair, a familiar song in my ears, and the long outstretched road ahead seemed the perfect cure for exhaustion. With the wind in our face and those familiar songs in our ears, it didn't really matter where we were, it just felt like the familiar feeling of "home."

At other times, my dad preferred to drive the long distances between revivals at night while we slept. The repetitive sound of the tires hitting the lines in the pavement would lull us all to sleep. As long as we were moving, everyone usually stayed asleep and my dad could drive on in perfect solitude.

I like to call it  
"Road Therapy." To this  
day it still relaxes me.





## 8. The Gift of Right Relationships (honor)

Besides being a very attentive listener, one of the primary ways my dad would express his love was through his music and prayer. He wrote many family-centered songs that filled our home with an appreciation for one another. I believe these songs came out of a prayer that I often heard him repeat. "Thank you, Lord, for the gift of right relationships!" Relationships mattered, and were worth focusing on and celebrating!

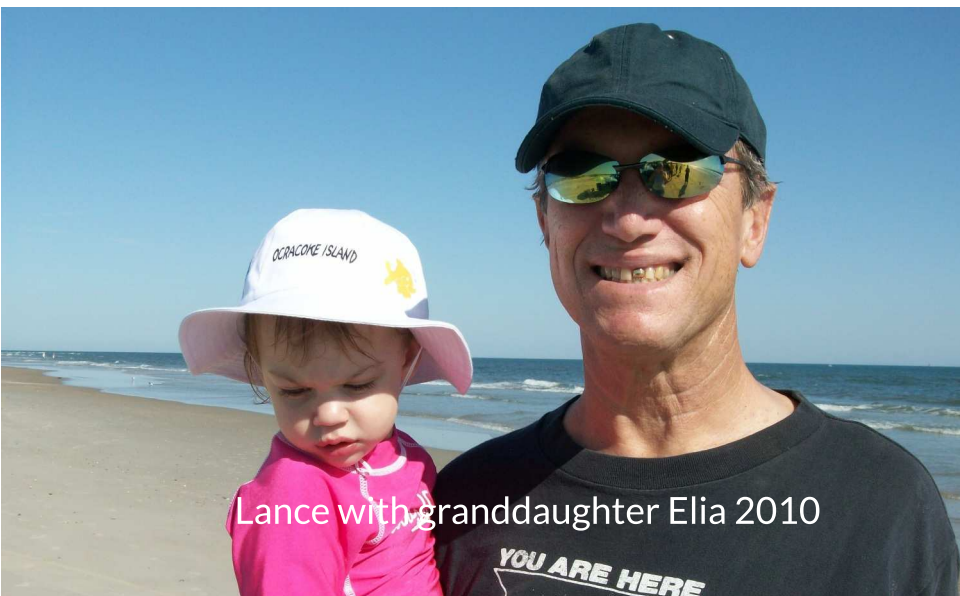


## 9. The Myth of Perfection (avoiding frustration)

“Life is your gift, Time is your tool,” I would often hear my dad say as he prayed around the house. I think this was his way of reminding himself to be patient and thankful and wait on the big picture. As for me, I struggled with the waiting part. I longed for perfection.... NOW!

Somewhere between 20-30 times I remember my dad talking to me about "the myth of perfection".

“It just isn't Heaven yet, so don't get too disappointed here on Earth, Crista,... The whole creation groaneth together... waiting for... the redemption...” (Rom. 8:22-23)



Lance with granddaughter Elia 2010

## 10. God has Surprises (expect the unexpected)

While preaching in Pascagoula, Mississippi, God gave my dad a surprise. He was playing his harmonica during the altar call and had set my five year old brother, Eric, on a seat behind him in order to keep him out of trouble. My brother kept descending quietly from the platform and joining the others who were praying in the altar. My dad thought he was just playing around as he saw him rolling on the floor several times. With great exasperation he went to pick my brother up from the floor for the third time. When he did, he found him speaking in tongues!

While standing there looking at my brother the Pastor walked up. My dad asked him, "Well, ....what do you think about that?" The Pastor said, "You're the Evangelist. You should know... your son is receiving the Holy Ghost!"

My dad was truly surprised! What he had thought was disobedience was actually hunger for God.

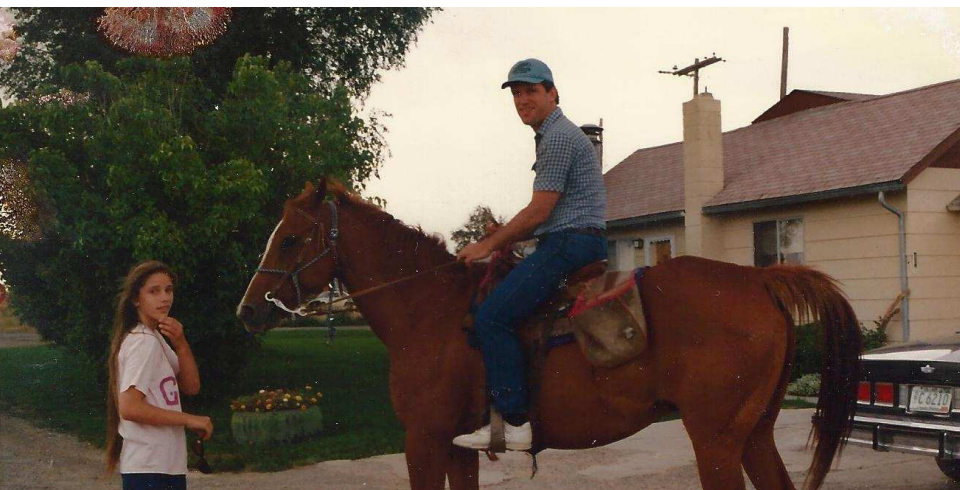




## 11. A Little Encouragement Goes a Long Way (grace)

The true meaning of grace was brought home to me in a very special way that I will never forget. I had gotten suspended from school for being dishonest about finishing my homework. After the shame and humiliation I felt about it being announced in front of the entire classroom, and being called in the principal's office with my dad, I quietly headed to the car in fear of what awaited me at home.

It was silent as we pulled out of the school parking lot and headed home. To my utter disbelief my dad pulled into the Dairy Queen parking lot. "Want an ice cream?" he asked. This was not the reaction I had expected at all. The unexpected grace given at that moment was exactly what I needed. I knew my dad understood. Somehow it changed my attitude. Instead of being angry and defensive, I was able to face the consequences and learn from my mistakes. That is what God's grace does for us.



## 12. Remember The Little Ones (imparting worth)

No matter which one of the 50 states we were in, my dad tried to make us feel comfortable by the little things he did. As A little girl I remember he would purposefully make me feel special by winking at me from the platform.

If we were in a big crowd of people he had a special whistle he used just with us to reassure my brother and me that he was still nearby. He also used this to give us a clue where he had hidden when we played hide and go seek with him.

On the rare occasions he had to travel alone, he would inevitably have some small gift for us on his return. Even if it was a little treat, his thoughtfulness reassured us that we were important to him and he had been thinking of us.

After he became a grandpa, he continued to be everyone of his grandchildren's "Bestest Buddy!"





### **13. Fill Your Heart, Fill Your Home, Fill Your World (balance)**

When I asked my dad what made him backslide, his response was that he just slipped up on the basics. He explained that he had stopped praying and reading the Word, but was still trying to minister to others.

“There are three steps to ministry,” he said, “and they must be done in this order.”

1. Fill Your Heart
2. Fill Your Home
3. Fill Your World

I knew that this was a lesson that had cost him a high price to learn, and I took it to heart.

## 14. Every Song is a Seed (just keep on keepin' on)

I am not sure how many songs my dad wrote. I don't think he was sure either. More than two hundred of them were never recorded. Some were written on the spot and later forgotten. It didn't really matter to him. He kind of had a "Johnny Appleseed mentality." Sow the seed from the song and keep moving on. The Lord of the Harvest will take care of the rest. It has been a joy to me over the years to discover some of the "places" where those seeds landed.

*(Playing music with family in Virginia)*







## **Public Park Concert, Odessa MO**

### **15. Crazy When the Sun Goes Down (desire trumps all obstacles)**

The reason my dad started playing the harmonica was because he started attending a church where the songs were sung really fast. Unfortunately, there were no song books or words on the screen. They were singing a song called "Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him in the Morning.... " He thought they were saying "Crazy, Crazy..... Crazy when the sun goes down." This seemed to make sense to him since he had heard about Pentecostals being "crazy." He could not keep up the pace of the unknown "crazy" Pentecostal music, but said he loved what he felt and brought a harmonica in order to have a way to join in with the worship. Little did he know that his name would be closely associated with that harmonica someday.



**(San Francisco Street Ministry with Dad)**

## **16. Think Out Of The Box (variety)**

Chapel services, youth services, camps, and street services were always unusual when my dad was the speaker. He seemed to have a gift for illustrating and dramatizing the less emphasized stories in the Bible, and making them come alive to the point that you could never forget them.

One day during chapel service he preached about the disciples leaving their nets. I will never forget the smell of the live fish and the water sprinkle that went out over the crowd as he flung those freshly caught fish over his shoulder.

"Let each generation tell its children of your mighty acts...Ps. 145:4a

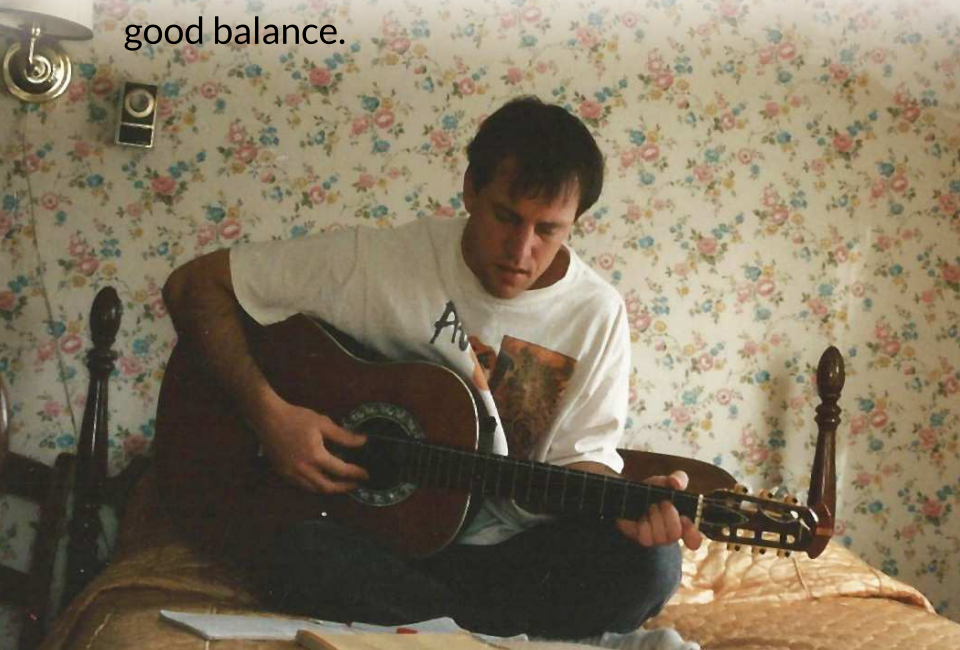


## 17. It Will Come to You (trust waits calmly)

I can count on two hands the number of times I ever saw my dad get nervous about anything. His philosophy was, relax, ask, and wait. It will come to you.

My mother, on the other hand, believed get up and get going. You must go to it. She worked diligently and sometimes feverishly at her projects. They were a good balance for each other.

To this day, I wake up and smile and ask myself, Who should I be like today? My father? *"Relax, it will come to you."* My mother? *"Get up and get going. You must go to it."* I have noticed that it takes a combination in life to maintain good balance.



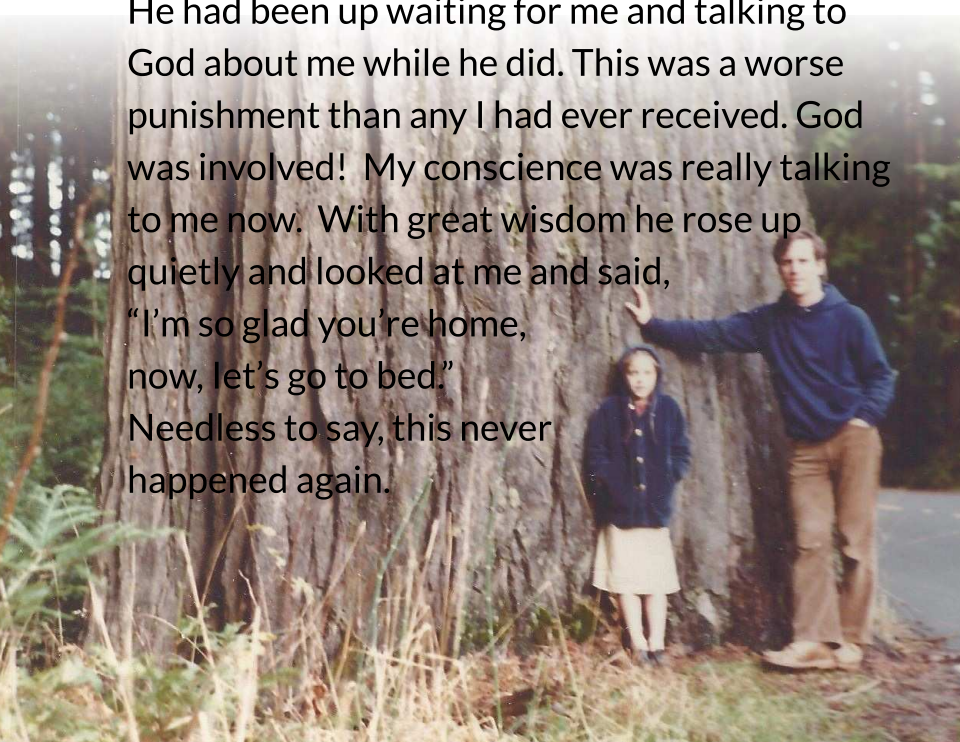
## 18. Then Sings My Soul (private worship)

Across the street from our house were 500 acres of state park. A favorite spot to visit was a bluff overlooking a large valley and river where the echo was really great for singing. One day I ventured out with my dog alone to enjoy this special place. Since I knew I was alone, I looked out over the beauty of what lay before me and began to sing song after song of praise to God enjoying the echo. After about 20 minutes of singing while my dog wandered around hunting things, I decided to end with one of my all time favorites. "Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to Thee, How great Thou art"

After ending the song I sat for a moment of silence before heading home. To my amazement I heard some clapping coming from somewhere far below near the creek area. I could feel my cheeks turning red. I had no idea anyone was listening. Who could it be out there that had heard my heart flung to the wind with such feeling? I wondered silently looking for any movement below. Then I heard a familiar voice, "Very nice, Crista"... It was my dad.  
"...Sing unto the Lord all the earth." Ps. 96:1b

## 19. A Shadow in the Dark (parenting- God's way)

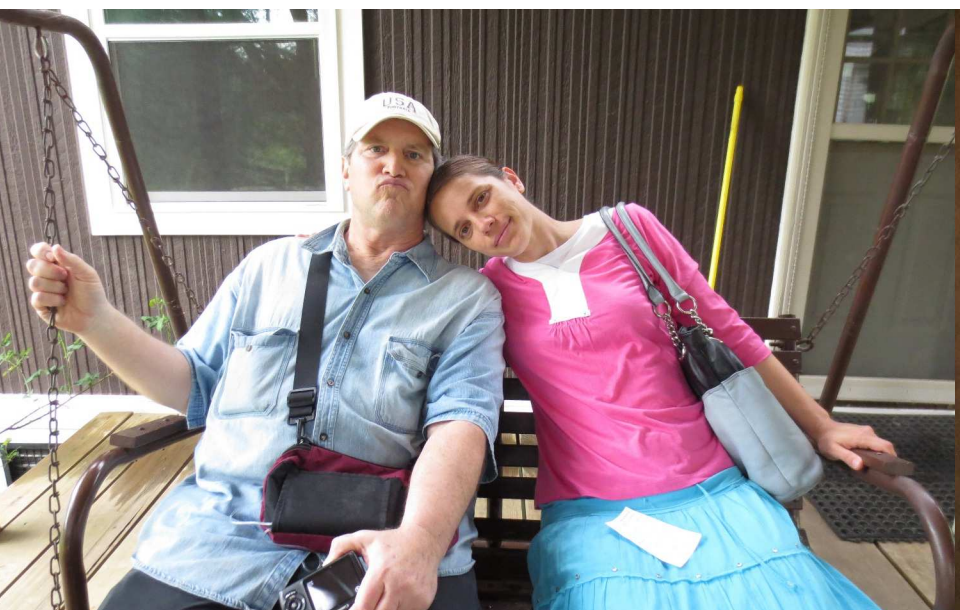
As a teenager one time I tried to avoid looking at the clock when I knew that I had come in late for curfew. My plan was that I would tell my parents in the morning, "I did not see what time it was when I came in" and in this way stay out of trouble. As I was quietly shutting the front door so as not to wake anyone, I suddenly became aware of another presence in the room. With the little bit of light coming from the kitchen I could make out the shadow of my father kneeling in prayer at the couch. I was caught! He had been up waiting for me and talking to God about me while he did. This was a worse punishment than any I had ever received. God was involved! My conscience was really talking to me now. With great wisdom he rose up quietly and looked at me and said, "I'm so glad you're home, now, let's go to bed." Needless to say, this never happened again.



## 20. My Graduation Gift (wisdom)

“What would you like for your graduation gift?” A trip to Hawaii was all I wanted for my graduation gift. Was that too much to ask for 12 long years of work? My parents did not say a word. I really thought they were secretly making plans to arrange this trip I was longing for. When my dad handed me a rectangular wrapped package that felt kind of heavy my heart sank. Plane tickets should not be that heavy.

I slowly opened the Scofield Bible they had bought for me with my name engraved on it, and tried to hide my disappointment. Little did I know what a beautiful blessing that Bible would be to me in the days to come. I am so thankful they did not give me what I wanted, but what I needed.





## 21. I'm Already Taken (humor & fidelity)

“Bro. Appleton” the voice of Granny Buckner called at our silly 50's banquet, “You look so nice.”

“Why, Sis. Buckner, Thank you, but I'm already taken!” he replied. Everyone in the room began to laugh including Granny Buckner.

“That isn't what I meant, Bro. Appleton, she chuckled...”

“To everything there is a season, a time to laugh, .... a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing...”

Ecclesiastes 3:4





## 22. No Coincidences with God (divine direction)

“What floor did you say we need to take all these things up to my Dad asked.” It was “moving in” day at Gateway Bible College.

“Fourth floor, Dad.” He started lifting my suitcases, and I grabbed the laundry basket and soap.

“I used to be on the fourth floor he commented.”

“Oh yeah, I said, they switched the girls and boys dorms since you attended here 18 years ago.” I went up first to make sure the coast was clear. “Come on up, Dad... no girls are up here right now. “

When he rounded the corner and saw my room his eyes grew wide with amazement! “This is your room?”

“Yes,” I replied, “I was gonna take the one over there, but I decided on this one instead.”

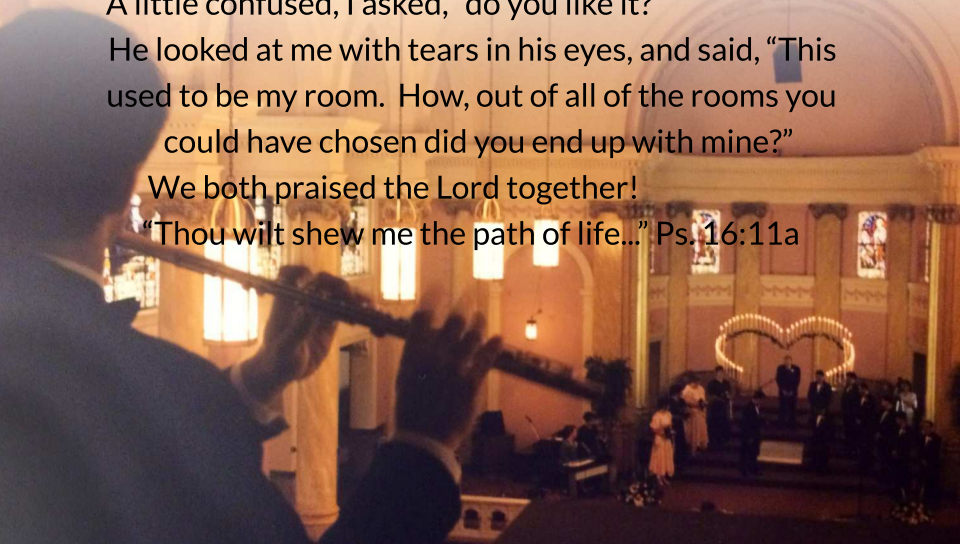
“O, God you are great! “ He burst into praise and took a lap around the room and began speaking in tongues with his hands raised...

A little confused, I asked, “do you like it?”

He looked at me with tears in his eyes, and said, “This used to be my room. How, out of all of the rooms you could have chosen did you end up with mine?”

We both praised the Lord together!

“Thou wilt shew me the path of life...” Ps. 16:11a





## 23. Holy Matrimony (honesty & wisdom)

My dad asked, “You know that knife set you had on your gift registry for your wedding at the store?”

“Yeah,”

“Well, I didn’t get it for you.”

“Oh, ok.”

“I don’t recommend any newlywed couple own a set of good knives until they have been married at least one year,” he said with a knowing smile. We both laughed.

## 24. Sing Your Sermon (the story behind the I'm a One God song)

"I don't feel totally prepared to speak today, Merna." It was his first time to preach at a youth convention and he had been given a few minutes during the afternoon service to preach. They were already on their way to the meeting, and my father was viewing himself more as a musician than a preacher.

"You can always sing one of your songs if you run out of things to say," my mom said. Dad found an old lunch sack in the back of the car and quickly jotted down some lyrics on it. Little did he know that song would go around the world.

He got up that afternoon for the first time and sang, "I am a One God Apostolic Tongue Talking Holy Rollin' Born Again Heaven Bound Believer in the liberating power of Jesus Name," and by the time he got through singing, his time was up and everyone was worshipping!

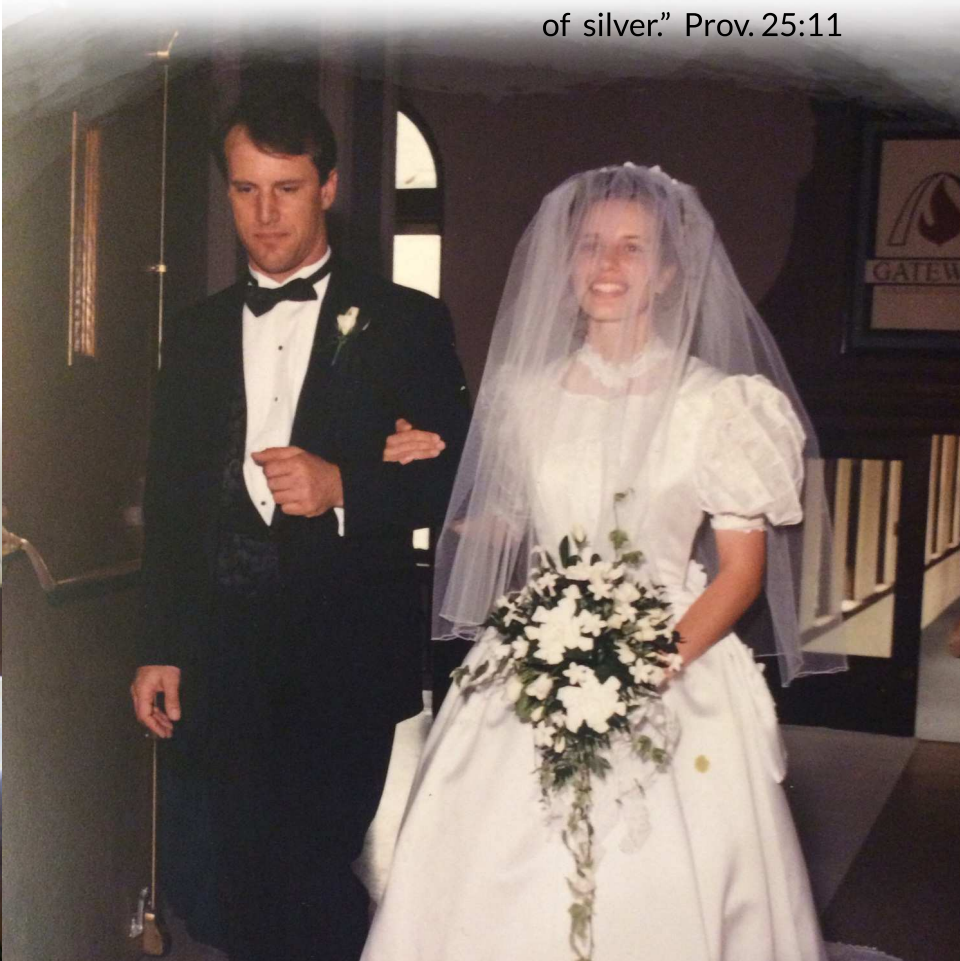


## 25. Roots and Wings

(perspective)

As we walked down the aisle I decided to smile with all my might so that I would not cry at the thought of forever leaving home. My dad looked over at me and perceived the situation. He then whispered five very soothing words, “You’re only moving across town.” Somehow, it just hit the spot and made me relax, laugh and enjoy the rest of the wedding.

“A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.” Prov. 25:11





## 26. Empathize and Encourage (listen with your Heart)

So many people are just looking for a listening ear. My dad had two of them. He knew how to listen with his ears and with his heart. Just when you thought he was not going to respond he would not only empathize but encourage you.

If I could carry on only two of his traits, I would choose these. The gift of encouraging words and listening ears is greatly needed in our world today.







## **27. Daily Prayer is Worth the Effort (the blessing of diligence)**

My dad was known to carry a list of family and friends in his pocket at all times. He would match the names on the list to whatever work he was doing making each name a prayer and incorporating it into his daily activities. A video example of this can be found by going to Google and typing in “Lance Appleton Edited”. There you can watch how he applied it at the tire warehouse where he worked.

Other versions included “Every dish is a prayer” and on long road trips, “Every mile is a prayer.” When he got too sick to get up he would tell me “Every pill is a prayer.”

## 28. Don't Wait to Be Happy (the gift of now)

We had been traveling across the West Coast and I was a very tired pregnant lady with a very active two year old. Thinking to myself, "Someday this will pass, and I will go on to better things," I turned and commented to my dad, "When my children grow and the good days get here, it will be so nice to have no more diapers to change and to feel rested again."

Dad looked me squarely in the eyes and said, "Crista, these are the good days."



## 29. Way Over Blessed (contentment)

... "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." Phil. 4:11

During the last few months of my dad's life he spent most of his days in his recliner. So many difficult processes were happening in his body. However, when I would talk to him over the phone he still talked about the few positive things and avoided the negative topics.

"Oh, how precious God's promises are."

"Oh, your mother is such an Angel!"

"What a blessing Eric is to us at this time."

"Those banana shakes your Aunt Edna makes are just the thing!"

I would call to encourage him, and he would end up encouraging me. He was determined to focus on the positive. When I asked him on video how he was doing, His response was, "I'm way over blessed!"

"And they overcame him by the word of their testimony..." Rev. 12:11

### 30. Sing the Word (a spoonful of sugar)

So much of the Scripture I have readily accessible in my memory bank, I owe to my Father singing to me the instructions from God's Word. Many mornings I would awaken to the magical sound of the piano floating through the air.

He had a real knack for putting catchy tunes to the Scripture. I did not even realize at the time what an inheritance he was passing on by just making the Word of God come alive in our home. Many important decisions in my life have been guided by the words of those songs.

**(Recording at home 2008)**





### **31. Appleton Acronyms (homemade lessons)**

**ANSWER:** Ask, Never Stop Waiting, Eternally Receive

**VICTORY:** Victory In Christ Through Overcoming Reasons Y (not)

**BOLDNESS:** Beware Of Losing Determination, Never Ever Stop (Si!) (he said he ended this one with a Spanish word for me :)

**HAPPY HOBBY:** Honestly And Patiently Praising You ... Habit Of Bowing Before You

**(Recording in Cincinnati 1981)**



## 32. Pass It On

(involve the next generation)

My dad found great joy in letting someone new express themselves musically with him. He did not care about quality. He applauded the willing, and sent them home feeling that they had really done something great. He believed in singing to the Lord a new song, and liked to find new people to do this with him.

He especially had a heart for the youth. I have heard it said that after you are 36 years old you are too old to minister to the youth. This was not true for my dad. He never seemed to outgrow them. In fact, his number one fans were his own grandkids.



### 33. Holiness or Hell? (the reality of spiritual warfare)

Humility was usually the mode at which my Dad traveled, but when the anointing of the Lord came upon him it changed that mode to boldness. One such night he preached a sermon I will never forget. It was entitled “Holiness or Hell.”

I was surprised as I had never heard my dad preach about Hell before. I was sitting next to several members of my husband’s family who were visiting the church that night, and I still remember the big- eyed looks on some of their faces as he shouted, “Don’t tell me you love your family and then refuse to live holy. Don’t you know without Holiness no man shall see the Lord. So there’s only two options. Holiness or Hell. If you love your family, choose the first.”



## 34. Follow the Leader (the cost of obedience)

Some things are worth sacrificing for... My parents had a choice. There was a farmhouse that had been handed down for six generations on a lovely piece of property in upstate New York that could have been handed down as an inheritance eventually. Rolling hills, creeks, meadows or do what God had put in their hearts, evangelize and forever forfeit this opportunity.

They chose to evangelize.

Later on in life my dad took my husband and me to see that house and beautiful land.

"All this could have been yours," he said, "but instead your mother and I went in circles everywhere."

We just smiled.

"No regrets...You made the right choice, Dad."

*(Lance, Eric, and "Papa" Paul Hochstrasser NY 1977)*



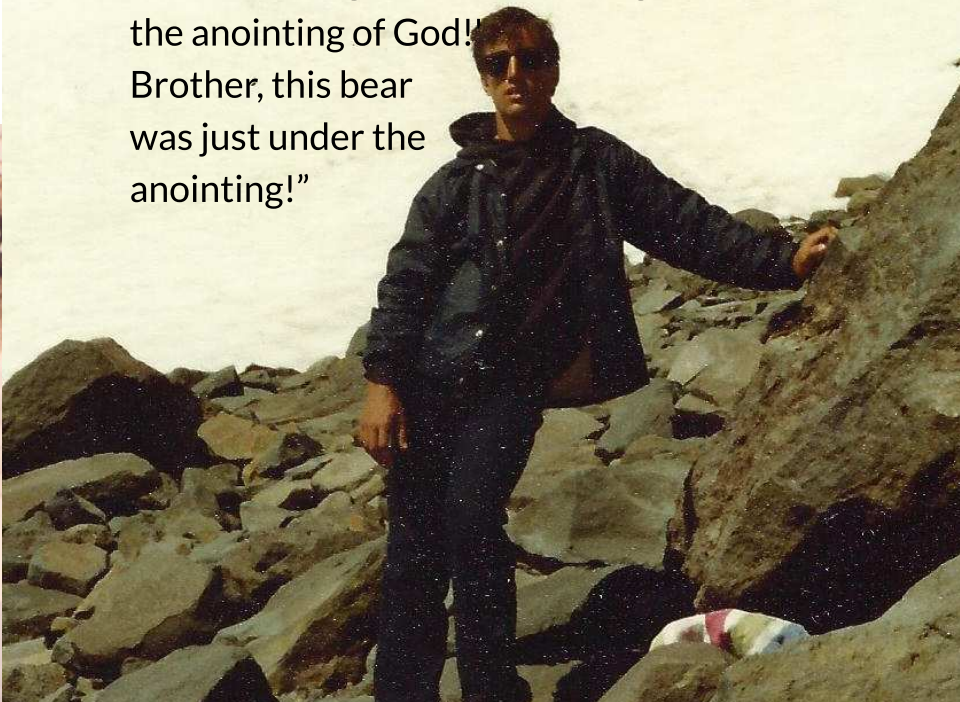


## 35. A Grizzly Bear in a Tree (humility)

One night after ministering in his home church a brother from the church approached him to tell him what a great job he had done singing that night.

“That was wonderful the way you sang and taught, and then sang more songs. It really touched me, Bro. Appleton,” he said.

“Oh, Bro. Jerome, It had to be the anointing. A pastor once told me. 'If a bird sings a beautiful song in a tree that's what he's supposed to do; but if a grizzly bear climbs up in a tree and sings a beautiful song ... that takes the anointing of God!'  
Brother, this bear was just under the anointing!”



## 36. Take Over Holy Ghost (Thy Kingdom Come)

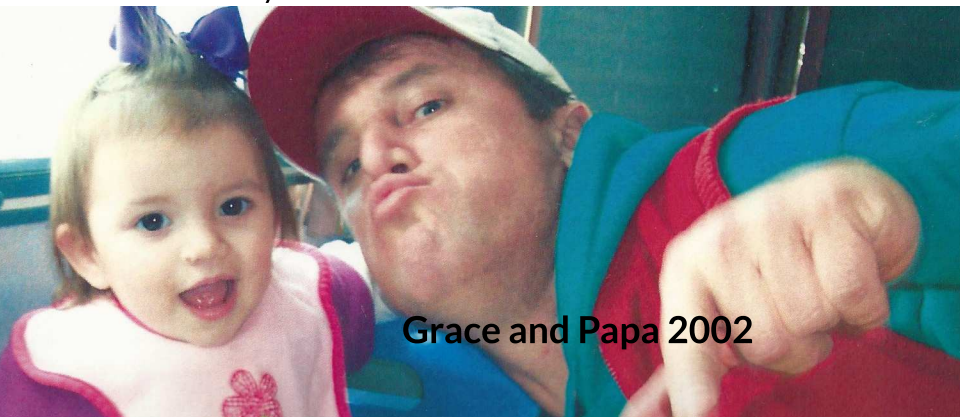
On the first day of the year 2000 my husband woke up and startled me by yelling, “Take Over Holy Ghost! I just wanted to get that out, he said, and let God know that whatever he wants to do is OK with me.”

As we evangelized he had a message he would preach entitled, “Take over Holy Ghost.” Later, on my dad’s last trip to our home, he wrote a song entitled “Take Over Holy Ghost” and sang it in our living room where we had started our church.

After that this phrase became a special bond between my husband and my dad. They were made out of a lot of the same stuff and had the same focus in life, and this phrase reminded them of that.

During the last two years of my dad’s life as the Associate Pastor in Columbia, Missouri, it became a sort of “theme” for the church that he could be heard yelling out during quiet moments in the service.

Now, anytime we have a family or church group prayer, my husband usually ends with... you guessed it, “Take over Holy Ghost!”





## **Columbia, MO Church building project 1989**

### **37. Shine as the Stars (eternal impact)**

**“Thank God for the Preacher!”**

With great emotion my dad stood at the pulpit in Liberty, Missouri, and said the verse I am about to read is for Pastor John Morgans.

“This is the man God used to turn my life around, and to give me hope that I could still be free. Because of him I am set free,” he said.

With a trembling voice he read,  
“And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.”  
Daniel 12:3

“Thank you, Bro. John Morgans, for not giving up on me and for writing those three letters. You will shine!”

## 38. How to Die (in Faith)

Such a model of firm trust was my dad that in the last days of the cancer taking over his body he would look at me and smile and say, "It's only temporary." To the very end he was known to often say "I'm healed, I'm resurrected, It's a done deal," demonstrating that his faith extended beyond the grave.

The last three words he said before passing on were, "More Holy Ghost".

He had shown us how to live, and now it was time to show us how to die. He knew how. He died... in faith!

"And these all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off. And were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed they were strangers and pilgrims upon the earth." Hebrews 11:3



Merna, Lance, Irma, and Mark





### **39. Let Us Be Glad and Rejoice (accepting God's will)**

On Monday, February 16, 2015, I called my dad as I did almost every day. He seemed to be having a normal day. I told him, "I have had one of your songs on my heart all night, and I am calling to sing it to you." I had never sung it before, but had figured out the chords that morning after praying. It was a Scripture song from Revelation 19:7 entitled "Blessed are They Which are Called" ...the song paraphrases the verse...

"Let us be glad and rejoice, for the marriage of the lamb has come, and his wife hath made herself ready..."

I had no idea that would be our last conversation. The next morning my dad was in a coma and within 48 hours he had passed from this life. I was so thankful that God had given me this song as his last song. When I feel tears well up in my eyes I tell myself, "Let us be glad and rejoice," and it comforts my soul.

## 40. To Be Continued (hope)

One of my favorite songs that my dad ever wrote had these lyrics...

"He saved the best till last, He saved the best till last,  
He knew my future from my past,  
and He saved the best till last."

I believe it! See you in Forever, Dad!

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is. And every man that hath this HOPE in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure."

I John 3:2-3





December 29, 2015  
(Our last time together... On Earth...)

**I do not view myself as a writer, but God prompted me to write this down. When I asked Him who it was for?**

**He simply replied ...**

**"For the generations."**

**So here it is ...**

**All That I Can Do Is Thank Him**

**(40 Things I learned from my Dad during the 40 years we spent on this earth together)**

**My hope is that you enjoyed this tribute enough to pass it on to someone else.**

**-Sincerely, Crista Joy,  
Lance's Daughter**









I'm still

ONE GOD

APOSTOLIC

tongue talking

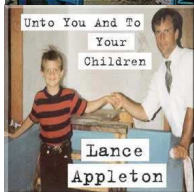
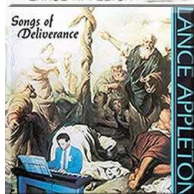
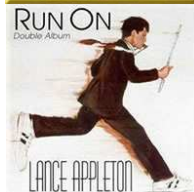
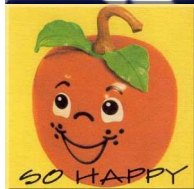
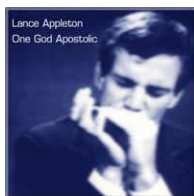
Holy Roller

BORN AGAIN

Heaven Bound Believer

IN THE LIBERATING POWER

Of JESUS Name



## Lance Appleton Discography

One God Apostolic - 1975

So Happy - 1977

Harp Warming - 1979

Run On - 1981

Live in San Francisco - 1985

Songs of Deliverance - 1992

Unto You and to Your Children - 1997

Hopes Are High - 2002

Lance Appleton Unplugged - 2007

In addition to these albums Lance recorded a collection of original, previously unrecorded songs, at his home during 2008 and 2009. Many of these are now available for the first time on his website.


**[www.freelancemusic.net](http://www.freelancemusic.net)**











All That I Can Do is Thank Him is a booklet passing on lessons learned from a godly father. It was written in anecdotal form and it is my hope that anyone who takes the time to browse through this booklet will receive some insight into the treasures that come from godly parenting.

**Lance Appleton** was an accomplished musician and songwriter, during his life he wrote and recorded dozens of songs. You can hear many of these recordings on his website [www.FreeLanceMusic.net](http://www.FreeLanceMusic.net)