

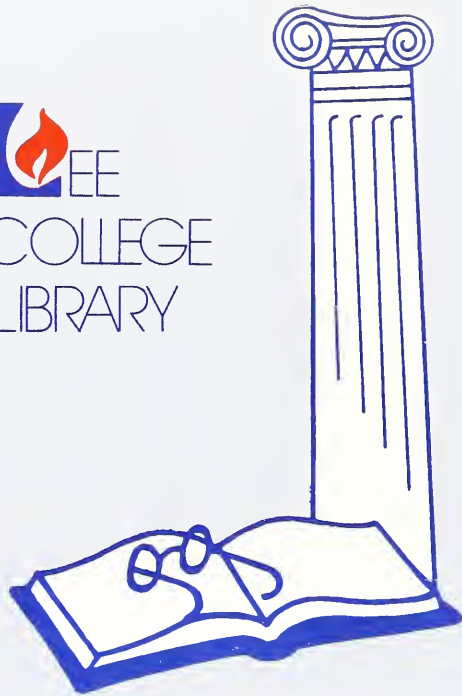
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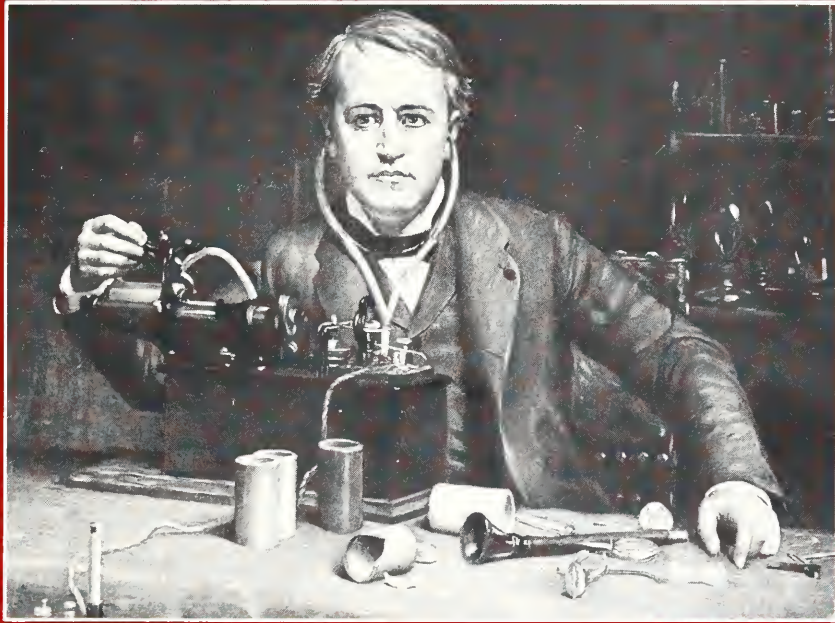
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NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THE

Forget the Forecasters



By Armstrong Roberts Photo

“Hopeless novelty [talking pictures] the public would not support.”

THOMAS EDISON

Even the experts are sometimes wrong.

New Year

A word about the philosophy of this magazine. Positive. Not to ignore the bad, the confusing, or the difficulties young people face but to keep setting forth that, always and in every situation, there is the brighter side. For the Christian, the conviction that both today and tomorrow are forever lighted by the Lordship of Christ.

Hoyt E. Stone, Editor



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Forget the Forecasters

by John L. Kent

Your guess about the future may be better than that of the experts!



H. Armstrong Roberts Photo

The country is economically unstable and most people are worried about the future. There is a demand for economic and technologic prognosticators and seers who, for a fee, will tell you what the future might be. You can then take appropriate action (or so they would have you believe) that will save you from personal and financial harm.

Experience has shown that these predictions are even more often wrong than random guessing. History has revealed the worst guesses are often made by the so-called experts.

Thomas Edison said talking pictures were a "hopeless novelty the public would not support." Another inventor-genius, Nikola Tesla, saw little future in alternating current. Author-futurist H. G. Wells said the submarine would suffocate the crew and founder at sea.

While wrong guesses by experts are difficult to understand—they were in possession of specialized knowledge that should have permitted them to make a good assessment—wrong guesses by the astrologers and the psychics and the seers are easily explained. They know as little of the future as you and I. But the most interesting fact about their predictions is that they are wrong more than half the time!

Consider these predictions from recent years, published in the tabloids.

In early 1974 the astrologers and psychics were predicting that during the year Cuban Premier Fidel Castro would be assassinated after being toppled from power by the Russians and that Johnny Carson and NBC would quarrel and he would quit the *Tonight Show*.

Seers also predicted discovery of a miracle

Forget the Forecasters

cancer drug and that nuclear war would break out in the Middle East. (These last two predictions are made by some psychic or astrologer every year.)

A year later, another tabloid predicted these "sure things" for 1975:

- Queen Elizabeth of England would abdicate the throne to Prince Charles.
- There would be a stock market crash equal to 1929.
- President Ford would resign and Nelson Rockefeller would succeed him in office.

In March 1980, the nation's top gossip tabloid published its "Amazing Predictions for the 1980's." Of the predictions made for 1980, nine out of ten proved to be wrong. Among the predictions for 1980 were these:

- A devastating war between China and Russia. (Perhaps a desirable war since it would reduce world population and eliminate two major enemies.)
- Archaeological discovery of a second set of "Ten Commandments." (We are not yet living up to the first set of ten!)
- Crime would be cut in half as outraged citizens declared open season on criminals. (Crime was up 12 to 15 percent in 1980 over the previous year. There are still apparently not enough outraged citizens.)
- U.S. researchers would develop an incredible "magic pill" that would wipe out cancer. (This was the cancer cure prediction for 1980. For 1981, the psychics saw a "magic enzyme" that would do it.)

- Jane Fonda would split with her husband Tom Hayden and wed California Governor Jerry Brown. (Jerry Brown has enough troubles with California citizens and the Mediterranean fruit fly.)
- Ted Kennedy would serve as President from 1980 to 1984—and would name Alan Alda of *M*A*S*H* as his secretary of Health and Human Services. (To serve as President you must first be elected.)

On July 1, 1980, another tabloid published the predictions of seven "top psychics" for the remainder of 1980 and early 1981. Included were these major ones:

- A wonder drug from snake venom would be used on cancer.
- California would legalize marijuana.
- A black woman would be appointed to the U.S. Supreme Court.
- Kennedy would be nominated and win by a landslide.
- President Carter "would be reelected after a close battle with Ronald Reagan. He would immediately announce programs to help America's disadvantaged."

From the above examples it is obvious that the records of both the experts and the professional prognosticators are abysmally discouraging. Any prediction is subject to a multitude of unknown and unforeseen circumstances that destroys the accuracy of the prediction.

It has always been thus and always will be. We are never to know the future.

So forget the forecasters. Or else, do your own guessing. Under the laws of chance and probability, you will be right at least half the time! □



Cora Watson:

Friend to Youth

1951

The place was Bisbee, Arizona. Cora Watson was conducting revival services.



Returning, Carolyn found the night darker. Fear formed in her heart, a fear that shortly turned to panic. Thinking of all

Carolyn was a child of five. She found the nightly services long and tedious, in spite of the moving of the Holy Spirit; and she planned this night to relieve her boredom by sneaking off to the nearby bus station where there was a candy counter.

Grandmother Poindexter had given Carolyn a nickel for the nightly collection. However, Carolyn devised a plan whereby she kept the nickel. When Mother and Grandmother went forward to pray during the altar service, Carolyn slipped out the back door of the church, her nickel clutched tightly in a sweaty palm.

The church sat on a street with no lights and the driveway between church and bus station was gravel. Carolyn walked carefully toward the lighted bus station and purchased her candy bar.

those stares and of her punishment if caught doing such a terrible thing, Carolyn broke into an awkward run. At full speed and just before getting to the church door she tripped and crashed to the ground. Her candy bar was squashed. Her dress torn. Blood oozed from her knees and palms. Worse than the pain, however, was the shame and the fear.

Carolyn's cry of pain brought a number of women from the church, along with little boys and girls who stood gawking.

"Send for Sister Watson," someone said.

The situation was obvious. Carolyn stood in tears, the ruined candy bar in her hand. She assumed Sister Watson had been called to administer proper discipline. Even at that young age, Carolyn knew about Ananias and Sapphira. She had done a terrible thing! She stood speechless with fear.

Cora Watson took Carolyn gently in her arms—blood, gravel, tears, and all. Her face was kind. Her eyes soft blue. She prayed, "Jesus, ease the pain and see that there are no serious injuries."

"Jesus did just that," Carolyn says today. "He healed me through the love and compassion of Cora Watson."

Today, Carolyn (Rowland) Dirksen, Ph.D., heads the language department at Lee College. She's been at Lee for more than a decade and she has in turn touched a lot of lives. Among her best friends . . . and most admired women . . . will always remain Cora Watson. □

1953

Dark Star won the Kentucky Derby that year. The Yankees took the...

. . . World Series for the fifth year in a row. Dwight Eisenhower was President. Zeno C. Tharp was general overseer of the Church of God.

This story, though, is about a boy who lived in Columbus, Ohio, and who was struggling to make sense of strange new feelings in his heart. The boy's name was Carl. Born in the coalfields of Kentucky, October 10, 1939, and abandoned by his father, Carl now lived with his mother in Columbus.

Carl was a Christian. He prayed. He had, in fact, already confessed to himself that God had called him to preach. Only thing was, he didn't have the faintest idea of how to get started or from whom to seek advice.

Life wasn't easy for Carl. He and his mother did without a lot of things young people today take for granted—not that this mattered a lot—but he attended church at every opportunity. On one special night, following a district rally, Carl came face-to-face with Cora Watson, lady pastor of the Church of God, Centerburg, Ohio.

At that time, Centerburg was not a *real* church as some of us think today. It was a mission church Cora Watson had organized herself and one at which she would work for the next nine years of her life.

Cora, too, had been praying. She needed an evangelist. A number of young people were showing interest in the church and she felt it would be great if she could find a young evangelist.

Following the rally, Cora walked up to the fourteen-year-old boy and said, "Carl, has the Lord called you to preach?"

"Well . . . eh . . . why do you ask that, Sister Watson?"

"I've been praying for an evangelist. Your face keeps coming up before me."

"Yes, Sister Watson . . ." Carl swallowed hard. "God has called me to preach. I haven't told anyone yet but I've been praying and I've asked God to open the doors."

"Be at my place three weeks from now. Friday through Sunday night."

So . . . three weeks later . . . with a borrowed Bible . . . traveling with a friend in a borrowed car . . . just after his fifteenth birthday . . . Carl Richardson preached his first sermon.

Next Page

Postscript

Cora Watson now lives in Youngtown, zona, suburb of Phoenix. Her home is a corner lot, overlooking a lake where she swims cheerily and where couples stroll in the afternoon. It is a retirement village for the most part, Cora will tell you, one of many which has developed in the valley of the Colorado and near where she first became acquainted with the Church of God in 1945. Her present pastor is Gerald Johnson.

As of four years ago, Cora gave up an active pastorate, primarily because of her husband's failing health. Her daughter lives nearby, as well as son Orville. She has two other sons, James and Bill. Most readers of this magazine will recognize Bill as a missionary and as present superintendent of the Church of God in South America.

Twenty grandchildren bring joy to her home. Aw, yes . . . but how many other stories there surely are . . . of lives she has touched . . . and hearts she has comforted over the years. . . .

A friend to youth. □

Today, as most of you know, Carl Richardson is radio minister and director of "Forward in Faith." He has a listening audience which is probably greater in number than any other Church of God minister and he hasn't forgotten a lady who dared challenge a boy to obey God. □

1957

Springtime.

D. C. Boatwright, state overseer of Ohio, told Lee College President R. Leonard Carroll he would schedule Easter week revivals for ministerial students.

Ten Lee students were chosen to participate in the program. Overseer Boatwright sent a list of ten Ohio churches agreeing to assist. Churches were assigned to students by lot. The list of churches included such names as Central Parkway in Cincinnati, Frebis Avenue in Columbus, and Centerburg. Students traveling in car number one were Isaac, James, Bob, Clyde, and Ed.

Ed was assigned to Centerburg.

Columbus he knew about. Cincinnati he knew about. All the other churches he knew about. But Centerburg? Ed had never heard of Centerburg, Ohio; and, as things turned out, neither had any of the other students.

What Ed did know, from information furnished by Brother Boatwright, was that Centerburg was not too far north of Columbus. It was a mission church. The people were worshipping in a garage. The pastor was a lady named Watson.

Ed's handwritten instructions were these:

"When you arrive in Centerburg, get out at the bus station. Walk down Main Street until you come to a certain storefront number. Go upstairs to the first apartment on the right. Ask for Mrs. Nell Watson. She will phone me. My husband and I will come get you. We live in a trailer in the country." Signed, "Sister Cora Watson."

Ed enjoyed the excitement of his trip north, though there was much bantering and he had to take his share of ridicule in terms of a first "missions assignment."

Ed laughed with the fellows and went along with the jokes. Yet, deep down, when he was left standing on Main Street in Centerburg, watching his colleagues drive north, and when he lugged a big brown suitcase down the street, counting doors and looking for one particular number, he felt a little lonely. He understood quite well that evangelistic work had its drawbacks.

Then came Cora Watson—smiling, lovable, motherly Cora—brezing into the apartment with Brother Watson in her wake. They took Ed to their mobile home, fed him, warmed away his uneasiness, and soon had him as comfortable as could be. Ed didn't know how the revival was going to turn out but he knew he had met two of God's choice servants.

"Some of these people here in Centerburg know you," Cora said.

"How's that?"

"Most of them have moved here from the coalfields of Virginia and Kentucky. We have one family especially, the Clayborns, who say your dad used to be their pastor at Oakwood, Virginia. You were in the fourth grade."

Prior to the first service, Ed went with Brother Watson to the garage and helped build a fire in the potbellied stove. Together they did a little cleaning, arranged the books, and prayed for the revival.

It turned out to be a good revival. A number of people accepted the Lord. The services were lively. Everyone seemed to enjoy Ed's preaching. Ed's offerings were especially good and, (encouraged by Sister Watson who said, "Let's help this young man with his last semester of school") at the close of the week, the young people gave Ed a shower.

Monday, when the fellows picked Ed up for the trip back south, they had to make extra room for his gifts. They also discovered that Ed had the last laugh when it came to talking about revivals (most experiences, largest offerings, and a scheduled return next summer).

Following graduation from Lee, Ed did return to Centerburg, Ohio, for a two-week revival. This time he took his wife Blanche and she also learned to love the Watsons.

Today, Hoyt E. Stone continues his ministry, primarily through writing; and he, too, shares fond memories of a friend to youth, Cora Watson. □

Read God's word faithfully.
Encourage yourself in the Lord.
Build yourself up in Christ.

Ring Out the Old

by Marcus V. Hand

How time flies! It seems only yesterday that we stood on the threshold of 1981. With blaring trumpets and blasting music we eagerly welcomed the new year. Strains of "Auld Lang Syne" brought a feeling of nostalgia as we anticipated the new year. Now it's time to do it all over again.

The last week in the year is a time for reflection. Just before we trade the old year in on a new model, let's pause and look back. What kind of year has 1981 been?

Newspapers are full of articles summarizing the year's news events. Political pundits stretch credibility and reason as they attempt to explain why things happened the way they did. Television commentators nod knowingly as they glibly catalogue the year's disasters. With a reproving cluck, they recount recurring scandals that have taken place in government.

They smirk while detailing public officials' foibles. Then, with a soothing voice, they assure you that when all is said and done, things are not really as bad as they seem.

Meanwhile, time, in its mad dash towards eternity, has continued to mark off the days. Those days have added up to another year and 1981 has been a meaningful saga of experiences for you. But how do you interpret those experiences? How do you measure the kind of year you have had? It *is* meaningful, but in what way?

MEASURING OUR DAYS

Some will measure the year by the sorrow and misfortune they have had. They will remember only the trouble they encountered in 1981. Their lingering remembrances will be sad ones. They will moan with the ancient who said, "Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I

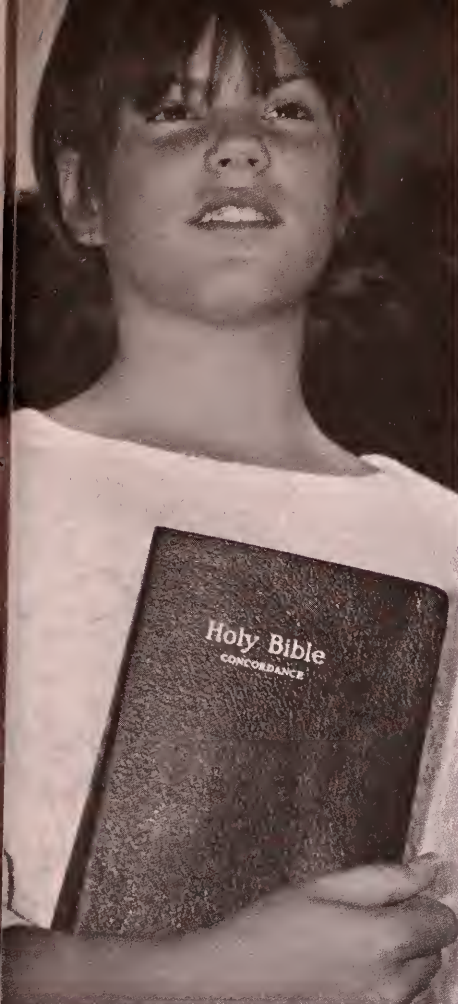
am in trouble. . . . my life is spent with grief, and my years with sighing" (Psalm 31:9, 10).

Unfortunately, there are those who choose to ignore all the good things that happen to them and remember only the bad. They sing sad songs and pine their lives away. They wallow in memories of misery. For them life is lived in a minor key, accompanied by a grating cacophony of quarrels and complaints.

Others, however, will view the events of 1981 in a different mood. For them, the melody of life is played in a major key—with an upbeat tempo! They too have had troubles. But they confront life as the psalmist did, "And I said, This is my infirmity: but I will remember the years of the right hand of the most High. I will remember the works of the Lord" (Psalm 77:10, 11). Although he had had trouble and infirmity, he chose rather to think of the blessings of the Lord.

MANAGING OUR DEFEATS

With striking imagery God



Alan Cilburn Photo

spoke to His people through the Prophet Joel. "I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten" (Joel 2:25).

Locusts of rejection, remorse, reproach, and repression can eat away the years of *your* life. Guilt and self-reproach can fill your horizons—past and future—with the debris of shattered dreams. Nothing is more desolate than the ravaged landscape of human existence cluttered with locust-eaten years. Yet, you need not despair. God has promised to restore!

In one of His parables, Jesus gave the fruitless fig tree a

year of probation (Luke 13:8). Remember the resolutions you made last year? The noble ideals by which you solemnly and sincerely resolved to live? The new leaf you talked about turning? Today, they seem so far away. "How miserably I failed," you cry.

Wait! There is hope. We can start over again. Our Father, who is rich in mercy, welcomes us back to Him again and again. He wants to give us another chance. He wants to restore to us the locust-eaten opportunities.

MANDATING OUR DIRECTION

Paul's words to the Corinthians are paraphrased in the *Living Bible*: "I want to suggest that you finish what you started to do a year ago. . . . Having started the ball rolling so enthusiastically, you should carry this project through to completion" (2 Corinthians 8:10, 11).

As you contemplate the past year, what do you see? Trouble or triumph?

Count your blessings; don't commemorate your misery!

Reach back into the rich storehouse of memories and call forth warm, happy thoughts. Remember the good things God has done for you? Rehearse in your mind the blessings of the Lord. Keep them before you as you enter 1982.

Ring out the old! Get rid of your defeats. Banish depressing thoughts. Forbid discouragement. Throw out the garbage of gossip, loose talk, and suspicion. Put an end to negative thinking, negative attitudes, negative living.

Ring in the new! For you 1982 can be exciting, challenging! It can be a year of revival (Acts 11:26), a year of renewal. Practice praying. Read God's Word faithfully. Encourage yourself in the Lord. Build yourself up in Christ.

It all begins with ringing out the old. □

". . . Put off the old man with his deeds; and . . . put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge . . ."
(Colossians 3:9, 10).



Stone Photo

Profile: BOBBY WEST



BOBBY WEST

has the barrel chest and the broad shoulders of a football player. I thought of this as I sat opposite him in one of Macon's more exclusive restaurants recently. Thought, too, of the fact that he didn't get those muscles playing football but rather from lifting weights and from years of work as a meatcutter with Winn-Dixie.

Bobby lifted a coffee cup to his mouth. He did it slowly. Deliberately. With both hands. There was a slight shakiness to Bobby's hands—something I pretended not to notice, as did Bobby's wife Jeanette—but he completed the maneuver with poise and composure, his mind apparently on his favorite subject—Church of God young people on the Macon District.

I thought, too, of the cane I had seen tucked behind the seat

of Bobby's new car when he picked me up at the motel, and of the fact that he insisted on walking into the restaurant without it.

Until July 26, 1978, Bobby's lifestyle, physical brawniness, and hard-hitting approach to life had also resembled that of a football player. Then came the accident. Late in the afternoon, near his home at 5038 Idlewood Drive, Bobby swerved his car to avoid hitting a carload of teenagers head-on. He missed the teenagers but crashed solidly into the side of a concrete bridge.

Bobby doesn't remember much that took place during the next few hours. He recalls, vaguely, the voices of men as they cut away the metal in order to drag his body from the car. He remembers someone saying, "I think he's dead." Trying hard to speak and to move but being unable to do either, he remembers another voice, "I think he's still alive. I saw his fingers move."

As it turned out, Bobby West ended up in the hospital with a broken neck, paralyzed, not expected ever to walk again in terms of medical science. After weeks in the hospital and after months of therapy, Bobby returned home and

started rebuilding his life.

One of the first things he did, after getting out of the hospital, was to attend a district youth rally. He pulled himself down the aisle and up onto the rostrum with a walker. It was there, to a standing ovation and to much hand clapping, that the young people of the Macon District welcomed their district youth and Christian education director back to a position he has held since September of 1972.

Physically, Bobby West has not as yet totally recovered from his accident. He may never. Nonetheless, he has progressed so far beyond anything his doctors expected that he can quote honestly look on his present condition as miraculous; and you need not be in his company long before realizing he is more determined than ever to spend his days doing something constructive for God and the church.

"For nine years now I've served as district youth and Christian education director here on the Macon District," Bobby says. "I'm more excited about this work than ever before. Each month I look forward to the rallies. I plan the rallies carefully and I pray for God's guidance. I seek the counsel of my pastor at the Napier

Profile:
BOBBY WEST

Avenue Church, the Reverend Lewis Stover, and I deeply appreciate the cooperation given me by the other pastors on the district.

"Maybe it was the accident—sometimes God gets through to us in different and unusual ways—or maybe it is merely that He's letting me see more clearly what He wishes me to do with my life. Whatever, I have a greater burden for young people. These are difficult times for the young. They need the church. They need involvement. They need to realize Christianity is a way of life, not just a few rules and regulations. Having a sixteen-year-old daughter, Vonda, a junior in high school, I am aware of the problems and needs that young people have today.

"I realize being district youth and Christian education director may not be the most important element in their lives or in their contact with the church but I also know the Lord has given me an opportunity for service in this area and I wish to do more than I've done in the past.

"Last year was a great year for our district. We have nine churches and one mission on the Macon District. We have rallies every month, real spiritual meetings, with fellowship and competition based on the giving of banners to churches with the largest percentage increases in Sunday school and Family Training Hour. Also we give a banner for the church having the largest number of people in attendance at the rally. I'm sure the program isn't all that unique but for us it's working. That's what is important.

"Also, throughout the year, we plan and promote special events. A real highlight last year was the Sweetheart Banquet, held during February.

"Every church on the district participated in the YWEA project last year.

"More than two hundred and fifty Macon District young people attended Family Day at Six Flags Over Georgia recently.

"We also had our own District Family Day in August of this past year. The district churches furnished the food. Our program started on a Saturday at 10 a.m. and festivities lasted until 4 p.m. For recreation we had tennis, softball, horseshoes, Ping-Pong, and fishing. We also had an outdoor service with special singers and lots of good music.

"We are planning similar events for the coming year. Not to mention the teaching of the Church Training Course and Bible Quizzing competition for the district."

There's firmness in the voice of Bobby West when he talks about district youth work, a seriousness one finds inspiring. He views his tasks realistically, without excuses, and without trying to make it more than it naturally is. The accident seems to have provided something of a watershed in his life. Still a young man, only forty-five, Bobby says he's become much more involved in Bible study and in searching for God's will for his future. He often visits other churches on his district and is available to assist pastors with Christian education or youth problems.

Bobby West is a layman. He was recently appointed as a member of the State Layman's Board in North Georgia and that gives him further outlet for his service activities.

In terms of the future, Bobby isn't making projections. About all he'll tell you for sure is that he plans to work for God. He's praying. He's open to the leading of God's Holy Spirit. He's determined to follow the Lord.

For now, though, Bobby is one of approximately 830 district youth and Christian education directors serving this church and the youth in their respective locales. That in itself is

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I Shall Not Fear

CHARLES W. CONN

by Charles W. Conn

I shall not fear the night, O God,
When I am in Your care;
And every twinkling star above
Reminds me You are there.
And even though dark clouds enfold
Me in their dark embrace,
And all the light is lost from sight,
I still will trust Your grace.

I shall not fear the storm, O God,
When clouds are black and winds are high,
When earth is shaken by the blast
Of angry lightning in the sky.
For I have seen You ride the storm
And hold it firmly in Your will;
And I have heard You through the roar
Say, "Peace, My child—be still."

I shall not fear when willful men
Surround me like a ring
And cast their bitter darts at me,
And plot an evil thing.
For I have seen You silence those
Who dared to harm Your own,
And I have seen You gather grain
Where seeds of wrath were sown.

I shall not fear my final foe,
Whose fearful name is "Death,"
Who lurks in shadows dark and gray
To take my life by stealth.
For I shall have no cause to fear,
When I am in Your care,
And death can only speed me home
To live forever there.

Walking to the center of the shopping mall, I looked out the window. It had started to snow.

Christmas was over. I noticed worn-out tinsel blowing across the busy parking lot. Turning back into the store, I made a face at the mechanical Santa who waved at me. Of "the season to be jolly" nothing remained except half-price sales on ribbon and paper.

The celebration was over. That suited me just fine. I didn't feel like celebrating, or singing, or fake smiling at another party. I had just spent my first Christmas away from my family and friends and it hadn't been easy. For the hundredth time, I thought of Stephen and tried not to remember that it had been three months since I'd seen him. We had quarrelled over something silly, and I had handed him back the diamond. After that, it all seemed to go wrong.

My feet made no sound as I wandered through the plush mall, shouldering by people in a blur of color and confusion. I moved woodenly from store to store. Numb, without feeling or purpose.

I'd had after-Christmas blues before, but not like this. I remembered shouting at Stephen. Telling him to leave my life alone. I didn't need him. I wanted my freedom. So I packed my clothes and moved miles away. Sure enough, when I thought about it I now had everything a girl should want. So what was missing?

Why did I feel empty? I couldn't go back to my hometown. Pride wouldn't let me. I had what I'd always wanted but I couldn't give my

POTTERY PEOPLE

BY WANDA CATO BRETT



freedom back. I had wanted it too loud and too long.

I wandered aimlessly to the third floor of the mall. That's where I saw a two-foot sign with painted gold letters, "WELCOME TO THE MILLERSTOWN ARTS & CRAFTS EXHIBIT. BROWSE AROUND AND MEET JACOB."

Jacob stood behind a large table. He was between forty

and sixty, with black beard and bright blue eyes. He was, of all things, making pottery in the middle of the mall.

Pottery. I'd never seen anyone work with clay before and I became fascinated as I watched Jacob turn the wheel and mold the clay with his wide, strong hands. He never stopped. His hands were always in motion and his feet kept up a steady hum on the treadle. The rhythm was magnetic and I watched amazed as a bowl of clay emerged from the mass of grayness on the wheel.

Jacob lifted the bowl carefully and placed it on a nearby table. Again he turned the wheel, managing the gray clay deftly. Spinning. Spinning. Never stopping. He made bowl after bowl. Cup after cup. Singing softly as he worked. Oblivious to the curious crowd.

I stood watching a long time. Time didn't exist for me. The humming wheel soothed my troubled nerves. Gradually I was swept back into the past. I heard the voice of my old Sunday school teacher reading something . . . something about a potter . . . and for some reason it became terribly important for me to know the story.

I ran to the nearest escalator and rode to the

bookstore on the first floor. My eyes searched rows of books until I found a small Bible like the one I'd had a long time ago. How long since I'd held a Bible in my hands. Months? Years?

My hands fumbled for change as I paid for the leather-bound book. I turned unfamiliar pages to a concordance.

"Possible . . . post . . . pot . . . pottery. Jeremiah.

"The word which came to Jeremiah from the Lord, saying, Arise, and go down to the potter's house, and there I will cause thee to hear my words. Then I went down to the potter's house, and, behold, he wrought a work on the wheels. And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter: so he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it. Then the word of the Lord came to me, saying . . . cannot I do with you as this potter? . . . as the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in mine hand" (Jeremiah 18:1-6).

The story came back to me. Suddenly familiar. I returned to the potter. He was still working at his wheel. The displays nearby were filled with countless cups and bowls, vases and dishes. The multicolored planters stood in contrast to the gray, bleak plates. Indian-style pots and pitchers were stacked on top of each other. I bought a small mug baked until it glowed with the colors of a sunset.

That's when he spoke to me. His voice was warm and gentle. "Little lady, I do believe you're the biggest fan I've ever had. You must have spent your day here. Most

people come and wander off. If you don't watch out, the pottery feeling will get to you. Then you'll be like me, always working on the wheel. Why don't you sign up for a class? I'll give you a free lesson right here."

"All right, Jacob," I said.

I placed my hands on the clay. He began to guide them and I knew why the potter and his clay had drawn me. My life was like the clay I molded, and I had known it all along. The wheel turned slowly and the cup I was making looked lumpy. My hands felt the texture of the clay and I saw myself, stubborn and unbending, just like that lumpy mass of grayness.

I was mashed and molded by the world, even marred by my pride. If old Jacob had bothered to look, he would have seen me crying. All over the spinning clay. I didn't care. For the first time, in a long time, I felt clean.

The mall was growing quiet. Stores were closing. Even the industrious Jacob was packing his clay into clear plastic bags. I rinsed my hands in a small bowl and Jacob smiled at me. An old, wise man. Perhaps he, too, knew the story of Jeremiah.

I walked out into winter wind, the tiny clay pot heavy in my hands, and I knew it would be a long time before I forgot that day. I felt new. Like starting over.

Words stumbled from my lips.

"God, I believe You are the master potter. Please take my life. Mold it. I'm tired of having to spin aimlessly on the wheel. Make me into something beautiful and useful."

I heard someone shouting, "Happy New Year." And I started laughing. It was going to be a happy new year.

If I hurried, I'd have time enough to call Stephen.



"It's easier being a Christian nowadays. You don't have to look forward to being thrown to the lions!"



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Broken Chains

I was under my Mustang draining the oil when Jim's clunker pulled up beside me. He honked the horn, like I didn't know it was him or something. I always knew when Jim was around. His '64 Chevy was badly in need of a muffler and a tune-up.

"Hey, Parker!" Jim yelled. "Get out of there. Let's go for a ride."

I stuck my head out to see Sherry and Darlene in the front seat with Jim.

"I told him you'd be working on your car and wouldn't want to go," Darlene smiled sheepishly.

I climbed out from under the car and wiped my hands on my jeans.

"Go wash your face and let's go," Jim said.

I frowned. I'd planned to wax my car and then do some work on the carburetor. If it was only Jim, I'd have told him no right away. But Darlene's feelings would be hurt if I turned them down.

"Okay." I slammed the hood on my car. "I'll be right back."

I ran in the house. Jim and his bright ideas. Now I'd probably have to stay home from church tomorrow night to work on my car and Darlene wouldn't like that any better. Sometimes it really cramped a guy's style to have a steady girl friend. I'd never been crazy about girls, but a few months ago when Darlene and I kept getting thrown together at different church activities, it just seemed natural to start going together.

Darlene was a nice girl. If I had to have a girl friend, I'd rather it be her than anyone else. And it was kinda nice not to have to hunt around for a date when we had "couples only" things at church.

But I knew Darlene liked me more than I liked her and I wished she'd loosen the chains.

I ran out to Jim's car and climbed into the back seat beside Darlene.

"You ought to let me give your car a tune-up," I said as Jim pulled onto the freeway.

"I don't have the money," Jim said. "I took Sherry to Oaks Park last night."

"It was fun." Sherry turned around. "We tried to call you, Kelly. We thought you and Darlene might like to go along."

"I was at a neighbor's house playing Ping-Pong. Jim, if you don't keep this car in shape, it won't be worth anything when you go to sell it. Which reminds me, I saw a car the other day that would be perfect for you."

"Ho hum." Sherry yawned. "I think you'd be better off as a car, Darlene."

"That all depends." I grinned at Darlene. "If you were a '57 Chevy with a two-barrel and a 283, you'd really be somethin'."

She wasn't laughing and I decided I'd better cool it.

We stopped at a drive-in restaurant and Jim and I went in and ordered some cokes.

"I'm taking Sherry to the Imperials concert tonight," Jim said as we waited. "I can get

two more tickets if you and Darlene want to go."

"I can't," I said. "I promised a friend that I'd help him look for a car tonight."

"Darlene said she hasn't gone out with you for three weeks."

"Has it been that long?" I frowned. "Let's see. The last time we went out was to that potluck at Larry's. Yeh, I guess that was three weeks ago."

"Are you taking her to the youth picnic next Saturday?"

"I guess so," I said. "Oh, I'm going to the Auto Show that day. Well, we'll work something out."

After driving around for a couple of hours, they dropped me off at my house. I told Darlene I'd call her the next day.

I got busy on my car after church the next day and forgot to call Darlene. But it didn't matter. I'd see her tomorrow at school.

I snuck up behind her at her locker the next day and covered her eyes with my hands.

"Guess who?" I asked.

"I don't recognize the voice."

I took my hands away. "It's me, your prince. And what do you mean, you don't recognize the voice?"

"I don't hear it that much anymore. I missed you last night at church. A few couples went over to Kathy's afterwards for fellowship. They asked me, so I tagged along, but I wish you'd been there."

"I'm sorry. I had to work on my carburetor. And I'm sorry I forgot to call you."

by G. J. Chisholm

"That's okay." She lowered her eyes. "It's just that . . . well, is everything okay between us? I mean, is anything wrong?"

"No, of course not. Why would you think that?"

"Well, we haven't even talked on the phone for over a week."

"I see you every day at school," I said. "Why should we talk on the phone?"

"Oh, I don't know. Forget it."

"I'll be glad to." We walked down the hall in silence.

"You're mad at me now," she said when we got to her class.

"No, I'm not mad." I took her hand. "Just loosen the chains and give me a little room to breathe, huh?"

She nodded and I walked on down the hall.

We got along fine the rest of the week. However, as we ate lunch together on Friday, I knew something was bothering her.

"Is anything wrong?" I asked after an uncomfortable silence.

"Well, you haven't mentioned the youth picnic tomorrow," she said. "Are you going?"

"Oh yeh. I've been meaning to talk to you about that. The Auto Show is in town. It's only once a year. I was wondering if you'd mind if I came to the picnic a little late."

"It starts at ten o'clock." She eyed me suspiciously. "How late is a little late?"

"I'll try to be there by one o'clock."

"But it'll probably only last until five," she protested.

"That's still four hours. If it was anything else but the Auto Show, I wouldn't care."

"If that's what you want, okay." She sighed.

"Thanks. I'll make it up to you sometime."

The Auto Show the next day was even better than I'd anticipated. I'd never seen so many sharp cars in one place before. It was fantastic, so fantastic that it was 2:30 before I remembered the picnic. I hoped Darlene would try and understand that I couldn't be expected to be thinking about a picnic when I was in the middle of the best-looking sets of wheels I'd ever laid eyes on. It was hardly worth it, but I figured I'd better at least make an effort to get to the picnic. Even at breakneck speed, which of course was only 55 mph, it still took me a half hour to get to the park.

I figured Darlene would be fuming, but to my surprise, I found her under a tree talking to Tom Jett. He excused himself and I sat down beside her.

"Hey, I'm . . ."

"I know, you're sorry," she interrupted.

"Well, yeh, I am," I began. "But Darlene, those cars were so neat . . ."

I stopped. She was looking very unhappy.

"Look, I really am sorry," I began again.

"I know." She nodded.

"Darlene, if I'd known the picnic meant that much to you. . ."

"It's not only the picnic. It's

us. You don't really care about me."

"Sure, I do." I tried to reassure her. "I think you're a real nice girl."

"Not as nice as that piece of tin."

I winced. "It's not a piece of tin."

"Tom asked me out tonight," she said. "Do you care?"

It hadn't occurred to me that she might want to go out with someone else.

"Well, no . . . I mean, if you want to go out with him, go ahead."

"Of course I'd rather go out with you."

"Okay. I guess we could do something tonight if you want."

It was the wrong thing to say and the wrong way to say it. Tears filled her eyes and began to trickle down her cheeks.

"Oh, Kelly, you'd just be doing me a favor," she sobbed. "You wouldn't be taking me out because you really wanted to."

"I guess you're right," I admitted.

There seemed to be little else to say. The only sounds in the next few moments were Darlene's occasional sniffles. It did something to me inside. Darlene, who was usually pretty happy, was now defeated and teary-eyed and it was my fault. I had treated her as I would my car; something to be used at my convenience.

I was to blame for allowing myself to become involved in a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

Update



With this January issue of the *Lighted Pathway* I would like to remind you that it's time to give attention to the Creative Writing Division of our Teen Talent program.

During the summer months, and especially as we move toward the General Assembly in Kansas City, attention will focus more on competition within the Music and Bible Divisions; but our Writing and Art Divisions are also important.

Creative writing offers you opportunity to compete in the privacy of your home or church. It permits you to move at your own pace and to have your entry judged by professionals in the writing field. Should you be chosen as a winner, you will receive a trophy like winners in other divisions; and, as has happened on previous occasions, it is likely you will have your work published in the *Lighted Pathway*.

Our Creative Writing Division consists of four categories: (1) Articles and Essays; (2) Poetry; (3) Plays and Skits; and (4) Short Stories. These are the requirements:

1. Each contestant must be a teenager to be eligible to participate in Teen Talent. No contestant may compete in any Church of God competition—state or national—before his/her thirteenth birthday or after his/her twentieth birthday.

2. Each entry must be the original unpublished work of the contestant; it must have a religious theme, either explicit or implied; and it must be written within the specified competition dates, September 1—March 1. Assistance may be received only in the form of advice or instruction. All state entries must be mailed to the state director of youth and Christian education by March 1. The winning state manuscripts are to be officially entered in the national competition by the respective state directors by May 1.

3. Each manuscript must be typewritten, double-spaced on one side of paper that is 8½ by 11 inches. The name of the contestant should be written in the top right-hand corner of the first page, along with his/her address, age, the name of his/her local church, and the approximate number of words in the article.

4. Word limitation:

Short Stories—not to exceed 1,200 words

Articles and Essays—not to exceed 1,200 words

Plays and Skits—not to exceed 1,500 words

Poetry—not to exceed 100 lines

5. A contestant may submit an entry in two categories. He/she may be awarded first place in both categories on the state level. On the national level he/she is eligible for first place in only one category. If both entries are worthy of national recognition, he/she will receive a national award in only one category and a special achievement award in the other category. □

W.A. Davis

PROFILE: BOBBY WEST

Continued from page 12

enough to make Bobby West both special and worthy of our prayers and support.

District youth and Christian education directors serve voluntarily and without pay. Theirs is often a thankless task. They are sometimes criticized. Still, they work on. They give guidance and leadership to youth on a grassroots level and they deserve our cooperation.

Men like Bobby West bring stature to the task. □

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2. Visit each church on the district and become acquainted with the youth and Christian education program, leaders, and young people.

3. Promote the *Lighted Pathway* and other publications.

4. Outline definite plans to promote the general and state programs.

5. Foster participation in the Church Training Course.

6. Conduct monthly or bimonthly district rallies.

7. Promote and advertise district youth and Christian education conventions, youth camps, general Christian education meetings, and so forth.

8. Receive and keep records of the monthly reports.

9. Stimulate interest in behalf of Church of God Bible schools and colleges.

10. Avail oneself of training opportunities; such as, state conventions, general conventions, leadership training meetings, and district directors retreats.

BROKEN CHAINS

Continued from page 19

relationship that I wasn't ready for. The end result had brought only pain to both of us. I knew what I had to do.

I lifted her chin to make her look at me.

"I want you to go out with Tom," I said. "I'm sorry I hurt you. I guess I'm not ready for a heavy relationship with a girl. Maybe some day when I grow up, I'll trade my car in and we can have a good time together. Is that a deal?"

"It's a deal." Darlene smiled. "You can take your chains off."

It felt good to be free. □



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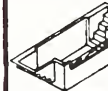
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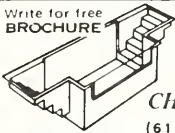
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Marriage:
EVERY couple
should
know

BY STEPHEN AND JANET BLY

Camerique P

After ten years we thought we knew all there was to know about each other and marriage. But because we needed to test a new cassette course for premarital counseling, we decided to try it ourselves.

We expected to be bored and have to force our way through. How wrong we were! For several days in the Cascades of northern California we listened, discussed, argued, and rejoiced as we discovered new things about our relationship as husband and wife.

That was eight years and hundreds of premarital and marital counseling hours ago. Our situation seems typical of most couples. There's always more to learn. At least five things, though, are foundational.

**YOU DIDN'T MARRY
THE WRONG
PERSON.**

The ceremony wasn't elaborate. The bride asked the hired help to point out the groom, then he led her into the family tent.

Rebekah's crossing the threshold consummated the marriage. "And she became his wife; and he loved her" (Genesis 24:67, *NASB*).

Did you ever wonder what Isaac said when Rebekah slept late and refused to cook garlic and cucumbers for breakfast? Surely at times they wondered if this marriage was right. What if Abraham's servant had picked out the wrong girl?

There was no mistake. It's just that God's plans don't always match a husband's and wife's expectations.

**MOST CONFLICTS
CENTER ON WHAT
HE DOES VS. WHAT
SHE THINKS.**

King David leaped and danced in little more than his underwear. The people of Israel joined him as they celebrated the entrance of the Ark of the Covenant into Jerusalem (2 Samuel 6:12-23). Michal, his wife, was mortified. When David returned home from the day's merriment, fire flashed in her eyes.

The basic conflict between David and Michal fuels the flames of many modern quarrels. David had a good attitude, but his actions offended. Michal, quite proper and queenly in her actions, had a critical spirit.

**AN UNBALANCED
BUDGET MAKES
AN UNBALANCED
MARRIAGE.**

You wouldn't have to worry about keeping the budget balanced if you were married to a king. Isn't that right? Wrong!

In Proverbs 31 a wise mother teaches her son, King Lemuel, to choose a wife who can be trusted in financial affairs (v. 11), is a shrewd investor (v. 16), brings him financial gain, not ruin (v. 18), and operates an efficient home (v. 27).

We have no record of this mother's advice to her daughters. But surely she'd exhort them to seek a man who was efficient and sensible in financial matters.

In the New Testament Paul bluntly advises, "Owe nothing to anyone" (Romans 13:8, *NASB*). Does this apply literally to our family accounts? We think so.

How would your marriage change if there were no worries about money? It could be worth some serious contemplating.

**YOU MUST TALK
ABOUT SEX.**

The bride had more than just holding hands on her mind when she said, "My beloved is dazzling and ruddy. . . . His cheeks are like a bed of balsam, Banks of sweet-scented herbs; His lips are lilies, Dripping with liquid myrrh. . . . His mouth is full of sweetness. And he is wholly desirable. . . . Let his left hand be under my head

And his right hand embrace me.' "

The groom responds, "How beautiful you are, my darling. . . . Your eyes are like doves. . . . Your teeth are like a flock of newly shorn ewes. . . . Your lips are like a scarlet thread. . . . Your neck is like the tower of David. . . . You have made my heart beat faster . . . with a single glance of your eyes' " (Song of Solomon 5:10-16; 2:6; 4:1-9; *NASB*).

No matter what your interpretation of the Song of Solomon, one thing is clear; the couple verbalized their physical attraction for one another. It's not unchristian or in bad taste to discuss with sensitivity and candor this important aspect of marriage.

**YOU ARE THE MAIN
INSTRUMENT TO
YOUR SPOUSE'S
SPIRITUAL GROWTH.**

Hannah wrestled with inner turmoil (1 Samuel 1). She was childless in a society that considered such a condition failure. Elkanah, her husband, was sensitive to her struggle and allowed her to seek the Lord at the Tabernacle.

When the gift baby, Samuel, arrived, Elkanah freed Hannah to keep her promise to God. Elkanah's support paid off. Hannah will forever be remembered as the highest example of motherly devotion.

Marriage takes continuing work. But we believe the rewards far outweigh the sacrifices. That's why we reeled when we heard the news. Peter and Sherry were getting a divorce. How could it be? For years they had been our model for Christian family life. Soon our shock turned to anger. How could they let us down like this?

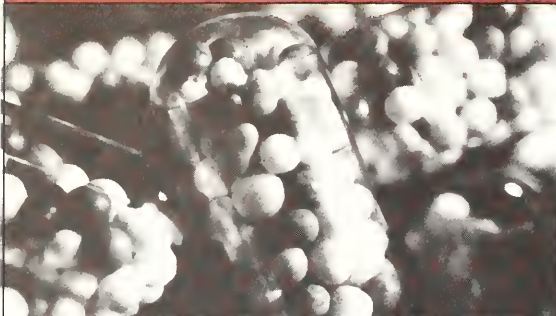
We tried to analyze why this upset us so much. Perhaps the answer is our belief that marriage is God's crucible for learning to live in His eternal kingdom. Loving one other human in the intimacies of a lifetime vow is the training ground for useful ministry here.

We don't get mad about divorce anymore. We just grieve for the couples who fail to grasp what every married couple ought to know. □

YOUTH NEWS TO NOTE



Compiled by **SONJIA LEE HUNT**, Editorial Assistant General Department of Youth and Christian Education



H. Armstrong Roberts Photo

DON'T GO WHERE IT'S SLIPPERY

HOLLYWOOD—"It's really *one day at a time* for Mackenzie Phillips, former costar of the television comedy by that title.

Speaking of trying to "stay clean" after four years of drug addiction, Mackenzie says, "It isn't easy . . . but I've been given a second chance."

Mackenzie's lifestyle, of necessity, has changed. "I haven't seen any of the people I used to do drugs with. As one friend said, 'If you *don't want to slip, don't go where it's slippery.*' I want everyone to know that . . . no one should ever turn to drugs." (*Chattanooga News-Free Press*) □

- * * * * *
1. Do you agree with Mackenzie?
 2. Are there any "slippery places" which you now frequent?

WHO'S TO BLAME?

NEW YORK—A fourteen-year-old speaks up: "Not all kids are on drugs or are unattractive or are punk-rockers. If some kids act in that manner, there's only one place they learn it. That's from adults. If adults stopped drinking and smoking and set better examples, kids would learn better." (*Chattanooga News-Free Press*) □

- * * * * *
1. What part do adults (especially parents) play in influencing young people's behavior?
 2. Is it always the fault of the parent if his teenager "goes bad"?
 3. What responsibility do we have for our own actions?



Harold M. Lambert Photo

DON'T LET GEORGE DO THAT!

WASHINGTON—"When in the course of human events" . . . and so on go the opening lines of the Declaration of Independence, authored by Thomas Jefferson. Some of the words of another document, Jefferson's Bill of Particulars in which he sets forth the reasons he wrote the Declaration, are not quite as familiar but are astonishingly pertinent today.

In one of the charges against King George, Jefferson stated: "He has erected a multitude of new offices and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people and eat out their substance." (*Cleveland Daily Banner*) □

- * * * * *
1. What would Jefferson think today?
 2. In what other ways have we let slip some of the principles upon which this country was founded? (You may want to review the Declaration of Independence.)

DEAL WITH WHAT'S INSIDE

CLEVELAND—Before a narcotics abuser can "successfully" rid himself of the life-threatening addiction, he must first "deal with what's inside . . . cast out his anger, his rebellion from within," the Bradley County Drug Awareness Committee was told. "The main problem is rebellion against authority and is a primary reason people become addicted to hard drugs, to alcohol or to the even more pressing problems of sniffing—such as glue or paint." (*Cleveland Daily Banner*) □

- * * * * *
1. Rebellion against authority is a feeling which many young people have from time to time. How have you dealt with "what's inside"?
 2. How does Jesus tell us we are to respond to authority and those in authority? (See Mark 12:17; Hebrews 13:17; James 4:7; 1 Peter 2:13 and 5:5.)

Books

KASSULKE by Karl Kassulke and Ron Pitkin

Kassulke, by Karl Kassulke and Ron Pitkin, is the exciting biography of a former defensive back for the Minnesota Vikings. It is more than the story of football hero Karl Kassulke, however. It is the story of a man who refused to accept a verdict of "no" after learning that he would spend the rest of his life in a wheelchair.

Kassulke and his friend Monty Krizan were enjoying the exhilaration of riding Karl's motorcycle that memorable day in 1973—a last fling before the Vikings' training camp opened. Cresting a hill, they pulled out to pass a truck, only to discover a car in the fast lane—unexpectedly at a dead stop. Both men sustained devastating injuries.

During his arduous and uncertain rehabilitation, Kassulke's joking and pranks effectively masked his growing bitterness and anger. Through the loving concern of a friend, however, he turned to Christ. In Him he found release from his bitterness. (Thomas Nelson Publishers, Nashville, TN 37203; Hardcover, \$9.95) □

ME AND GREENLEY by Birdie Etchison

Robin, a thirteen-year-old boy, is upset to learn that her best friend, Greenley Hinson IV, will be moving away.

Grandma Lois comes to help out while Robin's mother goes through one of her "storms" with multiple sclerosis. When Grandma tries to convince Robin's father of the need of nursing home care for her mother, she and Robin clash.

Robin has problems with her older sister, Lucy, too. Lucy helps as little as possible around the house and sneaks out without permission to see her boyfriend, Paul. When Lucy turns up with morning sickness, the family faces some difficult decisions.

Robin wants the best for Greenley as he moves away. She discovers that God answers prayer and asks Him to continue working in Greenley's life as well as in her own. (Herald Press, Scottsdale, PA 15683; \$3.25) □

DEBBY BOONE SO FAR by Debby Boone with Dennis Baker

Debby Boone tells about her teen years with retrospective candor. The resentment of her rocky adolescence found its focus in the restrictions that set her apart from her friends—no skirts above the knees, no parties at night, no dates until she was sixteen, no makeup, no books or movies that weren't first approved by her daddy, Pat Boone.

"I certainly didn't need my parents' embarrassing rules. I would withdraw into a world of my own where I thought I could find out who I really was. I refused affection. I didn't want anyone to touch me. There were nights when I retreated to my room and cried for hours, letting feelings of unfairness and hatred build up inside me."

Debby's life was in transition. After graduation from high school, she worked as a volunteer at a home for emotionally disturbed children. Then she committed herself to a year of Bible school and became a fellow student with Gabriel Ferrer—the man she would eventually marry after a lengthy on-again, off-again courtship. But even while she was in Bible school, Debby wanted most of all to sing and entertain.

This book is not about Debby's phenomenal "overnight" success. It is a very personal book about her strengths and weaknesses. It is Debby the person, not the star, who speaks to the reader: "Faith and rebellion can't live in the same house indefinitely. Either one or the other will achieve dominance and drive the other out." (Thomas Nelson Publishers, Nashville, TN 37203; Hardcover, \$9.95) □

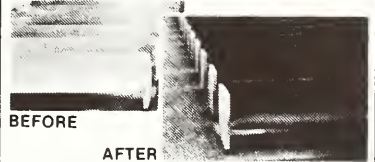
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1

Empathize not.

Neither try to see their point of view. It's their job to see yours, not vice versa.



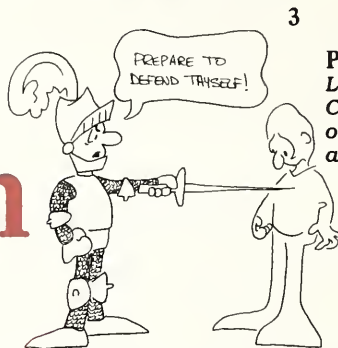
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Ask no questions.

Why encourage them to waste more of your time? Besides, you understood perfectly well what they meant.

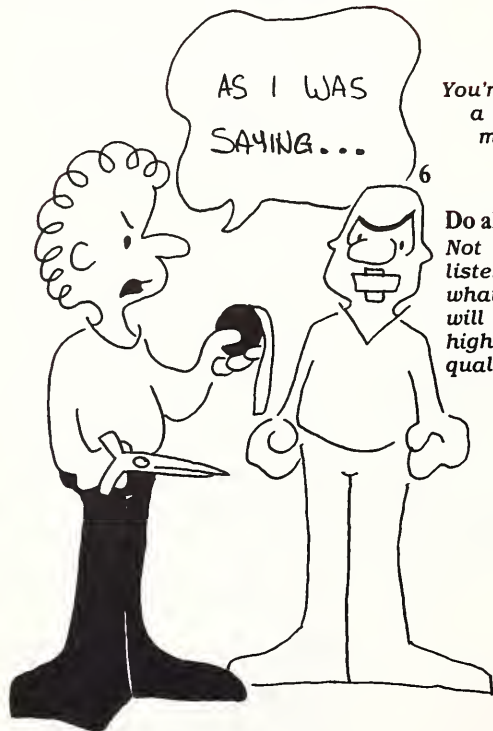
How to Mangle a Conversation

Writer/Artist, Larry E. Neagle



3

Put others on the defensive. Lose your temper. Argue. Criticize. Attack. That ought to clam up anybody.

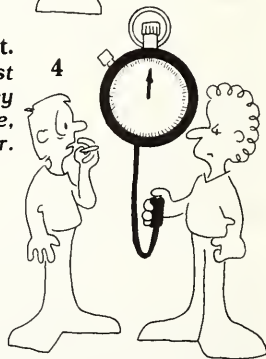


6

AS I WAS SAYING...

Be impatient. You're a busy person. Give others just a smidgen of time. No more. If they mumble, interrupt. If they hesitate, head for the door.

Do all the talking. Not only will you not have to listen to them, but also what you do hear will be of the highest quality.



4



5

When someone else is talking, make them ill at ease. Let them know you really don't care to hear what they have to say.



This could be the year when your days fill with sunshine.

... the year when hope rises in your heart and you set forth on an adventure you would never have dared before.

... the year when someone special enters your life, someone who previously existed only in your dreams or in a fantasy world of your mind.

This could be the year

... when physical problems clear up.

... when friends start listening.

... when Mom and Dad take you seriously.

... when classes make sense.

... when worship ceases to bore.

This could be the year

... when you discover it's nice to walk in the woods.

... when flowers bloom and birds sing and you realize the aroma and the singing is for you.

... when God's creation sparkles.

... when the mystery and the miracle of life makes a quiet moment wonderful.

... when you look in wonder at the greatness of God and then fall prostrate, awed even more that He cares for you.

This could be the year

H. Armstrong Roberts Photo



... when things start making sense.

... when you label the paradoxical and the unexplainable as unimportant.

... when faith looks beyond now and focuses on major truths which make you sing in spite of circumstances.

This could be the year

... when you find your own portrait in the pages of God's Word.

... when you start thinking.

... and caring.

... and reaching out to others.

... and looking to a future that's really going somewhere.

This could be the year

... when you square your shoulders.

... when you swallow self-pity.

... when you accept what you see in the mirror.

... when you determine to live without excuses, without crutches and without lies.

This could be the year

... when you stand in a new line.

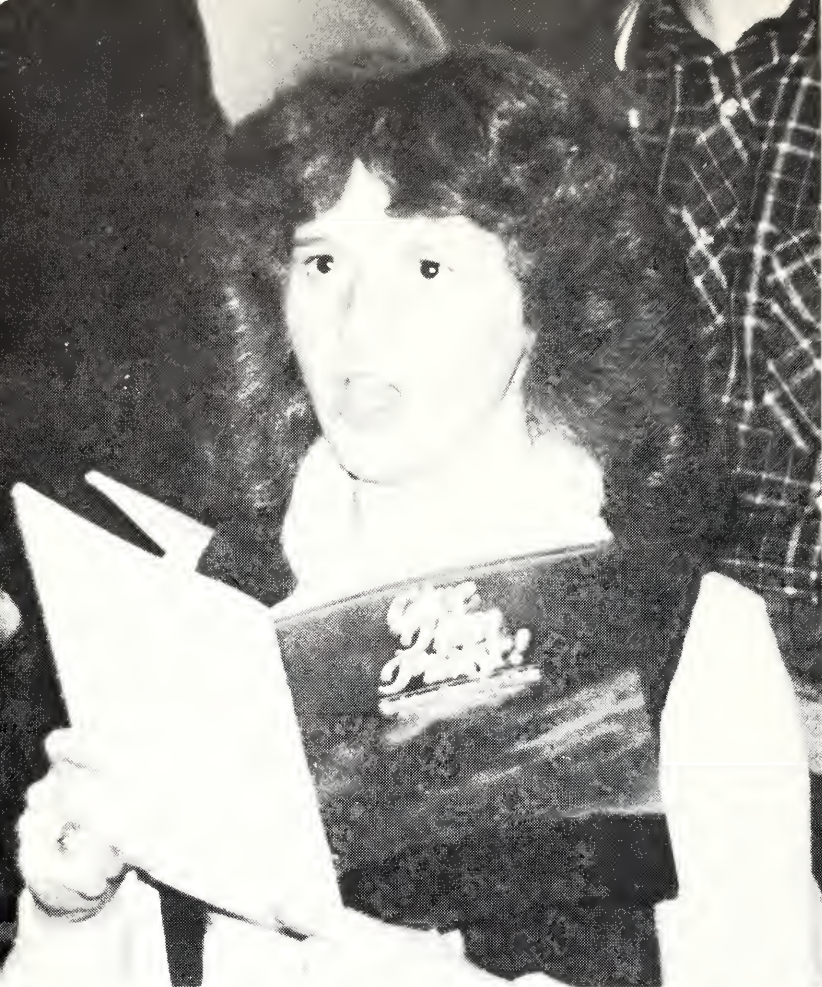
... when you smile with new confidence.

... when you volunteer to carry some of the load.

... when you become (of all things) an adult.

Yes, *this could be the year.* □

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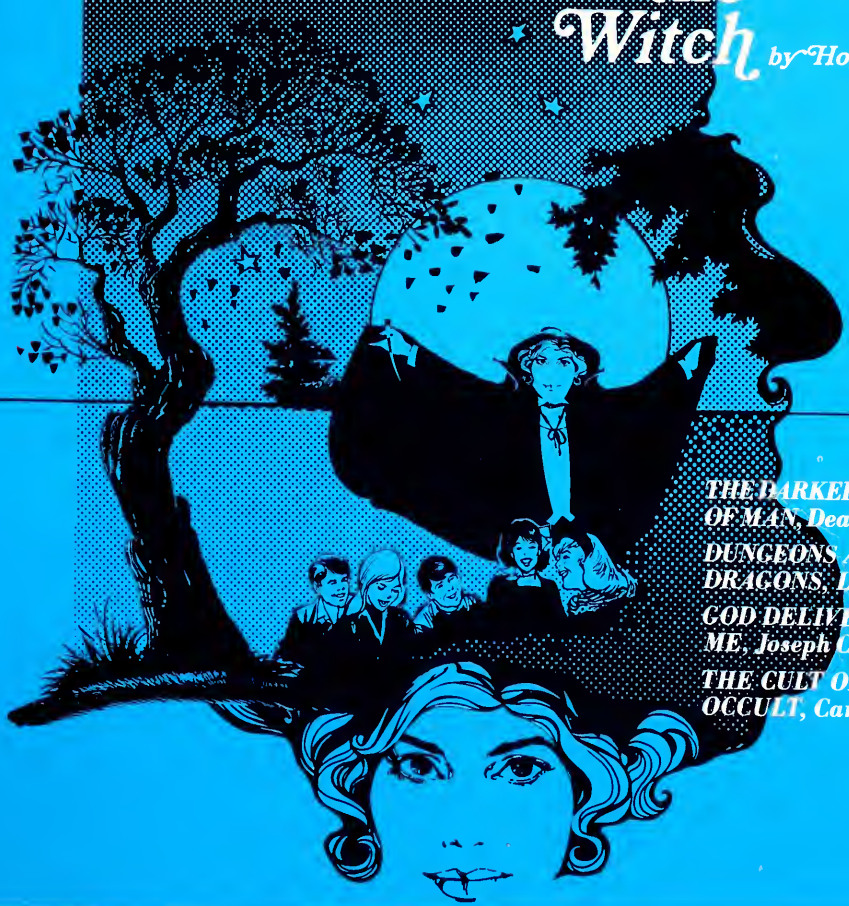
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Beware: *MARLA,* the *Witch* by Hoyt E. Stone



THE DARKER SIDE OF MAN, Dean Strong
DUNGEONS AND DRAGONS, Lance Colkmire
GOD DELIVERED ME, Joseph C. Kwarteng
THE CULT OF THE OCCULT, Carl Richardson

THIS MONTH

*The war goes on!
 Not in Poland. Or Israel. Those are but expressions of the
 "real" conflict to which Paul referred (Ephesians 6:12).
 This issue sets forth a number of ways in which spiritual
 warfare affects young Christians today.
 Hopefully, we also offer some viable alternatives.*

Hoyt E. Stone

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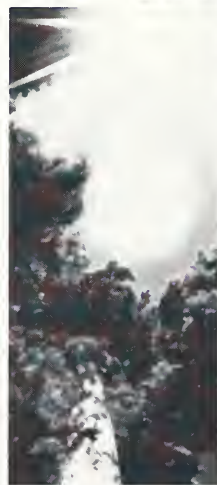
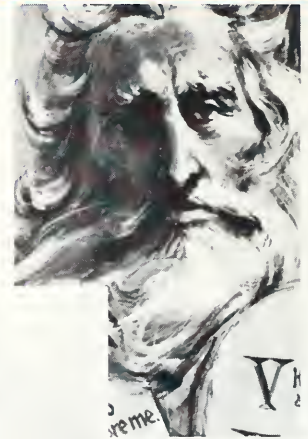
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The Darker Side of Man, Dean Strong

The figure turns half-around and the light falls upon the face. It is perfectly white—perfectly bloodless. The eyes look like glimmering coals set on a bloodshot background. The teeth project like those of a wild animal, glaringly white and fang-like. The black silk cape shimmers as it unfolds from the coffin” (Daniel Cohen, from *A Natural History of Unnatural Things*).

The above description is a common scene from almost any vampire movie. Add a few cobwebs, a creaky door, an old castle or a lonesome cemetery and you are in for a bit of a chill.

The vampire legend began about four centuries ago, with the most feared of all vampires being Dracula.

It is not horoscopes or four leaf clovers which will release us from our bonds: only the truth can set us free (John 8:32).

In actuality there was no such person as Dracula, although this name was based on a real person by the title of Vlad IV. Vlad IV was the ruler of a small province in Romania during the mid-fifteenth century. He was a notorious, ruthless leader, said to have executed hundreds of peasants at a time just for the thrill of it.

Because he would drive people vertically onto stakes and then line the entrance to his estate with their bodies strung up like trophies, Vlad IV was known as “Vlad the Impaler.”

Vlad was a member of a knightly order called the “Order of the Dragon,” and he wore a dragon medallion. In time, people identified the dragon symbol with the man himself, thus calling him

Dracul, which means "dragon" or "devil." The Hungarians translated it *Dracula*.

So it happened that, when Bram Stoker wrote his story about a vampire, in 1891, he chose a name synonymous with terror and evil: *Dracula*.

The mythical legend of the vampire began in the seventeenth century, with a brief but very bloody history. By the nineteenth century it had become the property of writers; and in the early twentieth century it found new life in such horror movies as *Dracula the Vampire*, *The Bride of Dracula*, and *The Return of the Vampire*.

There is, of course, no such thing as a vampire. The bloodthirsty, evil tyrant who preys on innocent victims has never really existed other than in the imaginations of men. By and large, most people today view such things as a joke.

Through the ages man's heart and mind have devised other various superstitions, wives' tales, fables, ghost stories, and monsters. A close look at these fantasies will reveal they are man's embodiment of fears about himself and his world. Their origins may be discovered in things common to us but they are twisted and turned around, exaggerated and transformed into monsters.

Man has heaped on himself these personifications of evil in an attempt to express his own fears. The fables about vampires are vicious. They are cruel. But are they more evil than was the man from whom the name *Dracula* came?

Or, what ghost story could be more cruel than the true account of millions of Jews herded like cattle into concentration camps, there to be shot or gassed hundreds at a time? This happened, you know, in Germany prior to and during World War II.

And what about today?

Nations rise against nations, killing and destroying. Our neighborhoods are infected with the evil of man's imagination. It is not a fictitious vampire who stalks the streets and alleys of our cities and towns. Such evil comes from men and women, flesh and blood just as we are.

All of us recognize this darker side of human nature. We do not fully comprehend it. We fear that which we do not completely understand; and, in an attempt to deal with this aspect of our selves, we visualize weird creatures and formulate superstitions on which to blame evil and vent our frustrations.

Psychologists tell us superstitions are learned

responses. They are learned by associating one activity to another event and its supposed consequences.

Dr. Kenneth Skinner performed an experiment in which he called attention to this fact. He placed a pigeon in a controlled environment and set up an apparatus which automatically dispensed food every twelve seconds no matter what the pigeon did.

Working with a number of birds, Dr. Skinner noticed each pigeon developed stereotyped responses which varied from one bird to another. One would flap its wings, another would stretch its neck, and yet another would peck a specific spot in the controlled area. Dr. Skinner called these "superstitious acts." They were performed regularly even though they had no effect on obtaining the reward. Coincidentally, each particular action had occurred once just before the food was delivered. This action was then repeated and the repetition too *seemed* to be rewarded.

Dr. Skinner was trying to show that each pigeon happened, in a haphazard manner, upon one action that was "correct"; but the pigeon assumed that a different action would cause the same reaction.

Human beings have done the same thing. Just because a black cat crossed our path, we assume bad luck is on its way. Why? Because of a rare incident in the past where a black cat crossed our path just before some bad event *did* come our way.

Or, we carelessly step on a crack in the sidewalk which dooms us to misfortune, basing the assumption on the fact that it accidentally happened once. This is superstitious behavior.

Vampires, monsters, fables, superstitions—these are based on man's fear of the unknown.

Knowledge is the light that disperses the darkness of ignorance. There is no need to let our life be guided, directed—even harrassed—by fears, superstitions, and the haunts of our imagination. We are set free in the light of God's Word. "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" (2 Corinthians 4:6). "For ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord: walk as children of light" (Ephesians 5:8).

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

Dungeons and Dragons



...And Danger,
Lance Colkmire

“There is a real devil. There are real demons just as there is a real God...”

Over half a million people regularly take time to escape from the real world of hatred, lust, and violence into a fantasy world of . . . well . . . hatred, lust and violence. They do so through a game known as

“Dungeons and Dragons.”

Dungeons and Dragons (or D & D) is not a board game, but it is “equal [in sales] to any board game, including Monopoly,” says Dana Lombardy, games’ columnist for

Virginia-based *Model Retailer* magazine.

The much-publicized 1980 suicide of a sixteen-year-old Michigan male, an event vaguely connected to D & D, made TSR Hobbies (the game’s producer) “a skyrocketing hobbygame company instead of a steadily growing one,” reported Lombardy.

Even D & D co-inventor Gary

Gygax now admits that the bad press "was immeasurably helpful to us in name recognition" (*New West*, August 25, 1980).

Gygax and Dave Arneson combined fantasy ideas with war-game tactics to create D & D in 1974. It is to say the least a controversial, complicated, expensive, and time-consuming pastime.

Beginning players need various dice and the basic three-volume set of rules, but there is much more to buy later. The number of adventurers per game is limitless. There is one Dungeon Master (DM) who, along with rolls of the dice, keys the action.

Before a game begins, the DM spends hours mapping the dungeon (on graph paper) which the adventurers will travel through. He places monsters, traps, treasures, passages, doors, and other obstacles throughout the multilevel maze.

The dice determine a player's strengths and weaknesses, after which the player chooses a character: fighting man, magic-user, or cleric. Say a player scores high in wisdom but low in strength: he thus might choose to be a cleric. Another roll of the dice will earn the player an amount of gold, which he spends on weapons, armor, and rations.

Players do not see the dungeon. They progress through the maze by listening to the Dungeon Master's narration and asking him questions. The player's purpose is to obtain treasures, to rise in rank through gaining experience points (the cleric's ultimate goal is to become a patriarch), and to advance to another dungeon.

A player's adventure continues until he leaves a dungeon, after defeating several monsters; or until he is murdered therein. The outcome of a battle is decided by weapons, powers, weaknesses, the dice, and the DM.

How violent is this game?

Inventor Gygax wrote, "Everything herein is fantasy, and the best way to play is to decide how you would like the game to be, then make it that way."

"Dungeons and Dragons becomes what the players make of it," concurs the July 1981 issue of *Youthletter*. "It need not be a game of unbridled evil and hate." However, while "there may be good characters in D & D, there seems not to be much fun in being good."

In a Christian Research Institute (CRI) paper, forty-hours-per-week fantasy-game player Rett Kipp was quoted thusly: "In Dungeons and Dragons it's better to be evil. You get more advantages."

Dr. John Holmes, a Los Angeles brain surgeon and longtime Dungeon Master, says "the level of violence [in his biweekly game] runs high. There is hardly a game in which the players do not indulge in murder, arson, torture, rape" (*Psychology Today*, November 1980).

Is this fantasy role playing harmless?

"To say it was not really our thoughts of seduction in a game of D & D but those of the character is superbly ridiculous," states the CRI report. [The role playing] "definitely opens the door to wrong thoughts and a loosening of our moral wall."

"I don't think this imaginary violence is any more likely to warp the minds of the participants than is the endless stream of violence on TV, in movies, or in literature," says Holmes. "Quite possibly it provides a healthy outlet."

Yet Holmes believes "the personalities of the characters turn out to be combinations of people's idealized alter egos and their less-than-ideal impulses. When one of these alter egos gets killed, the game player sometimes suffers psychic shock and may go into depression."

In the CRI report, Gygax encourages overindulgence: "You have to pursue D & D with your entire soul if you're going to do well at it."

Is treating all supernatural powers and other worlds as imaginary unwise?

Such abilities as clairvoyance and telepathy may be gained by certain characters to overcome zombies, demons, dragons and vampires; sometimes battling them in the pit of hell itself!

The cleric may be empowered to part waters, take up serpents, and heal the wounded by laying on of hands.

"The miracles of Jesus are depicted as spells alongside definite occultic rites," notes CRI. "Both are for use by either evil or good priests as defensive or offensive weapons. Clerics can be priests of God or priests of the various demigods, on equal standing."

But woe unto the noncleric who seeks divine intervention: the basic die roll for God to answer his prayer happens only once in every one hundred times.

A *Media Spotlight* report by Albert James Dager questions "the enjoyment offered in exercising satanic powers that, in reality, do exist."

Dager continues, "Granted, it is 'make-believe.' But is it really, when the mind is in a state of concentration? While our minds and actions are centered on the 'imaginary' use of satanic powers, we are at the very least tolerating them if not actually accepting them."

"There is a real devil. There are real demons just as there is a real God," the CRI paper adds. "Dallying around with the occult, while all along discrediting such an existence, is the devil's joke on us. Couldn't we play the games without the use of incantations or demigods or demons? It is possible, yet even the beginning D & D game rule books are filled with spells, witches, and demons."

Heavy stuff, right?

Gygax contends, in a CRI interview, "If the question is, 'Do I believe in magic and the occult,' the answer is flatly no. [The game is] strictly imaginary. As far as I know, I dreamed up all those things out of my head."

Gygax says D & D is popular because it's built on other popular trends—science fiction, fantasy, and computer skills. "The fascination of the game tends to make participants find more and more time. The most extensive requirement is time."

CRI concludes that the majority of players meet once or twice a week with a normal game running four to six hours. Also, the imaginative Dungeon Master will spend as

much time preparing the dungeon.

The big question for us is, how much time and affection should be given to any game?

Affection for D & D causes participants to spend \$10 on the basic set, excluding dice; \$12 to \$15 apiece for four advanced D & D handbooks; \$3 per edition of the monthly *Dragon* magazine; \$59 to \$95 for each miniature lead figure which represents a character; \$5 per module; and more for other books and supplies.

What are young people getting for their money?

It is a game Dager calls a Christian college campus fad. It is a game which is part of the curriculum for Arizona students in classes for the gifted and talented.

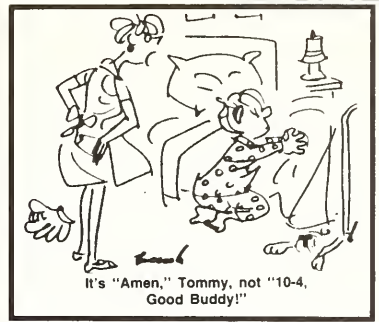
On the other hand, D & D is a game banned in Utah's schools. It is also a diversion condemned by many Christian researchers.

Paul Duncan, dean of students at Lee College, notes that D & D is not allowed on the Lee campus. Paul called the Christian Research Center in California. Their opinion: D & D is, at best, very poor use of a Christian's time; it is, at worst, a one-way road into the occult. □



Lance is also involved with children's ministries. □

From Dade City, Florida, Lance graduated from Lee College in 1980 with a background of newspaper reporting. He is presently a staff writer for the *Evangel* and copy editor for the Church of God Publishing House.



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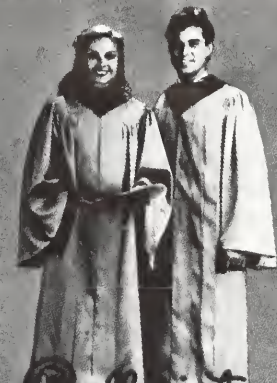


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“People who claim to have developed their inward powers break most of the laws of Moses

GOD Delivered Me, Joseph C. Kwarteng

I do not claim to be an authority on the occult but as a former member of an occultic society—and as one who has been saved by the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ—I want to share with fellow Christians something of what I know the occult to be. I also want to point out why I think it is dangerous for Christians to belong to occultic movements.

Simply defined, *occult* means “hidden”—something beyond the bounds of ordinary knowledge, mysterious, or concealed from human view.

Occultism is concerned with the hidden side of life.

From this definition, I want to sound a warning to any Christian tempted to indulge in occultism. All hidden things belong to God. The Word of God states, “The secret things belong unto the Lord our God: but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children for ever, that we may do all the words of the law” (Deuteronomy 29:29).

The secret things of life belong to God only. No one else has a key to these hidden things; therefore, any teaching which attempts to reveal unto us that which God has deemed right to hide must be wrong. All that such teachings do is release the power of the devil, who is the author of all deceitful teachings.

All God wants His children to know has been revealed in the Scriptures. Any mystic studies found beyond the Word of God are to be avoided.

With slight differences, the teachings of most occultic institutions are the same. Following are some of those teachings.

1. *The occult teaches that there is a hidden power resident within man.*

By certain meditations, this hidden power can

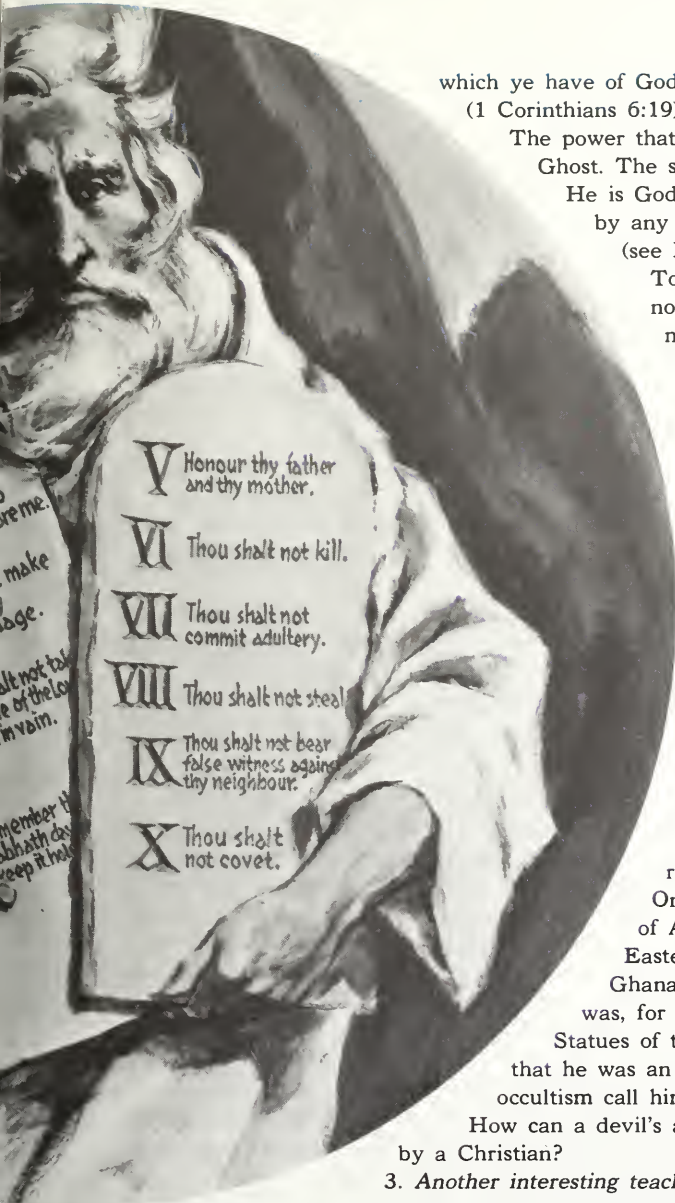
be developed to one’s advantage. Such is the first device used to get Christians to fall. It is an appeal to the pride of life (see 1 John 2:16).

According to some such teachings, one can develop to the level of Jesus by meditation and concentration. One can therefore do and be all things.

Occultists argue that Christ is not the Son of God but that, by subjecting Himself to meditation and concentration, He developed His hidden powers and thus became a “master.” *Master* is a term used in the occult world for souls which reach perfection in their spiritual development. After physical death, such souls remain in the spirit world, from whence they return to help those who need them.

Development of this so-called hidden power should not be practiced by any Christian. As Christians, our source of power is Christ, through the Holy Spirit who dwells in us. “What? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you,





which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?"
(1 Corinthians 6:19).

The power that dwells in a sanctified body is the Holy Ghost. The source of the Holy Ghost is God; and, as such, He is God. All power belongs to God. We cannot therefore by any practices develop the power of God any further (see Matthew 28:18; Luke 10:19).

To accept occultic teachings is to believe Christ is not God but, rather, that He developed through mystic training and is therefore in the same class with Buddha, Mohammed, and other religious visionaries. If we belong to this school of thought, our faith is questionable.

"Thou art my beloved Son; in thee I am well pleased" (Luke 3:22). Do we believe this statement of God? How could God's own Son go through tiring and strenuous exercises in search for hidden power? How can the author of power lack power?

2. *The occult teaches some form of reincarnation as fact.*

According to this belief a soul leaves a physical body at death and enters another body with the first breath at birth. With each earthly existence, the soul develops and acquires experience. This continues until perfection is reached, or until one becomes Christlike. Once Christlike, or a master, the soul remains in the spirit world.

One mystic school teaches that Okomfo Anokye, of Ashanti (Ghana) fame, was a master in the Eastern part of the earth. He was reincarnated in Ghana to pursue perfection. Ironically, Okomfo Anokye was, for all intent and purposes, a fetish priest.

Statues of this Ghana fetish priest leave no doubt but that he was an idol worshiper. Yet, the students of occultism call him a "master."

How can a devil's agent, like this man, be revered by a Christian?

3. *Another interesting teaching of occultism is that one receives*

rewards for his good actions and suffers adverse effects of his ill behavior during his earthly life.

If you do good, nature rewards you with good things. You are punished for all your irresponsible actions. Thus, those who live a good life experience heaven here while evildoers have their hell here.

To this school, there is nothing like heaven or hell after death. Heaven and hell are only concepts. They are not real. There is no eternal life for the righteous, no eternal punishment for the unrighteous.

Yet Scripture is very plain about heaven and hell. The Bible speaks about the resurrection of the righteous dead and the catching away of the living saints unto Christ when He comes the second time: "For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord" (1 Thessalonians 4:15-17).

Here the Word of God is clear.

The Word of God also speaks about the fact that Christ will reign on earth for a thousand years with the righteous: "And hast made us unto our God kings and priests: and we shall reign on the earth" (Revelation 5:10).

"But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished. This is the first resurrection. Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years" (Revelation 20:5, 6).

From these Bible readings, any teaching against the Resurrection and against the reign of our Lord Jesus is calculated to steal the Christian away from his rightful place or inheritance.

Every true believer also knows that, without

Christ in one's heart, it is simply impossible to live a good life. Paul, writing to the Galatians, said: "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me" (Galatians 2:20).

Paul tried with all his power to live a life acceptable to God, but could not until he allowed Christ to live through him. Let us be watchful, therefore, of this deceitful teaching of the occult.

4. The occult emphasizes faith in masters (dead souls).

Students of this thought, both initiates and aspirants, have faith in dead souls rather than Jesus Christ. They even revere fallen angels and refer their problems to such beings for solutions. During their meditation and concentration exercises they are trained to tune in to such spirits. All sorts of requests are made to the spirits, and the occultist receives the devil's answer through faith in them. Those involved in these studies believe they can reach God through these so-called masters.

How can one go to God through a dead soul?

Christ said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me" (John 14:6).

5. To the occultist, Jesus is not a personal Savior.

Jesus is one of the many masters.

The basis of Christian faith is that Jesus died because of our sins and that by believing in Him we have life eternal. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16). "But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name" (John 1:12).

6. The world of the occult is signposted with Eastern words without their translated meanings.

One does not know, therefore, what he invites
CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

Beware:

MARLA,

the
Witch by Hoyt E. Stone



Greg Kernes still thought it was all a joke. He didn't believe in witches and it was really incomprehensible that Roy Lutz, his best friend, could take Marla Gilmore seriously.

"Really, Roy, I'm not interested." Greg stood in the upstairs hall of his home, impatiently twisting the belt of his bathrobe, phone pressed to his ear. "Thanks for calling but you know how I feel."

"Oh, come on, Greg. All the other kids are going to be there.

Owen, Eugene, Elaine, George, even Susan. And Marla says it's the perfect night. Full moon, everything. So you *don't* believe all that stuff Marla says. Look, Man, I don't believe it either. But I'll have to say it makes for a lot of fun and the gang sure misses you."

"Sorry, Roy, but it's just not for me." Greg fidgeted. "Look, I'm sorry but I've got to go. I left my bathwater running."

"Alright. But think about it. You can let us know tonight."

Greg soaked himself lazily in the giant bathtub. It gave him time to think. About Marla. School. The slow evaporation of his dreams for a strong Bible club at Keaton High.

When school ended last spring, things were going pretty well. Greg had been elected senior class president and, although he knew this wouldn't give him license to cram religion down his friends' throats, he had certainly felt proud of the opportunity to witness. He had even gone to his pastor for advice and Roy had agreed to help.

Then came Marla! Tall, lithe, dark-eyed Marla with her long hair, dungarees, sandals, guitar, and a voice that purred like a Siamese cat.

Marla's father, a chemist with the Olin Corporation, had been transferred in from San Francisco. So far, no one knew anything about her mother other than that she didn't live with them in the big twelve-room home on Peach Street where the late Dr. Peters had kept offices. Sam Tucker did the gardening. His wife, Marie, kept house.

Keaton High was introduced to Marla on Monday. Rumors

started that day. Marla had been around. She had a sharp tongue, she smoked pot and didn't give a flip for anything or anyone. On the afternoon of the second day, Marla was in the principal's office and before the student council. Found in her pocketbook were candy cigarettes and a dozen loose aspirins.

"Do you smoke, Marla?" Mr. Dawson asked.

"Yeah."

"Pot?"

"Yeah."

"Where is it?"

"You're holding it, Mister."

"Marla, this is aspirin and candy."

"Of course," Marla smiled and shook hair from her shoulders, "to you. But I make of it what I want."

Greg interrupted. "You mean you pretend that this is pot?"

Marla eyed Greg coldly. For a long moment she didn't speak. "I do *not* pretend. I am a witch."

Mr. Dawson dismissed the whole affair but Marla gradually built up a following. During recess and at lunch, she could be heard strumming her guitar and singing sad songs, sometimes in a language the kids didn't understand but which Marla claimed was Arabic.

Greg, too, sort of pushed Marla backstage. Student government, senior class plans for a trip to D.C., and an extra effort to keep his grades up left little time for interest in a self-styled witch. Finally, though, Greg had gotten around to thoughts of the Bible club and Marla came into the picture. Roy had lost interest. So had the others.

Now, as he relaxed in the hot water and counted them off one by one, it seemed freakish how those kids who last year had shown the most interest in the club were suddenly turned off. More correctly, they were turned on to Marla.

"Jumping Jehoshaphat!" Greg said aloud. He sat up in the tub and began to bathe feverishly. It was almost as if Marla were putting forth special effort to recruit the former members of his Bible club. Greg couldn't put up with that. Something had to be done.

Shortly, Greg had Roy on the phone.

"What time did you say?"

"Ten o'clock. At Ray's Drive-in. We plan on pizza, some music and chitchat, then off to the mountain. Marla found the place. Up by the old fire tower. It's real neat."

"Alright. I'm going with you, Roy. But only this once. And you should know right off I'm not the least bit interested in Marla's occult powers. If you ask me, she's off in the head. What I'm going for is to try and talk some sense into you. Maybe I'll understand better how to do that if I see what you're mixed up in. Firsthand."

Roy laughed. "You'll like her, Greg. Wait and see. Want me to pick you up?"

"No. I'll drive. In case I want to leave early."

Greg hung up. He stood a moment by the phone, wondering if he had done the right thing and feeling a tiny bit uneasy. He shrugged. Oh well, one time couldn't hurt. And maybe he really could help Roy. After all, didn't the Apostle Paul say he became all

things to all men? Or something like that.

* * * *

The night was warm. Greg stood in the deeper shadow of the pines, watching as Marla directed the gathering of wood for a fire. The clearing was bathed in moonlight. Beyond, silhouetted against a cloudless sky, was the old fire tower. To the left of it was the face of a rugged rock cliff, thirty feet high. Tin cans and the ashes of old fires told Greg the clearing was a favorite campsite for hunters.

One lonely cloud passed across the face of the moon. Out of the shadow of this darkness came Marla. She stood before Greg, hands on hips. "You going to help, Greg? Or just stand there?"

Greg smiled. "Well, I do feel sort of awkward. Letting you girls do all the work."

"Here," Marla's hand touched Greg, lingering for just a second, and leaving a book of matches. "Build the fire. You look like a typical boy scout."

The cloud passed. Greg saw the light in Marla's eyes, the smile, the tease. Somehow it didn't seem she could possibly be serious.

"Marla . . ." She turned. "What's with this witches bit anyhow? You look much better suited to the role of an angel."

"Aha. So now it's Mr. Greg Kernes' time to play Romeo. You surprise me, Greg." She tossed her hair and turned away.

Greg stacked the wood, lighted it, and soon had a fire crackling. Someone got Marla's guitar. She sat on a rock, strumming and singing. Susan sat with Greg but Greg thought

only of Marla. The fire burned to red embers.

"Alright, it's eleven-thirty. Time to begin." Marla stood. She snapped the fingers of her right hand and nodded toward the car. "Roy, you get my things. The rest of you gather round. Form a circle and hold hands."

Roy returned with a black satchel. Marla took it, placed it on a flat rock next to the glowing fire, took out a black robe and deftly slipped it over her head and shoulders. From the satchel she next took a gold-handled dagger, a black book, and a brown leather pouch.

Marla knelt before the fire, head bowed. She said words Greg didn't understand but he knew she was offering some sort of prayer.

Pushing aside the satchel and leaving the leather pouch and black book on the rock, Marla took the dagger and stood. With the knife flat in the palms of her hands, blade toward her heart, she began to chant and to move slowly around the fire.

Marla turned her head back so that the blue veins in her neck were visible. Her eyes opened wide but they seemed sightless. Slowly, ever so slowly, her bare feet felt their way around the circle. Her low, muffled chant grew stronger. She pushed the knife away and drew it to her bosom in slow cadence. Her head twitched and her hair rippled magically.

The other young people began to sway left and right in rhythm. Greg felt Susan on his left and Roy on his right begin to squeeze harder and harder on his hands.

Greg didn't like it. He suddenly felt nauseated and wished he hadn't come. His stomach churned. The pizza. That was it. Greg put Susan's hand in Roy's and stepped back from the circle. His nausea passed.

Greg glanced at his watch. Almost midnight. Marla paused, knelt and picked up the leather pouch. "Aw-eee, aw-eee, aw-eee," she repeated over and over. She took dust of some sort from the pouch and flung it into the air. "Aw-eee."

Only then was Greg aware of a slight breeze. The dust brushed his cheeks and he stepped further back from the circle.

Marla exchanged the pouch for the black book. She placed the dagger on the book and once more passed around the fire. Opposite the spot where Greg had stood, her face contorted. She screamed and gave a spasmodic jerk that threw the dagger into the air. It landed three feet in front of Greg, causing him to jump.

It was over. The young people unclasped their hands. Marla wiped perspiration from her face. She picked up the pouch and looked around.

"Where's the knife?" Marla asked.

Everyone looked. No one said anything and, for some reason, no one looked toward Greg.

"Here it is," Greg picked up the knife, walked toward the fire and handed it to Marla.

Marla swallowed, turned away and replaced the things in her satchel.

"Susan."

"Yes, Marla."

"Did you ride up with Greg?"

"Un huh."

"Well, don't ride back. Roy and I will take you."

Greg laughed. "You've got to be kidding, Marla." He turned to Susan. There was fear on her face and, although she apologized more than once, she refused to get in the car with Greg.

"You are all a bunch of nuts," Greg said. He started his car and headed home. Down the mountain. Alone.

* * * *

Greg drove slowly along the old fire trail. The road was rutted and he watched for rocks which could crack an oil pan. For two miles the road wound steadily down the right side of the mountain, finally junctioning with a state road that turned back up toward the cut. From the top, Greg paused a moment. Far below were the twinkling lights of Keaton.

Greg sighed, slipped his car into second gear and headed down. He turned on the radio. Pushed the button for WCKY. A man announced a special on the late Bobby Darrin's LP albums. Strangely, although he drove and listened to the radio, Greg's mind was on Marla. He saw her yet in the firelight, face aglow, utterly obsessed with her delusion.

At the end of a long grade the road made a hairpin turn. Greg approached the curve too fast. He reached for the brake, pressed, and met with no resistance. He pumped the brake quickly. Three times. Nothing! Greg started to shift gears. Too late. The curve was on him.

"Help me, Lord," Greg said.

With clinched teeth he pulled hard on the steering wheel. The car swerved inward, catching for a moment in the ditch line, then sliding sideways across the road. For a moment Greg thought he had made it. Then the right shoulder of the road melted and the car dropped over the mountain.

Greg shielded his face with his arms. Metal crunched. Glass broke, a knifelike pain hit Greg between the eyes. Then darkness.

The car crashed downward twenty feet and wedged between two trees. When Greg came to himself, he hung by his seat belt. Blood gushed from a cut in his forehead. One headlight burned and the radio played, "That's right, folks, only \$3.98 and you can get this lovely record by one of America's best-loved singing artists. . . ."

Greg turned off the radio, the car switch, and the headlights. With his handkerchief he wiped blood from his face, located the cut, and tied the handkerchief around his forehead.

Thank God, no bones were broken.

The door on Greg's side was jammed. He climbed out the opposite side and scrambled up to the road. In the distance, he heard the motor of a car. In a moment, lights. *Probably Roy*, Greg thought. He stood in the center of the road, waiting.

"For heaven's sake, Man! What happened?" Roy stood with Greg in the road, examining the cut. Susan and the others gathered round. Once they knew Greg wasn't hurt badly, they turned off the car lights and

peered over the embankment at the wrecked car.

"Oh, wow!" Susan said, "a few feet to the left and you'd have gone halfway to Keaton."

"Thank God," Greg said. He swallowed and whispered it again.

Marla spoke. Unnoticed, she stood just back of Sharon and Greg. "I knew it was going to happen."

Greg turned. "Oh, baloney, Marla. You didn't know any such thing." Greg glanced from Marla's face to Sharon's. Greg knew that Marla was getting through to Sharon. Roy also was listening.

"The knife, Greg. That was for something, you know."

In Marla's eyes was a strange glow, almost as if she rejoiced that her prophecy had come true.

"Marla," Greg looked from one to another, "you can think what you will. And you can hint and carry on with your strange incantations all you wish but you'll never convince me. Only God is the governor of life. In Him I live and move and have my being. What has happened tonight may be a strange coincidence, and I feel I could have spent my time in some better way than listening to your hogwash; but you didn't know what was going to happen any more than I did. Only God knew. And God loves me. He watches over me as a Father and it was *His* grace that spared my life tonight."

Marla laughed. "Well, now, listen at the little preacher."

"No, Marla, I'm not a preacher. But I am a Christian. I read my Bible and I believe it. Roy believes it, too. And Sharon. And I don't

appreciate you trying to bring confusion into their lives.”

“Oh! And just what do you propose to do about it?”

Marla’s hands were on her hips, head defiant. Greg suddenly felt a witness inside him, the coming to the fore of a dormant spirit. The hesitancy was gone. Marla was the enemy. Greg knew he couldn’t back up.

“I’ll tell you what I’m going to do, Marla. I’m going to pray. In the name of Jesus Christ, I’m going to claim my friends for the church. I’m going to ask Mom and Dad, and my pastor, to pray with me. I’m going to believe God for power to show you that yours is a delusion of the devil.”

“Next time, Greg . . .” Marla pointed her finger. “Next time you won’t be so fortunate. Come on, Roy. Let’s go. I don’t want to talk about it anymore.”

Roy drove Greg home. Greg woke his mother and dad, told them of the accident. Together they prayed and thanked God. Greg lay awake until light was creeping in. He prayed and he worried . . . and, yes . . . deep inside he questioned the recent events of his life. Still, he believed what he had said and he intended to hold up his testimony.

“Help me, Lord. For Roy’s sake. And Sharon’s.”

At long last, Greg slept.

* * * *

Saturday, Greg went with the wrecker crew. They retrieved his car and towed it into town. Damage was extensive but the garage assured him it could be restored. In Sunday school the following morning he gave a brief testimony and

asked the class to pray with him about a special request. Neither Sharon nor Roy were present.

Pastor Hainsworth preached on “The Power Within Us.” His text: “Greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the world” (1 John 4:4). Greg was all ears. His heart thumped overtime and he walked out of service more convinced than ever that God’s Spirit would lead and strengthen him in his conflict with Marla.

The school week flew by. Greg suspected Marla had been talking with his friends. Once, when the gang huddled at the end of the hall and he suddenly burst in on them from the gym, they seemed startled and immediately split up. Roy didn’t talk much and Marla eyed him as if she expected any moment to see him turn purple.

Strangely, it didn’t bother Greg in the least. He smiled and chatted and whistled through four days, confident in the Lord. It was on Thursday morning, after hearing Marla say something about her “old man,” that Greg came up with his idea. He paid Mr. Curtis Gilmore a visit. It turned out to be a very profitable one.

“Marla wants to see you, Greg,” Roy said on Friday morning. “In the library.”

The two walked over together. Marla was in the reference room, alone. Something was up. She smiled.

“We’re having another meeting tonight, Greg. Same place. Come, and I think maybe I can take the hex off you.”

“Hex?”

“Oh, come on, Greg. Don’t pretend. You’ve been miserable

all week. We’ve been watching. You can’t hide things from your friends, not even with all your whistling and pretense. Besides, I know you haven’t forgotten the accident.”

Greg laughed. He looked quickly from Marla to Roy. Yeah, he could see it. For the first time there was doubt on Roy’s face and perhaps a tinge of fear in Marla’s eyes. Somewhere inside there was a crack in her confidence.

“There’s no hex on me, Marla. I’ve never been happier in my life.” Greg turned to the door, closed it, and came back to the table. “Sit down, Roy. There’s something I want to say to Marla and you may as well hear it too.”

“I don’t have time to talk with you, Greg Kernes. I . . .”

“Now, wait a moment, Marla . . .” Roy had Marla’s arm. Otherwise she would have walked out. “Seems to me Greg isn’t asking much. It won’t hurt to hear him out.”

Reluctantly, Marla sat back down, opposite Greg. Her lip turned up slightly in a pout. She looked away.

“Go on, Greg,” Roy said.

“Well, to begin with, Roy, our friend here is a Satanist. Or else she claims to be.”

“That’s a lie!” Marla’s eyes blazed. She slapped her hands down on the table, leaning forward. “That’s a lie and you know it. I’m a witch, a white witch. And that’s all. Anyone saying anything else is a liar.”

“Tut, tut, tut.” Greg pursed his lips and made little sucking sounds. He continued to grin as he stared into Marla’s eyes.

“Hey, Man,” Roy said,

"you're being a little far-out, aren't you?"

"No, Roy, I'm not. And if anyone's lying, Marla, it's your dad. He's the one who told me."

Marla turned white. Her hands slowly clinched and unclenched. She swallowed, but said nothing.

"Anton LaVey, Marla. The First Church of Satan, San Francisco. Black masses. The *Satanic Bible*. Your mother's death from drugs. Your dad told me all about it. He didn't want to tell me. And he said it all with tears running down his cheeks. Right there in his office, Marla. That's why he moved here in the first place. And . . . Marla . . . you made your dad a promise."

Marla jumped to her feet. She cursed. First her father and then Greg. She walked back and forth two or three times and then she leaned over the table. "You're going to be sorry for this, Greg Kernes. That accident you had last week . . . huh . . . that's not anything compared to what's coming. Mark my word."

Marla turned and headed for the door. "Let's go, Roy."

Roy didn't move. He sat eyeing his nails, slowly rubbing his hands together. His back was to Marla and he was grinning.

"Roy!"

"Sorry, Marla."

The door slammed. Roy sat a moment, then turned toward Greg.

"You telling the truth?"

"Yeah."

"Wow, oh wow! Man, I knew she was way out. All that witches stuff and all. But I didn't take it seriously. You

know, I sort of thought of Marla as the star of *Bewitched* or *I Dream of Jeannie*. She even used the Bible, Greg. A real Bible. I read some of it."

Greg stood. He slapped Roy on the shoulder. "But isn't that just like the old devil? He'll use any trick. What we've got to do is get the Bible club going. And tell the others. Maybe we can even help Marla. That's what her dad is praying."

The boys stood. "Really, Greg. Weren't you scared? Not even a tiny bit? The accident and all?"

"Well . . . for a few moments there . . . yes. I guess I did have a little fear. Who wouldn't? The devil is after every one of us. But then I remembered the scripture, 'Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good' (Romans 12:21). You know, I don't think Paul would have written that if it weren't possible. Do you?" □

—Reprinted from *Encounter*

THE DARKER SIDE OF MAN

Continued from page 4

It is not horoscopes or four-leaf clovers which will release us from our bonds: only the truth can set us free (John 8:32). □



Dean Strong, a native of Kentucky, is a graduate of both Northwest Bible College and Lee College. Dean is presently working on a master's degree at the Church of God School of Theology, Cleveland, Tennessee,

with an emphasis in Christian education. □

GOD DELIVERED ME

Continued from page 10

into his life by reciting what occultists call "mantra." These

are words with vibrations, the weapons of the occult. There is a mantra for every situation or demand. Mantra are to the occultist what faith is to a Christian.

7. *The occult places great emphasis upon secret lodges and societies.*

Such teachings deceive people into believing they can belong to Christ and still belong to lodges, Theological Science Society, Buddhism, and so on. The teachers do this by frequent references to Bible verses with twisted meaning. Among such Bible verses are these: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me" (Philippians 4:13); "But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus" (Philippians 4:19); "Neither shall they say, Lo here! or, lo there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you" (Luke 17:21).

Do the students of occultism develop hidden power?

The answer is emphatically no.

Rather, by their faithfulness to the devil, through their meditation and concentration, they permit the devil to reveal himself as an angel of light. By the various mantra, the powers of darkness are drawn to one's aid for good or bad. People who claim to have developed their inward powers break most of the laws of Moses. They are often drunkards, smokers, adulterers and fornicators.

These are among the many reasons why a Christian should not become involved in any way with the occult. □



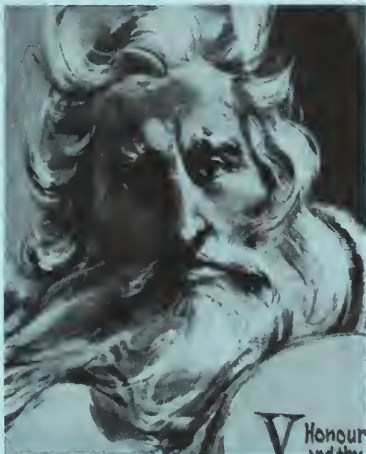
Joseph Kwarteng is a native of Ghana, West Africa. Joseph earned a degree in science, majoring in zoology and botany, and in June 1967 became a public school teacher. In 1969, Joseph enrolled as a student of an occultic society headquartered in Florida, U.S.A. In March 1973 he was initiated as a full member of that society and, as Joseph will tell you, shortly thereafter started experiencing occultic powers.

For six years Joseph worked hard to earn money and to enjoy a comfortable life but he found he was only putting his wages into a bag with holes. Rather than discovering power, he became a slave to drunkenness, idolatry, adultery and pride.

"Miserable as I was," Joseph stated, "I hated to hear the name of Jesus Christ. To me Jesus was no more than a prophet who reached perfection by mystic training. I told Christians who witnessed to me that I would one day be just like Him."

Then Joseph learned a new lesson about

Christ. In 1979 he became a born-again Christian. Joseph is presently a student at the Church of God School of Theology. He plans to return to his homeland soon. We are happy to have him share this article with the *Lighted Pathway's* readership. □



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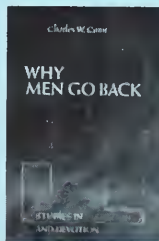
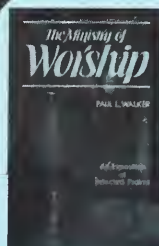
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The Cult of the Occult, Carl Richardson

Man has always been, and man remains, basically religious. Man will worship something. Either he bows his heart and bends his knees to the true God, or else he erects a god of his own making. There is no middle ground. No neutral position.

In my text verse, the Apostle Paul writes a warning to young Timothy: "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils" (1 Timothy 4:1).

One need only pick up a magazine or turn on a radio or switch on the television to recognize that Paul's warning is most appropriate for this hour and for this generation.



INTEREST IN THE OCCULT IS RISING FAST THROUGHOUT THE U.S. TODAY

Things are now taking place which most of us, only a few years ago, would have laughed about. Who among us would have taken seriously the idea of witchcraft? Who would have believed that one could find power through the devil to hex an enemy to death? Who would have dared predict that intelligent men and women of the early 1980's would build altars to such an ancient goddess as Venus and would come before her nude in order to engage in all types of sexual rites? All in the name of religion!

It's happening today! It's happening in small

towns and in large cities and in rural areas of our nation. It's happening with a steady repetition that beats out a warning of the coming judgment of God.

Perhaps you heard of Patrick Newell. New Jersey. Twenty years old. Or maybe you read his story in *Time* magazine. Patrick talked two of his friends into drowning him. He begged them. He persuaded them by saying they would be doing him a favor. Patrick's theory was that if his friends murdered him he would be able to return in charge of forty legions of demons.

Or Kim Brown. Kim was convicted of manslaughter for stabbing a sixty-two-year-old

man to death. Kim told reporters she enjoyed killing that man. In fact, it gave her a sexual thrill. She went on to say that "the devil must have interceded for me since I was sentenced to only seven years in prison."

On August 8, 1969, five people were murdered at the home of a wealthy movie director. X marks on Sharon Tate and Jay Sebring indicated that the murders bore some sort of ritualistic significance, a fact later confirmed by witnesses who were members of "the Manson family."

This Manson band of young people lived on the edge of Death Valley. They had sworn allegiance to a deranged man who introduced them to drugs, sex orgies and command killings of shocking brutality.

It all sounds far out, doesn't it? But each case is true! And what's even worse is that this fascination with the occult and the forbidden is not limited to a few hippies. In fact, *Time* magazine reported in 1972 that perhaps "as many as ten million Americans were dabbling in the occult arts." That number has continued to grow.

Susy Smith, in a book entitled *Today's Witches*, wrote a few years back that there were probably as many as 60,000 witches and warlocks in the United States.

New books on the occult appear on the newsstands and in our libraries constantly. Young people seem especially drawn to these books. Some colleges now offer courses in witchcraft and occultism.

Perhaps most startling of all is what Susy Smith noted: "The idea that only the lower classes, the dopes, the befuddled old ladies take an interest in the occult is a thing of the past. Now the upper and middle classes, the respected, are taking up witchcraft."

SOME EVEN WORSHIP SATAN HIMSELF

The Bible tells us clearly that we are engaged in a spiritual warfare. "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places" (Ephesians 6:12).

Perhaps, as children, we laughed and took lightly such stories as "The Devil and Daniel Webster." It could even be that modern medicine and psychiatry have lulled some of us

into rationalizing away the seriousness of this struggle. But the struggle is on! Men and women still come under the dominating influence of Satan. Men and women yet yield to the devil's commands. They become reprobate in mind and debauched in character. They often become possessed of the devil in a very literal way, so much so that no psychiatrist and no technique of modern medicine can help them.

Is it any wonder that Paul warned young Timothy? And is it not clear why the Bible speaks so strongly against toying with such evils?

In every century and in every generation there have been those who were servants of the devil but it has taken the present generation to develop an open cult of Satanism: to publicize the practice of worshiping Satan and to gloat in its sheer wickedness.

Herbert Sloane is a professed Satanist who lives in Toledo, Ohio. "We see Satan as our blessed Savior," he says. "We hold Satan in esteem just as Christians [esteem] Jesus Christ or Buddhists their Buddha. Our Lord Satan is a supernatural being."

"But Brother Richardson," some ask, "is it really all that serious?"

Well, judge for yourself.

In 1965, a man named Anton LaVey formed the First Church of Satan. LaVey's church is headquartered in a thirteen-room mansion within sight of the Golden Gate Bridge of San Francisco. It's painted black inside and out. LaVey's church claimed a membership of over 5,000 in 1972 and LaVey himself expressed astonishment at how fast the growth came.

Of all the modern Satanists, LaVey has received most publicity. He is six feet tall. A man in his late thirties. He wears a black cape, lined inside with red velvet. His head is shaven and oiled, and he has a goatee. He drives a Jaguar sports car, license number SATAN-9, and he says, "This is a cult dedicated to the enjoyment of worldly pleasures and free from moral restrictions, guilt feelings, or original sin."

In the opening of one of his services, as reported by Susy Smith, LaVey chants, "Ring up the demons from the lower pit . . . Lucifer is risen to proclaim this is the age of Satan! Satan rules the earth . . . rise and give the sign of the horns! The flesh prevails and a great church shall be built in its name. No longer shall a man's salvation be dependent on his self-denial. And it

shall be known that the world of the flesh and the living shall be the greatest preparation for any and all eternal delights."

LaVey has special prayers for those of his congregation who come forward and request such. In the name of Satan he will pray for a young man to find another job or for a young man to get the money he wants or for a young girl's boyfriend to pay her more attention.

LaVey is the author of a book titled *Satanic Bible*. *Time* magazine reported that on some college campuses it outsells the Holy Bible.

Most notorious of LaVey's escapades was a wedding performed for Judith Case and John Raymond. One hundred guests attended. The couple took their vows before a black altar on which stretched a red-haired, naked woman. The crowd threw black rice. The couple later told newsmen that their marriage was conceived not in heaven but in hell.

That, my brothers and sisters, illustrates some of the evils presently going on in the name of occult religion.

THE BIBLE TELLS US, 'FROM SUCH TURN AWAY'

"This know also," Paul wrote to Timothy, "that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, Without natural affection, trucebreakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, Traitors, heady, highminded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God; Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof:

from such turn away" (2 Timothy 3:1-5).

Christ Jesus came into the world to destroy the works of the devil. Christ came to establish His Kingdom in the human heart. His Kingdom is purity and love; honesty and hope; holiness, cleanliness and faith in the future.

Let us beware of any gods other than the true God.

Jesus Christ is Lord! ☐

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—Fawnia Taylor

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Update



Imagine that verbal fight goes on between two close friends. The misunderstanding is caused by distorted facts and false information. An evil report, given with wrong motivations, causes the hearer to jump to inaccurate conclusions and to respond with unscriptural "solutions."

Evil reports are so destructive they can break up long-lasting, close friendships: "A whisperer separateth chief friends" (Proverbs 16:28).

Small as it is, your tongue can defile your whole body and others by giving an evil report. James writes, "The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity . . . it *defileth* the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell" (James 3:6).

The tongue can turn a nation to destruction. The evil report from ten spies returning from Canaan kept the people of Israel from claiming the promises of God. Because they believed an evil report the elders of Israel died in the wilderness.

What is an evil report? An unauthorized, distorted, or false report which causes us to form an evil opinion about another person.

How are evil reports given? By words, facial expressions, gestures, and voice tones. They can be subtle or obvious, quiet or angry, sweet or bitter.

Who gives an evil report? A whisperer: one who secretly or privately passes on evil reports to others (Psalm 41:7). A gossip: one who sensationalizes rumors and partial information. A slanderer: one who seeks to destroy another's reputation with damaging facts, distortions of facts, or evil suspicions (Numbers 14:36). A busybody: one who digs up evil reports and spreads them by means of gossip, slander, or whispering. Such action is classified with the sins of murder and stealing: "Let none of you suffer as a murderer, or as a thief, or as an evildoer, or as a busybody in other men's matters" (1 Peter 4:15).

Evil reports are motivated by bitterness, rebellion, deception, pride, guilt, and envy.

Satan uses an evil report to discredit spiritual leadership, to cause Christians to close their spirits toward one another, to multiply conflicts and produce more ungodliness, and to prompt non-Christians to mock Christianity and reject Christ.

God warns, "Whoso privily slandereth his neighbour, him will I *cut off*" (Psalm 101:5).

Three things every Christian should consider: (1) Am I guilty of giving an evil report? If so, have I asked God to forgive? (2) Have I received an evil report and is that message causing me spiritual problems? (3) Am I fellowshiping with a person who gives evil reports? □

W.A. Davis

Books

WHO SAYS GET MARRIED? by *Don Meredith* "A dynamic life is not found by seeking sex, marriage, wealth, or prestige; instead, life is found in a personal knowledge of God," declares Don Meredith. "Nowhere in Scripture does God imply or say that being married is better than being single or that marriage is the key to happiness."

Who Says Get Married? exhorts singles to find their completeness in God, to learn to build healthy, lasting relationships and to get on with the business of living a purposeful life now. (Thomas Nelson Publishers, Nashville) □

MORE THAN A GAME by *Joe Smalley* This is a true story of the Athletes in Action (AIA) USA basketball team. Born in faith, AIA is the dream of a former football player. But was it faith or folly for Dave Hannah to arrange Athletes in Action's first schedule when he had just one player and no coach? The team, as committed to evangelism as it is to basketball, ranks among the world's unique. But could it ever, as Hannah fervently hoped, rank among the world's best? Hannah's struggle to keep his vision alive interweaves with the stories of the team's key figures and their families. (Here's Life Publishers; Price, \$4.95) □

THE SINGLE EXPERIENCE by *Keith Miller and Andrea Wells Miller*

How does it feel to be single in a doubles world? Keith Miller knows about it. So does Andrea Wells Miller. They know the unusual feelings of failure strangely mixed with the joyous achievements of independence. They've felt the dread of being lonely coupled with the rich rewards of openness. They've fought the temptation to linger too long over painful memories, while striving to move ahead into a healing new way of life.

Here is a powerful point of departure for any caring person who wants to become more conscious of the special problems and gifts which are part of *The Single Experience*. Two of today's most sensitive writers and popular speakers, the Millers are not afraid to share openly and honestly their feelings and their discoveries.

Singleness, they emphasize, is not just an unending series of painful and difficult experiences. It is an opportunity for self-examination and growth. Some topics covered are coping with loneliness, the search for a new identity, gaining emotional independence from parents, rearing children alone, allowing friendships to develop, becoming financially responsible, thinking through sexual choices, achieving intimacy, and overcoming the fear of broken relationships. (Word Books, Waco, TX; Price, \$8.95) □

YOU CAN CONQUER GRIEF BEFORE IT CONQUERS YOU by *Lester Sumrall*

Do you dwell on what's wrong with your life instead of what's good and wholesome and right? Do you often have the "moody blues"—without ever knowing why? Do you like to sit and brood by yourself? Do you feel like a failure?

If you answered yes to any of these questions then something's eating you, and that something may be grief.

"Grief is not just a passing mood," says Lester Sumrall. "It can twist your life, even destroy your life, if you let it. Our generation is heavy-laden with grief; the mighty suffer grief, as do the humble. Grief reaches into the royal castles of Europe and America's Oval Office, as well as into hovels and tenements."

Sumrall's biblical insights and personal experiences will help you understand the nature of grief and will show you how you can defeat grief's emotionally disabling effects. (Thomas Nelson Publishers; Paperback, \$3.95) □

JESUS WORLD by *Jamie Buckingham* A novel by one of the most widely read authors today. *Jesus World* is the mind-boggling story of the computer gospel gone wild. It is the story of a world in which most of us can easily be caught up. It is a religious Disney World, but it portrays a nightmare that is altogether believable as we get caught up with the author and the characters he so skillfully creates. (Chosen Books, Lincoln, VA; Price, \$4.95) □

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YOUTH NEWS TO NOTE

Compiled by **SONJIA LEE HUNT**, Editorial Assistant General Department of Youth and Christian Education

PREGNANCY AND DRINKING

Last year when Dr. Joseph A. Pursch wrote in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* that a pregnant woman ought not drink, the American public reacted with shock.

Some responses follow:

"My husband won't like that at all."

"Can I at least have some wine with my meals? I can see how whiskey may not be a good idea, but surely a little wine can't be harmful."

One doctor said if he pushed "no drinking" too hard, he might become known as "hard-nosed on drinking." That would harm his credibility.

Dr. Pursch received such a barrage of indignation that he wrote, "We seem to think drinking alcohol is not only a custom, or even the social norm, but a necessity, like health care or cars or television." (*Chattanooga News-Free Press*)

* * * * *

QUESTIONS:

1. Does it surprise you that people care more about momentary pleasure than about the life and health of a child?
2. Dr. Pursch included health care, cars, and television in his list of "necessities." Maybe he was joking. What would you include?

MONEY—MAN'S BEST FRIEND?

CHATTANOOGA—A man who has seen both sides of the coin, so to speak, shared some of the insight which he had gained concerning the misconceptions commonly held about those who have money.

"Except for the style of living and the material and creature comforts, there is a very thin line separating the rich and the poor.

"Yet, the fellow who is having a tough time getting by invariably believes that the guy with the money has 'got it made.'"

In fact, the have-nots have convinced themselves that money's purchasing power extends far beyond material things. "They delude themselves into thinking money can buy anything, including health and happiness and friendship." (*Chattanooga News-Free Press*)

* * * * *

QUESTIONS:

Ask yourself . . .

1. Am I happy with the material things I have?
2. Do I place emphasis on gaining possessions?
3. If I had more money, would I have more friends?

Read Luke 12:13-34.

GURU FOLLOWERS BUILD CITY

RAJNEESHPURAM, Oregon—More than 200 followers of guru Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh have come from Poona, India, and have built a city on a 100-square-mile ranch which they purchased in central Oregon.

Calling themselves Sannyasins, commune members are required to use the ascribed names. They wear orange clothing and a 108-wooden-bead necklace with the picture of the Bhagwan dangling at the bottom. They give up ownership of all material goods and participate in sessions at one of the Rajneesh meditation centers.

Jefferson County District Attorney Michael Sullivan, says, "These people are not losers. They are well educated and well traveled. They could survive in any society."

As to behavior, a commune spokesperson says, "Everything is permitted."

It was Rajneesh's views on unfettered sex which made him a leader of controversy in India. Gurus are expected to be ascetics. (*Chattanooga News-Free Press*)

* * * * *

QUESTIONS:

1. Compare what the Apostle Paul says about the body with Rajneesh's philosophy (1 Corinthians 9:24-27).
2. Why do you think well-educated and seemingly intelligent people would change to the lifestyle of a commune?

WORKING MOTHERS

WASHINGTON (UPI)—More than half the children in the United States, under age eighteen, have mothers who work away from home.

In 1980, 52.8 percent of American children had working mothers while in 1970, only 38.9 percent were in that category. (The Labor Department)

* * * * *

QUESTIONS:

1. How do you feel about working mothers?
2. How has the situation of your own home—working mother or nonworking mother—affected your life?

DATING:

A Guide for Disaster

MY DATING LIFE

KEEP OUT!

1.



1. Keep control of this area to yourself. If you let Him have control, who knows the things He might want to change. He might give you a really "yuch" date, or, even worse, forget you all-together.

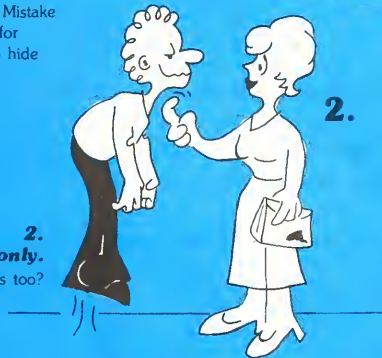
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© LARRY E. NEAGLE

6. Be a pyromaniac. Mistake infatuation for love, emotion for commitment. Only be sure to hide before the fire goes out.

2.



Choose dates on the basis of physical attraction only.

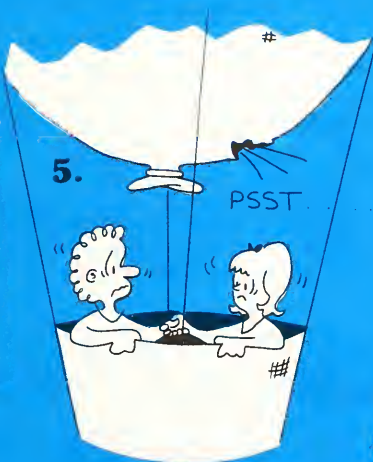
Why cramp your style by considering their spiritual attributes too?

2.

5. Live dangerously: date unbelievers.

It's so much more fun. Besides, you might be able to "help" them.

5.



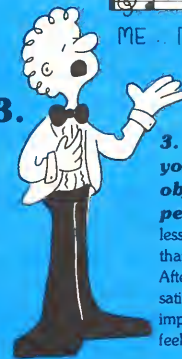
4. Never include spiritual events in your dating. Going to church together, reading the Bible together, praying together, all have dampened many a promising romance.

4.



ME ME ME...

3.



3. View those you date as objects, not persons. Contribute less to the relationship than you receive. After all, your own satisfaction is more important than their feelings.

Artist and Writer, Larry E. Neagle



SHADOWS OF THE MIND

Journey with me into those inner recesses of your mind.

Down where none other can enter, not even your parents, your brothers or sisters, or even your best friend.

Where shadows dance and fears lie bound and shackled.

Where secrets are filed.

Where even you prefer not to tarry.

Oddly enough, it is in this cavernous, subterranean center of your being where personality is shaped.

Here where decisions are made.

Where signals originate for all the actions and reactions which constitute your daily life.

It is here . . . within the confines of this narrow space . . . privately and alone . . . where you fight and win, or else fight and lose, your battle for survival.

You have one friend in this fight. Light.

One enemy. Darkness.

The darkness within you may seem overwhelming! Frightening! Too much for you! You may despair of ever being freed from the fears, the doubts, the ghosts of your past.

But wait!

Let's examine friend and enemy more closely.

Light is positive. Light is a force. Light has within it, inherently, a power of its own. Light cleanses, sanitizes, purifies. Light heals.

Darkness?

It does nothing. Darkness has no power, no life, no authority, no positive force of its own. Darkness is negative. It is the absence of light. It is nothing of itself.

The darkness within you exists only because you close out the light. You draw the curtains. You slam the door. You reject the sunrise.

Within the darkness of your heart . . . there in the blackness of your soul . . . corruption will proliferate. Continue to refuse even a glimmer of light and all kinds of pollution will spring up, unsavory creatures of the night, making your inner being a cesspool of iniquity.

Many try to clean themselves out. Try to rid themselves of corruption, evil, the vile pit of iniquity through resolutions, acts of charity, thoughts of better things.

No use. Evil is of darkness. Evil is immune to all human toxins, all human medications, all human applications of resolve and determination.

One thing only can take care of evil. Light.

Open your heart to the light!

Then will come cleansing, purification, healing, and spiritual health. Then will vanish darkness.

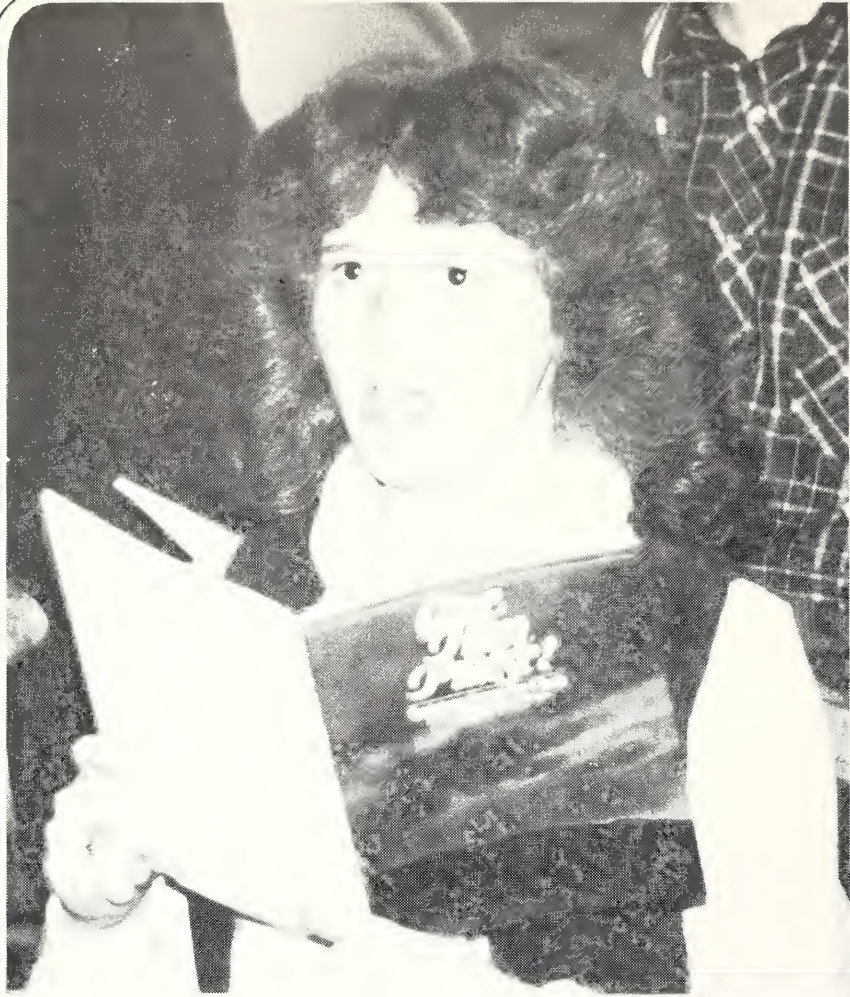
Those shadows of your mind can no more abide the coming of light (Christ) than can physical darkness the rising of today's sun.

"I am the light of the world" (John 8:12). □



"Light is positive.
Light is a force. Light has
within it, inherently,
a power of its own."

H. Armstrong Roberts



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MIKE BAKER



Teen Talent Enthusiast

NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THE

THIS MONTH

Ministry is our theme. First, Teen Talent, a program which is now twenty years old and vibrantly healthy. Mike Baker shares some reasons why. Second, Peniel Ministries, a drug-alcohol abuse rehabilitation center recently launched in Pennsylvania. Lots more, including the church's first Singles Conference.

Hoyt E. Stone

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For twenty years now, Mike Baker has been involved with Teen Talent programs in the Church of God.

"I first participated in 1962," Mike says. "The program started in '61. I chose the Vocal Solo category in my home state of South Carolina and, when I made it to the state finals, I was one thirteen-year-old kid who couldn't have imagined anything more exciting.

"I remember the day vividly. Youth Day at camp meeting. Hot and sweaty. Max Morris was at Tremont Avenue then and they had a tremendous

choir. Wade Horton preached a marathon sermon in the afternoon. Perhaps two hours. When they stood to announce Teen Talent winners that night, I felt an electrifying excitement which I'll never forget."

Runner-up, Mike Baker.

"Another guy won first place.



Stone Photo

"Next year, though, I tried again. Won state competition and had the opportunity to go to the General Assembly where I competed against Karen Roberson.

"Lost again.

"Two years later, at age sixteen, I pulled out all the stops and participated in every category possible. If one guy could have been a choir, then I guess I'd have tried that. I won vocal that year and proudly carried home the trophy."

Mike is now married—the father of a nine-year-old daughter who will participate in Teen Talent herself before

TEEN TALENT ENTHUSIAST

MIKE BAKER



long—and teaching music at East Coast Bible College. He also serves as associate pastor at the Church of God, Randleman, North Carolina.

On the morning of this interview I found Mike in his office at the Music Building at East Coast. Immaculately dressed in a black pin-striped suit, he looked more like a rising young business executive than the awkward thirteen-year-old of two decades back.

Mike was expecting me. Prepared for the interview. I discovered right off why Lamar Vest had said, "If you want to talk to someone really turned on to Teen Talent, try Mike Baker."

Professionally, Mike's own career has been spectacular. Son of a minister, Mike graduated from high school, Liberty, South Carolina, 1967, and enrolled at Lee College that fall, determined to get into Lee Singers.

Mike's financial assistance program consisted primarily of long hours in the cotton mill. He began work in the mill while still in high school and he saved almost every penny



earned, with two exceptions, his tithes and his splurge for new clothes and the South Carolina Camp Meeting during the summer of '67.

Even after enrollment at Lee, Mike often drove back to Liberty on weekends, going into the mill on Friday night and working a sixteen-hour day on Saturday in order to make extra money and pay his own way.

Mike did get into the Singers his first term at Lee. He stayed with the group four years . . . traveling . . . performing

. . . learning to appreciate the professional abilities of Delton Alford . . . perhaps unconsciously picking up a few of Delton's mannerisms, as have a great number of young men who, over the years, have been influenced by the Alford style.

Once out of Lee, Mike settled in Randleman, North Carolina, working with Pastor E. F. Sibbett. He has earned a master's degree from the University of North Carolina, and is within a few hours of his doctorate in music education.

I asked Mike precisely what his title was. His job at the moment?

"Which one?" he asked. "I wear a number of hats—here, just as I do at Randleman. Anyone in the music ministry of the Church of God today has to be rather cosmopolitan in both interests and assignments. That's the trouble with a lot of young music majors. They tell me they only want to do music.

"I'm chairman of the music program here at East Coast. I work at Randleman. I'm a student at the University of North Carolina. I'm also national coordinator for Teen Talent programs. No one should be judged by titles. Judge my work. If I do the tasks assigned, well and good; if not, then someone else should be doing them.

"As you might well guess, Teen Talent is a work of love. It's something I do out of respect for what the program contributed to my life and for what I know it can do for other young men and women in the Church of God.

"Floyd Carey first got me involved when he became assistant general youth and

Christian education director in '72. Floyd asked me to help compile, develop, and put together a Teen Talent music manual. Since then I've worked with Lamar Vest and now with W. A. Davis."

"Ten years?"

"Something like that."

"You also serve as national coordinator for Teen Talent at the General Assembly?"

"Yeah. And there's lots more involved in that phase of the program than some would suspect. Dozens of people now work round the clock to make Teen Talent run smoothly at the Assembly. The first year I served as coordinator I had one assistant, Raymond Pettitt."

"Tell me, Mike, in your personal opinion, what's the greatest thing about Teen Talent?"

"Teen Talent is great because it's a program that works. Where it really works, of course, is on the local level. We see what happens on the state level and on the national level but the real contribution is made in the local church where this program finds talent and challenges a young life to develop that talent and use it for the glory of God.

"Teen Talent is also a program which will inevitably go international. To some extent it has done that already, among the Spanish-speaking peoples of Central and South America and in Europe, but we will eventually format competition at the Assembly to bring nationals more into the mainstream of things."

"You see the future of this program as promising?"

"Altogether. We've expanded the program, you know.

Creative Writing. Art. Bible. These three other categories offer opportunity for more young people to get involved.

"The Bible Division has been especially well received. It appeals to parents and pastors. It parallels our other teaching ministries.

"It's my opinion, however, that music will continue to spearhead the program, so we keep expanding the categories and we keep upgrading to where others can be involved in music as well."

"What about the competition, Mike? How do you respond to those who criticize such emphasis on competitiveness? Who think competition a rather earthy or carnal goal?"

"Let them think what they will. They are partly right. Teen Talent isn't going to survive on competition alone. It will survive on performance. What these people refer to as competition is really nothing more than a platform for performance.

"There's real human drama in what happens backstage at the General Assembly. I see it in the faces of young people. I see their attitudes toward one another and I know them to be loving and caring, not carnal and selfish.

"Of course, young people who participate at the general level wish to win. They go on stage and do their best. But at the same time they understand what it is to perform for the glory of God and they have a surprisingly mature attitude toward one another.

"Besides, it doesn't kill you not to win. I should know.

"Teen Talent is a ministry. A ministry of bringing the

proficiency level of our young people up to a point where they can confidently present God's message to others in this twentieth century.

"A few years back, I remember talking with a young lady at the Assembly, just before she went on stage to perform. She was very nervous, wringing her hands, almost in tears. I told her she'd be alright and she answered, 'But, Brother Baker, I've never in my life performed before more than twenty-five people.'

"She made it, too. She has now returned to her home church where she joins a growing list of avid supporters of this program.

"This year the General Youth Department will introduce *Festival of Life*, a new music choral collection made up of original materials. We expect our music festivals, planned for various regions of the country, to revitalize the program, especially on off-Assembly years. These festivals will also provide a new format for performance.

"Teen Talent *does* have a future. It will continue to grow because it contributes to young lives and, through this channel, it aids various ministries of this church.

"What could be more important?" □

Hoyt E. Stone

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Stone Photo

Peniel Ministries

South of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, just outside the quiet little community of Wellsville, on twenty acres of property formerly known as "Footlight Ranch," you can find, if you look carefully, a cluster of brown wooden buildings. There is a ball field, a playground, an outdoor amphitheater, and a now-empty swimming pool.

Centerpiece of the scene is a rambling structure that looks as if it would be more comfortable backed up against a Colorado butte, rather than a shaggy stand of scrub oak and hickory trees. This building serves as office, kitchen and dining area—not to mention recreation and meeting room—for an unusual group of young men.

Back from the central building, on the edge of the woods, is a chapel furnished with rough wood benches: in the woods proper, a single-story ranch-type dormitory.

Should you choose to visit in winter, there will be sting in the air. Smoke will curl from a chimney in the center of the dorm. Wood will



be stacked under the eaves and, inside, you will be engulfed by radiant warmth from a woodburning stove. On top the stove, a half-filled bucket of water sizzles to put some moisture back into the air. Bunks line both walls, youth-camp style, except that certain items of personal belongings hint that those who sleep here do so on a more permanent arrangement.

Peniel Ministries.

It's a scriptural name, inspired by Jacob's awed reaction to an all-night wrestling match with an angel: "I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved" (Genesis 32:30).

Impressive as they are, however, it will not be the facilities you remember most.

What you will remember is a woman and her husband, founders of a unique drug/alcohol rehabilitation program, and the young men seeking and finding hope through their dreams.

Marion Spellman is one of those rare women whose inner glow makes her impossible to ignore. She smiles radiantly. She is gracious. She has at the same time a tough edge, a hint of "Don't try to con me, Mister" that makes you think before speaking. Marion worked for years as counselor with inmates of the county jails in the Pittsburgh area. She also directed a Teen Challenge female program for western Pennsylvania.

Marion can talk straight: about drugs, alcohol, emotional and sexual problems. She

knows street people . . . hard cases . . . the sordid and seamy side of life. She also knows from experience that God's grace works miracles. Because she believes in miracles—men and women being changed through the power of God—she's willing to give full time and energy to a rehabilitation ministry for the Church of God, in which she is a duly-licensed minister.

Harold Spellman has had previous experience as a counselor and trained at Teen Challenge. He views his role at Peniel as counselor, teacher, ever-present man-behind-the-scene to lend support and assistance to Marion's dream in the making. Both Harold and Marion are members of the Church of God, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Pastor Jerry Tow recommends them highly and he and the Harrisburg congregation are supporters of Peniel Ministries.

"This will be no easy task," Marion says, "but for years I watched inmates in those county jails accept Christ and try to begin a new life. I also watched them go back into the wrong environment, with no spiritual follow-up, there to be lost again. It broke my heart. For years I've prayed God would give me opportunity to design and direct a ministry where follow-up would be possible. I believe Peniel is the answer.

"Young men who come here enroll for a year. First we have to get the drugs out of the system, physically; but then we
CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

Drug and alcohol abuse is recognized everywhere as a growing problem, a problem for which there seems to be no quick fix or easy solution. Many drug abusers, or addicts, have not even faced up to their problem. We tend to think that if the doctor prescribed it, then it can't be all that bad. Programs such as Peniel's are designed to help us cope, to make us more aware that we are our brother's keeper. Drug and alcohol abuse become a sickness for which and with which people need outside help. God will do His part. So must the church.

A lack of capital and operating funds means that Peniel's present ministry is severely restricted in terms of the number of clients served, but Marion and Harold dream of a day when families from all across the United States—especially Church of God families—can refer their children and their young people to Peniel for quality, spiritual counseling and guidance.

Already Peniel is listed in the Blue Book, a reference manual used by courts for alternatives to jail sentences. Peniel is a licensed drug/alcohol rehabilitation program, recognized by the State of Pennsylvania. Serving on Peniel's Board of Directors are men of high moral and professional repute:

Gary Altland. Farmer. Local businessman.

Dr. Robert Suggs. Professor and psychologist, Messiah College.

Russell Albert. Attorney, Governor's Council of Pennsylvania.

Dr. Michael Innes. Chiropractor, Camp Hill.

Rev. J. Harold Palmer. Pastor and State Council member.

Rev. Jerry W. Tow. Pastor and State Council member.

Vernon Phillips, M.D. Resident doctor (on call).

For information write: Mrs. Marion Spellman, Executive Director, Peniel Ministries, Box 3221, Shiremanstown, Pa. 17011. □

OP: Some of the young men presently in residence at Peniel, representing a number of states. MIDDLE: Part of the recreation field and the small chapel.

OTTOM: The central building, lawn, and outdoor picnic tables of Peniel Ministries, property formerly known as Footlight Ranch and used as a dinner theater.

THOSE STUPID COMPUTERS

by John L. Kent

The dramatic flight to the moon more than a decade ago and the more recent space shuttle flights have reinforced the feeling held by some people that man is becoming obsolete. The space achievements, as government space scientists keep telling us, were triumphs of the computer. They say these space flights could not have been made without the aid of these electronic brains, both at the ground stations and on board the space vehicles.

The computer apparently can do things man cannot.

Right?

Not quite!

While the computer possesses fantastic speeds of operation in the performance of repetitive mathematical tasks, it cannot replace the human mind, spirit and soul.

Some sociologists are saying it is time that both the prognosticators of a computer-controlled, work-free future and the general public get down to earth and consider the computer realistically. It won't bring us Utopia.

Some form of electronic computer control has been with us for over three decades. Yet, as far as the average American is concerned, there is little he has gained from its use.

One major industry, auto manufacturing, uses computer-controlled automation. This has not resulted in a better car, or a cheaper one. Bank computers create more errors than did old-fashioned accounting clerks. The currently

popular computer games have nothing to do with intelligence. Any moron can push the buttons. So much for the "benefits" of computer control.

Why has the computer failed to bring about the widely predicted Utopia? Simply because it isn't as good as a human being.

A human being has been "built" by God. A computer has been built by man. No machine or computer that can ever be devised by man will be superior to a living human being of even ordinary achievement.

Just consider some of the superior attributes of a human being over any machine that exists or can be envisioned:

First, men and women can think. Even though computers have been designed which can "reason" according to a programmed format, only a human being can think creatively. A human being can create something from nothing. A computer can create only by adding up or changing what it already has. It cannot paint a picture, carve a statue, write a novel, or compose a sonata.

Man is independently flexible. He can perform in a variety of ways—count, multiply, switch, interpolate, differentiate and interpret. He can do any or all of these as a single act or in numerous combinations. In fact, no computer built today can perform (without external human control) the relatively simple functions of the girl at the supermarket checkout counter.

A human being can respond to information "inputs" from any of his senses. No computer now



Ewing Galloway Photo

available can see, hear, taste, smell, feel—and carry out the required act thereafter. True, there are computers which, upon “seeing” figures, can automatically type or print duplicates on paper. But no machine will ever have the fabulous sixth sense some people have. No machine will ever possess human intuition.

Human beings are redundant. That is, each normal individual has duplicate facilities—two eyes, two ears, two arms, two legs, and a complex, three-part nervous system. Thus, a human is more difficult to put out of commission than a computer or other machine. A speck of dirt in one eye will not disable a person. He or she can still see with the other eye and function—even read or drive a car. But one little broken wire will disable a computer. As for the human nervous system, scientists and biologists say it cannot be duplicated by any method now envisioned.

Man stores energy (from food) and can function for a period of time without a resupply. Shipwrecked seamen have survived even when they had no energy input (food) for weeks. If its

energy input is stopped, the electric plug pulled, a computer is totally disabled immediately.

Although computers “think” by an electrical or electronic logic process popularly known as the “go, no-go” system, and thus can tell “right” from “wrong,” they cannot tell a moral right from a moral wrong. Any well-brought-up teenager can do this by the time he or she is fourteen years old.

Finally, the human has a soul, something not possessed by either animal or machine.

So, the next time you hear the computer has achieved something important, just remember that without the human soul and brain, no computer can ever conceive an idea, devise any space vehicle, or plan a journey.

The computer cannot make an auto any better than the human beings who designed it; for, in all the marvelous achievements credited to it, the computer is only a tool. It was conceived, designed and built by man, to suit man’s purpose.

The computer is simply another example of the wonderful things human beings can do. □



Larry Benz Photo

Christian School Conference

March 18-19, 1982

A leading Evangelical in the Reagan administration, Dr. Robert Billings, will be keynote speaker at the Third Annual Christian School Conference in Savannah, Georgia. Dr. Billings serves in the United States Department of Education as director of Regional Liaison for ten regional offices which administer federal education programs to colleges, universities, and school districts in all fifty states.

Formerly the executive

problems with which singles attempt to cope. We have attempted to minister to a segment of the singles—young men and women recognized as temporarily single, waiting for opportunity to marry—while ignoring other segments variously classified as divorced, widowed, or elderly.

Our world is changing. Even if the ideal life is thought to be that of the "happily married," it yet remains that many in our society either cannot marry or prefer not to. The church must not ignore such people: The church must minister to them the healing and the assurances of the gospel. And the church must not deprive itself of the skills and the contributions of such people.

The Church of God General Youth and Christian Education Department will sponsor this



Christian Singles Conference

May 20-23, 1982

It's not easy being single in today's world.

Christian leaders now admit "singleness" is a state of being to which the church must address theological and Bible truths.

We have all too easily ignored not so much the singles themselves but the unique

director of Moral Majority, Billings has also served as pastor, day-school principal and college administrator. In recent years he has provided a strong voice for Evangelical Christians in the power-centers of Washington, D.C. He will speak on the important role of Christian schools in American society and on the relationship between Christian schools and the federal government.

The Christian School Conference is designed to show pastors, administrators, teachers and child-care personnel how to successfully conduct Christian day schools. Attention will be given to innovative instruction, creative curriculum construction, successful administration, and to a study of the necessary steps for beginning new schools and day-care centers.

spring what is, so far as we have been able to determine, the first Christian Singles Conference in the history of the denomination.

The conference will take place in Tampa, Florida, May 20-23, 1982. Host pastor will be Bob Lyons, at the University Church of God, and the workshop and seminar sessions will be held in the church's Family Life Center.

According to General Youth and Christian Education Director Lamar Vest, the conference aims at a twofold objective: first, to actually minister in a meaningful and practical way to single adults who choose to attend; second, to inform and to challenge those who normally work with singles.

Some seminar topics include:

1. Does God Have a Place for Singles?

Historic Savannah will be in full spring color for the conference. Pathway Day School, operated by the Derenne Avenue Church of God, will host the meeting on their new campus.

The conference will feature twenty workshops by expert practitioners from outstanding Church of God schools and day-care centers. Their instruction will help pastors, school administrators, classroom teachers, and child-care personnel to minimize problems and maximize results of this rapidly growing ministry in our churches. □

2. Developing a Singles Ministry.
3. The Church and Christian Singles.
4. Building Relationships.
5. The Single Parent and Family Management.
6. The Crisis of Singlehood.

Featured guest for the conference will be Tom Netherton, himself a single, well-known from his appearances nationwide and on the *Lawrence Welk Show*.

Other guests and lecturers will be Dr. Paul Conn, Chaplain Robert Crick, Dr. Robert Fisher, Lamar Vest, Bob Lyons, Douglas LeRoy, Molly Cox, and Tom and Shelly Fay.

Registration will be in accordance with two plans.

Plan One: full registration, \$150. This includes three nights lodging at beautiful Bay

Preparing For The Harvest

CHURCH OF GOD
EDUCATION WEEK
MARCH 8-14, 1982

*...Lift up your eyes,
and look on the fields,
for they are white
already to harvest.*

John 4:35



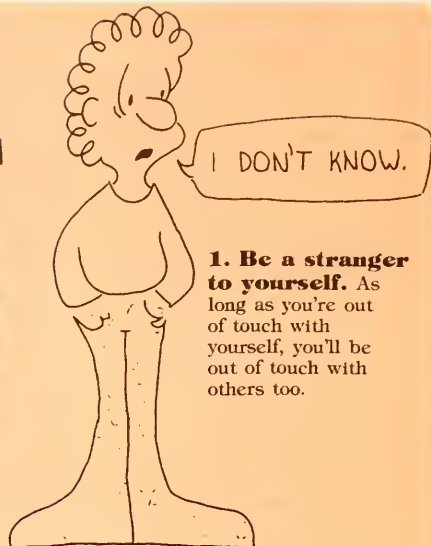
Harbor Inn, eight meals, transportation to and from the Family Life Center, a tour of Busch Gardens, all conference and seminar materials, and admission to the Tom Netherton Concert.

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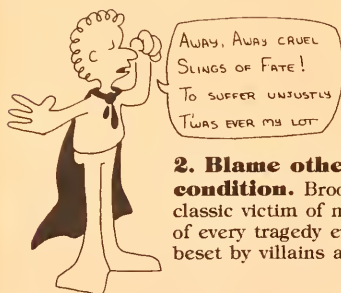
HOW TO BE LONELY

Artist/Writer, Larry E. Neagle

WHO AM I
WHAT AM I
WHERE AM I
WHOSE AM I



1. Be a stranger to yourself. As long as you're out of touch with yourself, you'll be out of touch with others too.



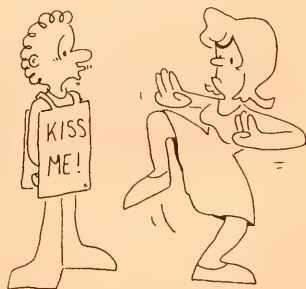
2. Blame others for your condition. Brood. See yourself as a classic victim of misfortune, the hero of every tragedy ever written, blameless, beset by villains at every turn.

3. Indulge in a guilt trip. Lambast yourself with self-hate every time something goes wrong. Convince yourself that, even if you were with others, they wouldn't like you once they really got to know you.



4. Blow up all bridges of communication.

Withdraw. Be an island. Surely someone out there will take pity and speak to you first.



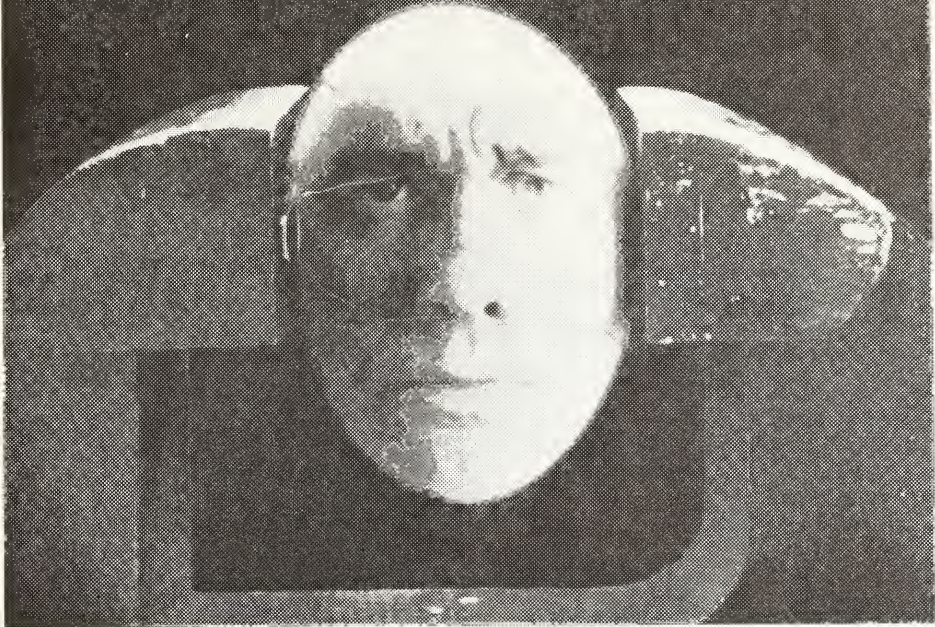
5. Never assume the responsibility for loving others. After all, you are the one who is to be loved, not the one who is to love.

6. Mistrust God. Hide from Him. Tell yourself that He isn't, that He doesn't really love you, that He doesn't care, that He isn't able to—or for some reason doesn't want to—help. This brings the deepest loneliness of all.



© Larry E. Neagle

Stress can squeeze years off your life if you don't know how to handle it.



The problem with stress is not how to get rid of it. It's a part of life. And it's not even all bad. The real problem with stress is how to recognize it and control it. So it doesn't control you.

Your body reacts to stressful situations with its nerves, glands and hormones. And because these systems function throughout the body, what affects them can affect other parts of your body that may be vulnerable at the time.

That's why stress is a factor in many people's heart attacks, hypertension, ulcers, asthma, possibly even cancers, and probably many other ailments. That's also why, in these times of many stresses, it's a major factor in increasingly costly health care.

You can recognize stress by heeding the warnings of your body and emotions. Frustration. Anger. Hostilities that build up. Heavy pressures of responsibility time demands and conflict. Headaches, insomnia, muscle tension.

The key to handling stress is learning. Learning to air your feelings in constructive ways, to train your body to relax, to repair a lifestyle before you're faced with expensive medical repairs. You have to learn what your stresses are and the best ways for you to deal with them.

But they must be dealt with. Because the longer you remain in the grip of stress, the more crushing—and costly—its effects.

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For a free booklet about stress and preventive health care, write
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Friendship Evangelism

by Stephen A. Bly

A serious disciple should be prepared to share the good news of Christ whenever and wherever the opportunity is presented.

What a person thinks he needs and what he actually needs is not always the same. Someone without a relationship with God may believe all he lacks is a true, caring friend. But he needs to know Jesus Christ.

The following steps may be just the ones you can use as an agent of change to those whom you contact. Someone you see every day, but hardly know, may be a prime candidate to hear life-altering truth from you.

STEP No. 1: PRAY

You've got to do more than just condemn or worry about Joe and Jill. And to pray for them means more than breathing out a quick, "Lord, save the heathens. Amen."

Make a list of your non-Christian friends, acquaintances, and relatives whom you consider your special concern. Set aside a definite time each week to pray. Ask God to help you really care for each individual; to give you opportunity to witness; to help you cooperate with Him in what He is doing already.

STEP No. 2: SMILE

Does this person have any idea you know he or she exists? Is he or she in a position to see you only at your worst? Let it be known that you have an overall good attitude.

This doesn't mean acting like a phony. Surely you have a pleasant side to your disposition. Just let it show. Being yourself can include showing the best of what you are.

STEP No. 3: INITIATE FRIENDSHIP

As a rule, friends don't just happen. When that new neighbor moves in, plan a time to visit.

First-glance impressions can be deceiving. Don't



Ewing Galloway Photo

eliminate anyone as a potential friend or child of God because of surface judgment. Be honest in your prayer times about your impressions and motives. Take time to study John, chapter 4.

STEP No. 4: TALK ABOUT IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Sooner or later your conversation should move beyond dating, sports, and music.

Try talking about church. Explain what kind of activity you're involved in at the present. Once you feel at ease to mention your church from time to time, you can tell how you feel about God. Describe your enjoyment of His creation. Hint at what you've discovered about His character, His nature. If your friend is the least bit interested, this should lead into some lively rounds of give-and-take.

When you've come to a comfortable relationship, introduce Jesus Christ. Explain why He is an important part of your life and how He relates to knowing and understanding God. Do a study of Acts 24:24, 25.

STEP No. 5: EXPLAIN HOW YOU FIND HELP

This is no time to argue or come on heavy with a crusade. Speak simply and with respect for the other's opinions about the way God works in your everyday life. Has God answered a prayer? Tell about it. Has God excited you with new challenges? Share what you can. Has God changed your thinking or broken some habits? Fill your friend in. Then look up Mark 5:19, 20.

STEP No. 6: EXPOSE YOUR FAITH

Talk about concrete struggles or doubts in your own life. Let it be known you're a fellow human with similar weaknesses and growing pangs. But also freely admit your willingness to follow God's will and obey His commands. Openly declare your trust in Him. And take a look at Daniel 3:16-18.

STEP No. 7: PROVE YOUR FRIENDSHIP

This is not a part-time business. Be ready for the long haul. Be willing to give time, creativity, and maybe even material possessions to the building of this relationship. Check out Proverbs 18:24.

STEP No. 8: OFFER ADVICE

If you've been serious about the first seven steps, this one will come with little effort. You will

have built a measure of trust. Your friend is likely to open up about problems and frustrations. You've earned the right to be heard.

Try to give an answer that reflects the wisdom of the Scriptures. Recommend some other source if your friend's dilemma is beyond you. Offer to pray with him. Be discerning enough to sense deeper needs. Don't allow someone to get away by talking about "a friend's problem" if it's really his own. Give your input time to sink in. Study Acts 16:25-34.

STEP No. 9: EXPLAIN GOD'S PLAN OF SALVATION

Make sure you know how one comes to Christ. What did God originally intend for mankind? Why is the world in such a mess now? Make sure your friend understands the seriousness of sin—that it separates men from God, that it breeds mistrust and broken bonds between people, that it prevents individuals from being all they're meant to be.

Briefly outline Christ's life and death as God's Son, our substitute sacrifice. Emphasize the importance of one's responsibility to act on this information. Invite your listener to make a public vocal assent to Christ's command: "Follow Me!" Review 1 Corinthians, chapter 15.

STEP No. 10: PRESS FOR A DECISION

Your friend should answer "yes" or "no." If he or she says nothing at all, it is the same as no.

If one answers positively to following Christ, quickly find for him a place of fellowship and study. If one answers "no" or "not now," don't abandon him. Keep praying. You've said all you need for now. Relax. Give God further time to work.

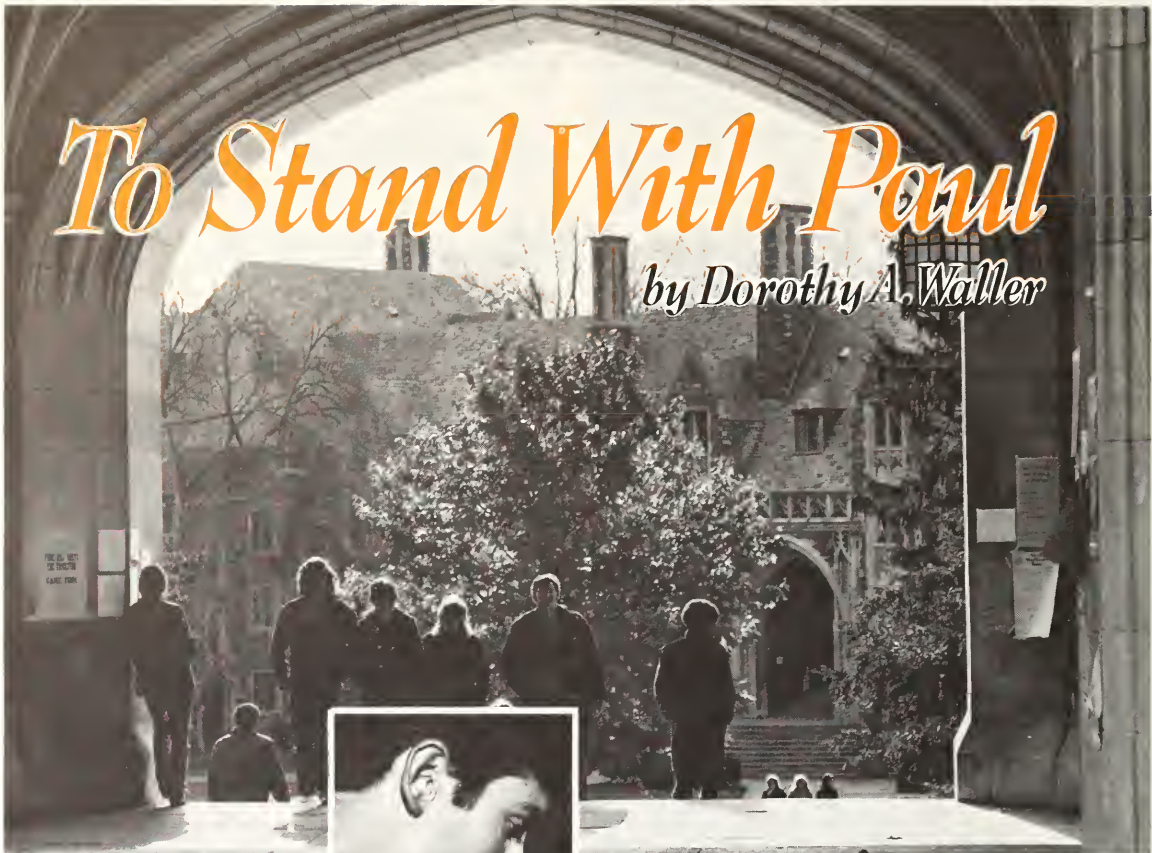
No one ever promised that witnessing would be easy. It takes courage and effort and a willingness to rise out of our comfortable ruts. But consider the benefits. Daily adventures could become your new lifestyle. New brothers and sisters may soon be added to God's family. And you'll be surprised to discover you've stumbled onto a secret source of personal happiness and contentment.

There are probably more than 1,001 ways to share your faith. This is but one. It may be just the right one for you and for that one you'd like to befriend.

You'll never know until you try. How about it?

To Stand With Paul

by Dorothy A. Waller



Ewing Galloway Photo / Alan Ciburn Photo

Visit the Bible lands. Walk where early Christians walked. Stand with the Apostle Paul on Mars' Hill and experience his sermon of Acts 17.

That was the invitation of the colorful travel poster with its classic picture of the Athenian Parthenon.

Travel posters and brochures always sing to me of "far away places with strange sounding names." And as I listen to their songs, I dream. But this time—by ticket and plane—the dream became reality and the reality was even better than the dream.

It was a lovely, warm day in Greece when I stood on the acropolis, that high, rocky hill

rising five hundred feet above today's Athens.

At the top of the acropolis, I climbed the steps of the Parthenon. And as I heard the Parthenon described as the most perfect building ever erected, I touched its magnificent white marble pillars. I marveled at this over-two thousand-year-old relic of Athen's golden age—a building of great beauty even as it now stands in ruins.

As I gazed out over the modern concrete and steel metropolis of today's Athens, I wondered how all of it looked to Paul when he traveled to Greece. I knew from the

reading I'd done before the tour that when Paul came here, he was in one of the world's most famous centers of philosophy, architecture and art. The Athenians had even given the world a taste of democracy. At a time when most people were regarded by their rulers as mere chattels, Athens gave every freeborn male citizen an equal voice in government.

In Paul's day, people came to Athens to gaze in wonder at the beauty of its art and its buildings. They also came to learn at the feet of the great teachers. But Paul came to share his knowledge of the true God and God's view of man.

Where did Paul stand when he

spoke? Not on the acropolis with its cluster of temples to Grecian gods. The Bible says, "Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars' hill . . ." (Acts 17:22).

Lying below the northwestern approach to the acropolis is Mars' Hill. It is a continuance of the rocky highland that forms the Temple complex, but it lies lower at about 350 feet. Still it is high enough to have been a place of dignity and importance. It was here the city court of Athens met to decide matters of highest significance to the public. Some scholars believe Paul was brought before the court to determine his qualifications for speaking in the city.

A broken set of rock-hewn steps still leads up the steep side of the craggy knoll. There are no buildings there now, but one can see the summit has been artificially leveled.

I didn't climb the steps to the top of the hill until just before sunset. The transparent amethyst shadows began to creep over the mountains encircling Athens, and I saw why poets referred to them as being violet crowned. I glanced up at the Parthenon, still shining as it caught the gold of the last rays of the sun. And I listened as Paul's words were read from Acts 17, "Ye men of Athens . . ."

Looting by an endless parade of invaders has completely eradicated the tribunal. The podium where Paul preached is gone. But his words, though accepted by few the day he spoke them, have become immortal and are still ringing around the world. As night came, I walked away from the famous site, the great apostle's words still echoing in my mind. And I was a little

sad: my moment of standing with Paul so quickly gone.

I did not know then that before many months had passed, I would stand with Paul in a more satisfying way on the opposite side of the world near my home.

Not far from where I live in a small college town in California is a busy university campus. Just last year the magnificent library was completed and it houses one of the largest and best collections of books in our state. I go there often for research and enjoyment.

One morning last spring I left home early so I would reach the library just when it opened. As I rounded the cascading, splashing fountain at the entrance to the open campus square, I found myself caught up in a melee of students hurrying to class or to the cafeteria for a last-minute snack.

The library is at the far end of the square. I threaded my way through the milling crowd, becoming aware of a voice and of a knot of angry, shouting people who were not moving away but trying to drown out the words of a lanky boy on the Free Speech Podium.

"He can't be more than nineteen," I thought.

There was a defiant look in his clear blue eyes, a jaunty set to his shoulders, and an upward tilt to his chin. His brown hair had been carefully groomed and blow-dried, except where beads of perspiration had caused it to curl damply at his temples. He wore a clean T-shirt and faded blue jeans: not the type of kid who would do anything bizarre or far-out.

Why then the turmoil? Why the boos, the jeers, the obscene remarks?

I stepped closer. He raised a Bible over his head, and stabbed a long bony finger at the crowd with his other hand.

"Haven't you ever tried to read the Bible?" he called out. "You have read everything going but the most important book of all. This book tells you that God made you in His own image. You are the temple of God. When you pollute your body with drugs, marijuana, or alcohol, you are sinning against God."

"Oh, shut up!" screeched a thin, almost emaciated girl from nearby. Nobody could have believed the strength with which she hurled her textbook straight over the heads of the crowd, and right at the speaker's face. The sharp corner of it smashed against his upper lip. Then came a barrage of empty soft drink cans, paper cartons, and other garbage. Everyone entered the game.

Two campus police suddenly appeared among us. "Disperse quietly, or be detained for questioning!" they warned.

In a few moments the square was empty of all but the young speaker, who leaned against the rude, wooden platform.

"You have a right to speak when you occupy the Free Speech Podium," said one of the cops, not unkindly. "But you had better take care how you sound off. We can't always be around to protect you, you know."

I saw a trickle of blood oozing from the boy's bruised, puffy upper lip. I handed him the pack of Kleenex I carry in my purse.

"You should get something to cleanse that cut," I said, "and some ice from the dispenser in the cafeteria would bring down the swelling."

"Haven't time," he answered, "I'm already late for a philosophy test."

"Aren't you a divinity student from the Christian college across town?" I asked. "Do they send you out to preach on the university campus like this?"

"I am a divinity student, yes," he chuckled with a lopsided grin, "but I can tell you what I just did here is not part of any college course. No! This was definitely an extracurricular activity. I have to come to this campus anyhow for a couple of subjects, so I thought I'd talk to the bunch that never enters a church."

They are the ones who need to be spoken to. They are also the ones who think they know what they're doing, and like what they're doing. They think it's their affair, and none of your business. They don't want to change. They don't want to be criticized. And they can get very loud and insulting about it. It's true they are learning, but they are missing the most important truth."

"I don't see how you can be so brave," I said. "You appeared to be entirely without fear."

"Because it isn't me they hate," he answered. "They hate Jesus and what He is telling sinners. Do you know what St. John, chapter 15, verse 18 says? Jesus tells His disciples, 'If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me

before it hated you.' That is who this bunch was really sneering at—Jesus. He is the one they were turning down. I'm not through here yet," he tried to smile. "I'm going to catch them again one of these days."

"I once stood on Mars' Hill," I said softly.

"Oh," he nodded, "I remember what happened there. When Paul preached, some mocked and scoffed. Some put him off. And a few believed. Well, I think it was a little heavy on the mock and scoff today. But those of us who want to become preachers have to learn early that it's a very good batting average if one out of nine believe. We have to keep looking for that ninth person.

"I must get to that test," he said, shifting his binder and

THE LIFE BOAT

Hans and his mother had come to the beach with the others, as did everyone in the little village of Scheveningen when they launched their lifeboat. Out in the heaving blackness of wind and water there was a wreckage. There often was when westerly gales swept across the North Sea, damaging boats and pushing them toward Holland's coast.

Nine bold and experienced volunteers had boarded the open boat and rowed out into the stormy night, leaving mothers

It capsized and rolled back to the surface upside down...

and wives, kin and friends, waiting in oilskins with torches held high to light their way back.

It was a long mission, more than an hour before the

by R. D. Ashby

sharpest-eyed could see the bow of the returning lifeboat bob above the crests. The boat was loaded heavy. Too heavy. Waves were washing over the gunnels. Hans could see men bailing water.

Each anticipated what would happen when the boat hit the surf. They held a common breath when it rose on the last swell and came rushing toward them. As expected, the boat was too low in the water to survive the turbulence of the waves breaking onto the beach. It capsized and rolled back to

the surface upside down, with its passengers clinging to it and to each other.

Hans ran into the water with other men to help bring rescuers and survivors out. Once on the beach, and wrapped in dry blankets, they slumped exhausted and coughed up the sea they had swallowed.

"Did you get them all?" the coast-guard captain asked the boat's coxswain.

"No." The man shook his head weakly. "We were overloaded as it was. We had to leave one. He's clinging to a large piece of wreckage."

Grimly the captain faced the crowd. "There's one more," he said. "My men are too weak to go back for him. I need some volunteers."

Slowly a small group began to assemble themselves; eight,

books to a better carrying position. "Wish me luck, I'll need it. And thanks for talking to me. You really boosted my morale."

"I'll pray you get an A," I answered as he loped off toward his classroom.

Just as he reached the fountain, it shot up a tall column of spray as if to cleanse the air of the vileness and filth with which it had been filled so recently. A wayward breeze pushed the shining droplets out beyond the rim of the basin into a fine mist, as though offering the boy a soft, cool blessing as he ran past. He paused for a moment to wave good-bye, and just at that split second the sunlight caught in the mist, and wove a gold and violet rainbow around him. An

instant later, both he and the rainbow were gone.

I stood alone in the quiet square.

"God," I said, almost aloud, "today I feel like I've really stood with Paul. Please bless and help that young man. And God, please help me to faithfully pray and stand behind those Pauls You call to spread Your Word of hope and love and eternal life. Your message is new to every generation, and if the church, our country and our civilization are to survive, there must be those who spread God's truths."

There must be those who stand with Paul.

they could use one more. Hans stepped boldly forward.

"No, my son!" Hans's mother caught his arm and drew his face toward her with her hand. "Your father died at sea when you were four years old. Your brother Pete has been missing for more than three months. You are the only son left to me!"

"Mama," the tall, young Dutchman gently pushed her away, "I have to go. It's my duty."

"Look at them." She pointed to the survivors. "They are Danes! Would they risk their life for one of us?"

Without an answer, Hans left her and boarded the boat with the others. For another long hour the people waited and kept their torches burning. Hans's mother stood alone now, slowly pacing the beach and

often wiping a tear from a fretful eye.

"Don't worry, Mother Roghaar," a seaworn old fisherman spoke to her. "My family has manned the lifeboats for four generations. I myself for near twenty-five years. You should be proud this day. You have a fine, stouthearted son."

"They shouldn't have let him go," she said. "He's only nineteen!"

At last they saw the boat, riding high on the choppy waves. The captain cupped his hands and bellowed into the storms furry, "Did you find him?"

They saw a figure rise slightly in the boat.

"Yes," Hans's response was carried clearly on the wind. "Tell Mother it's my brother, Pete!"



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Update



TEEN TALENT AND YOU

Teen Talent permits thousands of Church of God youth to display their abilities while being involved in an exciting learning experience. Teen Talent promotes personal and spiritual growth, as well as opportunities for social interaction. It also makes valid contributions to the ministry of the local church.

For these reasons and more you should consider getting involved in Teen Talent. It's not easy.

It takes time to practice or write or create an art piece. Some are going to win and some are not, but we realized long ago that participation is really the vital ingredient. It's not easy to raise thousands of dollars so your group or choir can attend national finals—not easy to be involved—but Teen Talent is worth your time and effort.

Presently there are four divisions of Teen Talent—Art, Bible, Creative Writing and Music. The General Department of Youth and Christian Education is now developing plans for the new Teen Talent Drama Division, to be introduced during the next General Assembly period. That should really be exciting!

The objectives have been set for Teen Talent ministry. It seems good to review them:

1. To recognize and involve Church of God teenagers who demonstrate talent, skill, and accomplishment in Bible, music, art and writing.
2. To motivate teenagers to utilize their abilities in worship and in the evangelism ministries of the church.
3. To encourage teenagers to consecrate their talents for the purpose of Christian witness.
4. To provide evaluative data on presentations and performances by Teen Talent participants which may serve as a guide for continued development of skills and talents for the glory of God.
5. To promote personal proficiency and growth in the areas of spiritual development and academic improvement.
6. To lead teenagers into a living and personal relationship with God in Christ, through participation in Teen Talent.
7. To encourage and strengthen consistent Christian living, directing youth toward Christian maturity and stabilization in the church.
8. To provide opportunities for teenagers to interact socially with youth in Christian fellowship through participation in Teen Talent.
9. To develop a sense of accomplishment and a sense of ministry and communication for Christ.
10. To foster in the youth of the Church of God an understanding of the nature and function of the ministry of music, art, Bible, and writing in the church.

If you are interested in participating in any division of Teen Talent, contact your state director of youth and Christian education for information regarding regional and/or state competition.

The national Teen Talent finals will be held in Kansas City, Missouri, the week of August 9, 1982. It's going to be an exciting time. I hope to see you there! □

W.A. Davis
Assistant General Director of
Youth and Christian Education

Books

MAY'S BOY by Shirlee Monty

This is the incredible story of an amazing woman and her unshakable belief in her foster son.

Leslie Lemke is blind, severely retarded, and has cerebral palsy. He appears to have no balance when he walks, and he has to be led to the piano. At first, he slumps over the keyboard. But when he starts to play, an amazing transformation takes place.

Instead of the expected spastic quivers, the halting voice, the uncertain actions; a moving, forceful, technically exact music fills the air. First Chopin, then an Italian aria, a German waltz, reverent hymns, ragtime, lively show tunes, rock—Leslie accepts the challenges from the audience with the deftness of a musical genius.

Psychologists call his special ability savant syndrome, a syndrome as spectacular as it is rare. Persons who otherwise demonstrate subnormal intelligence possess an island of brilliance far exceeding even the capabilities of the "gifted."

May's Boy: An Incredible Story of Love is not only the story of Leslie's extraordinary talent, it is the equally amazing story of May Lemke—a feisty, eighty-year-old English woman—and her unshakable belief in her foster son. (Thomas Nelson Publishers, Nashville, TN 37203; \$9.95) □

THE KEEPING POWER OF GOD by Herbert Lockyer

If you're a Christian, yet your life appears empty and you're living on the edge of defeat, Dr. Lockyer's meditations can show you how to appropriate the keeping power of God and have victory over temptation, worry, despair and loneliness.

The secret of translating beliefs into behavior lies in the full realization of Christ's resurrection and imminent return and the impact this knowledge has on our daily life. "Self-pleasure, self-inclination, self-ease, self-will, self-interests, wither up before Calvary," states Dr. Lockyer.

The Keeping Power of God stresses victory over sin and satanic forces. The fifteen meditations, arranged to be read individually or as a whole, reassure believers that "the love of God stands between us and all possible harm."

Dr. Herbert Lockyer is an internationally known preacher, and author of approximately fifty books. (Thomas Nelson Publishers, Nashville, TN 37203; \$7.95) □

LIFE WISH by Maurice S. Rawlings, M.D.

Was General George Patton really Napoleon and a commander in Caesar's army? Was Loretta Lynn an Indian princess and an Irish maiden? Have Mac Davis, Lola Falana, and Sean Connery lived previous lives?

George Patton believed he was destined for perpetual rebirth as a soldier. Loretta Lynn told of her vision of past lives in the book *Coal Miner's Daughter*. And many celebrities have reported supposed past-life experiences revealed under hypnotic regression.

Reincarnation—the belief that a soul returns after death to another, different body—is today accepted as a possibility by an unexpectedly high percentage of Americans.

Dr. Maurice Rawlings explores why so many people have begun to take reincarnation seriously, and compares it with the teachings of the Bible. He concludes that the two are neither compatible nor reconcilable. Moreover, he warns that trying to mix the two beliefs can lead a person far away from true Christianity. (Thomas Nelson Publishers, Nashville, TN 37203; \$4.95) □

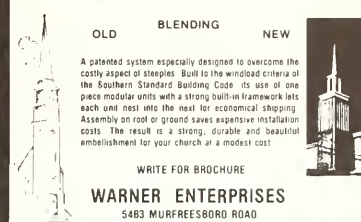
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YOUTH NEWS TO NOTE

Compiled by **SONJIA LEE HUNT**, Editorial Assistant General Department of Youth and Christian Education

FUR SALES SUPER

Women appear to be warming up to furs again. You might think, with the economy the way it is, fur sales would be hitting rock bottom. Just the opposite may be true. Nationally, fur sales are estimated to top \$1 billion this year. Only a decade ago the figure was around \$279 million. □

1. Does everyone feel the crunch when a recession or depression hits the economy?

2. If a Christian can afford a mink or a Cadillac, should he buy one? Why or why not?

3. Do soaring fur sales indicate a trend toward a self-serving attitude in our nation today? (Chattanooga News-Free Press) □

WHO WILL YOUTH FOLLOW?

Youth for Christ has conducted an extensive research project in conjunction with Michigan State University to determine what qualities young people desire in peer or adult leaders. It seems the top-ranked behavior trait for leaders is being people-oriented. (Young people expressed their need for leaders who would listen, communicate, understand their concerns, and seek to help when needed.) The study should be eye-opening to teachers, suggesting that young people are less interested in the program a leader has planned than with how the leader treats them when they come together. □

1. List qualities you like in those who work with youth in your local church.

2. Do you agree that young people are less interested in programs and more interested in being treated with respect and understanding? (Evangelizing Today's Child, Volume 8, No. 6, 1981) □

KKK RECRUITS CHILDREN

The Ku Klux Klan is recruiting children. Estimates are that two thousand youths are enrolled in either the Klan Youth Corps or the Junior KKK. Membership is increasing as Klansmen distribute literature to young people at shopping malls, high schools and even elementary schools. The Klan no longer appeals to only the poor or illiterate. Capitalizing on issues of school integration, busing and so forth, they are now attracting well-educated, upper-class young people. One grand dragon has been quoted as saying he would like to begin indoctrinating children into the program as early as age six. □

1. Have you encountered any KKK activities in your neighborhood or school?

2. Should a Christian join such a group as the KKK? What are the Klan's objectives and methods? Are they biblically sound? (Evangelizing Today's Child, Volume 8, No. 6, 1981) □

PARENT-CHILD DIVORCE

A controversial law in Connecticut permits teenage emancipation at the age of 16. One year after going into effect, there were 110 filings, 67 of which were initiated by parents. Those who "divorce" their children under this law are freed from all responsibilities and obligations. "Emancipated" teenagers by law are considered adults, allowing them to marry, sign legal contracts, join the military and perhaps qualify for welfare money. Similar but stricter laws are in effect in Illinois and California. □

1. Should such a law exist?

2. Under what conditions, if any, do you think such a "divorce" should be granted to parents or to teenagers?

3. Are teenagers who come from troubled homes often able to create pleasant home environments for themselves and for their children?

4. How can this unhappy cycle be short-circuited? (Evangelizing Today's Child, Volume 8, No. 6, 1981) □

FAMILY RITUALS

Families that are falling apart can regain a sense of togetherness through the use of simple rituals. Repeated ceremonies play an important role in creating and reinforcing emotional security when family life becomes fragmented, reports the December issue of *McCall's* magazine.

Despite the connotation of formality that surrounds the word ritual, a ritual does not need to be complicated or involved to be effective. A ritual can be as simple as sitting in the same chairs at mealtime, or reserving the second Sunday of every month for a father-son outing. □

1. Does your family have any rituals. What are they?

2. What do these rituals mean to you and your family?

3. What ritual can you think of that would be meaningful to members of your family and that you could initiate? (Chattanooga News-Free Press) □



Ron Hood Photo

PENIEL MINISTRIES

Continued from page 7

must tackle the problem which started them on drugs or alcohol in the first place.

"We minister through daily Bible studies, worship sessions, family fellowship, and special seminars. More importantly, we bring family members—parents, spouses—into the counseling experience and we aim toward helping them cope with the 'new man' in Christ.

"It's long-range. It's slow. But it's effective."

Like I said, you will remember Marion Spellman.

Also, you will remember the faces of young men presently living in that dormitory: faces of varying race, type, and description. White. Black. Spanish. Only fifteen of them at the moment; soon there will be thirty. Facilities will eventually accommodate a hundred.

The young men at Peniel may at first seem Wednesday night, church-youth-group typical. But look closer. They are older. Some married. Faces scarred. Eyes which take you in at a glance. Evaluating. Trying to place you. Deciding if you are real. A Christian. Or if you only wear the label.

Look them in the eye when you speak. Smile and mean it. Shake hands firmly, nothing held back. That's when inner glow breaks through on their faces. That's when guards drop and you know again that Christ makes all men one in the Kingdom.

Yes, you will enjoy visiting and you will remember those young men. Worship with them and they'll do a street-scene

version of the prodigal son which says more in five minutes than some hour-long documentaries. Sing choruses with them and you'll see joy reflected in their faces. Hear them testify and you'll know they've come a long way, over a difficult road, and they aren't kidding themselves about what lies ahead.

Pray with them . . . aw, yes . . . pray with those young men at Peniel . . . feel the warmth of God's Holy Spirit . . . see the new hope and the new confidence . . .

You won't forget them!
Not if you have a heart.

At the bottom of the stationery Marion and Harold use for Peniel Ministries . . . these words appear: "If you can't cope . . . at last there's hope." □

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CHRISTIAN SINGLES CONFERENCE

Continued from page 11

Plan Two: conference registration only, \$50. This includes everything but lodging and food.

Since facilities are limited, it might be good to register early. Registration deadline is May 1, 1982. □

Christian Singles Conference May 20-23, 1982

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When the Crowd Is Gone

by Curtis N. Cook

I stood in the empty church, no one there except the Spirit of the Lord and me.

I remembered that just a few days ago there was singing, shouting, praising, people rejoicing in the Lord. A building full of happy people enjoying the friendly atmosphere and Christian fellowship.

Now it was empty. No singing today; just my own coarse voice. No laughter today; just memory of how people reacted to the presence of the Lord and happiness that was. No fellowship today: at least not for those absent.

Somehow, though, just knowing what had been and just thinking of what would be again, brought sweet peace through my being.

I thought: "Why, it's not only the present we live for. It's the yesterdays and the tomorrows as well. Yesterday gives strength to face tomorrow. Tomorrow gives determination for today."

Some people become frustrated when the crowd is gone.

"The house is empty," they say. "I wish I had the children home with me."

Loneliness sets in. Then despair, the devil's playground.

If they could only see that, although the crowd is gone, there are the memories—laughter, happiness, tenderness, love, and a million precious moments neither time nor space can take away. Memories are the yesterdays that will give strength for tomorrow.

And tomorrow—times of togetherness, special occasions, grandchildren, perhaps great-grandchildren, at last a home in heaven, together for always—it makes me determined to hang in there.

No wonder Paul wrote, "Sorrow not, even as others which have no hope" (1 Thessalonians 4:13). □

—Curtis N. Cook, Pastor
Powhatan, Virginia





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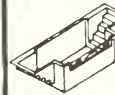
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The Dreamers

Only kids can build such a tree house.

Above things common and ordinary. Beyond the sordid, the humdrum, the painful. Up where birds sing. Where the spirit soars.

Some of us never built a tree house, actually, but we remember what it was like to dream. We often slipped away into the privacy of our hearts, there to bask in the sun and to revel in pleasures unknown otherwise. Occasionally, even now, we miss those days and we would like to dream again. Such is certainly one reason many of us love young people and why we enjoy their presence.

Others of us have forgotten. Condemning ourselves for having dreamed, for having wasted precious moments of our lives, we express an obvious aversion to the young of this generation.





Paul M. Schrock Photo

Ah, but how wonderful to dream!

Dreamers are singers.

Dreamers smile. They laugh.

Dreamers pass along the sunshine of their optimism. They give us hope. They lift our spirits. They make us remember the good years and send us into our offices and to our work places with little smiles toying at the corners of our mouths.

Too much has been said recently about the difficulties, the problems, the failures of youth: not enough of their strengths and of their valuable contributions.

We have even concentrated too much attention on the wayward. Most young people do not fall into such a category in the first place.

In a recent book, *The Adolescent: A Psychological Self-Portrait*, Dr. Daniel Offer, director of the nation's largest center for the study of adolescence at Michael Reese Medical Center in Chicago, reports that all these problems we talk about affect only 15 percent of our young people.

According to Dr. Offer, 85 percent of our young people

cope with whatever comes along. They feel strong. Happy. Self-confident. They enjoy life. Like the changes taking place in their bodies. Are satisfied with themselves most of the time. Think their parents are satisfied as well.

In short, it seems that the problems of adolescence have been overstated. Teen years are happy times for most of us. Though there are conflicts, these seem no more traumatic than the other "crises" we all face, such as middle age, menopause, and retirement.

So let's keep dreaming.

All dreams do not come true. Some do. When dreams are of God—inspired of the Holy Spirit—they can take a Joseph from the ridicule of his brothers to the throne room of Egypt (Genesis 37 through 50).

Pity not the young. Pity those who dream no more. Those who see nothing in a tree house. Those who are dead even while they live. □

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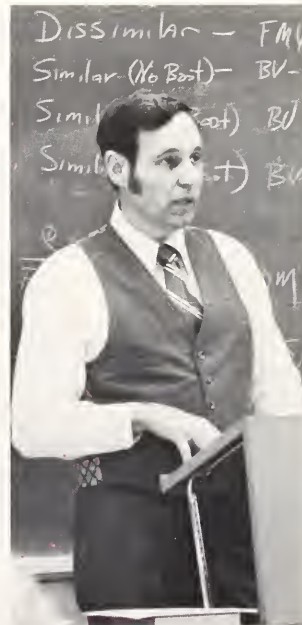
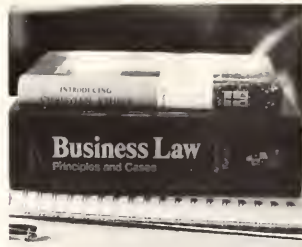
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SPANISH MINISTRIES COORDINATOR:



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Fidencio Burgueno

(Coordinador de
Ministerios Hispanos)

NOT TO BE TAKEN
FROM THIS ROOM



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THIS MONTH

Internationalization of the church and shoring up the family—these are the thrusts of our features. Dr. Spencer reminds us that public schools are still with us (not all bad, in spite of problems); and, if you look closely, there's still something of an Easter theme.

Thank God for spring! ☐
Hoyt E. Stone

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SPANISH MINISTRIES COORDINATOR:

Fidencio Burgueno occupies an unpretentious office on the second floor of the Church of God General Offices in Cleveland, Tennessee.

That doesn't bother Fidencio.

Nor does it seem to worry him that his position is part-time, presently unbudgeted, his salary being raised personally by Youth and Christian Education officials and board members.

What matters to the quiet young Mexican with a ready smile is that his new position, temporary or not, is one more step in the unfolding drama of his life. Moreover, his becoming coordinador de ministerios Hispanos for the General Youth and Christian Education Department gives Fidencio opportunity to contribute significantly to his Hispanic brothers and sisters in the Lord and that has

been a large part of Fidencio's life for seventeen years now.

Born March 18, 1950, in Ciudad Obregon, Sonora, into a pioneer Mexican preacher's home, Fidencio grew up in the Church of God. He was only two years old when his father was assigned to pastor the church in Nogales, almost within sight of the U.S.-Mexican border.

Fidencio stayed in Nogales until age ten. The Burgueno family (seven children, four boys and three girls) then returned to Ciudad Obregon, which happens to have been the birthplace of the Church of God in Mexico, and Fidencio completed high school there in 1967.

Having once lived in California, Fidencio's mother spoke

Fidencio Burgueno

(Coordinador de Ministerios Hispanos)



Stone Photo

Fidencio Burgueno

(Coordinador de Ministerios Hispanos)

English quite well. So did the children. But the senior Fidencio Burgueno, though he preached for forty-five years and attended many of the General Assemblies, never really attempted to move beyond his native tongue.

At age seven, Fidencio went to a Church of God youth camp. Antonino Bonilla organized and conducted that youth camp at Huatabampa (1957), the first ever conducted in Mexico or any other Latin American country. Eighty-seven kids were present. For fifteen years thereafter Fidencio attended youth camp, first as a camper, then as a counselor, as a Bible teacher, as a camp speaker, and finally as a camp director.

Oddly enough (perhaps not so oddly), being a pioneer preacher's son, attending church regularly, and going to all those youth camps did not automatically transform the young Fidencio into a saint. In the summer of 1965, at age fifteen, he found himself a very troubled young man. In his mind some dark forebodings, some fears, some anxieties which wouldn't go away. Fidencio was snared in the pangs of conscience. His parents didn't know some of the things in which he'd been involved. Others didn't know. But God knew!

"It was that summer . . ." Fidencio now says with a knowing nod of his head, ". . . that summer when I really got saved and committed my life to Jesus Christ."

Two summers later, while attending the territorial convention in Hermosillo, Fidencio heard and accepted God's call into the ministry. He



enrolled at the Berea Bible School in September of that same year, completing the course of study in 1969.

Fidencio's first ministerial assignment was working with Territorial Overseer Pascual Orozco in West Central Territory, 1969-72. He lived in Guadalajara and also attended the university for two years, studying math.

In 1972, Fidencio enrolled at the Latin International Seminary in Panama City. He stayed there two years, graduating with a degree in Bible. Those were great years for Fidencio. He not only had opportunity to preach and to minister in Panama but also in the Central American countries of Costa Rica and Guatemala. Although he traveled through Nicaragua, he did not minister in that country because the

churches and congregations had been devastated by the '72 earthquake.

Tony Bonilla, then national superintendent of Mexico, invited Fidencio to work with him as the national youth and Christian education director. Now twenty-four years of age, Fidencio moved to the thriving metropolis of Mexico City.

In terms of the Church of God, Mexico is divided into five territories, each having its own territorial youth and Christian education director. Fidencio's task was to promote and coordinate this work, on a smaller scale of course, but similar to what is done by our General Youth and Christian Education Department in the United States.

The seminar is one tool used often by state and territorial directors. Not all find them as profitable as did Fidencio when, in 1975, he invited public school teacher Dora Luz Rabago to assist. Fidencio and Dora had gone to school together, years before, with little attention paid to each other. Now, the relationship came alive.

"It wasn't long before I asked her to marry me," Fidencio says. "She said she'd think about it."

Again Fidencio moved, this time to Monterrey where he pastored the Central Church of God and served as director of the Bible school. In January of the following year, 1977, having thought long enough, Dora Luz Rabago became Mrs. Fidencio Burgueno.

Looked back on retrospectively, Fidencio values those years in a pastorate. Attendance increased steadily and he found great satisfaction through contact with local parishioners.

"One of these days," he says with something of a gleam in his eyes, "I may pastor again. Like my father."

In 1978, though, when offered opportunity to move back to Mexico City, as director of Gilgal Bible School, Fidencio accepted the appointment. He and Dora worked in the Bible school together and it was from Mexico City, in 1980, that they moved to Cleveland, Tennessee, in order for him to enroll at the Church of God School of Theology, a program of study he will complete in the spring of this year.

Fidencio and Dora now have two sons, Fidencio III (age 4) and Jonadab (age 2). The boys are picking up English with childish ease; and Dora, though less venturesome when talking, has developed an accurate understanding of most terms.

"What I'm to do with the general youth and Christian education materials," Fidencio says, "is much more than the translation of words and phrases. I must translate ideas and concepts as well. Some of the things done normally and naturally here in the States are completely foreign to the Spanish-speaking people of Latin America.

The truth is there . . . in the

words and in the phrases . . . but I often have to say them differently . . . I have to illustrate them differently . . . in order for my people to grasp their full significance.

Does Fidencio find his work exciting?

"Very much so," Fidencio says. "Enough so that I've tentatively agreed to stay on here in the department, after graduation, providing funds are available and the work is pleasing to those over me in the Lord.

"God is doing great things among the peoples of Mexico and Central and South America. Things have changed tremendously since Sister Maria Atkinson first took the message of the Church of God

Stone Photos



to my father nearly a half century ago.

"I believe Mexico and the United States will move even closer together during the next few years. I feel new doors will open. I know God wishes to bring revival and growth. Church programs and ministries must go to my people in a language they read and understand. If that's where God wishes me to work, then I am ready." □

by Hoyt E. Stone

NEW LIFE FOR THE FAMILY

PROFILE:

WALLACE AND ERNESTINE SWILLEY

People don't shout much when I preach on this subject.

Wallace Swilley spoke to a houseful of people at a recent Sunday morning service in Lenoir City, Tennessee.

Truth of the matter is, many of the marriage relationships within our own church are in danger.

A lot of people are disillusioned with marriage.

One man said, "There's nothing wrong with marriage. It's all that living together afterwards . . ."

Another observed, "You court in the moonlight and then, when you marry, the sun comes up scorching hot . . ."

I often ask folks, "Is your marriage holy wedlock? Or deadlock?"

Too often, I fear, it's the latter.

Nonetheless, it was God who created us male and female, God

who made us sexual beings, God who ordained and established the marriage relationship as the perfect blueprint for happy family life.

In a day when more than 40 percent of all marriages end in divorce and when many more marriages struggle with boredom, hurts, disappointments, and stress, I believe it's imperative for the church to proclaim what God says in the Bible about marriage.

This is no time for being ultrasensitive. No time for avoiding issues or for kidding ourselves that the problems will simply go away.

Several years ago now, I felt God speaking to my heart and leading me into a new phase of ministry. Ministry to the family. Ever since, Ernestine and I have been traveling and proclaiming new life for the family according to God's plan. We traveled with the boys as



they grew up. We now travel alone.

To servicemen and their families throughout Europe, at Full Gospel Businessmen's Fellowships, before civic organizations, on college campuses, at more than seventy camp meetings and youth camps, and in local churches all across this nation—we've never ceased to insist that, in Christ and according to the principles set forth in the Bible, we can find new life, new joy, new



Stone Photos



afterwards, they discover that, somewhere in the busyness of rearing children, love has died.

Such things ought not to be, Brothers and Sisters. It's a trick of the devil. A lie from hell. This Holy Bible which, in Genesis, tells us that a man is to leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife, certainly implies at the same time that nothing . . . not anything in the world . . . is to come between husband and wife.

For many of us, the problem usually boils down to selfishness, to our wanting to be loved without being willing to love, to our desire to receive without giving. Say what we will, complain all we will, rationalize all we will, but our marriage will never be any better than we make it.

Paul sets forth the relationship, ideally, in his letter to the church at Ephesus: "Wives, submit yourselves unto your husbands, as unto the Lord" (Ephesians 5:22); and, three verses later, "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church" (Ephesians 5:25).

If these admonitions are followed, no marriage will fall apart.

Not long ago, on a Sunday morning, I witnessed what some would consider a disturbing scene. Two people in love . . . and acting like it . . . right while I preached. They sat side by side in church, comfortably.

He leaned over and whispered something. She grinned and put a hand to her mouth in order not to giggle.

I'm not real sure of this . . . but . . . at one point I suspect he actually squeezed her knee. Anyway, she clasped his

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



THE SWILLEYS

WALLACE AND ERNESTINE SWILLEY HAVE FOR MORE THAN FIFTEEN YEARS SPECIALIZED IN MINISTRY TO THE FAMILY.

... THEY HAVE NINE LONG-PLAY ALBUMS, TAPES AND CASSETTES
... THEY ARE MEMBERS OF THE CHRISTIAN BROADCASTING NETWORK'S MUSIC LIBRARY
... THEY HAVE APPEARED ON TELEVISION WITH ART LINKLETTER

... THEY DID THEIR OWN TELEVISION PROGRAM FOR SEVERAL YEARS
... AND THEY PERIODICALLY EXTEND THEIR MINISTRY BEYOND THE BORDERS OF THE U.S. BY TRIPS TO THE CARIBBEAN AND TO SERVICEMEN'S CENTERS THROUGHOUT EUROPE.

WALLACE SWILLEY, JR.
P.O. Box 876
Atlanta, GA 30301
Phone (404) 948-9736

peace, and new hope for the family.

Let me ask you something this morning: Who's the most important person in your life?

Husbands, you ought to be able to say immediately, "My wife."

Wives, you ought to be able to say, "My husband."

Many of you can't say that. If you answered with total honesty, some of you would have to say, "My children. They're the most important people in the world to me." You're wrong.

While it's not wrong to love your children, it is wrong to permit even children to interfere with the love of husband and wife.

It breaks my heart . . . over and again . . . to meet wonderful Christian people who manage to keep their marriages together as long as the children are home. Then,

big, bony hand in her two deformed hands, holding it firmly, and giving him one of those you-naughty-boy looks most of us are acquainted with. That look on her face . . . and his face . . . well . . . I knew they still had it.

Both were in their seventies. She, crippled with arthritis and in a wheelchair. He, still proud to sit with his sweetheart of more than fifty years.

That's what God intends marriage to be.

We are the ones who mess it up: with the little games we play, the double-talk, the score-keeping, those occasions when our frustrations get expressed in something like, "I did such and such for you, so now you can just do this in return."

I listened to Wallace preach. I watched the interest with which the congregation listened. I got caught up in the humor of his jokes and, at the same time, stirred by the keen edge of his remarks. Deep down, I knew he spoke the truth and that what he said was all too often ignored.

There was much more to his sermon: suggestions, testimonials, quotes from the Bible. Wallace has quite a number of such sermons, compiled over the past few years and some of them on cassette recordings; but it was the mood, the openness, the sheer

honesty with which he laid bare his heart, his personal relationship with Ernestine, that convinced me Wallace Swilley has found for himself a special niche for ministry.

Back in 1965, at the Lee College auditorium in Cleveland, I happen to have been one of those who sat listening to Wallace as he tried to explain why he was walking out on his position as a state youth and Christian education director. My ears heard . . . "The leading of the Lord . . . the family . . . a burden I can't seem to shake off."

In my heart I was puzzled. Though I wished him well, as did all the others, I just didn't quite grasp what Wallace meant.

Now I do.

At the close of that service in Lenoir City, it seemed everyone in the church marched forward for a time of rededication. Couples held hands and reaffirmed their vows. Mothers and dads prayed together. Children wept. Pastor Fred Cook smiled and rejoiced in the Lord and in the goodness of God upon his church family, as all good pastors should.

Somewhere this week, at some church small or large across our nation, Wallace and Ernestine Swilley will be singing of God's goodness. They'll be laughing together. Ministering together. He'll be telling men

and women . . . "When you're too busy to be a husband . . . too busy to be a wife . . . then you're too busy."

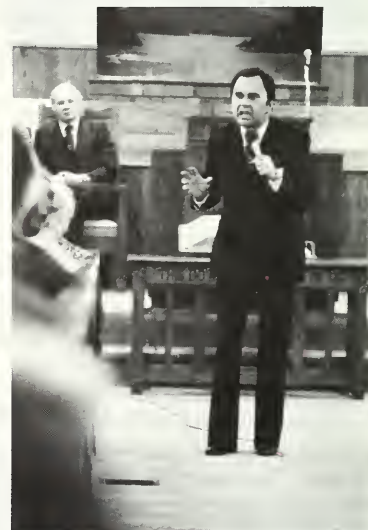
Not all will listen.

But some will.

Some will remember how things used to be. They will try again.

The young will perceive, perhaps for the first time, how things *ought* to be. They will find hope. □

by Hoyt E. Stone



Stone Photo

What's Still Right With Public Schools

by Dr. Samuel R. Spencer, Jr.

What about the schooling of our young people? Should we be educating them better? The implied answer is yes. In their professional associations, college teachers lament the poor writing skills with which their students arrive. Employers say college graduates come to them without being able to put sentences together or speak coherently.

Although what I want to say applies to education generally, I'm talking primarily about the nation's schools. I justify this on two grounds. First, as a citizen and father, I have the same interest all of us have. Second, education is a continuum; each of its units must be concerned about what happens in the others.

If we are critical of the job our schools are doing, we should ask ourselves whether such criticism is justified. Logic would seem to say that the level of satisfaction with social change would increase in direct ratio with social progress. Not so. It is just the opposite. The more progress, the more expectation and the more dissatisfaction.

The same thing has happened in public education. In a few decades we have built the extensive and impressive system which we now take for granted.

In the perspective of historical development, our schools have done well. Because they have done well, we want and expect them to do even better.

Furthermore, there are two reasons why schools today are having a hard time meeting expectations. Before the public schools became universal in this country, we depended upon three other institutions for the transmission of the ideals and values of our culture from one generation to another. Those institutions were the community, the church, and the family.

I don't have to labor what has happened to these institutions. But the most dramatic changes have come in the home. The statistics are dreary. One marriage in two now ends in divorce, one child in five lives in a one-parent home.

Though the changing position of women has brought many good things, it is diminishing the function of the home, where the mother's role in the nurturing of



Alan Cliburn Photo

children was considered a prime function and responsibility.

The result? When a child gives trouble at school, we ask indignantly why school officials don't do something about it, for we increasingly expect the school to step in and fill the gaps in the lives of children left by the erosion of community, church and family influences. . . .

Anyone who reads the newspapers knows we have problems. Knowing that solutions are not always easy, I am wary of suggesting them, but here are three principles I would like to see incorporated into education at all levels. They are (1) an insistence upon structure and substance in the curriculum; (2) an unwavering attention to quality; and (3) instruction tailored to individual needs.

The revolution of the late 1960's and early 70's in the university world had some beneficial effects; it taught us that some of the things we had considered necessary and sacrosanct were not necessities at all. But it also swept away other things, such as required courses and logical sequence, substituting a cafeteria system of courses from which students could choose willy-nilly the things they would like to take, regardless of substantive value, logical order or interrelationship.

The revolution also introduced intellectual junk

food: courses without academic substance, often put together from very unlikely materials by students themselves under the guise of independent study.

This disintegration of structure, this retreat from requirements and departure from insistence on basic skills and knowledge, affected the schools as well as the colleges. Fortunately we are seeing a swing back. What must we do to accelerate this return to structure and substance?

First, instead of trimming our sails to the winds of educational fads and fashions, we must design the curriculum to guarantee that every student develop a base of skills and knowledge which will enable him or her to function in an increasingly sophisticated and competitive society.

Second, we should be tough-minded enough to require students to take whatever is necessary to accomplish this goal.

Third, we should raise the demand level for most students; let us not be afraid to ask more of our children and young people so that they will get more from what they do. The demand level—the level of work required—is an essential ingredient in educational effectiveness.

We have heard a great deal recently about the Coleman Report, which alleges the superiority of the academic work in private schools. From experience with my own children in public and private schools, I would say that the major differences between the two have to do with the demand level, which is undeniably higher for private-school students than for even the better students in the public system.

Now for the second basic principle, an emphasis on quality at all performance levels.

The achievement of quality requires two essentials, the first of which is absolutely fundamental: teachers of high competence and dedication. There should be no apology for setting high standards for our teachers and enforcing those standards.

But if we are to enforce high standards, we must recognize that teaching is hard work and that public-school teaching is one of the hardest jobs in our society today. We will get teachers who provide first quality education of the kind we want for our children only if we give them at least reasonably adequate rewards. Beyond this, and I realize this may go against the grain for some, there should be incentives for merit.

The third principle is this: to the extent possible where masses of children and young people are concerned, instruction should be tailored to the needs and abilities of individual students.

Ability grouping has always been somewhat controversial in educational theory and practice; it has become far more so in recent years as our society has increasingly moved from an insistence on equality of opportunity to an insistence on equality of result.

Since studies show that to a significant extent performance goes hand in hand with expectation, I am not suggesting that students be rigidly classified or categorized in such a way as to stultify their educational progress.

But anyone who has taught knows something that is reinforced by common sense, namely that in teaching any subject, the level of instruction must be pitched somewhere toward the middle of the group.

The corollary is that regardless of level, instruction will be most effective if the spectrum of ability to learn within the group is not too wide. This is true for the less able as well as for the more able students.

Let me point out that the principle of ability grouping is accepted without question at the college level in this country. It is built into the system despite the fiction that a college degree is a college degree, and that one is as good as another. Truth is, there is an obvious hierarchy of quality which separates college students by ability from institution to institution . . .

The public schools cannot do this, of course. For obvious reasons the local education systems cannot decree that certain campuses will accept only the ablest, other campuses the next ablest and so on through the high school chain.

So if they are to offer education tailored to individual abilities, they have to find other ways to divide students so that the least able are not hopelessly lost by instruction above their heads or the most able completely bored by instruction which leaves them unchallenged. In any of our schools the ability spectrum is very wide indeed.

We will educate coming generations adequately only if we are able to meet the varying demands along that spectrum, offering compensatory education at the lower end; and offering fast-track, highly demanding instruction at the upper.

Should we be doing a better job in the schooling of our children? Certainly. We are a long way from perfect, either in the schools or in the colleges, and we should always be looking for ways to improve. But in the perspective of history, educational progress in this country is impressive indeed.

If we are dissatisfied, it is partly because of a temporary downward turn in the steady upward curve

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23



Telling It Like It Isn't

by Henry Duval

COURTEOUS DOUBLE-TALK IS DISTORTING THE MESSAGE.

Euphemisms are increasing! No, this isn't dangerous. A euphemism is merely the substitution of a mild, indirect, or vague expression for the blunt or factual one. We say, for example, that a person who died has "passed away."

You should become familiar with the most common of these expressions so you'll know *exactly* what the true situation is.

Some observers attribute this greater use of euphemistic expressions to the fact we live in a world troubled by inflation, unemployment, and crime. Euphemisms tend to hide the harsh realities of life.

For example, when Reagan Administration economists admit the country is in a recession, what everyone already feels is that we are actually in a depression.

Whether due to misplaced courtesy or to deliberate

"white lies," the double-talk muddles communication channels. A number of sociologists feel the use of mild expressions is being carried to ridiculous extremes.

Consider these:

- In Knoxville, Tennessee, the city sewage system is known as the Waste Water Control system.

- In a number of cities the street-cleaning department has been renamed "environmental control department."

- In England, one social agency banned the use of the term "illegitimate children" and is now using "fatherless children." Biological science says these don't exist.

- Undertakers are "morticians." Funeral parlors, "mortuaries." Headstone salesmen are "memorialists."

Use of euphemisms has started a cult of mildness which now plagues people from the

cradle to the grave. In fact, even before the cradle. In polite company a woman isn't pregnant. She's "expecting."

One reason for use of euphemisms is illustrated in our avoidance of "graveyard" and similar words. These remind us of an unpleasant future. Persons are now buried in a "memorial park," not a cemetery. The arranger of one's last trip is not an undertaker, but—as noted above—a mortician.

Somehow the title "mortician" upgrades the trade, in the same way "sanitation operator" elevates a street cleaner, and "mail expeditor" upgrades a mail clerk's job.

These high-sounding titles are eagerly sought by lowly employees to cover their embarrassment over the true nature of their work. Management obliges because titles cost nothing, they make **CONTINUED ON PAGE 21**

How to MISS GOD'S WILL

Artist/Writer: Larry E. Neagle

1. Don't ask God to reveal it. Or, having asked, trust Him to make the answer confusing. If His answer is too clear, becloud it yourself with side issues.



2. Assume God's will is unknowable, impersonal, and so vague as to be meaningless. Then you can insist on your will in absolute serenity.



3. Ignore the part of God's will you do know. As long as you continue to flunk the old material, He won't pass you on to anything new.

OBEY YOUR PARENTS.
EPHESIANS 6:1

IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS
1 THESSALONIANS 5:18

KEEP SEXUALLY PURE
1 THESSALONIANS 4:3



4. Assume that if you knew God's will, you wouldn't like it. If He does indeed have a plan for you, it consists primarily in making you miserable.

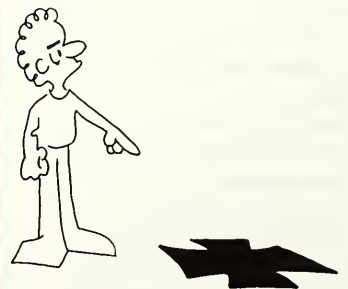


5. Insist on knowing all the details of His will for you at once. Who needs faith when you have a blueprint?



©Larry E. Neagle

6. Forget about scripture, providential circumstances, convictions from a sound mind, and the leading of the Holy Spirit. God sometimes leads with an unusual or dramatic word. Demand He do the same for you. Tell Him exactly how, when and where you want it. And don't move until you get it.



STEP A LIFE-CHANGING MISSION

by Marcus V. Hand

STEP is summer excitement. Travel. Foreign cultures. Strange sights and sounds. It is committed youth teamed together for a unique transcultural experience in a mission field.

STEP is loving others. Caring. Reaching people. It is going beyond yourself to get involved in what God is doing in His world.

STEP is Summer Training and Evangelism Partners. It is a youth ministry with a proven track record. STEP has been a life-changing opportunity for many Church of God young persons.



In June 1982, STEP teams will leave for five separate destinations in different parts of the world:

- Israel and Egypt
- England and Scotland
- Alaska
- Jamaica
- Southwest U.S. (mission to native Americans).

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PHILLIS BARE

Phyllis Bare (North Carolina) went on her first STEP mission in the summer of 1979. In a debriefing questionnaire she called STEP "without a doubt the greatest, most rewarding experience of my life." In 1980 she spent the summer doing missions work in Ecuador. In 1981 she accompanied another STEP team as a counselor.

Phyllis says, "STEP brought new dimensions into my relationship with God. It is the most valuable youth program the Church of God has."

KAY HOOD

When Kay Hood (Tennessee) graduated from high school she decided to go on a STEP mission. On returning home she wrote, "My plans are completely changed. I wish to go back to Europe as soon as possible."

Today, Kay is based in Amsterdam, Holland. She travels throughout the continent as well as to other countries witnessing for Christ through testimony and drama. "STEP put me on the road to an exciting life," she says.

JULIE BEACH

Julie Beach (Iowa) has been on two STEP missions. Julie says, "STEP has had an impact on my life as nothing else ever has. Through STEP I have learned many historical things but more than that, I have learned about myself. And I can now more clearly understand the needs of others.

"Through STEP I gained a greater appreciation for my church. I have grown to love and become more deeply rooted in its doctrines. The value of STEP is absolutely priceless to me."

EARLITA SIMPSON

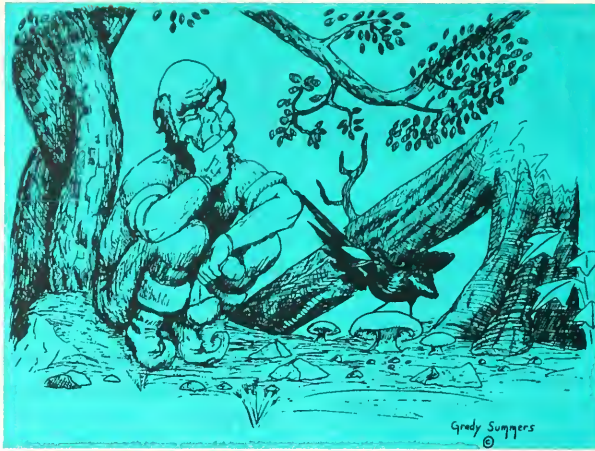
From Earlita Simpson (Ohio), "STEP was a time to find out what God really wanted for my life. It was an excellent way to do service for Him. God called me to a ministry during the STEP trip."

JIM BURGE

And Jim Burge (Mississippi), "My faith has greatly increased. I have seen missions in action. STEP has given me a new desire to do more than just warm the pews on Sunday and Wednesday."

MELANIE CLARK

Melanie Clark (Mississippi) put it this way, "STEP has been the greatest experience in the world for me. I learned mainly not to go around looking for God to call me. I am already called—to be a disciple for Christ!"



RETURN OF THE SHEPHERD

by Larry E. Neagle

Early morning color marked a fraction of the far eastern sky. *It figures*, Grumplin thought, as he quietly closed behind him the main door to his burrow. It would be dawn. He stood for a moment looking sourly at the large blackbird perched in the hollow of a sotai tree not two feet from him. "Crow, this had better be important."

"It is," came the gravelly reply.

Grumplin sensed no warning of trolls or witches about; but one never really knew. He slipped rather than stepped into the hollow and sat down beside Crow. He broke a moon-shaped bean pod from the tree and nervously began eating the beans. Bitter! Just what he needed.

"All right, Crow. What is it?"

Looking deep into the dwarf's gray eyes, Crow said softly, "Shepherd's alive. He's returned."

Grumplin's heart jumped. Shepherd alive again? He had said He would live again, there in the grove before the Death Rangers came and arrested Him. But . . . no. No, Grumplin wouldn't

believe it. Who ever heard of the dead living again? It just couldn't be!

The chubby dwarf studied the sotai pod in his hand. It helped him control his voice. "Are you sure? Who told you?"

"A sparrow. He came to us at Himmon's Keep. He said Shepherd was seen at Bakbuk Ford. And that He is calling for all the Elyoni to meet Him at Freedom's Hold. The others left from the Keep. I came to tell you."

Grumplin felt the quiet reproach in Crow's words. *So the others wanted to stay together. Let them. But with Shepherd dead, it was everyone for himself.* Suddenly the dwarf felt shamed. Shepherd wouldn't have seen it that way. Again he carefully studied the sotai pod. "Did the sparrow see Him himself?"

"No," Crow hesitated. "Uh, a she-wolf saw Him and told the sparrow."

Grumplin groaned. "A she-wolf? Good grief, Crow, where's your sense? A she-wolf! Sure, a she-wolf told the sparrow. A she-wolf in league with Bahal! And a sparrow? The most scatterbrained of all Elyoni Earth-Father's creatures. Oh Crow, use your head!"

"Not all wolves ally with Bahal, Grumplin. Earth-Father uses who He pleases. You ought to know that."

Grumplin hardly heard Crow's rebuke. A small spot just beneath his left shoulder blade began itching violently. Something was wrong: he spread out his senses, listening. *It was too quiet,* he thought. The cold, prelight air echoed with unnatural silence. Grumplin glanced quickly around to see if they were being watched. Fleeting, in the half-light, he thought he saw someone. Then the light seemed to waver, and whatever it was disappeared.

Nerves, he decided. His nerves were shot. In the seven days since Bahal murdered Shepherd, the Elyoni had been hunted with increasing ferocity. Anything out of the ordinary might herald troll soldiers or worse, coming with swords, intent on their particularly vile pleasures.

"Grumplin? What's the matter? Are you all right?"

With a start, Grumplin snapped back to reality. "All right?" he growled. "No, I'm not all right!" *Neither am I afraid,* he told himself. "Listen, Crow. I know the promise as well as you. I was there in the grove. I heard all that He said."

Grumplin's voice broke. His bearded face contorted with the memory. He took a deep breath and forced himself to continue. "We, uh, both were in the crowd that watched His torture. We both saw Him die." Closing his eyes, Grumplin wrapped his arms tightly around himself, and rocked back and forth. "Use your head, Crow. The dead can't live again."

Crow tenderly laid his beak across his friend's trembling shoulder. "Grumplin," he said gently, "we are Elyoni. We belong to Shepherd. He never lied to us. He said He would return and live again. So He will." Raising his head, Crow saw the indecision etched on the dwarf's weather-beaten face. "Come with me, Friend. The call is for you too."

A muscle in Grumplin's neck started twitching. Again he glanced quickly around. No one. *Still,* he thought, *someone is watching.* He could feel it. He shivered. Why did everything have to happen in the morning when he couldn't think straight? He should go. No! The dead can't live again! Crow was trying to corner him into doing something he didn't want to do!

"If! If! If!" Grumplin exploded, jumping up to glare at his friend. He shook his finger in front of Crow's open beak. "I'm tired of ifs. I won't go on this wild crow chase. There, I've said it. I won't go! You go! I should be in bed asleep. If I go back now, I can still get two more hours."

"Grumplin . . ."

The dwarf turned his back on Crow. "I won't go," he said. "You and the rest go. I'm staying here. Just remember, when you find He's not there, I told you so!"

With that the dwarf popped into his burrow, locked the door, and ran for bed, strowing clothes in three directions. He was in a midair dive for the blankets when he heard Crow call, "Goodbye, Grumplin. I wish you were coming. You're wrong, you know."

Just like Crow to have the last word, Grumplin thought. He curled into a warm ball and soon drifted into a light sleep.

He dreamed. It was night, and someone was chasing him. He ran and ran, but he couldn't shake his pursuer. Crying with fear, he darted into a deep ravine. Suddenly the gully ended at a blank, unscaleable wall. He felt the other's breath on his neck. He screamed! And woke himself.

Gradually Grumplin's ragged breath calmed. *Oh*

Shepherd, he thought, *that felt real*. But he hadn't really been afraid, he told himself, ignoring his racing pulse. Funny though, even with three blankets and a quilt in a heated burrow, he felt cold.

Following a habit born of long years of living alone, he began talking to himself. "Shepherd? Do you really live again? That's impossible! I'm tired. I need sleep. If you're going to return, why can't you do it at a decent hour? I don't believe you've returned at all. It's a ruse of Bahal's to trap the Elyoni. Or the trick of an evil she-wolf or a stupid sparrow. Shepherd, I'm afraid. No, I'm not afraid. So why can't I go back to sleep?"

Grumplin gathered his scattered clothes and dressed. Daylight trickled through his concealed windows. Mechanically he poked two logs into the stone fireplace. Warm oatmeal would at least take the bitter sotai bean taste from his mouth.

Abruptly Grumplin trembled. *Something's gone wrong*, he thought. He should've gone with Crow. He was Elyoni. The call was for him too. No! It was impossible. The Elyoni were through. Someone had to have some sense.

The itching underneath his shoulder blade began again. Something was wrong! Grumplin's nostrils flared. The feeling almost suffocated him! He ran halfway across the room to his war ax before he caught himself. Slowly he walked to a chair and dug his fingers into the coarse upholstery, forcing himself to relax.

"What was that?" Listening, he caught his breath. Scratching. Someone was outside his secret

door. Quietly he crept to a peephole. A troll soldier! Grumplin watched silently as the troll poked around the ground and rocks with a battered iron pick. The soldier didn't appear to know he was by the dwarf's bolt hole; but he definitely was searching for something. Grumplin noiselessly double barred the door and tiptoed away.

The itching grew worse. *Trolls!* he thought, and shuddered. He should've gone. Suddenly it was clear, he should've gone too. Even if it was a trap, he should've gone. Crow would need his help. Crow was his friend. Crow was Elyoni. Crow needed him!

Grabbing his old notched war ax, Grumplin turned to run to another of his back doors. Crow was only an hour or so ahead. He might catch him yet.

A sharp crackling came from behind him. Grumplin whirled and froze. One of his walls shimmered and flowed. Shades of red, yellow, green and blue began to ripple across its surface. Grumplin backed until he felt the cool of the opposite wall behind him. Bracing himself against the wall, he raised his war ax in both hands, ready for final battle.

Warm light suddenly flooded the room. Everything in it stood out in clear relief, as though some sunny spring afternoon had invaded his burrow. Into that light, through a six-foot wall of stone and earth, stepped Shepherd.

Grumplin's ax clanged to the floor. *No! It can't be!* he thought, falling to his knees. *It just can't be!*

Grumplin trembled. He tried to stop, but the shaking only

grew worse. Somehow he couldn't quite make himself look Shepherd in the eyes.

"Shepherd, is it really you?"

The warm resonance of Shepherd's voice seemed to melt a block of ice deep within the dwarf. "Look closely, little Grump; and see for yourself."

Rising hesitantly Grumplin searched Shepherd's familiar, smile-worn face. He saw the welts and the burns of Bahal's torture peeking from under Shepherd's white robe. Then he saw the holes, and he cringed.

"I . . ." he choked. "I . . ." he choked again. "I saw you die."

"I know, Grumplin. But I live. Do you believe now?"

Grumplin never noticed the tears flowing down his face. *What a fool I've been*, he thought. "Oh Shepherd, I believe! I believe!"

Sobbing, he leaped into Shepherd's outstretched arms. □



The Resurrection Road

by Wanda Cato Brett

I find it hard to believe that this time last year my best friend, Melissa, was volunteering my services to the costume department for the Community Easter Pageant. Since I didn't have a prior commitment, and since I had done it for three years, I said yes. I really couldn't say no gracefully; and besides, Melissa had promised to help.

I suppose I had known all along I would do it. I knew I would make the pageant costumes, wash robes from last year, and salvage what crowns and veils I could. I knew I would do it because I simply can't tolerate tacky costumes. I can't stand to see crowds of "Jewish followers" standing on stage in bathrobes and terry cloth headgear. I've always thought tacky costumes make a great play mediocre. Maybe that's why I studied fashion and design.

In those early weeks I resigned myself to making over one hundred costumes. I draped blue and red cloth over white robes until my eyes hurt. My fingers ached from holding a thimble. My eyes begged relief from long hours at a sewing machine. I made scarves and matched colors until I think I could have done it in my sleep.

Suddenly it was Easter. Time for the pageant. Time to see what the costumes would look like under bright lights.

I went to church and Easter was just like the three before it. I didn't really enjoy the new dress I had designed. Oh no. I sat through service wondering if Pilate, Mary, Salome, and Peter were going to get their costumes on right. I wondered if they would remember to drape the folds of blue linen like I had shown them. After all, if they came on stage in tacky costumes, it wouldn't look good for me.

My face must have looked worried. After church Mrs. Candling smiled and patted me on the shoulder with "Hello, Dear." She was the pageant director. The cast seemed to like her but Mrs. Candling had the annoying habit of calling everyone "dear." Other than that, I liked her too. Over her shoulder she called, "See you tonight at the production, Dear."

That afternoon I gathered up my extra costumes and headed for the state park where the Easter pageant had always been held. Several years ago, a local brick mason had donated stone and built a beautiful circular stage and the front of a large tomb. Other companies in the community had donated the

lumber to build three rough, wooden crosses high on the top of the hill. Very impressive. But I was in no mood to be impressed. I just wanted it to be over.

I hung the costumes in order and checked the robes of the high priest for glitter. Mrs. Candling startled me when she spoke.

"You know something, Dear? I've been thinking, I wonder if you could let the cast do their own costumes tonight. I'd like for you to be my guest at the play. There's a big difference between watching a play backstage and seeing it unfold before your eyes. Perhaps it will look different to you."

Reluctantly I agreed. We found seats on the third row.

I watched excited people arrive, going over the list of characters in my mind. I wondered how everyone in the community could be so impressed year after year. If they just knew the people who were playing the biblical characters, chances are they wouldn't come back.

Take prissy Kalinda Martin. She was pretty but rather stuck-up. Her sticky, sweet little voice was so irritating. Of course, I had to admit she was perfect for the part of Pilate's wife.

And Jason Boulver. He had a tremendous speaking voice so of course he always got the part of Jesus. But none in the crowd knew Jason had to wear platform shoes so he could be taller than John the Baptist.

And Martin Graham Smithton III, who played the disciple John . . . what would people say if they knew that underneath that headdress was a pretentious chess player with squinty eyes?

I really couldn't understand the play's attraction. None of the characters were tremendous actors. Just ordinary people donating their time.

My not-so-complimentary thoughts were interrupted as Mrs. Candling welcomed the audience. There must have been over a thousand people at the park. She thanked the cast members, calling them all "dears," and stepped back for the play to begin.

That's when it started. That chain of events which was to make me a Resurrection person.

The lights came up and the crowd stopped its chattering noise. I sat glued to my chair as the old, old story unfolded before my eyes.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

Update

Must Ye Live?



In the days of the early church, people were having a problem making a living. Some Christians were sacrificing their commitment to Scripture because they reasoned that food for the family was more important.

Goldsmiths and silversmiths had begun to make idols to false gods. That was what people were buying. A church leader named Tertullian spoke out against such practices, and the goldsmiths and silversmiths were upset. They said, "We've got to make a living. This is the only thing that is selling." Tertullian replied, "Must ye live?" Tertullian was establishing the fact that putting God first is the most important aspect of life. If God is first, He will give us the needs of life.

The goldsmiths and silversmiths had not given God a chance to work in their behalf.

Daniel's circumstances recorded in the Old Testament speak to this subject. Imagine the discouraging circumstances of being captured by a godless foreign government, having to leave your family and home and country, and knowing that you will be commanded to do things which are against Scripture. These were Daniel's circumstances. "But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself" (Daniel 1:8).

Having done this, however, he displayed a mature attitude to those in authority over him. This attitude brought him into loving favor with the prince of the eunuchs. Later the prince commanded Daniel and those with him to eat and drink that which violated the Scripture. Daniel discerned that the basic intention of the prince was not to violate his convictions but to make him healthy and wise.

When Daniel discerned the ruler's intention, he worked out an alternative which would not violate his moral convictions and which would also allow those in authority to achieve their objectives (Daniel 1:12, 13).

Daniel's formula worked: (1) He made up his heart, (2) he respected authority, and (3) he allowed God to work.

Numerous young people wrestle with questions of right and wrong. Some sacrifice commitments to God because they believe they have to be popular, make a lot of money, or have everything they desire.

Daniel's formula still works and Tertullian's words are still true.

Must ye live?

Why not purpose in your heart to do God's will. Respect those who have authority over you and give God a chance to work in your life. □

W. A. Davis

*Assistant General Director of
Youth and Christian Education*

TELLING IT LIKE IT ISN'T

Continued from page 11

the employee feel better, and they may often even postpone the giving of a pay raise.

Just look at this:

- he who was once a truant officer is now an attendance coordinator.
- a street sweeper is now a debris disposal operator.
- a life-insurance salesman is now an estate planner.
- a delivery boy is now an external expeditor.
- an office boy is now an internal expeditor.
- a stock boy is an inventory supervisor.
- a shipping clerk is a transportation coordinator.
- a jailer is a personnel controller.
- a watchman is a security officer.
- a plumber is a water-systems engineer.

Even newspapers have succumbed to euphemistic double-talk, although most readers can easily decipher the meaning.

For example:

When a news item says, "A committee of prominent citizens has been appointed to look into the problem of juvenile delinquency," this is what it means: "Some of the local merchants got together with the mayor's blessing to see what the police can do about kids snitching merchandise from supermarkets and other stores."

You read, "One third of the nation is culturally deprived and is thus economically disadvantaged." What it means is "a few million kids have refused to

finish high school and now can't get jobs and make money so they can buy rock-and-roll records and tape players."

You read, "The suspects were taken from the domestic relations office to the county work farm." What it means is "the criminals were loaded into paddy wagons at the family court and hauled to the county jail on the outskirts of town, next to the garbage dump. (Where would you put a jail, on Park Avenue?)"

You read, "A committee of stockholders has petitioned the court for approval to reorganize under Section 7B." What it means is "the firm is bankrupt. (The minority owners want to prevent the president's son-in-law from selling the company's assets to a dummy firm which he controls.)"

Some critics feel that if things were called by their proper names, some of our social problems might be solved sooner.

A bank president who covers his theft of depositors' money with false bookkeeping is not a financial manipulator: he's an embezzler and a thief. A suspect picked up while breaking into a house is not an illegal entrant: he's a burglar.

A member of a ghetto youth gang who shoots and robs a storekeeper is not really a storekeeper: he's a murderer. Illegal aliens are not undocumented workers, they are criminals. It is illegal to enter the United States without a permit.

Through use of euphemisms and other chicanery, politicians and bureaucrats so manipulate economic affairs that the average

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YOUTH NEWS TO NOTE

Compiled by SONJIA LEE HUNT, Editorial Assistant General Department of Youth and Christian Education



Alan Cliburn Photo

Drinking Teenagers.

"There are about 17 million kids in this country between the ages of 14 and 17, and nearly 90 percent of those kids drink," according to Dr. William Mayer, psychiatrist and administrator of the Alcohol, Drug Abuse and Mental Health Administration. Dr. Mayer made that statement in November of last year on ABC's "Good Morning, America" television program.

Dr. Mayer went on to explain that these 90 percent do not necessarily drink on a weekly basis or very regularly. "But they have used alcohol more than once by their own admission," he said. When asked what he considered to be the cause of so much teenage drinking, he said his research lays the blame mainly on peer pressure.

* * * * *

1. What do you think the percentage of regular drinkers in your high school would be?
2. Do you agree that 90 percent of today's teens have used alcohol more than once?
3. Why do teens drink?

Poverty in Today's World.

One of every ten children born during 1979—the International Year of the Child—is now dead, according to UNICEF's executive director, James P. Grant. "Almost all of those twelve million died," he said, "on the knife of poverty . . . a poverty so unnecessary that it mocks any pretensions to planetary civilization." (*World Vision*, December 1981)

* * * * *

1. Why do you think Mr. Grant says this poverty is so unnecessary?
2. What do you think are some of the hindrances to the richer countries helping these impoverished peoples?
3. Does the church have a responsibility to the people of its community and the world?

Church-Going Teenagers.

Czechoslovakia's young people have begun flocking to churches, according to reports in the *New York Times* and the *Times of London*. The London paper says punishments are severe for those caught in Christian youth activity. Still, 60 percent of that nation's practicing Christians are under age 35. (*World Vision*, December 1981)

* * * * *

1. Why do you think young people in Czechoslovakia are attracted to Christianity?
2. What do you find most interesting about your church?

How People Vote.

Homosexuals in Palo Alto, California, were surprised to find support from the city's churches for a measure placed on the November 3, 1981, ballot which would outlaw discrimination against homosexuals in housing, employment, union membership, and public services. More than half the congregational leaders of the city's fifty churches expressed their support of the proposed ordinance.

"Members of the ministerial association support the measure not because they support homosexuality per se, but because they support fair play and justice for all people," said Donald Mason of Covenant Presbyterian Church.

It seems the measure had everything going for it. Mayor Alan Henderson openly supported the measure along with the religious leaders. Supporters had spent more than \$25,000, and opponents had spent less than \$500. Most people were surprised on Election Day when the measure lost badly—58 to 42 percent. In political terms, it was a landslide. (*Christianity Today*, January 1, 1982)

* * * * *

1. What would be the results of a similar situation in your hometown?
2. What do you think should be the church's stand in such a situation? Explain.

A Win for the Church.

In November 1981, the U.S. Supreme Court backed a lower court's decision that public universities cannot ban religious worship and discussions from their buildings. That basically means religious groups should be given the same access to university facilities as nonreligious groups.

The decision probably will not make a difference on public high school campuses, where Bible studies have been banned. The supreme court has refused to hear an appeal dealing with banning of religious worship in high schools. (*Christianity Today*, January 1, 1982)

* * * * *

1. Why do you think the court has seemingly made a difference between college campuses and high school campuses?
2. Do you think they should?

TELLING IT LIKE IT ISN'T

Continued from page 21

citizen is prevented from realizing what is going on. As a result, several large U.S. cities are bankrupt, some states are on the verge of bankruptcy, and the federal government has accumulated a debt of one trillion dollars which may one day be repudiated or paid off with debauched currency at ten cents on the dollar.

Our educational system is also loaded with euphemisms. For example, no student is now called stupid. He is an underachiever. When Johnny comes home with a failing report card and a brief "He is an underachiever" written by his teacher, parents think nothing of it. After all, he is an "achiever," even though somewhat "under." Before World War II, that kid would have been called stupid and his parents would have known exactly what was meant.

Today, this euphemistic "underachiever" makes everybody—Johnny, his teacher and his parents—contentedly happy. According to new theories of education, happiness is supposed to be the end of education and the process of education must be a "happy experience" for the student.

If ignorance is bliss, then stupidity must be happiness.

Think of all the happiness we are now creating merely by using the proper euphemistic word!

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WHAT'S STILL RIGHT WITH PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Continued from page 10

caused by enormous adjustments to social change. If we are dissatisfied, so much the better. Dissatisfaction focuses attention, provokes thought and discussion, and stimulates creative suggestions for improvement. In a democratic society, that's the way to further progress.

Dr. Spencer is the president of Davidson College near Charlotte, North Carolina. This article is excerpted from a speech he delivered recently to a civic club in Charlotte.



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THE RESURRECTION ROAD

Continued from page 19

Jesus walked and talked among men. He healed a blind man and told a crippled man to fold up his bed and walk. Disciples fought, and disagreed, and loved, and wept, and fell asleep when they should have prayed. So human. Not at all like the characters I had imagined.

A choir of two hundred people sang, "Bethlehem, Galilee, . . . I believe." Music swept over me, around me. I felt the cold walls of my resentment slowly crumble down.

I watched as Jesus held children in His lap and said, "Blessed are the poor, and the meek, and those who mourn." I saw Jesus raise Lazarus, and feed a multitude of hungry men and women with five loaves of bread and two fish. I felt rage when Caiaphas plotted against Jesus and when Judas betrayed Him for silver. Jesus, who had done no wrong. I watched a mocking mob demand His crucifixion. All at the same time I knew Pilate's frustration and Peter's fear.

My face was wet with tears.

They couldn't do this. They just couldn't crucify and kill Him. Not Jesus. Gentle, loving Jesus who never opened His mouth.

I watched as Roman soldiers pounded nails into His hands and lifted the cross high up on a hill. I wasn't aware the costumes I had made sparkled and glittered in the light. I didn't remember Jason was short. I only knew that, for the moment, I was watching it all take place. I wept with Mary at the foot of the cross.

I wanted to run away. To leave. I knew that two thousand years ago He had looked down from the Cross and carried my sin. He knew all my shortcomings, all my failures, all my resentfulness, my stub-

born pride. My sin and His anguish were real. I wanted to fold up inside, to become a rock on the hill.

Joseph of Arimathaea walked slowly across the stage, holding fine linen cloth in his hands. A long line of tearful women followed him, holding jars of frankincense and myrrh. I wanted to die too. If men could kill such beauty, such life, such loveliness, then I wanted to die. I held my head in my hands and wept openly. I was not ashamed. Every tear I cried washed something violent and bitter away.

Then it was over. All over. Waves of forgiving love washed against the bruised shore of my heart. Music was playing and songs wafted over the hills. I sat with tears on my face. Not hearing. Not seeing. Forgiveness washed over me, making me clean, making me new.

It was time for the people who loved Him to visit the tomb early on the third day. Weeping . . . hurting . . . they made their way to the tomb and found it empty. Found the heavy stone rolled away. I watched their shock, their surprise. My hands felt like putty and my body shook.

Beautiful angels came from the tomb. Loud and triumphant their voices cried out, "Why do you seek the living among the dead? He is not here. He is risen! Just like He said He would!"

Noise covered me. The noise of believers running to tell the news and shouting, "Alleluia! Risen! Just like He said." The night filled up with music. "Alleluia, He is risen!"

I was part of it. People jumped to their feet crying and singing. It was beautiful. It was a night of celebration. Of forgiveness. Of cleansing. It was a resurrection night.

After all the people had slowly drifted away, I walked up the hill to see the tomb, thinking, *So that's*

how it was. Ordinary people just like me had seen Him, walked with Him, talked with Him. For a long time I sat on the hill and quietly breathed spring air, cool with the promise of dew.

"I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

I turned to see Jason Boulver standing near the tomb. He smiled.

"I like to come here too, after it's over. It really is overwhelming to realize He died and lives again. The Son of God. He left an empty tomb, just like He said."

Jason offered me his hand. We walked down the long hill together. He really wasn't short. John the Baptist was just very tall.

I felt free. Happy. Forgiven.

Like I said earlier, I'm a Resurrection person; and I don't want to forget it. □



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Books

HOW MUCH FAITH DOES IT TAKE? by Arnold Prater

This book challenges the popular notion that we have "enough" faith only when our prayers are "successful" and we get what we want. "God cannot be manipulated, formulated, or made a party to covetousness," says Dr. Arnold Prater.

Far more people receive no apparent answer to prayer than those who experience instant miracles. But with encouragement and comfort, Prater emphasizes that this is no indication of the person's faith—or lack of faith.

Prater likens God's decision to deny Paul's request regarding his "thorn in the flesh" to our own day-to-day disappointments. Through anecdotes and analogies, Prater builds the biblical case for the sufficiency of God's grace rather than the insufficiency of our faith. (Thomas Nelson Publishers, Nashville, TN 37203; \$3.95) □

ESTHER: THE ROMANCE OF PROVIDENCE by J. Vernon McGee

Luck or providence? The name of God is not mentioned even once in the Book of Esther, yet nowhere else in the Bible is the providence of God more clearly revealed.

Was it luck that Esther was in a royal position to avert a large-scale Semitic slaughter instigated by Haman, the ruthless, jealous enemy of Esther's cousin Mordecai? Or was it providence?

J. Vernon McGee maintains that God guides our lives by providence and through it permits disappointments and enemies, as well as blessings, light, and abundant love.

McGee's informal analysis reveals an appealing new dimension to the Book of Esther as it becomes apparent that God in His providence is guiding our lives today just as He did then. (Thomas Nelson Publishers, Nashville, TN 37203; \$3.95) □

RUTH: THE ROMANCE OF REDEMPTION by J. Vernon McGee

Redemption is a love affair. The story of Ruth, the Gentile maid from Moab, is a powerful and passionate portrayal of pure love—the devoted love of Ruth for her Hebrew mother-in-law, Naomi; the romantic love between Ruth and Boaz; and the redemptive love of God.

J. Vernon McGee's simple, direct style gives the central characters in this nearly three-thousand-year-old drama a timely relevance for today's reader. His vigorous yet warm approach reveals how love is the primary motivation and attitude of redemption.

McGee's treatment of the Book of Ruth is an engaging narrative and examination of redemption and love as they were codified by law, then perfected by grace. (Thomas Nelson Publishers, Nashville, TN 37203; \$4.95) □

THE LOVE FACTOR by Al Palmquist with Mandy Taylor

Dopers, hookers and Midwest Challenge. Kimberly was fed up with the fights and the booze. After an ugly scene with her drunken father, she ran away—becoming a prey for the pimps who haunt the bus stations and public buildings of Minneapolis and other cities. But Kimberly's story has a happier ending than most. After being arrested for prostitution, she met preacher-cop Al Palmquist, who introduced her to the "tough" love of Jesus Christ.

Palmquist is the founder of Midwest Challenge, Inc./Safe House, a network of centers that offer Christian refuge to street kids. Kimberly's story is fictional, but the circumstances of her introduction to prostitution and the pimps and johns who people this vicious underworld are real—as is the freedom Kimberly found in her life-changing encounter with *The Love Factor*. (Thomas Nelson Publishers, Nashville, TN 37203; \$4.95) □

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Why Be Anxious?

by Charles W. Conn

Why be anxious, soul
Why fret?
God has never
Failed you yet.
He may not always
Succor you
In ways that you
Expect Him to;
For though He answers
Your appeal
He still must
Answer as He will.
Sometimes you
Look into the sky
For help that lies
Much nearer by,
In ample gifts
Of love and grace
Sufficient for each
Troubled case.
So, why be anxious, soul,
Why fret?
God has never
Failed you yet.

Louma Photo



SUPERMAN

Krypton.

Dying planet in a far-off galaxy.

Jor-el and his wife, knowing their planet is soon to explode, place their baby in a space capsule and send him on a voyage to earth.

The Dakotas.

A meteorite smacks into the earth, leaving a black, smoking hole in the Kent family wheat field.

In that smoking hole the Kents find a small boy. A boy with superhuman strength. A boy with x-ray vision. A boy who turns out to be impervious to physical harm, even bullets.

A boy who, full-grown, can fly.

Superman.

I first met Superman in a comic strip born of the Depression, war, and despair.

Oddly enough, Superman later fell into disrepute. A better educated, more sophisticated generation turned to social reform, to government programs, to human remedies for its pain. Only the naive or the simpleminded dared look heavenward for "it's a bird, it's a plane, it's Superman!"

Now Superman is back. Maybe it's no coincidence that once again unemployment is also up, soup kitchens flourish, economies are failing, nations blame one another for their ills, and no one knows for sure what to do.

Hollywood sold Superman to the American public again early in '79. Warner Brothers Studio spent \$40 million on its blockbuster movie



and had begun *Superman II* even before the first film was released. Recently, ABC aired a television version of *Superman* on prime time.

How our world yearns for a real superman! How many the real Lois Lanes and Clark Kents, the real newspaper photographers and editors, the real young men and women who dream of one who can smash evil! Who can keep airplanes from crashing! Who can

close the San Andreas Fault, avoiding earthquake! Who can reverse time!

So goes human imagination.

And yet . . . doesn't the plot sound familiar? Even in the midst of all the Hollywood hype, can't we hear echoes of a more glorious revelation, of a story that's been around for two thousand years?

Easter . . . an empty tomb . . . the resurrection of a lowly Nazarene—these remind us it isn't a superman in blue—a man with a red cape—whom we need . . .

We need faith to believe and courage to accept Jesus Christ. The God-man.

Our Lord triumphant! (Acts 2:19-24) □

DISTRICT CONFERENCES ON THE HOLY SPIRIT

Understanding
the
**HOLY
SPIRIT**

Monday — May 17

Program Format

Study Sessions—7:00-7:45 p.m.
7:45-8:30 p.m.

The Holy Spirit . . .

1. The Comforter
2. The Communicator
3. The Intercessor
4. The Revelator
5. The Glorifier
6. The Equipper

Holy Spirit Rally—8:30-9:30 p.m.

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Being aware of the need for Spirit-filled believers in the church who understand the work and ministry of the Spirit, we are emphasizing the doctrine of the Holy Spirit in District Conferences on the Holy Spirit throughout the Church of God. These conferences will provide an opportunity to acquaint believers with the ministry and work of the Spirit, to encourage further study of the Spirit and pursuit of spiritual gifts, and to foster a climate in which to receive the fullness of the Spirit.

Ray H. Hughes
General Overseer

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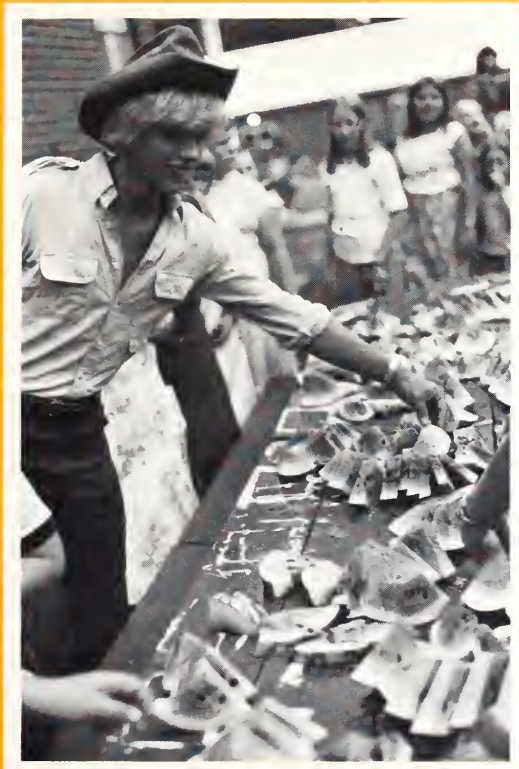
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The Summer of

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YOUTH CAMPS.
Are They Important?

NOT TO BE TAKEN
FROM THIS ROOM

THIS MONTH

Summer is our theme: with youth camps, graduation, and other possibilities shimmering before us. Nineteen-year-old Steve Jolley's experience could happen to any of us in today's world. Note the lesson. We have expanded the cartoon section. Editorialized on the deeper meaning of "future." Stay cool.

Hoyt E. Stone



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YOUTH CAMPS. Are They Important?



The Summer of 1967

by Hoyt E. Stone

What if there hadn't been a youth-camp program that summer?

What would have happened to Dennis? And to hundreds of other?

What *would* have happened?

That's a story someone else can speculate over. This story is about what *did* happen. There was a youth camp that summer . . . in Virginia . . . and Dennis *did* attend.

Not that he wanted to go, particularly. Dennis was a tall, rather awkward teenager who didn't talk much; and who, for those of us who knew him best, seemed to be working too hard to stifle his feelings about a mother who had just died of cancer and a dad who was an alcoholic. Life had sort of

Most Church of God pastors believe in youth camps and they support the program wholeheartedly.

piled up on Dennis that summer of '67.

What Dennis had going for him, though, now seen in retrospect, was a church that cared (North Danville), a grandmother who loved him, and a pastor who believed in the ministry of youth camps. (I happened to have been that pastor, of course; and, lest it seems I speak egotistically, I should add that most Church of God pastors believe in youth camps and support the program wholeheartedly.)

Dennis rode with me to camp that summer and I recall oddly that, somewhere between Gretna and Rocky Mount, a narrow stretch of country backroad, our nostrils were assailed by the odor of a dead skunk. Dennis squirmed and twisted in the car seat. He finally asked, "What is that?"

I couldn't believe it (city boys miss a lot); but we adults take many things for granted, some far more important than my failure to realize a boy might not have smelled a skunk before.

As youth camps go, circumstances could not have been worse than for Virginia during the summer of '67. A new campground had been purchased just off I-81. Trees had been removed and the land graded, but the



The Summer of 1967

grass had not yet grown. Two dormitories and a cafeteria were in place. Since there was no tabernacle, services were conducted in a borrowed tent set up just off the ball field.

Even then, things would have been bearable but for the rain. All day Monday it rained, turning red dirt into sticky mud and forcing the kids either to stay inside or to slosh around like wet rats.

When service began that first night, rain still came down in torrents. It was difficult to sing or to keep one's mind on things spiritual when, periodically, someone had to take a pole and punch water from the tent corners where it pocketed and threatened to collapse the entire structure. Drainage was poor. Little rivulets of water coursed through the shavings inside the tent itself. State Youth and Christian Education Director Clinton Scott told everyone to put their feet

up on the chair in front of them to keep dry.

Roosevelt Miller was the speaker. First he told us he had practiced his sermon and it was only going to take ten minutes, a bit of humor which turned out to be his best point. I don't remember a thing he said, otherwise.

However, the indomitable Roosevelt Miller didn't become what he is today by giving up easily. He walked over to the rented piano which perched precariously near the edge of the wooden rostrum. He gave a bow as if he were in Carnegie Hall. He said, "Boys and girls, I am now going to sing." He plopped down onto the piano stool. The stool broke. Our youth camp maestro fell backwards onto the wooden rostrum, hung there for what seemed like an eternal second, and then pitched face-forward on down to the wet shavings.

Nobody laughed. To this day I

still remember thinking how odd that no one laughed.

Red-faced and sputtering, wiping away the shavings, Roosevelt climbed back onto the rostrum. Seeing that he couldn't sit on a broken piano stool, he then went to his accordion and once again stood up to sing.

That's when the miracle started. Sobered, made sensitive, and somehow realizing we had gathered to worship, all of us listened to Roosevelt's voice. And Roosevelt Miller himself . . . aw . . . never had that beautiful tenor voice soared more grandly! Never had an audience listened more attentively than did those teenagers that night. Song after song. We worshiped the living Christ. Wave after wave of God's Holy Spirit led up to an altar invitation which seemed perfectly in keeping with a thunder clap and a renewed torrent of rain.

YOUTH CAMPS 1981

In 1981, 26,588 persons were involved in Church of God youth-camp ministry. The average camp fee for 1981 was \$37.50. Twenty-four camps participated in the summer food-service program. Receipts from the government amounted to \$106,814. Twenty-two of these camps conducted pre-camp training for counselors. Over two hundred claims were filed against the insurance companies insuring Church of God campers.

The state having the largest enrollment for summer camp last year was Tennessee with 1,602. Second highest was North Georgia with 1,472. Followed by South Carolina 1,422; Alabama 1,403.

In terms of spiritual results, Alabama led with a total of 358 young people saved. The total number of conversions that took place in all Church of God camps during 1981 is listed at 3,759.

Some things are likely to be different with this summer's camps—for example, government assistance for food will not be what it was last year—but one thing will go on—young people will be looking for answers to life's problems. Church of God youth camps help find the answers. □

Dennis was seated near me. He stood and ambled down to that altar, knelt on the wet shavings, and dedicated himself to God in a new manner. That night he received the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

Dennis didn't know then . . . although he does know now . . . how much he was to need the strength and the comfort of God's Spirit during the coming months and years. Out of high school he joined the marines. He did a tour of duty in Vietnam. He returned to his hometown, to his home church; and, in 1972, he stood tall before me and pledged wedding vows which made him my brother-in-law.

What if there hadn't been a youth camp that summer?

Well . . . like I said . . . someone else can write that story.

For me it's enough to say there was a camp in the summer of '67. There have been

camps every year since, all across this nation, and there will continue to be youth camps so long as people like you care, and so long as men like the Clinton Scotts and the Roosevelt Millers believe it's important to minister to the Dennis Hopkins of our world.

That brings us now to the summer of '82; and to the new stories which are yet to be written. □





Steve Jolley is not a hero. In his moment of crisis, Steve did not pull a John Wayne. He did not outsmart or outfight the crooks. He had no brash or bold talk.

Robbed at Gunpoint

Steve Jolley

But Steve Jolley *is* alive!

And that may be the most significant comment on his night of horror, especially as the event relates to other young people in this mixed-up world of ours.

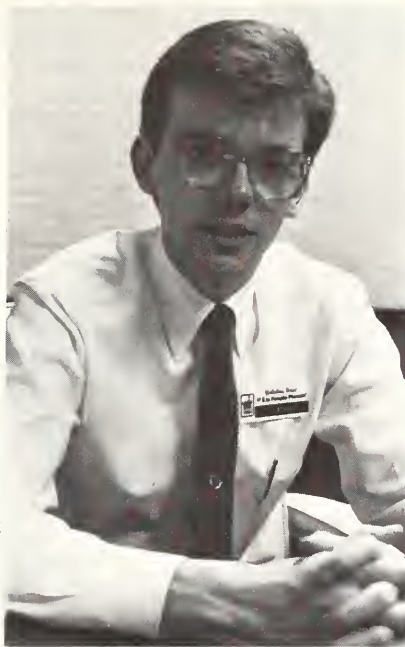
Steve's ordeal began suddenly. Without warning. He went to his job as night auditor at the Holiday Inn at 11 p.m., Saturday night, February

13, 1982. He liked his job well enough; was thankful for an opportunity to earn extra money while enrolled at Lee College; but, ironically, he had already decided to terminate his work for a while in order to catch up on some back studies. Steve almost didn't get to work out those last two weeks.

It was a quiet night. Steve busied himself with some

paperwork back of the motel counter. He checked in a few late-arriving guests, spoke to the maintenance man, answered the phone occasionally, and caught bits of news from the TV set playing continually in the lobby.

There was a new report on smoking. This time they talked about the smoker's lungs being bombarded with radium,



Stone Photo

a pack and a half of cigarettes a day being equal to eighty X rays a year.

Wow! Steve was glad he didn't smoke.

Two sisters living in a high-rise apartment in New York had died back in November. Their bodies were found three months later, not because someone cared but because a city commissioner had gone to serve the sisters an eviction notice for nonpayment of rent.

Unbelievable!

Steve was glad he didn't live in a big city. Crime. Masses of people. Nobody caring. He'd settle for Cleveland, Tennessee, any day. Even Monroe, Michigan, his hometown.

Late-night TV wasn't much. He switched off the set.

Steve was alone now, the building so quiet he could feel it if he thought about it. Steve tried not to think about it. What he did think about, though, was his girl friend, Gwen Tanner. Steve and Gwen had become more than just friends during the past few months.

Steve suddenly remembered it was Valentine's Day. He smiled to himself as he thought of how Gwen fitted so well into all the traditional and beautiful sweetheart concepts.

It is not easy to work nights, alone, in a quiet building. The hours seem endless and they often take on a sameness that makes it hard to keep track of time.

Around 5:30 a.m., Steve was seated at a desk in one of three offices that led back from the customer counter when he heard a noise. Turning and moving to where he could look into the second office, he glimpsed a man pulling the office door shut behind him. The man, apparently,

had been in the second office. He was not exiting into the hallway.

Strange. That wasn't the maintenance man.

Steve got up and walked out to the customer counter. He saw a muscular black man going through the glass doors and out into the night. Steve's first thought was that a customer had come into the lobby and, seeing no one behind the counter, had peeped into the office. Maybe the man had decided not to check in after all.

These thoughts didn't exactly satisfy Steve, however. He felt a little nervous, as if something were wrong; but he didn't know anything to do other than stand behind the counter and wait.

Almost immediately, two black men came into the lobby and walked right up to the counter. The second man was smaller. He asked how much a room was. The other man walked on down the hall, out of Steve's range of vision. Steve slid the registration form across the counter for him to fill out.

The man picked up the pen as if to write . . . laid it down . . . then pulled a big revolver and pointed it at Steve's chest.

"On the floor. Face down."

The man nervously shook the revolver back and forth. Steve dropped to the floor. The other man entered from behind, placing a foot in the center of Steve's back. The one with the gun climbed noisily over the counter.

Eyes closed, silently praying, Steve listened as the men tried to get the cash register open.

"How do you open this thing, Man?"

Steve told them.

When they had taken the money from the

cash register, they searched under the counter and found three other cash drawers—one from the previous shift and two from the restaurant—money left beneath the counter because the bank had been closed.

Many thoughts ran through Steve's mind during those seconds. He tasted the fear but, at the same time, he clung to the hope that so long as he did what the men told him, he would not be killed.

Even that faint comfort was soon to fade.

"Where's the safe?" the smaller man asked. "I know this place has a safe."

Steve nodded his head toward the adjoining office. "In there."

"Can you open it?"

"No."

"You are lying, Man." Steve felt the foot on his back get heavier, and with it, a new pressure which added to his panic. The barrel of the revolver now pushed against the temple of Steve's head. There was an ominous hiss to the robber's voice. "Tell me how to open the safe."

"Honest, I can't. Only the manager can open the safe."

Steve thought, *Lord, I'm ready*. Even with the fear he also remembers thinking with some surprise that it really was true. God was with him.

That's when Steve heard other voices. Four members of a Southern Railway crew entered, along with the driver of the Holiday Inn car who had picked them up. Holiday Inn has a contract with Southern and these men are often brought from train station to motel by shuttle service. They walked unsuspectingly into the lobby and toward the counter to check in.

Surprised, but thinking they could bluff their way out of the situation, the two black men pretended to be working. They offered to register the new guests.

Someone suspected something.

As one man moved down the hall, the black man raised the revolver from behind the counter and started waving it wildly.

"On the floor! All of you."

From where he lay behind the counter, Steve could hear voices but he couldn't see much. He is able to confirm today, though, that the black man's voice raised in anger and fear. Someone said, "Is this some kind of a joke?" Seconds later, the .38-special exploded, reverberating behind the counter with what seemed to Steve like the thunder of a cannon.

Grabbing cash drawers, one robber ran out the back of the motel. The smaller one struggled to climb over the counter, his feet slipping two or three times. Once over, he said, "I ought to kill everybody in this place."

Steve lay on the carpet a few moments longer. He then crawled into the next office and tried to phone the police. For some reason the call didn't go through. Steve went out to the counter where he could use the more familiar motel switchboard. From there he saw three of the men just getting themselves up from the floor and a fourth man who had been shot through the chest.

Steve phoned the police and an ambulance. The men gathered around their fallen comrade. Steve suspected, and was soon to have it confirmed by the coroner, that the man was dead.

How does Steve Jolley feel about the incident now?

Still shocked that it could happen to him in the first place. Very grateful to be alive.

Would he do anything different, if he had it to do over?

"Not really," Steve says. "I can't think, even now, of anything I could have done which might have helped the situation. The motel management instructs us never to risk our life. It's not worth it." □

MY LIFE

My parents put me up for adoption when I was three years old. For years afterwards, I was transferred from home to home, having to change my lifestyle and never knowing what was going to happen to me next.

During this time of my life, I learned to lie, curse, and steal, not to mention other things, just to survive and protect myself. Problems went with me everywhere and I often found myself in trouble.

The one bright spot in my life came at the age of seven, when I was transferred to the Christian home of Marvin and Jeanette Smith. I stayed there longer than at any other home. This was a place of love and understanding. The Smiths treated me like a person. Unfortunately, my dream of a permanent home soon faded as Mrs. Smith became ill and I had to be transferred again.

I was moved to two different homes, each with little hope of my staying permanently. In both homes I was abused. Most of the time I was treated very badly. During this period of time, however, the Smiths were looking for me and, with the help of a Duval County Judge, got me back.

Within a short period of time after I was back, they introduced me to Christianity. I went to church regularly and found reading my Bible very interesting. During one church service, the pastor brought up the idea of my going to the Church of God summer camp. I



by **Johnny
Andrew Smith**

accepted an application and could hardly wait for registration time to roll around.

The camp speaker that year was a lay minister, Dr. Stoney Abercrombie. I enjoyed him very much because each night he came out dressed in a different uniform. He would tell a story of something that had happened to a person who wore that kind of apparel, such as a baseball player or an army general.

During his first three sermons, I felt God's Spirit

moving me to go to the altar but I wouldn't. However, on the last night, I felt the conviction of God so strongly that I went forward and was saved.

Praise God!

After coming home, I was soon baptized and I have been living a Christian life ever since. I owe it all to God and to a family who cared enough to change my life.

I thank the Lord and I hope you too will find life in the love of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Praise His name! □

It was 6 a.m. as we made a final check of the cargo, then joined in prayer for God's protection on our four-thousand-mile trip. Friends turned out to wave goodbye as we climbed aboard the new Datsun diesel and headed south.

Our first stop was Sicily. Since the ferry sailed to Tunisia only twice a week, we decided to drive nonstop to Palermo, a trip of 1,250 miles. Resting for a day in Palermo, we boarded the ferry by brilliant moonlight and calm seas. As we sailed towards north Africa, all of us

felt a strange uneasiness, as if danger were ahead.

After completing detailed customs formalities, we headed through Tunisia and Algeria in the direction of the Sahara. Since we slept under the open sky, and our jeep was a desirable object for thieves, we made a habit of praying together for God's care during the night.

It was dark as we turned off the road and looked for a suitable spot to sleep the first night. Next morning, to our horror, we discovered a snakes' nest about six feet from where we'd slept. Thanking the Lord for taking care of us,

we continued our journey southward.

The first eleven hundred miles through the Sahara were for the most part well-paved, so driving wasn't too difficult. On arrival at Tamanrasset in southern Algeria, we commenced the drive along the Hoggar Trail. It looked forbidding, but since we prided ourselves on being good map-readers, we didn't worry too much. The trail was well-marked and not rough nor uneven. In addition, the desert landscape was



Lost in the Sahara

by Daniel Kempf

On September 15, 1981, Peter Thomas, Missionary to Ghana; Daniel Kempf, and Reiner Weinreich set out from the southern German village of Krehwinkel for Ghana, West Africa. Their assignment was to drive a jeep full of supplies to the Church of God Mission Station in Kumasi. But quite a lot was to happen before they reached their destination . . .

beautiful. We relaxed and decided to enjoy the trip.

It wasn't long before we noticed a slight deviation on the compass. It was obvious we would have to drive around the mountains ahead to reach our destination on the border of Algeria and Niger. After about 180 miles, we realized to our dismay that we had deviated from the marked trail. After studying the map carefully, however, we concluded this was the only possible way to reach Agadez, so we drove on. But instead of reaching Agadez, we found ourselves at a military camp.

As we drew to a halt, an officer approached us. "Hand over your papers and documents, please!" he said gruffly. We were ordered to park the jeep near a big dump and wait for further instructions. The wait lasted from 11:30 a.m. to 6 p.m. In addition to the oppressive heat—it was 112 degrees in the shade—we were plagued by swarms of flies.

At last one of the soldiers came to us. "You'll have to drive back to Tamanrasset."

"What? Tonight?" We couldn't believe it.

Daniel Kempf is a Church of God ordained minister and director of the Church of God rest home in the Black Forest. He's a pharmacist by profession. Peter Thomas is the denomination's Christian education director in Kumasi, Ghana. He and his nurse-teacher wife, Deborah, are beginning their third year as missionaries sent out by the German church. Reiner Weinreich is a new Christian from the village of Krehwinkel.

"Yes. We'll send two trucks to escort you. Do you have enough gasoline for the trip?"

We said we thought we had just enough.

"You must be thirsty, here's some water," suggested one of the officers, who assured us he was a medical doctor. Noticing our questioning glances, he added, "Don't worry, it's been checked." (Later, quite ill with diarrhea, we realized the perils of drinking water in this area.)

We knew driving through the Sahara at night is forbidden, yet we had no choice. We set out, the trucks on either side of us.

We had driven about 112 miles when we realized to our amazement we were back where we had started—at the military base. Wondering what was going on, we watched as the trucks refueled. During this time we were kept under constant supervision.

"Here," whispered one of the soldiers, thrusting ten cans of condensed milk towards us. "It's helpful to drink milk in the desert." (We found out later what he really meant—milk is a good antitoxin!)

Next morning we set out again between the two trucks. I glanced rather nervously at the fuel indicator. "The tank's nearly empty," I called out.

"Don't worry," one of the soldiers answered, "we have enough if you run out!" They also informed us that our papers would be returned to us at Tamanrasset.

The next 120 miles went quite smoothly. Then suddenly, for no apparent reason, the two trucks swung off the military trail and took off for the mountains. They traveled at such a speed that we lost them.

Then without warning, our jeep lurched to a halt, throwing cargo around and loosening the roof load so that it crashed down onto the road. The impact of the jolt caused the doors to jam. We had to climb out through the windows. I ran up the small hill ahead to look for the trucks. The valley below was deserted. They had disappeared. What in the world was going on?

Then with a flash the reality of our situation dawned on us. "The escort was all lies and deceit," I groaned. "They ordered us to drive through the night so we'd run out of fuel."

"Now they plan to leave us here in the desert to die. Then they'll come and collect the jeep," the others finished wearily.

We didn't know the extent

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

HOW SERIOUS DO WE TAKE CHILDREN WHEN THEY ASK US TO PRAY ABOUT SOMETHING?

A Child's Last Request by Clarence Fink

Can you pray
for my Mom? She smoke.
Kevin

Do we let their question pass as though never asked? Do we say, "They're only children"?

A few years ago I pastored in the State of Delaware. In my church was a boy named Kevin. He was only eleven years old, but Kevin really loved the Lord. I remember well the many times he came for prayer, tears streaking his face. Often as I delivered the message, Kevin lifted his hands and praised the Lord, right along with others in the congregation.

Kevin wasn't ashamed of the Lord he served and he shared his faith with classmates at school. One classmate was giving him a hard time, so Kevin gave him a tract entitled "How to Be Saved." Next day that classmate came to him and said, "Kevin, thanks for the tract. I needed that."

Kevin could hardly wait to get home and share his joy with his mother. She in turn shared it with me.

One Sunday Kevin came to me and said, "Brother Fink, would you do something for me? Would you call my mother to the altar and pray for her. She wants to live for the Lord but she is still bound by a smoking habit. I want God to take that desire away from her."

I told him we'd wait and see how the service went. His mother was not prayed for that day, although she had been prayed with many times before to gain victory over this habit.

The following Thursday, when my wife and I returned home to get ready for church, my son met us at the door and told us Kevin's father had called. Kevin was in the hospital.

I didn't know what had happened but I knew I had to get to the hospital. I entered the hospital emergency room and was directed to where Kevin's parents waited.

Kevin was dead.

Kevin had come from school, he had begun to run and had brought on an epileptic seizure. By the time help had arrived, it had been too late for Kevin.

As I viewed Kevin's body in the funeral home, I remembered that just a week before he had asked what it would be like in New Jerusalem.

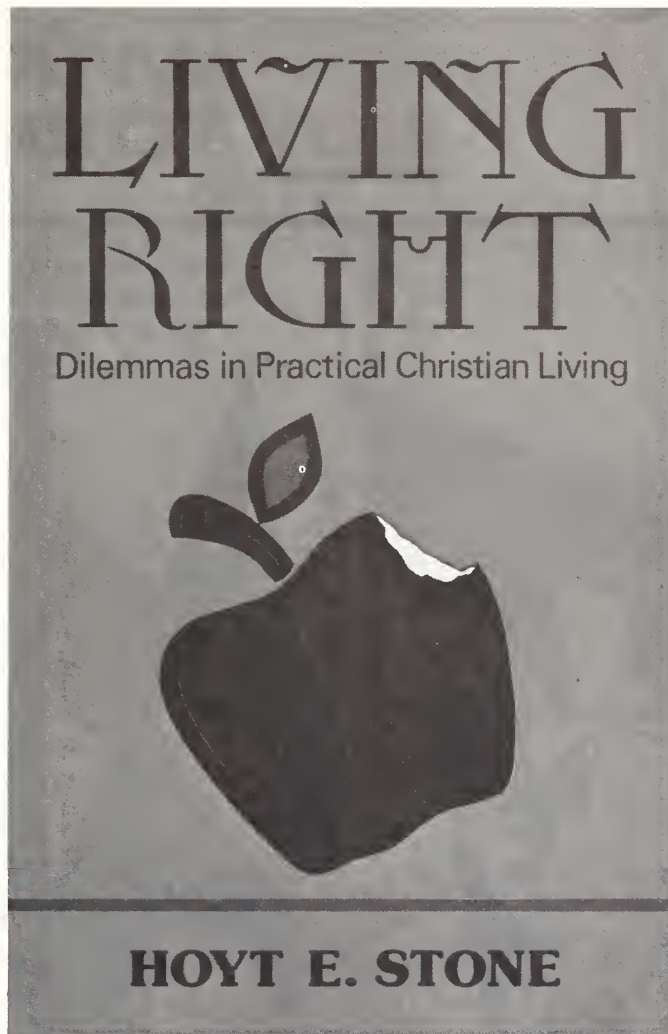
Many times since, I have pondered the story of Kevin. I have asked God to help me listen when children speak, and not to think their requests unimportant.

Some time later, my wife and I were going through the church prayer box, reading requests. Close to the bottom, I pulled out a request I have kept to this day: "Can you pray for my mom. She smokes. Kevin." □

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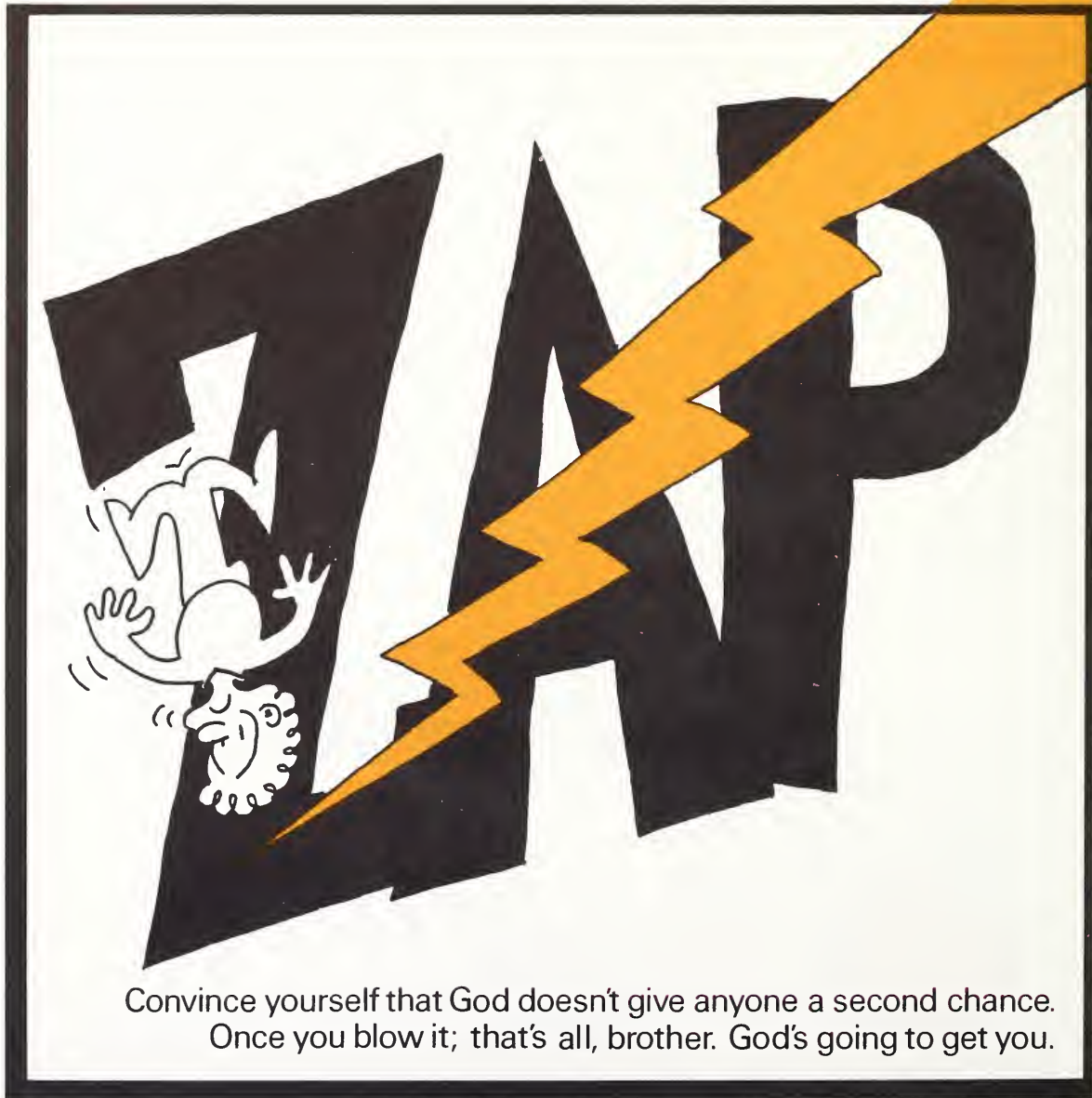
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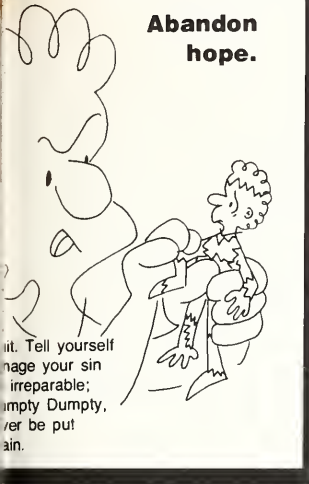
WHAT NOT TO DO When You



Convince yourself that God doesn't give anyone a second chance. Once you blow it; that's all, brother. God's going to get you.

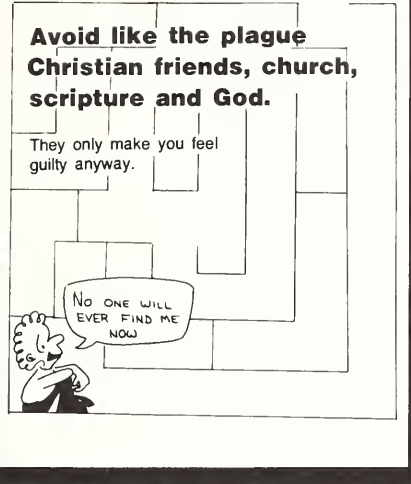
Really Blow It

Abandon hope.



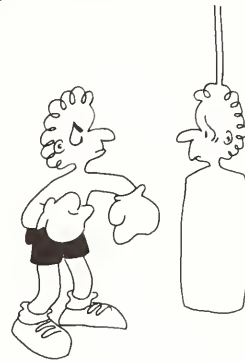
**Avoid like the plague
Christian friends, church,
scripture and God.**

They only make you feel
guilty anyway.

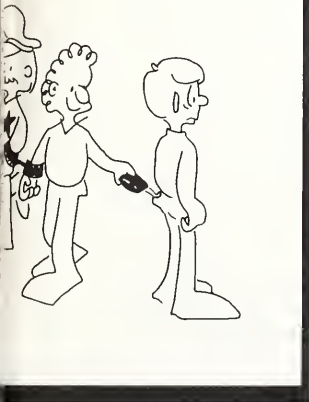


Dwell on the bad memories.

Embellish them. Self-
loathing is such a wonderful
feeling.

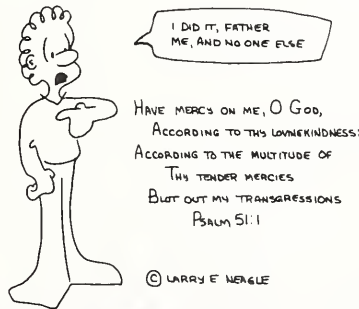


y, but not repentant.



**Never—repeat, never—admit
to God that you were
wrong . . .**

lest you find yourself
abruptly forgiven.



Artist/Writer, Larry E. Neagle

NO EXCEPTIONS

by Alan Cliburn

I headed for the cabin feeling worse than I had ever felt in my life. The boys' laughter haunted me, as I knew it would for a long time, but even that humiliation was overshadowed by the realization that my dreams for the future had gone up in smoke.

The job at camp had been an answer to prayer, or so I thought. I mean, when a guy's planning a career as a teacher or coach, he wants as much experience as possible working with kids—right?

"Only seventeen, huh?" the camp director had asked, glancing over my application.

"But big for my age," I said, grinning.

He had looked at me thoughtfully. "That's true. To tell you the truth, I was looking for someone a little older, but we'll keep your name on file and get back to you if we need to. A lot depends on who else applies for the job during the next week."

"I understand," I replied. "Thanks a lot for considering me."

I didn't figure I had much chance, not with the job situation the way it was and everything. I couldn't blame them for wanting an older guy either.

Still, I prayed about it just the same. My Sunday school teacher said a lot of Christians lose out on stuff simply because they don't ask for it. "If you want something, and you think it's God's will that you have it, let Him know," he told the class.

"But I thought God knew everything," Skip Allison replied.

"He does," Mr. Anderson agreed.

"Yeah, but if He knows everything, He has to know what we want and whether or not we should have it," Skip continued. "Why do we need to ask?"

The rest of the guys in the class—including me—gave each other pained looks, because Skip was always interrupting, but I had secretly wondered the same thing.

"Because the Bible tells us we should," Mr. Anderson explained.

He went on to list the references, one after another, where we're instructed to ask God for things. Verses like Matthew 7:7, "Ask, and it shall

be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you"; and John 16:23, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you." There were a lot more. I couldn't believe there were so many.

I remembered all that after my job interview and put it into practice. I didn't just pray about it once or twice. I prayed every time I thought about it, no matter where I was. "If it's Your will," I always added.

"Any calls?" I wanted to know every day when I got home from school that last week before vacation.

"None," Mom replied Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. Despite my prayers, I got a little more discouraged each day.

On Thursday I didn't get a chance to ask. Mom beat me to it. "Call Mr. Delbo," she instructed when I walked in the house. "His number is on your desk."

"Mr. Delbo?" I repeated, getting excited. "Hey, maybe I got the job!"

"Maybe," she admitted. "Don't get your hopes up."

I dialed his number immediately, praying the whole time.

"If you want the job, it's yours," he told me when I identified myself. "Interested?"

"Man, I sure am!" I exclaimed. "I didn't think I had a chance!"

"Neither did I," Mr. Delbo said. "Somehow your application kept popping up, though. You understand the pay isn't much—"

"I'm doing it mostly for the experience," I interrupted. "Any money I make will be a bonus. Man, I can't thank you enough!"

Yeah, thanks for setting me straight on a lot of things, I thought, staring out the window of my cabin. Like the fact that I've been fooling myself about the future. I had as much leadership ability as a three-year-old child.

In the clearing below, the boys were lined up in platoon order. The lines were as straight and sharp as any military unit, and they performed the routine drills without an error. Discipline was a part of the summer-camp program and to the casual observer, control might have seemed

matter-of-fact. I had found out otherwise a few minutes earlier.

As the only new counselor, I was considered a trainee, assisting Mr. Delbo and the other staff members in any way I could. That was fine with me, although I was sure I could handle the boys as well as they did, if not better.

All the boys were fifth and sixth graders, hardly a difficult age group as far as I was concerned. Besides, they liked me and I liked them. Frankly I felt Mr. Delbo was too strict with them. He really came down hard on anybody who didn't quite meet his standards, whether it was talking in line or leaving a towel on the floor or whatever.

If none of the other staff members were around, I sort of shrugged off minor infractions and didn't bother to report them.

These kids need love, not discipline, I had thought. As a Christian I felt a certain obligation to be as kind as I could without actually going against Mr. Delbo's orders.

Still, most of the boys seemed to really like camp. Of course marching was just a small part of the total program, which included almost every sport imaginable—from team games like basketball and baseball to individual competition in horseback riding, swimming, and archery.

In addition, there were two or three craft classes a day where they could make stuff out of plastic or leather, build model planes and cars, and even construct some really fantastic projects out of wood. One boy was even making a professional-looking bookcase.

Maybe I could have a camp

like this when I get out of school, I had thought. Much of it would be the same, but there would be some changes. Kids are kids, after all, not robots; so the attitude would be more relaxed, less rigid. And I would have a chapel time each day, where the gospel of Jesus Christ could be shared with the boys. They would respect me, but not fear me as they did Mr. Delbo and the other counselors.

Respect. The word sounded hollow and meaningless now. I had been friendly to the boys and they took advantage of it—and me. I swallowed as I remembered each agonizing second.

This wasn't the first time Mr. Delbo had asked me to take over during the afternoon drills. He made sure I knew all the commands, then let me try giving a few.

It worked fine. If I said, "Attention!" forty-eight young bodies snapped to attention. If I said, "About face!" those same forty-eight boys spun around at precisely the same moment. It was fun, and easy. Admittedly Mr. Delbo had taught them a lot.

This particular afternoon was different. Always before he had been in charge and I had merely stepped in and taken over for a few minutes. He had stayed there, observing me and the boys at the same time.

The other counselors were getting afternoon crafts ready, so Mr. Delbo and I were alone with the boys when a parent arrived unexpectedly and wanted to see Mr. Delbo "in private."

"Think you can handle the drills?" he asked me.

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I shrugged. "Sure. Nothing to it."

"I'll be back in a few minutes."

"Take your time," I said.

The boys were at attention and I must admit it did give me a certain feeling of importance to be standing there, ready to command them.

"Right face!" I ordered. I said it loud enough to be heard, but I didn't bark at them like Mr. Delbo did.

They executed a perfect right face, all except one boy, who turned left instead. Unfortunately he was in the front row and very noticeable.

Mr. Delbo always yelled when someone made a mistake in directions, but I just waited, giving the boy a chance to turn around. I assumed it was an error and didn't want to embarrass him further.

But he didn't move, and pretty soon there was a snicker and one or two others turned in the same direction.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

The Finish Line *by Wanda Cato Brett*

Graduation. Grad—ua—tion. I trace the letters over and over on my notebook cover. The big event has finally arrived but I don't feel any older or wiser. I always thought I'd be jumping up and down for joy instead of just sitting here in my room, writing letters over letters.

My sister's voice drifts up from the den downstairs. I turn my music up and pretend I'm celebrating. I don't want to face anyone tonight. My music drowns out unwelcome interference. I wonder where this scared, unhappy feeling came from. Why I suddenly feel so all alone.

My blue cap and gown hang lopsidedly on the closet door. I stare at them and know I'm going to feel ridiculous. Me, Janet Howard, in a blue gown. I try to laugh but the sound stifles in my throat and turns into more of a cry.

The phone rings in the study. For me. Wendy Lawson wonders how my valedictorian speech is coming. I assure her I'm busy writing. She teases. Says a speech was the best thing they could think of as punishment for making such good grades.

I like Wendy but I'm in no mood to talk. In my most dignified voice I inform her I'll be practicing my march down the stage to pick up my ticket to freedom.

"See you tomorrow, Wendy."

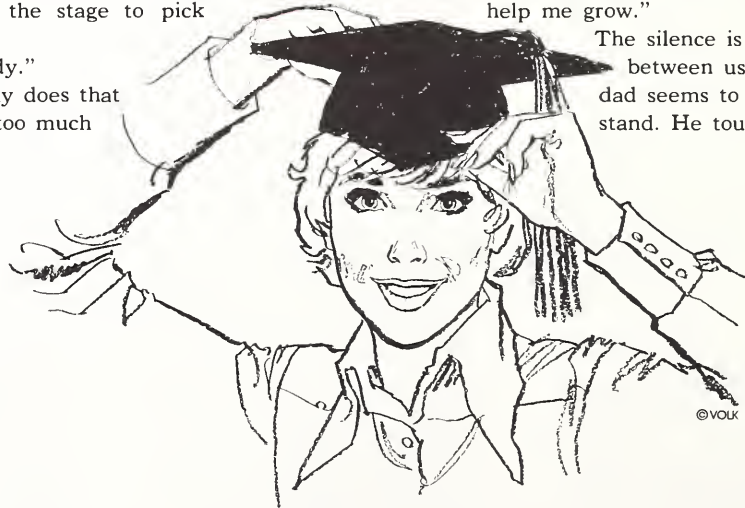
My ticket to freedom. Why does that diploma suddenly seem like too much

freedom and not enough at the same time? I have lived, worked, studied, prayed, longed and wanted this moment. Now that it's here, I feel empty. As if what I looked and lived for never existed except in the back of my mind.

What worries me most is where I go from here. What do I do? College? Vocational school? My friends who are going to college sound most sure of themselves. When I ask, they look smug and say, "MSU, UTC, UCLA." Sounds like alphabet soup! They say it in the same tone people use when they talk of being sick. I've decided to wait a year before going down the alphabet-soup road. I need breathing room. Time to decide where I'm going. Time to get ready.

Eleven p.m. I make my way downstairs to say good-night. Dad ask about my speech. I'm tempted to tell him the truth but instead I stare at the floor and mutter something about being old enough to write a speech without hassle. Makes me feel like a heel because what I wanted to say was, "Thank you." Why is it so hard to say what I mean? To say "Thanks, Dad. Thanks for helping me get this far. Thanks for insisting I measure up to my potential, that I excel when I could compromise. Thanks for taking time to help me grow."

The silence is long between us but my dad seems to understand. He touches my



shoulder and smiles, "Potential. You have it, Dear, and I'm proud of you. Proud of what you are and what you will become."

I walk toward my room, climbing the stairs slower than ever before, hoping for some lightning bolt, some inspiration to knock me over. It doesn't happen. I turn off the light, fall across the covers of my bed, and stare into the night. My sleep is desperate, the kind that comes from frustration and indecision. I wake up at 3 a.m., groggy and exhausted. There's my idea! I know what I'm going to say.

My hands scramble for pencil and paper in the semi-darkness. I tremble inside because I know this is it. I write fast, my words sprawling across the page: "On this evening of sad endings and new beginnings, we would all do well to look inside and recognize our potential. **POTENTIAL.** It is that gift from God, deep inside us, that means we can be something . . . become someone . . . and make a difference in our world. Making a better world is what counts. That sacred, breath-taking feeling we have right now will not last forever . . . it will go away, eventually, as we carve our initials on new horizons."


My pencil scratches out the words.

"There is nothing quite so sad as those people who face new paths and challenges but refuse to develop their potential. They are the people
CONTINUED ON PAGE 23


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Update

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STEP

Sign up to go to Scotland, Alaska, Haiti, the Middle East, or to an Indian reservation in New Mexico. You will never be the same again. As a STEP team member, you will witness, teach, win, work, lead singing, and build personal relationships.

CAMP MEETING

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GENERAL ASSEMBLY

Join other young people from all over the world in Kansas City. We are an international church. Attend the International Music Festival, Monday night. Purchase a "Festival of Life" tee shirt. Go to the Youth Action Rally, Tuesday. Or to Teen Talent competition in the Music, Bible and Art Divisions, Tuesday through Friday. Buy a ticket to the youth fellowship activity, 9-11 p.m., Thursday night. Hear singing which is super. Sit near the front during the Saturday night youth service. Enjoy the Teen Talent Awards Festival after service.

It's all a part of being a young person at the General Assembly.

Be a part of what is happening in the Church of God during the summer of '82. □

W.A. Davis

*Assistant General Director of
Youth and Christian Education*

LOST IN THE SAHARA

Continued from page 11

of the damage to our vehicle. We didn't even know if it would start after the terrible jolt it had taken. To put it mildly, we were in a fix. It was 10 a.m. and the sun beat down mercilessly. We knew there was only one solution.

Getting down on our knees in the scorching sand, we joined in prayer, crying out to our Heavenly Father. Immediately we were aware of God's presence and were filled with His peace.

"It's going to be alright," we told each other with a deep inner assurance that God had heard our prayer.

Carefully we reloaded the jeep. In so doing we found a spare canister of diesel fuel. Then came the tense moment when we pushed the starter. The motor roared into life and we laughed with relief. We were on our way again! Not daring to drive more than twelve miles an hour, we slowly reversed along our own tracks until we found the road leading back into town. It was 6 p.m. when we arrived.

While the mechanic at the gas station repaired the jeep's damaged springs, we told our story.

"You can be thankful you're alive," he said. "Three men were sent out there recently and nobody's seen them since. A Swiss, an American, and an Italian. They simply disappeared."

The repair was almost finished when the soldier who had given me the cans of milk "happened" to pass by. He was surprised, to say the least.

After escorting us to the offices, he saw to it that we got back our passports and other documents.

After a good night's rest and some food, we set out along the Hoggar Trail, driving at 65 miles per hour, carefully reading the signs.

Twenty-two days later, without further difficulties, we were warmly welcomed at the mission station in Kumasi by the Beckers and Peter's wife, Deborah.

As we now imagine being abandoned in the desert without fuel, slowly dying from heat and thirst, we thank God anew for His care and protection. We can say from experience that God makes ways in the desert for His children. "He brought forth his people with joy, and his chosen [ones] with gladness" (Psalm 105:43). □

NOT FRAGILE

Love is not
A fragile thing—
At least not
Real true love,
Though its tenderness
Causes hearts to sing
And its joys
Poets rhyme,
Yet its strength
Comes forth in time.
When sorrows or
When troubles wring
Its cords to break,
Then it rises
To heights sublime
And surrenders to nothing
Life can bring—
Nor death—
For love is too
And endless thing.

—Sonjia Lee Hunt

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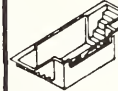
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YOUTH NEWS TO NOTE

Compiled by **SONJIA LEE HUNT**, Editorial Assistant General Department of Youth and Christian Education

PROFESSOR SAYS ROMANTIC LOVE IDEAL MISLEADS

BINGHAMTON, N.Y. (AP)—Martin C. Dillon, who teaches a course in "Love, Death and Creation" at the State University of New York at Binghamton, suggests that a mature marriage contract should be conditional, bound by specific time periods and circumstances, not vows of "always" and "forever." (*Cleveland Daily Banner*, February 28, 1982).

* * *

1. Do you agree?
2. Do you think most young people enter marriage without knowledge of love's deeper meaning?
3. With God's help, do you think it's possible to keep a promise to love someone forever?
4. What could be done to help young people see all love's dimensions rather than its romantic cover?

VOLUNTEERISM

Volunteerism is still strong in America, says a Gallup poll. The study found that 31 percent of all American adults do volunteer work on a regular basis for two or more hours a week. Religious activities draw the largest number of volunteers, with health and education next. (*World Vision*, January 1982).

* * *

1. The poll did not indicate if the percentage was higher or lower than in times past. What do you think?
2. Do you give any time each week to help others on a voluntary basis?
3. Do we have a scriptural mandate for giving of ourselves to others? Support your belief with the Scriptures.

CHILD ABUSE—ADOLESCENT ABUSE

According to reports, one million American children received medical treatment in 1981 as victims of child abuse. Jim Mead, founder of "For Kids' Sake" in Los Angeles, says yearly totals will show that five million children have been abused and that five thousand of them have died as a result. Hong Kong, among other places, reports a similar increase in the problem (*World Vision*, November 1981).

A study from the North Shore University Hospital in Manhasset, New York, indicates that violent abuse of adolescents occurs twice as often as for younger children. According to this study, the trouble often stems from painful life-stage crises faced by parents and children alike. It was found that most often it is the father who cannot accept the changes taking place in his son or daughter. (*World Vision*, January 1982).

* * *

1. What can you do to help lessen conflicting and stressful situations in your home?
2. Discuss the meaning of Ephesians 6:1-4.

COMMUNISM—THE POLISH VIEW

What do the people of Poland think of Communism now? The Polish people are coming to realize more clearly that Communism in the end imparts no power to the "masses." Instead it is finally based on the brute force of its party dictators. (*Chattanooga News-Free Press*, January 24, 1982).

* * *

1. What are some Communist claims which attract certain people, especially as those claims relate to the working masses?
2. Why has Communism found little support in the U.S.?



THE FINISH LINE

Continued from page 19

who settle for second or third when they could be first. They refuse to concentrate on their strengths and choose instead to dwell on their weaknesses."

I read and reread what I have written. It fits together, but I want to end it with words to be remembered. I scrounge around for my Bible and find it buried under two semesters of books and papers. Proverbs. Where is Proverbs? At last I have the ending.

"Potential. Be all you can be. Don't settle for less. You have a potential no one can take away. But without goals, your potential is diminished. Set your goals. Reach for them. And 'in all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths'" (Proverbs 3:6).

I sleep for the remaining hours of darkness and somehow manage to stay awake through my last day of school. Maybe it's because I haven't slept much, but the voices of my friends seem loud to me and I think that I see through their farcical celebration. I wonder why we can't be honest and admit we're all excited and a little afraid. But that would be asking too much. It's enough that we've remained friends. I don't have a right to ask for more. The bell rings and we rush to get a quick supper and make it back for the ceremony.

Finally it is 7:30 p.m. I march in line with 350 other smiling faces. My long blue gown makes me feel ridiculous; the tassel on my hat hits my face whenever I turn my head.

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Two girls beside me have already started crying. I'm not sure I'll be able to stand that all through the ceremony. They're supposed to wait until after they get their diplomas to start crying.

I hear my name over the P.A. system and I take my folded speech to the platform. My parents sit near the front, smiling, looking proud. I hear my voice bounce off the gymnasium walls, "Potential . . . it is that glowing gift from God inside each of us . . ."

I smile at my parents. It feels good to be so close to the finish line.

I'M GRADUATING! □


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Church of God Youth

1982 Youth Camp Schedules

| STATE | CAMP | AGES | DATE | SPEAKER |
|----------------------------|--------------------|-------|----------------|---------------------------------|
| ALABAMA | Peacemakers | 15-19 | June 21-25 | Floyd Carey |
| | Young Peacemakers | 13-14 | June 28-July 2 | David Willetts Family |
| | Peace Cadets | 10-12 | July 5-9 | Dan and Sharon Defina |
| | Peace Cadets | 10-12 | July 12-16 | Bob Proctor |
| | Peacefinders | 7-9 | July 19-23 | Lynn Stone Family |
| SOUTH ALABAMA | Peacefinders | 7-12 | July 19-23 | |
| ALASKA | | | | |
| ARIZONA | Junior | | June 14-18 | Goodnews Express |
| | Senior | | June 14-18 | James Jones |
| ARKANSAS | Peacemakers | 15-19 | June 7-11 | Sammy Ozendine and Covenant |
| | Young Peacemakers | 13-14 | June 28-July 2 | Gary Sears |
| | Peace Cadets | 10-12 | July 5-9 | Bob Proctor |
| | Peacefinders | 7-9 | July 12-16 | |
| NORTHERN CALIFORNIA-NEVADA | Senior | 13-19 | June 14-18 | |
| | Junior | 7-12 | July 12-16 | |
| SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA-NEVADA | Peacemakers | 13-18 | July 5-9 | Johnny Bunch |
| | Peace Cadets | 7-12 | July 12-16 | Elaine Stewart and Sylvia Wells |
| COLORADO-WYOMING | Peacemakers | 13-19 | July 5-9 | Dennis McGuire |
| | Peace Cadets | 8-12 | July 5-9 | Bob Duncan |
| FLORIDA | Teen | 14-18 | June 14-18 | W. A. Alton |
| | Young Teen | 11-13 | June 21-25 | Dennis McGuire |
| | Junior | 7-10 | July 12-16 | Robert and Gale Sheppard |
| WESTERN FLORIDA | Teen | 13-18 | June 14-18 | Dan Tanner |
| | Junior | 7-12 | July 12-16 | |
| FLORIDA (Cocoa) | Youth | 8-19 | July 26-30 | Henry Bursan |
| NORTH GEORGIA | Peacemakers | 14-19 | June 14-18 | W. A. Davis |
| | Young Peacemakers | 13-13 | June 21-25 | Leonard Albert |
| | Peace Cadet Middle | 10-11 | July 12-16 | Staney Abercrambie |
| | Peace Cadet Junior | 7-9 | July 19-23 | Al Alaima |
| | | | | |
| SOUTH GEORGIA | Senior | 14-18 | June 28-July 2 | Jimmy Smith |
| | Junior High | 12-13 | July 5-9 | Douglas Johns |
| | Preteen | 10-11 | July 12-16 | Ronnie Walters |
| | Junior | 8-9 | July 19-23 | Paul Lombard |
| HAWAII | | | | |
| IDAHO-UTAH | Junior | 7-12 | June 28-July 2 | David Martin |
| | Senior | 13-19 | July 5-9 | Jack Utterback |
| ILLINOIS | Peacemakers | 16-19 | June 28-July 2 | Larry Busby |
| | Young Peacemakers | 13-15 | July 5-9 | Jim Stevens |
| | Peacefinders | 7-10 | July 12-16 | Willbur and Grace Thrush |
| | Peace Cadets | 11-12 | July 19-23 | Terry and Louise Beaver |
| | | | | |
| CHICAGO-METRO | Teen | 13-18 | June 21-25 | Larry Busby |
| | Junior | 8-12 | June 28-July 2 | Davis Family |
| INDIANA | Senior | 13-19 | June 14-18 | Kenneth E. Hall |
| | Junior | 7-12 | June 21-25 | Doug Anderson |
| IOWA | Peacemakers | 13-19 | June 21-25 | |
| | Peace Cadets | 7-12 | June 21-25 | |
| KANSAS | | | | |
| KENTUCKY | Teen | 16-19 | July 5-9 | Hal Thompson, Jr. |
| | Young Teen | 13-15 | July 12-16 | Charles Fischer |
| | Junior High | 10-12 | July 19-23 | |
| | Junior | 7-9 | July 26-30 | Jack Bentley |
| | | | | |
| LOUISIANA | Senior | 13-19 | June 21-25 | Covenant |
| | Intermediate | 10-12 | June 28-July 2 | Doug Anderson |
| | Junior | 7-9 | July 5-9 | David Ebel |
| MARYLAND-D.C.-DELAWARE | Senior High | 15-19 | July 5-9 | |
| | Junior High | 12-14 | July 12-16 | Dan Munn |
| | Preteen | 10-11 | July 19-23 | |
| | Junior | 7-9 | July 26-30 | Tim Woods |
| MICHIGAN | Junior | 7-9 | July 5-9 | Doug Anderson |
| | Intermediate | 11-13 | July 12-16 | Gary Tygart |
| | Senior | 14-18 | July 19-23 | Sammy Ozendine |
| MINNESOTA | | | | |
| MISSISSIPPI | Senior | 15-19 | June 21-25 | W. A. Davis |
| | Junior High | 12-14 | June 28-July 2 | Tim Brown |
| | Junior | 10-11 | July 5-9 | Kathy Sanders |
| | Primary | 7-9 | July 12-16 | Doug Anderson |
| | | | | |
| MISSOURI | Peacemakers | 13-19 | June 7-11 | Bory Winn |
| | Peace Cadets | 10-12 | June 21-25 | Bill Wooten |
| | Peacefinders | 7-9 | June 21-25 | Bill Wooten |



Camps, 1982

| | | | | |
|-----------------------------|---|--|--|--|
| MONTANA | | | | |
| NEBRASKA | | | | |
| NEW JERSEY | | | | |
| NEW MEXICO | Peacemakers Peace Cadets | 13-19 7-12 | June 21-25 June 28-July 2 | Mary Prince Carl Mann |
| GALLUP, NEW MEXICO | Apache Junior/Senior Navajo Junior/Senior | 5-19 7-19 | June 7-11 June 28-July 2 | Wilburn and Mickey Reno STEP Team |
| NEW YORK | Youth | 7-19 | June 28-July 2 | |
| NEW YORK CITY | Junior/Senior | 9-19 | August 23-27 | |
| NORTH CAROLINA (Eastern) | Peacemakers Peace Cadets | 12-19 7-11 | June 14-18 June 21-25 | Lavan Phillips Reverend and Mrs. Flaming Ard |
| NORTH CAROLINA (Western) | Peace Cadets Peacemakers Pioneer Senior High Retreat | 8-11 12-15 8-16 16-19 | June 14-18 June 21-25 July 12-16 June 11-13 | Ms. Brenda and Friends Andrew T. Blackman Bobby Gilley |
| NORTH AND SOUTH DAKOTA | Junior Senior Wilderness | 7-12 13-19 13-19 | June 14-18 June 21-25 | David Martin Gary Sears |
| NORTHEAST NEW ENGLAND | Peacefinders/Peace Cadets Peacemakers | 7-12 12-19 | July 19-23 June 28-July 2 | Hendall Libby Day Spring |
| NORTHEAST OHIO | Teen Junior | 13-18 8-12 | June 7-11 July 12-16 | Al and Mary Alaimo |
| SOUTHEAST OHIO | Senior Young Peacemaker Junior | 14-18 11-13 7-10 | June 7-11 July 5-9 July 12-16 | Gary Tygart Steve Gwaltney Paul and Sally Farley |
| OKLAHOMA | Junior Senior | 7-12 13-19 | June 28-July 2 July 5-9 | Ray Murray David Lorency |
| OREGON | Senior Junior/Junior High | 13-18 7-12 | June 14- June 21- | Marion Starr Brenda Livingston |
| PENNSYLVANIA | Peacemakers Peacefinders Peace Cadets | 14-18 8-10 11-13 | June 21-26 July 12-17 July 19-24 | Darrell Rice Tanna Bruce Donald DeFina |
| SOUTH CAROLINA | Peacemakers Peace Cadets Peacefinders | 13-17 10-12 7-9 | June 7-11 June 14-18 June 21-25 | Robert Varner Dave Ebel Dave Ebel |
| SOUTHEAST NEW ENGLAND | Junior Senior | 9-12 13-19 | July 26-30 July 26-30 | Sam Oxendine and Covenant Sam Oxendine and Covenant |
| TENNESSEE | Teen Young Teen Preteen Junior W. Tennessee | 15-up 12-14 10-11 7-9 7-19 | June 7-11 June 14-18 July 5-9 July 12-16 July 26-30 | Sammy Oxendine John Calbaugh Wayne and Blinda Wicker |
| TEXAS | Senior Young Teen Mahawk Preteen Junior | 16-20 13-15 8-12 10-12 7-9 | June 28-July 2 July 5-9 July 5-9 July 12-16 July 19-23 | Ernest E. Braun Larry Allison Terry Cross E. M. Smith Birdie Lee |
| VIRGINIA | Senior High Senior Peace Cadets Peacefinders | 15-19 12-14 10-11 7-9 | June 21-25 July 12-16 July 19-23 July 26-30 | Jimmy P. Smith David St. John Jack Bentley A. Alan Alaimo |
| WASHINGTON | Senior Junior | 13-19 7-12 | June 21-25 June 28-July 3 | Barry Gilliam A. J. McCullough |
| WEST VIRGINIA | Senior Intermediate Junior | 14-19 11-13 8-10 | July 19-23 July 26-30 July 5-9 | Bob Scroggins Marcus Hand |
| WISCONSIN | | | | |
| EASTERN CANADA | | | | |
| WESTERN CANADA | | | | |
| | Wilderness Moosomin | 15-22 8-17 | July 6-12 July 19-23 | George Borker and Cheryl Busse |
| | Family Elbow Olts | Family 8-17 8-17 | July 27-August 1 August 2-6 August 23-27 | Abe Harden and Glenda Ulrich |
| NORTHEAST SPANISH | | | | |
| SOUTH CENTRAL SPANISH | | | | |
| Puerto Rico | Children Preteen Youth | 5-10 11-15 16-up | June 7-12 July 26-31 July 5-10 | Della Sanchez Joaquin Pena Victor Pagan |



NO EXCEPTIONS

Continued from page 17

"Okay, quit clowning around," I said finally, but still calm. "Attention!"

All went well until we started marching. I'd give a command and about half the boys would take off in the wrong direction. It wasn't because they couldn't hear me, either, or because they didn't know how to execute a particular movement. They were taking advantage of me: it was that simple. I felt panicky inside, then angry.

"Okay, you guys!" I roared. "Platoon formation!"

They were milling around, laughing and pretending they didn't know better, when one of the other counselors came out of the crafts building and started toward us, blowing his whistle.

Man, did those kids shape up fast! By the time Mr. Delbo came back, all was quiet and there was no indication of what had transpired moments earlier. Of course I was in my cabin by then, too ashamed to face him.

I left the window and sat down on my bunk. They had laughed at me; they had let me know exactly what they thought of me. They treated me fine when Mr. Delbo was around, but on my own I was nothing.

Is that why You let me have this job, God? I wondered. To show me I won't make it as a teacher or coach?

It made sense, especially before I wasted any time on formal college training; but it was hard to accept nonetheless. Working with kids had been a dream of mine for as long as I could remember.

I was still sitting there, trying to figure things out, when Mr. Delbo came in. "Understand you had a little problem this afternoon," he began.

That was like him, direct and to the point. "Yes Sir," I replied.

"What are you going to do about it" he wanted to know.

I shrugged. "I don't know. If you want me to quit—"

He looked at me. "Slow down a little. Do you want to quit?"

"Well, no," I admitted. "But—"

"Had me worried there for a minute," he said. "Thought I had made a mistake."

"If you had seen me trying to handle those boys a little while ago, you'd know for sure," I told him glumly.

"Rough, huh?"

"I've never felt so helpless in all my life," I admitted. "I couldn't control them. They laughed at me when I tried. Laughed! I wouldn't blame you if you fired me."

"You aren't the first guy who ever got laughed at," Mr. Delbo informed me. "And I should know."

I frowned. "You? Don't tell me you—"

"I was in the Army twenty years," he continued. "Most of that time was spent as a drill instructor. I wasn't much older than you are right now when I attempted to give orders to my platoon. It was quite a shock to discover that it didn't come as easily as I thought it would."

"But you must've stuck with it," I surmised. "I mean if you stayed in twenty years—"

"Oh, I stuck with it, all right," he agreed. "I learned what it takes to deserve respect! Mean what you say and say what you mean. It took a while, but most achievements in life take a little effort. Want to give that rowdy platoon out there another try?"

I grinned. "I sure do."

Despite my grin, my stomach was in knots as I followed Mr. Delbo down the hill to the drilling area. I wasn't sure if God was telling me to forget about working with kids, or if He was just testing me. I wasn't ready to give up yet, regardless.

"Want me to stick around?" Mr. Delbo whispered just before we reached the boys.

"No, that won't be necessary," I assured him. "You and the other counselors can go. In fact, I want you to." Was that really me talking? I wondered.

"Attention!" I barked.

The platoon came to attention, but that was no major accomplishment. Mr. Delbo and the others were still in sight.

"I had a little trouble making myself understood earlier," I continued. "I will speak very clearly this time. Anyone failing to make the proper maneuvers *will* attend a special practice period during free time every day for a week. No exceptions!"

It was one of the best marching sessions we ever had, and I guess that was the day I began to realize that love and discipline aren't opposites at all.

In fact, they go together better than just about anything. □



It's been many a year since employment opportunities were less promising than what faces this year's college grad.

Even high school seniors face new obstacles brought on by marked decrease in the availability of college financial aid.

Unemployment is on the rise and no segment of the population seems more affected than teenagers and young adults trying to break into the job market.

A few words of advice:

Don't panic. There have always been prophets of doom. Follow your own heart. Make your own decisions. Chart your own course. Going to college or to grad school may not be easy but it can still be done. There are ways. There are jobs, too, for the industrious.

Stay flexible with your plans. You may have decided in your heart, with total confidence, that God has called you to a certain cause or to a certain career. That's great. But this may not mean you will immediately step into that position. Try hard. Give it your best. At the same time be willing to do other good things and to wait for God's door of opportunity to open. Even Moses' call sidetracked to the de-

sert for a time, and the mighty Joshua served a long apprenticeship before taking command. You will get there. Be patient.

Concentrate on being rather than doing. As a church and as spiritual leaders, we don't always make the proper distinction here. So much emphasis is placed on service. Yet, in the final analysis, none of us can be altogether pleased with the sum

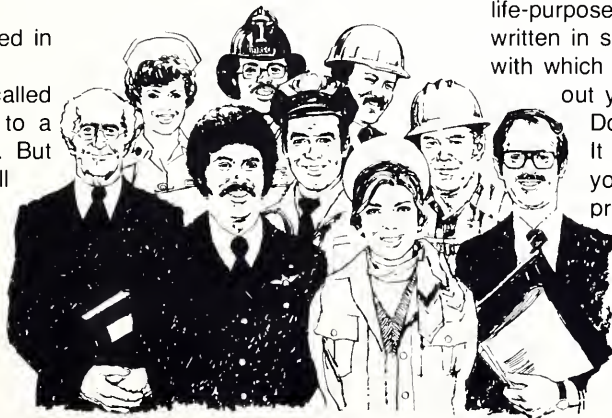
total of our service, especially when separated from motive.

When you think of life only in terms of service, then you must always compare yourself to others. Some will serve less well, so you will be tempted with pride; others will serve better, and you will feel depressed and discouraged. Lots of people live this way and they haven't realized their basic premise is wrong.

But if the essence of living is "being" rather than "doing," there is a solid rationale for contentment. Being God's child every day you live, being faithful to His will under all circumstances, being submissive before Him, obedient to Him—this is a goal worthy of anyone who has come under the transforming influence of Jesus Christ. This is a life-purpose, a magnum opus written in sweat and blood, with which you can joyfully walk out your days.

Don't sell yourself short. It is your living, your worshiping, your praising God which gives the Creator greatest pleasure: for the life of me, I can't imagine a future where this will not be possible. Go with God. □

Your Future



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1. To "lift up our voices to God" in praise; to present the worldwide goals and needs of the Church of God; and to seek Holy Spirit empowerment, divine counsel, and spiritual enrichment.
2. To stimulate a greater awareness of the vital place of prayer in the ministries of the church.
3. To stress the importance of an intimate relationship with God through prayer.
4. To emphasize that prayer is the basis of unity in the church.
5. To foster a greater understanding of the potential and power of prayer.

MAY 26, 1982

Worldwide PRAYER Meeting

*"Lifting up our voices to God"
— Acts 4:24*

*Prayer is a sincere, sensible,
affectionate pouring out of the soul
to God, through Christ, in the
strength and assistance of
the Spirit, for such things as
God has promised. — Bunyan*



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*Why
I Need*

CHURCH

by Stephen Bly (See page 6)

LIGHTED PATHWAY

Guiding Youth

June, 1982
Volume 53, Number 6

THIS MONTH

Most of us have personal explanations as to why we need church—it is, to say the least, an old subject—but Stephen Bly says it in a new and different way. Brenda Hopkins remembers what it's like to undergo open-heart surgery.

In faith. Ken Houck sings and works on. Some other choice morsels as well.

Hoyt E. Stone



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My Miracle



Heart by Brenda D. Hopkins

*Duke University Hospital. Wednesday morning.
July 6, 1977. A time and place emblazoned
forever on my mind. I awake with a nurse whispering in my ear.*

My Miracle Heart



Stone Photo

"Mrs. Hopkins, wake up. Time for your injections. We'll be taking you to surgery in just a few minutes."

"How many injections?" I ask.

"Three. The antibiotic will be painful but we must keep down infection."

From beyond the curtain surrounding my bed, I suddenly hear Mom and my sister calling my name. They wait for the nurse to finish. Although with me last night, Mom, Dad, and my sister Blanche have returned early, driving the sixty miles from my home in Danville, Virginia. They smile and act cheerful but I can tell they are worried. Their eyes give them away.

Seeing them in this early morning light, and realizing again how much they love me, I know this is the worst part of all—their fears and their worry over my open-heart surgery. They have been worrying for years, long before I knew what was wrong with me. I grew up with a leaking heart. The ailment was so natural, I took it for granted, worrying much less than Mom.

Attendants place me on a stretcher. They wheel me from the room and down the corridor, my family walking with me as far as possible. Their presence is comforting. I think of my husband, Dennis, of other family members, and of my church. All will be praying. I wave and smile as two big doors swing shut.

An anesthesiologist leans over me.

"Are you Mrs. Brenda Hopkins?" he asks.

"Yes."

"Are you ready, Mrs. Hopkins?"

"Yes."

I feel a needle being inserted at the bend of my left arm. My eyelids become very heavy.

* * * * *

When I was five years old and had to be hospitalized with pneumonia, it was discovered I had a heart defect, probably from birth. There were lots of things I couldn't do as a child. When I

entered public school and other kids were involved in physical education, I was excused and usually spent my time distributing and replacing the physical education equipment.

I knew my heart beat very fast. At night, especially if I became frightened, it seemed to thump like a drum. The same thing happened if I ran or climbed stairs too quickly. I was also embarrassingly skinny, weighing only seventy-two pounds in the seventh grade. Other kids sometimes called me Olive Oil, referring to Popeye's girl friend in the comic strip, but they seldom did so when my strapping big brother Billy was around. Billy always defended me and seemed proud of me no matter how skinny I looked.

In spite of the heart defect, however, I learned to live a rather normal life, always loved by my family and my church. I graduated from Dan River High School in 1967, worked for a year at Hughes Memorial Home for Children, and then enrolled at Lee College where I earned a B.S. degree in elementary education and returned as a teacher in the Pittsylvania County School System near my parents' farm outside Danville.

During this time I discovered more about the

nature of my heart ailment. First my family doctor in Danville and then a heart specialist in Charlottesville examined me and speculated I had a bad valve between the right atrium and the right ventricle. Since this valve did not close properly, my heart was forced to work overtime and, with the years, had significantly enlarged itself. One doctor was very insistent that I undergo surgery. Otherwise, he said I probably wouldn't live past thirty. Neither I nor my parents were willing to make that decision.

In November of 1972 I married a young man in my church, Dennis Hopkins. Our happy life was shadowed only by the knowledge I would never bear children. My heart would never sustain the life of a baby. This didn't bother Dennis, though, and I became very involved in my teaching career and in my church.

Six years passed. I began to question some of the problems and difficulties which had always been so much a part of my life. I seemed sick too often. A common cold would incapacitate me for days. I worried about having a heart attack and dying suddenly. I started having dizzy spells and, I worried that I might black out. Without telling Dennis or my parents, I began to realize I couldn't go on this way. After all, I was already living on borrowed time.

More and more I turned to the Lord in prayer, asking His guidance. I kept remembering my doctor's words, "Brenda, let me schedule you for surgery. This problem can be corrected." I thought how nice it would be to feel strong and to be able to work like others.

Always, though, there was fear. I felt if I even went on the operating table, I would die. Some people do not survive open-heart surgery. Statistics were of no comfort to me.

I was still traumatized by this fear when, one

night, after revival services at my home church, I lay awake whispering a prayer. The presence of the Lord became very real and I remember trying not to disturb Dennis. God's Holy Spirit spoke through me. The message was crystal clear: "Fear not, Little One, for Lo I am with you always, even unto the ends of the earth."

I can't express the peace, the joy, the contentment which flooded my soul that night. I made up my mind to have the surgery as soon as possible. My friends were not so sure about it, nor my family; but when the enemy tried to bring back the fear, I would speak my promise from the Lord and contentment would return.

At Duke the preoperative tests showed my problem was a hole in the wall of my heart, not a valve after all. The doctors said it was the largest hole they had ever seen, the size of a silver-dollar. They planned merely to patch the hole. When my surgeon visited, he said it should be no problem at all.

* * * * *

Five years have now passed. I still can't get over the wonderful feeling that comes with a heart that beats properly. In terms of physical stamina, I now do anything I wish, including teaching school every day, earning a master's degree on the side, working in church, and somehow managing to keep up with Dennis on long trips. Dennis is a truck driver and, when he gets on the road, there seems to be no stopping him.

There are times when I feel God placed a little extra love in my heart at the same time He gave men skill enough to repair it.

I have gained twenty pounds and, though this may change with time, I seldom hear sweeter words than when my brothers and sisters tell me I'm going to have to go on a diet.

God is so good. □

Why I Need CHURCH

by Stephen Bly

Why can't I just worship out in the woods, just me and God and the pine trees?

Why can't I be alone with God out in the desert, with nothing around but the clear sky, the cacti and a few dune buggies?

Why can't I meet God at the water's edge while wiggling my toes in the warm sand, with nothing around but thousands of sun worshipers?

Why can't it be just me and the Lord, with my TV tuned in to the "Hymn Request Hour" during halftime of the ball game?

Do I really need church? Why?

I NEED CHURCH BECAUSE IT'S A STAFF MEETING.

Imagine how exciting it would be if Ray Hughes called me up this afternoon and said, "Steve, we just can't get along without you. You've got to be a part of our team. We need you on the staff. Our first meeting is next week."

But what if I replied, "That's great, Ray. I'd love to be part of your staff. I like your ministry. You're a great person. But I just don't like going to meetings. They bore me. So I won't be there."

I wouldn't feel a part of the staff at all if I weren't there, and I'd be of little use to the team. Jesus Christ is the head of the church. We come together because He has called us to be a team and to meet with Him.

I NEED CHURCH BECAUSE IT'S A COURT HEARING.

There are things I've done wrong this week, and the Lord knows about them. He wants a chance to straighten me out. I'm accountable to the Judge of all life for my actions.

I NEED CHURCH BECAUSE IT'S A FAMILY REUNION.

Jesus said, "Who is my family? Those who do my will" (Mark 3:33, 35; paraphrased). We are a huge family, rejoicing with one another, crying with one another, helping each other. We need each other's support. We have to depend on each other.

I NEED CHURCH BECAUSE IT'S A CLASSROOM.

I'm preparing for a mission. I'm on an extended course of study. For the rest of my life I'm enrolled in a course of Christian discipleship. I can't miss a week because each week builds on the one before.

I NEED CHURCH BECAUSE IT'S A HIDEOUT.

The sanctuary is a place to get away from the busyness of the world. It's a mini-retreat for me. It's a place to relax, to focus my thoughts on things above, to worship.

I NEED CHURCH BECAUSE IT'S A SUMMIT CONFERENCE.

God wants to reveal His plans to me. I want to get in on the details, to cooperate with Him. It's a privilege to share in the mysteries of God.

***I NEED CHURCH BECAUSE IT'S A
BILLBOARD.***

Sunday morning is one time for me to exclaim to everyone in my community that God is the supreme element of life. As my neighbors see me get up week after week and go down to that building on the corner, they can tell who has priority in my life. And if all my brothers and sisters are there too, the neighbors may wonder what is going on there that attracts people so regularly.

***I NEED CHURCH BECAUSE IT'S A
MEMORIAL SERVICE.***

Imagine that I was in a war and one of my buddies in the foxhole with me threw himself on an enemy hand grenade to save me. He was killed. Then, when I returned to the States, I learned there was to be a memorial service for him in my hometown. Would I be there? Of course.

Jesus died for me. It's to honor Him that I attend His memorial service. It's to honor Him that I remember His death by taking Communion.

***I NEED CHURCH BECAUSE IT'S A VICTORY
CELEBRATION.***

Jesus left an empty tomb. We can celebrate His resurrection together. If one day a year is set aside for remembering the armistice, then at least one day a week should be set aside for remembering the greatest victory of all: Jesus' triumph over death and Satan.

***FINALLY, I NEED CHURCH BECAUSE IT'S
TIME TO SPEND WITH MY FATHER.***

I'm a child of God. He's my loving Father. He's not cold and aloof. He holds me in His arms. He delights to spend time with me. I want to be there. He has told me in His Word not to forsake gathering with other believers (Hebrews 10:25).

But He's not just *my* Father; He's *our* Father. He has told us that when two or three are gathered together in His name, He is there (Matthew 18:20). I love Him and wish to obey Him.

That's why I need church! □



Stone Photo

HOW DO YOU GAMBLE?



Camerique Photo

Alan Ciburn Photo



by Betty Steele Everett

Gamble?" you say. "Not me! I'm a Christian. Gambling's not for Christians!"

Agreed. But even if you have never bet a penny on a horse, a throw of the dice, or the turn of a card, you may be gambling every day, and for stakes much higher than money.

What do you gamble on? Take a look at the teens below.

Teri likes parties and people. She is always the first to be invited when the gang decides to go somewhere for pizza, and

she always drops what she is doing to join the fun. Many times she leaves her books and her homework. When a big test is coming up, Teri drinks large amounts of coffee in an attempt to stay awake most of the night to study. Teri would deny she is gambling, but she is. She is gambling with her health, betting that the abuse she is temporarily giving her body will not harm it permanently.

Pete gambles with his health in a different way. He hates to spend time standing in the cafeteria lunch line and he says the food is terrible anyway. So he substitutes potato chips, pop, and candy bars from a vending machine for a balanced meal, and spends the lunch hour "just messing around" with his friends. Pete is usually tired by 3 p.m. and is putting on weight. Still, he doesn't consider his eating habits "gambling."

Ward's gambling may be even more serious than Teri's or Pete's. He has an old car he has tuned until it runs perfectly. And fast. Ward likes the feeling of power that driving 90 m.p.h. gives him. He argues he is a good driver and not gambling with his life and the lives of his passengers. So far he has not even gotten a speeding ticket. But statistics show that accidents at high speeds have more fatalities than those at lower speeds. Riding with a driver like Ward is also a gamble.

Bob gambles with his relationships—friends and family. He feels he is grown-up and sees no reason why he should tell his parents where he is going, with whom, or when he will be back. He comes and goes on his own. He also forgets birthdays and meetings, or is late for them. He does not see the risk he is taking, but no one likes to count too heavily on Bob for anything important anymore.

Bruce and Brenda gamble in the back seat of a car parked in a lonely spot. They are high school juniors, in love, and they want to get married "someday." They are gambling with their chance to plan their own futures by betting they can stop the charged emotions before they "go too far." Each time they play the petting game, the odds rise against them. Each time it gets harder to stop. A safer gamble would be to date with a crowd most of the evening, and to allow themselves less time alone—there are safer spots than a parked car.

Nancy and Bill, who barely know each other, gamble with their futures, too. Nancy has a

part-time job at a hamburger drive-in. She thinks nothing of slipping a few packets of ketchup, coffee cream, and other products into her purse; making herself a milk shake on company time, with company ingredients; or giving a friend a large drink and charging for a small one.

Bill works in a garage. He goofs off when the boss isn't around. He chats with friends who drop in. He often closes down early or comes in a few minutes late. Nancy and Bill are gambling not only with their jobs, but also with recommendations from their employers for better positions when they are older.

Gambling with your health, your life, your relationships with family and friends, and your future all are dangerous; but the most dangerous gamble of all is the one you take with your relationship to Christ.

Becoming a Christian is not the end of your spiritual growth and commitment; it is the beginning. Your Christian growth is a fragile thing. It must be nourished or it will die.

Norm gambles with this growth when he decides he is too tired after a basketball game to read a chapter from the Bible before going to bed. It seems like a little thing. He tells himself he is too tired to get anything out of it and he'll read two chapters tomorrow night. But one evening Norm is suddenly aware that he is behind five chapters, not one; and it's easier to stop reading than to try and catch up.

Jan gambles with her Christian life when she decides to go to the lake with non-Christian friends on Sunday morning, missing church. She's sure she won't miss another Sunday but a few weeks later she is startled to realize she has not been to church three Sundays in a row.

Ed's gamble comes when he spends tithe money for a baseball glove "on sale this week only." He figures he can put back twice as much money next week. He soon finds, though, that the debt to his tithe fund is almost 80 percent of his allowance.

How do you gamble? Did you find yourself in any of these situations? Before you gloat, take a closer look at your life. Chances are you gamble in some way, even though your actions may look all right to the world.

It's not easy to stop gambling but it will be easier now than a year from now. You must concentrate on the problem you are trying to solve. And pray. With the Lord's help, you can do it. □

Profile: Kenneth Houck



Stone Photos

Pastor Kenneth Houck, for the most part, is music oriented. At least, that's how one must judge him in terms of the way he conducts worship at the Daniel Park Church of God in Violet, Louisiana.

Ken plays the organ and he likes it loud. Seated at the organ in his church sanctuary—left of the pulpit and slanted so he can see his congregation well—Ken orchestrates a worship service with deft assurance. The choir will sing, the director will put them through their paces and make a few announcements, the assistant pastor may take requests and lead in prayer; but from that first musical note to the final chorus and amen, everyone understands Pastor Houck is in charge.

It is Ken's soft, well-modulated speaking voice, from a mike positioned an inch from his

mouth, that reminds you it's time to give praise and honor to Christ. It's Ken's singing voice, leading a chorus and rising higher and higher, that wafts you heavenward and makes you know it's good to be alive.

No congregation can have more than one shepherd; and, while most pastors lead in worship from some position other than an organ stool, you can't help but realize Ken has given himself wholeheartedly to his unique approach. It's obvious the members of his congregation, most of whom are converted Catholics, are with him all the way.

You haven't heard of Violet, Louisiana? What about New Orleans, home of the Mardi Gras, and second largest shipping port in the United States? Violet is a suburb of New Orleans, just northeast of the city.

The Daniel Park Church of God may not ring a bell with you either. Daniel Park is a new church, first named Lake Forest, and Kenneth Houck is the young pastor from Florida who was sent by the Executive Committee to take on a man-size job.

Ken has had lots of help, both from State Overseer Newby Thompson and from the Executive Committee. His spiritual task of winning souls has been complicated by some messy and unfortunate business details but things are now looking brighter. He and



Kenneth Houck

Kenneth Houck was born February 3, 1941, to the Reverend and Mrs. J. G. Houck, St. Charles, Virginia, the youngest of three boys and four girls. He graduated from high school in Newport News, Virginia. Attended Lee College. Served as an evangelist. He married Joyce Ulrich in August 1965 and, for a time, worked with J. D. Bright at the Riverside Church in Atlanta. His first pastorate was St. Petersburg, Florida, but it was at Winter Haven, where he stayed ten years, that he distinguished himself.

Ken and Joyce have two daughters, Kendra (15) and Karla (11). □

his congregation moved into their new building recently. When E. C. Thomas, general secretary-treasurer of the Church of God, dedicated the 16,000-square-foot structure on January 24, 1982, there were more than four hundred in attendance.

In addition to the 440-seat sanctuary, the new building contains eleven classrooms, three offices, and a fellowship hall. It all sits on a nice lot, with ample room for expansion.

Ken doesn't shy from admitting his congregation is a miracle. According to his own estimate, 90 percent of his people are converted Catholics, men and women who have discovered new life in Christ, new excitement through the baptism of God's Holy Spirit, and who have brought to Daniel Park a commitment and loyalty traditionally associated with their church.

Asked what his secret is when it comes to winning the Catholic, Ken only laughs.

"If there is a secret, I don't know it. Fact is, I haven't won these people. For sure, I haven't done anything here which I didn't do in my Florida pastorate. I preach the gospel, teach the Bible, and encourage all who come to praise and worship God. People find Christ and then go tell their neighbors and other members of the family. If there's a secret in all this, then it was revealed in the New Testament.

It's the same formula my dad used all his life. So far as I can tell, it's what this church has always been trying to do.

"I am aware, though, that God has smiled magnificently upon our efforts here. He has sent revival and we praise Him for what has been, for what is, and for what we feel to be a promising future."

The greatest service for the Daniel Park Church, according to Ken, took place on the night of March 14. Forty received the baptism of the Holy Ghost and sixty new members joined the church.

For Pastor Appreciation Day, March 28, the church had Chattanooga physician Maurice Rawlings as special guest during the morning service. Attendance was 411. That Sunday night (see accompanying photos) Pastor Houck and his wife were given a substantial love offering and honored with a reception in the fellowship hall.

It was like family all the way—warm, personal, loving: a pastor and his congregation . . . working together . . . contributing mutually to the kingdom of God on earth.

What could be more beautiful?

SNATCH OTHERS FROM THE FIRE

by Michael A. Smith

Heat waves moved in rhythm, reached their boundary, then vanished from sight into the vivid, blue sky. A breeze seemed to whisper to the pine trees tales of days gone by. It was the fourteenth of August, and very hot.

The youth group from our local church in Pasco, Washington, didn't seem to mind the three-hour drive to Lake Joseph in northeastern Oregon. Excited chatter filled the motor home as I tried to plan the day's events and make the right turns at the same time. Had I only known! I had yet to learn the full impact of our day's outing.

Among the people in the group, I was glad to have with me my wife and two children, Ryan (age five) and Andrea (age six months). Jim Fromm and his wife of three months, LuJuana, followed behind in their car.

Jim and I had been brought up in the church and our spiritual and physical growth had bonded a lasting friendship.

Lake Joseph, named after the Nez Perce Indian chief of the 1800's, is laid like a jewel at the entrance of the Eagle Cap Wilderness, its rough beauty and good fishing making it a popular resort. We spent the day horseback riding and hiking.

The hours flew and soon the supper fire was rekindled with the promise of a marshmallow roast. The red and orange flames licked their way up through the grill.

I suppose the next scene has happened many times before, but as a parent, I never realized what a moment's neglect can bring. With the willow sticks cut, and hot roasted marshmallows already being consumed, Ryan's excitement was probably just heightened. He is all boy and more independent than I like to admit. Of course, he had his own roasting stick.

All fun and games ended abruptly when someone yelled, "Ryan fell into the fire!"

My son had tripped over a rock and fallen face first into the campfire.

Fortunately, he had put out his hands to stop the fall.

Jim reached Ryan first, pulling him out of the flames and carrying him seventy-five feet to a cold mountain stream. Ryan continued to scream as Jim plunged him into the icy water.

In the moonlit night, I could see the burnt flesh on Ryan's hands and stomach. While Jim tried to calm him, I wrapped his burns in a water-soaked towel to ease the pain. We got him to the car and wasted no time in heading the eighteen miles to the nearest hospital for medical treatment.

Jim and I prayed continuously in the car and we knew the group of young people was fervently praying and seeking God for Ryan.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

When you're 2½ years old, everything in a bottle, box or can is fair game. For exploring. And tasting.

That's why children are involved in about 90% of all reported poisonings.

Yet parents (and even grandparents) go about setting deadly little traps, however unwittingly. Leaving medicines, detergents, paints, pesticides in reach of unsuspecting, curious kids.

If you think a child has swallowed something poisonous, you

might save a life or a throat or a stomach if you'll remember this.

Don't panic.

Do get medical advice.

To induce vomiting or to give milk or water may be right. Or dead wrong.

Immediately, get out anything that's still in the child's mouth. Get the container, to identify toxicity.

Then get on the phone to a poison control center. Or a doctor or the nearest hospital.

Keep Syrup of Ipecac around

in case induced vomiting is recommended. It'll save critical time.

But the best medicine is prevention. For a free booklet full of ideas write to us at the address below.

When you're 2½, you can't spell poison.

When you're the grown-up, you're the one who has to know better.

LIBERTY NATIONAL
GOOD FRIENDS FOR LIFE
LIBERTY NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA
A TORCHMARK COMPANY

Cleaning fluid looks just like ginger ale when you're 2½.



How to



Flirt with it.

Want some new clothes or a dirty magazine? Let curiosity lead you to the local store—not to buy, but just to see what's there.



Face temptation you're overwhelmed made me do it!" when you don't a



Forget you're in spiritual warfare.

Forget about Satan. Forget that he wants you dead. Focus instead on the pleasures your temptation offers. And ignore the fishing line attached.



Resist it no

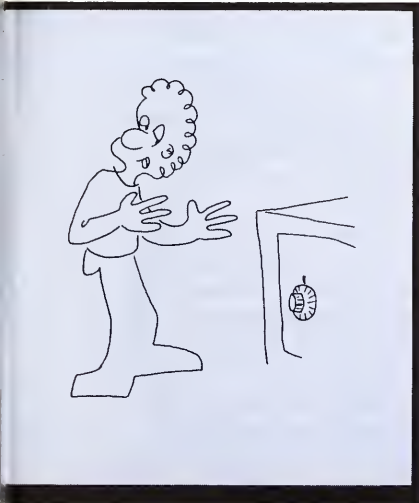
Once in the store seek out the piece of clothing or magazine you absolutely must have. Touch it. Feel it. Caress it with your eyes.



SUCCUMB TO TEMPTATION

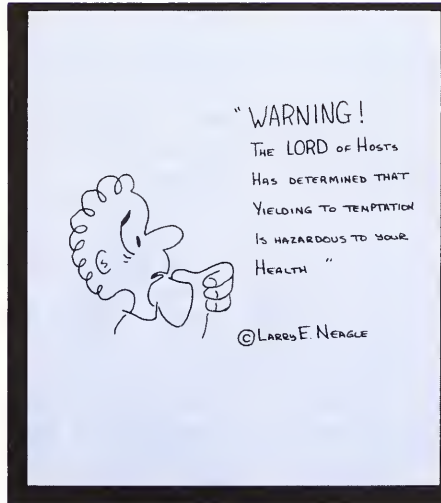
by Larry E. Neagle

our own strenght. Then when you can plead that, "The devil is easier to do things your way than I am for help.



Forget sin has a consequence.

Convince yourself you can get away with it. Overlook the fact that no one has to date.



"WARNING!
THE LORD OF HOSTS
HAS DETERMINED THAT
YIELDING TO TEMPTATION
IS HAZARDOUS TO YOUR
HEALTH "

© LARRY E. NEAGLE

Believe Satan's lie: "the wages of sin is satisfaction in life."

Oh, you're not satisfied? Succumb again. Make it a habit. And label it "Fragile Material: Do not store near confession and repentance!"

Aunt Harriet's car was in the driveway when I got home from school Tuesday afternoon. I saw it through the bus window. There was no mistaking that ancient black Buick of hers.

"Oh no!" I muttered, stifling a groan. "Not today!" It hadn't been one of my better ones and the last thing I needed was company. Especially Aunt Harriet.

I maneuvered my wheelchair down the aisle of the bus to the lift platform. The bus driver checked to make sure I was secure before he pushed the button which lowered the platform—and me, too, of course—to ground level. Then I wheeled myself onto the sidewalk.

"See you tomorrow," Mr. Willis called after me.

"Right," I replied. "Thanks."

I wheeled myself up the walk to the special ramp Dad had built. It took me right up onto the porch.

"Well, how's my handsome nephew?" Aunt Harriet began the second I entered the house.

"Just fine, thanks," I managed, forcing a smile. "Hi, Mom."

"Hi," Mom answered. "Aunt Harriet's been waiting for you."

That's what I was afraid of, I thought. But I said, "Be right with you. Just want to put my stuff away."

"Take your time," Aunt Harriet told me. "I'm in no hurry."

I wheeled myself down the hall to my room. *What does she want anyway?* I wondered. She had been around an awful lot since the accident. It was okay at first, because Mom

needed somebody with her, but then she started trying to cheer me up.

The last thing I wanted or needed was some fifty-year-old woman telling me that everything was going to be fine and I should just trust the Lord and all that.

Don't get me wrong. I did trust the Lord. I had accepted Jesus as my Savior and was baptized when I was ten. But I

"Yes, his name is Tom Keene and he was hurt playing football," Aunt Harriet continued. "He fell wrong and something snapped."

"Yeah, I read about it in the paper," I remembered. "He lives near you?"

"Just across the street," Aunt Harriet replied. "My, I've known Tommy Keene since he was just a little fellow! Well, anyway, Jason, I want you to

MR FAVORITE

didn't understand how a loving God could let some drunk driver cross over the center divider on Adams Boulevard and hit my bicycle that terrible Friday night. And Aunt Harriet's constant quoting of verses like Romans 8:28 didn't help a bit.

That was six months ago and I had since enrolled in a special school for the handicapped, so I didn't see Aunt Harriet so much. That was fine with me. She was so cheerful it was depressing, if you know what I mean.

Might as well find out what she wants, I decided on this particular Tuesday.

"You're looking so well, Jason!" she exclaimed as I wheeled myself back into the living room.

"Thanks," I replied.

"And school's going okay?" she wanted to know.

"Fine."

"Well, you're probably wondering why I'm here," she went on.

I didn't say anything.

"Aunt Harriet has a neighbor," Mom explained. "About your age."

visit Tom."

I stared at her. "Visit him? I don't even know the guy!"

"No, but you do have a lot in common with him," Aunt Harriet reminded me. "And he needs someone he can relate to, someone who has gone through what he's gone through." She paused dramatically. She loves to pause dramatically. "You see, he's quite bitter about what's happened to him."

"Yeah, but I don't see how I—"

"It would do him a world of good if he could meet someone who has suffered a similar injury and who is now well adjusted and self-reliant," Aunt Harriet interrupted. "His mother was all for it when I told her I'd be bringing you over this afternoon."

"You already told her?" I questioned. *Without bothering to ask me first?* I added to myself. That sounded like something Aunt Harriet would do, though.

"I knew you'd want to help," she replied. "That's part of a Christian's duty, isn't it? Helping those in need?"

I couldn't argue with that. "He is a Christian, by the way," Aunt Harriet informed me when we reached her place. "But he's still having a hard time accepting his physical condition."

What am I gonna say to this guy? I wondered as I lifted myself out of Aunt Harriet's Buick and into my wheelchair. *Lord, give me words,* I prayed.

Mrs. Keene was really glad to see me and led the way to Tom's room. "Tom, you have company," she began, opening the door.

"Don't wanna see anybody," a voice mumbled.

Good, I can go home, I thought. But I knew better than that, of course. I wheeled myself right into the room. "Hi," I heard my voice announce. "I'm Jason Shepherd."

Tom Keene was lying in a hospital-type bed, sheet over his head, but he pulled the sheet down slightly when he heard my voice. When he saw the wheelchair, he pulled the sheet completely off his face. His mother and Aunt Harriet conveniently disappeared down the hall about then.

"How's it going?" I asked,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

AUNT

by Alan Ciburn



PETER- THE ROCK

BY WANDA CATO BRETT

What was it like, Peter?
What was it like to walk on coolness?
To feel the wetness of water
lapping at your feet
when He said, "Come"?
What was it like
to defy every law of gravity,
every theoretical principle
known to man?
To take one small step on the water?
How did you feel
when you learned that water was
SOLID (just like land)?
Did you think—
"I wonder if land is really fluid
waiting at any moment to swallow the living"?
Did you see yourself walking on land
and drowning as the sands closed in
around your neck—
struggling against the waves of sand and grass?
Were you afraid?
Is that why you fell?
Did you suddenly feel that you'd been lied
to—that the whole universe was upside down—
or was your mind so accustomed to
miracles
that it didn't phase you?
It didn't mean anything at all.
You just slipped on the water
—had a great fall?
Peter, what was it like
to bite the slashing waves,
hear them pounding—
stand up on them and feel secure?
HIS face—HIS eyes must have burned . . .
must have held your gaze
until you faltered.
Idealistic . . .

simple fisherman,
 you walked on the water.
 And nobody's done it before or since.
 Headstrong . . . plunged headlong into
 the water
 feet first
 —and you didn't sink
 because He said—"Come."
 Did you tell your CHILDREN
 and grandchildren
 about the miracle—
 or did you just tell them
 about HIM?
 John said if all His works were
 written, the books of the world
 could not contain the information.
 And when everyone else was asleep,
 Did you walk down to the edge of the shore
 and say,
 "It happened. It really happened."
 Did you look at the water like it was some
 harsh and foreign material,
 instead of the friend you had grown up with?
 Strange isn't it? . . .
 How all your life you
 had known water as a companion—
 slept it . . . ate it . . . drank it . . .
 and suddenly—
 you walked on it, and
 sank—when the utter impossibility
 of it hit your brain.
 Cried out to the One who could still
 anger in the storm—
 and then you reached for His hand.
 And when the Storm Healer was dead,
 resurrected,
 and gone
 you went back to the one thing

you knew. Stability. Fishing.
 Did you ever touch the water and watch
 it slide through your fingers,
 glide—down your arms—
 and say, "I walked on it.
 He told me to and I did"?
 I noticed that the third time you saw Him
 (cooking breakfast on the shore)
 you jumped from the boat and swam to Him.
 Easier that way?
 Less mind-boggling?
 When you fell at His feet
 and heard His voice
 talking about sheep—
 did you ever look back at the water?
 They laugh at you now.
 They say, "Peter, the rock—sank like one."
 If you were here—you wouldn't care about
 their laughter, would you?
 Look at us, Peter, look at us and say,
 "I knew HIM. I watched Him
 raise the dead child to life again.
 Just as He raised me to live
 when I sank in the water—
 when I lost direction
 and returned to fishing.
 I learned so much from Him;
 I am still learning."
 Why didn't you write it down for us, Peter?
 Why didn't you spill your soul
 on pages of ink and more ink—
 Or did you let HIM say all there was to say
 when He said—
 "COME" . . . ?

The months of preparation, the planning, the agonizing pain of getting in shape—all ended and the day of the race came on a bitter cold Saturday morning. Thirty teams from all over Southern Ohio faced blustering forty- to sixty-miles-per-hour winds as they poured out of buses, vans, cars, and trucks.

Over three hundred runners and four hundred spectators gathered on April 3 to help raise money for the 1982 YWEA project, "Evangelizing the Major Cities of Europe." Each team of ten runners covered the twenty-six-mile distance by each member running 2.6 miles. The King's Island parking area was the location of the Second Annual Marathon Relay for YWEA.

State Youth and Christian Education Director Roland Pendley gathered team members to give last-minute directions and procedures for the race. The State Christian Youth Athletics Committee (CYAC) had the stopwatches, track, judges, and every minute detail taken care of as Brother Pendley gathered the first wave of runners to the starting line. At precisely ten o'clock, the starting sound was heard and the cold, but energetic runners began the first leg of the race.

Throughout the morning and early afternoon, periodic sounds of encouragement were heard as cheering fans gave the support necessary to keep their team "warmed up." Team captains huddled behind buses

Run to

Win



to keep some of the wind off as they gave tactical reports to their next runners. A medical support team from the Ohio National Guard was on standby to offer first aid assistance if necessary.

Competition was stiff. The lead changed repeatedly. There were two divisions of competition. Division I was made up of teams from churches having 1 to 200 in membership. Division II consisted of churches having membership of 201 or more.

The Lebanon Church of God, Harold Stevens, pastor, came in first in Division I, with the Market Street Church of God from Brookville, Gregory Sears, pastor, placing second. The Cincinnati Central Parkway

Church of God, John Walker, pastor, came out on top in Division II, with the Frebis Avenue Church of God from Columbus, Robert Owens, pastor, hot on their heels.

However, the most important winner of all was the YWEA fund with approximately \$15,000 raised in this event alone. This was a tremendous increase over last year's marathon in which fourteen teams participated, raising a total of \$6,000. More than fifty individual runners raised \$100 or more.

Kim Roark, from the Circleville Church of God, Jack Sallie, pastor, led her team in fund raising by raising \$815 personally, adding to the team's grand total of \$1,922

to take first place in most money raised. Ken Cantwell and Brian Shepherd, from the Central Parkway Church of God, came in second and third, raising \$600 and \$574, respectively.

Southern Ohio ran this race for you, Europe, so that lost, searching souls may find peace through the YWEA program sponsored by the Church of God and supported by its young people! □

—Tony Capps, Associate Pastor
Central Parkway Church of God



Current Happenings with Questions for Christian Reflection

YOUTH NEWS TO NOTE

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER
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CHURCH PRODUCTS



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Compiled by **SONJIA LEE HUNT**,
Editorial Assistant General Department of Youth and Christian Education

NEW DATA ON SMOKERS

Washington (AP)—Some interesting data concerning teenagers who smoke has surfaced from a study done by Wade Martin, a psychologist at the Catholic University of America. His data was collected on questionnaires and during interviews with approximately two hundred smokers, ages twelve to eighteen. Some of his findings are listed below:

1. Most teenagers don't really know why they start smoking.
2. Intermediate smokers believe they can quit anytime and that they are not really harming their health.
3. Teenagers who smoke on occasion aren't worried about health hazards, although some regular smokers have noticed its effect on their health. (*Cleveland Daily Banner*)

* * * * *

1. Why do teenagers (and adults as well) often ignore the consequences which their actions may bring?
2. Are habits and lifestyles usually formed overnight?

SEX EDUCATION RESULTS

It has been proposed from time to time that sex education in the schools would be a solution to the abuse of sex and general lowering of moral values in today's world. Following are excerpts from a report from the *Australian News Weekly* on a study of the results of sex education in Sweden, where it has been a compulsory school subject since 1956:

1. The illegitimacy rate . . . which had been declining, subsequently increased for every age group except the older group, which did not receive sex education.
2. Swedish births out of wedlock now amount to 31 percent of all births, the highest proportion in Europe, and two and a half times as high as in the United States.
3. Simultaneously, the divorce rate tripled.

Denmark had a similar program and similar problems. Between 1970, when compulsory sex education was introduced, and 1977, venereal disease in youth ages 16 to 20 increased 250 percent, while children under 14 had a 400 percent VD increase! Abortions rose 500 percent and illegitimate births, 200 percent. Divorces were also up 200 percent, and rape assaults increased 300 percent.

The trouble seems to be that sex education rarely is presented in the best possible way. Often it is presented in a permissive manner without strong moral explanation that God's rules against abuse of sex are designed for the protection and best interests of everyone. Morality is what is needed: that is usually what is left out. (*Chattanooga News-Free Press*)

* * * * *

1. Is the report concerning schools in Sweden and Denmark surprising to you?
2. Does your school offer sex education courses? Should it?
3. Is the home a better place for children to be taught concerning sex? Why or why not?

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Books

THE CHRISTIAN WOMAN'S SEARCH FOR SELF-ESTEEM by W. Peter Blitchington

Depression among women has reached epidemic proportions. Recent studies reveal that women have a greater susceptibility to depression than men. Peter Blitchington, professor of psychology and counseling, pinpoints contradictory expectations and unrealistic evaluations of self-esteem as primary factors.

Dr. Blitchington focuses on two important dimensions of femininity—sexual nature and energy level—and discusses the problems common to women who attempt to satisfy both Christian and social standards in their search for recognition, approval, and feelings of emotional and spiritual well-being.

Case histories, psychological studies, and an Evangelical perspective are interwoven to present Dr. Blitchington's concept of Christian womanhood.

Good reading for men as well as women. (Thomas Nelson Publishers, Nashville, TN 37214; \$8.95) □

TERRY by Shirlee Monty

"He Touched Me" was the song presented by the beautiful girl from Wisconsin at the 1972 Miss America Pageant. For the first time in the show's history, the audience stood and cheered . . . and the singer, Terry Meeuwsen, won the Miss America crown!

But Terry hadn't always felt like a winner. Talented and ambitious, she had become a nightclub singer by the time she was nineteen. With stars in her eyes, she was led into a life of alcohol, drugs, and broken relationships. Her career advanced, but inside she was empty, searching, unsure of herself.

Terry became a member of the New Christy Minstrels and toured the country smiling and singing—but behind the smile she was crying. Then, in a small Texas town, a Christian girl introduced her to Jesus Christ. But what could He do? Did Terry have the courage to change?

Author Shirlee Monty tells this inspiring story of how a talented girl was touched by Christ. Since then, "nothing has been the same"! (Word Books Publisher, Waco, TX; \$6.95) □

CATCH THE SPIRIT OF HOPE by Bob Slosser

Catch the Spirit of Hope is Bob Slosser's enthusiastic answer to self-styled "survivalists" and contemporary prophets of "gloom and doom." Written as he struggled to reconcile the realities of materialism, greed, lawlessness, international tensions, and nuclear threats with the promises of Christianity, this is Slosser's "search book."

Slosser takes the reader on his year-long, sometimes intimate, journey as he progresses from deeply troubling questions to positive revelations. Step by step, Slosser shares his thoughts, his emotions, his reactions as he studies the Bible for practical, contemporary applications in a world gone awry.

Catch the Spirit of Hope establishes the case for realistic optimism assured by Jesus Christ for His church. (Thomas Nelson Publishers, Nashville, TN 37214; \$7.95) □

INSIGHT: THE NEW INTERNATIONAL VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT with notes by Philip Yancey

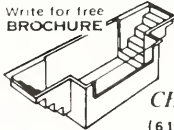
Insight is a New Testament that combines the text of *The New International Version* with notes and photos on each book to bridge the 2,000-year gap between the Bible and you.

Philip Yancey, well-known author and publisher of Campus Life Publications, Incorporated, uses a photo-journalistic approach to make the people and events of the Bible relevant to today's world. His readable style and use of striking photos give immediacy to the Bible's message and applies it to the modern reader.

Insight doesn't contain long, detailed discussions—it contains snapshots of what the Bible is all about. It just may get the Bible off the shelf and into your hands, forever changing the way you see God's Word . . . and life. (Zondervan Publishing House, Grand Rapids, MI 49508) □

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SNATCH OTHERS FROM THE FIRE

Continued from page 12

"Daddy, why didn't someone pull me out of the fire?" Ryan kept crying over and over. I groped for words to explain why I was not there. I tried to comfort him, depending heavily on the Lord.

To this day, I thank God because He gave us all peace and comfort that night. Ryan is doing fine now and has only minor scars on his hands and stomach from the second-degree burns.

The words he cried in pain, "Why didn't someone pull me out of the fire?" will always ring in my soul.

How many times do we Christians encounter people hurting and in pain? They are stumbling in darkness, tripping over the tricks of Satan, falling headlong into hell. Jesus came to seek and save that which is lost.

My friends, how will we answer a lost soul that asks, "Why didn't you pull me out of the fire?"

MY FAVORITE AUNT

Continued from page 17

realizing what an incredibly stupid question it was as soon as the words left my mouth.

"You're here to tell me how great it is to be paralyzed," Tom said. "Right?"

"Are you kidding?" I replied. "It's crummy and you know it."

"So why are you here?" he wanted to know.

"My Aunt Harriet dragged me over," I explained. "I'm supposed to cheer you up."

He gave me a look. "Go ahead."

Seeing Tom Keene lying in that bed was almost like seeing myself a few months earlier. Okay, maybe I wasn't a football player or anything like that, but I had felt sorry for myself and wallowed in self-pity for a while, too. I still did sometimes.

"How come you're still in bed?" I asked.

He frowned. "Where should I be? At football practice?"

"You should be in a chair, moving around, doing stuff for yourself," I told him.

"I can't see myself in a wheelchair," he said.

"Neither could I at first," I admitted. "But it sure beats staying in bed all the time. Life isn't over just because you're paralyzed, you know. You can still use your arms, right?"

"Yeah. So?"

"So you aren't totally helpless! You can use them to lift yourself in and out of the chair," I replied. "I'm doing things for myself now that I thought I'd never be able to do."

"Is it permanent?" he asked. "Your paralysis, I mean."

I shrugged. "Probably."

"Man, how can you just shrug it off like that?" he demanded. "Like it doesn't even matter!"

"It matters," I corrected. "It matters a whole lot. But there's not too much I can do about it, other than keep going to therapy and doing what the doctors tell me to do." I swallowed. "And I pray about it, of course. You're a Christian. Right?"

"Right," he agreed. "Maybe that's why it's so hard to understand why God let this happen."

"I wondered about that after my accident, too," I told him. "It just didn't make any sense."

"Does it now?" Tom wanted to know. "I mean can you honestly accept being paralyzed as God's will for your life? That's what my pastor says I should do."

"It's hard," I admitted. "But I believe God will somehow use this for His glory. I also believe that if He wants me to walk again, I will. I mean, if God's really God, He can do anything."

"But why did He let it happen in the first place?" Tom questioned. "That's what a lot of my friends who aren't Christians want to know. Okay, maybe they haven't put it in so many words, but they wonder about it; I can tell."

"I don't know," I replied. "But He let Corrie ten Boom go through all that suffering in a concentration camp during World War II, and she's been able to share her testimony with millions of people since then."

"That's true," Tom agreed.

"And when Joni Eareckson broke her neck and became paralyzed, she probably thought her life was over," I continued. "But the Lord gave her a career as an artist—holding the paintbrush in her mouth—and she speaks in churches all over the place. She's even written a book and made a movie telling how Christ meets all her needs."

"Yeah, I know," Tom said.

"See, God can look a lot farther ahead than we can," I went on, realizing that I was talking to myself as much as I was to Tom. "What might seem really bad right now can turn into something fantastic later on."

"I guess I never thought about it like that," Tom admitted.

"Listen, man," I told him, "you need to get back into school, and before you can do that, you need to learn to handle a wheelchair."

"Yeah, I guess so." He shook his head. "It's hard to think about going to school and not playing sports, though."

"What are you talking about?" I exclaimed. "We have a sports program at my school. Maybe not football, but you should see our wheelchair basketball team. Man, can those guys move!"

"Yeah?" Tom replied. "Basketball?"

I stayed for a while longer and made plans to go back for another visit in the near future. Tom would never know how much talking to him had helped me sort out my own feelings. My own faith really grew that afternoon.

"You know, you're my favorite aunt," I told Aunt Harriet on the way home.

"Why, thank you, Jason!" she replied. Then she looked at me. "Jason, I'm your *only* aunt!"

I grinned. "Yeah, I know."



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by Fawnia Taylor

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LETTER.*

Dear Brother Stone,

The poem is not my own. I wronged
you and most of all have sinned against God.

Please forgive me!

Sometimes it's hard for me to understand why God puts
up with all my disobedience but the conviction of the Holy
Spirit has made me miserable all day. I simply couldn't go
on letting you and others give me credit for something
I didn't do.

It isn't easy but I'm willing to take my punishment.

Sincerely

(Name withheld)

***HOW ONE MORE TEENAGER LEARNED A VALUABLE TRUTH. FRANKLY, THIS
EDITOR THINKS THE LETTER IS BETTER THAN THE POEM ANYWAY.***

H.S.



What We Are

Most of us struggle with the reality of what we are. It is often illusive, vague, hard to tag down.

There is that person we wish to be . . . and the person we are.

What we would like to do . . . and what we get around to doing.

Our ideals . . . and our human failures.

For the most part we live and accept this paradox. We learn to cope. We may occasionally climb higher or go farther than expected. But none of us quite manage to keep up with the dreaming.

Perhaps this is as it should be.

However, there is another truth, one that deals with submission to the will of God, who knows better than we. We should be more patient and more grateful for the silly dreams which do *not* come true.

Ever wonder why you couldn't have been taller, or bigger, so as to have excelled in certain sports?



It may make you think twice to remember Zheng Qinlian. She was a Chinese girl, famous for her height (8' 1"—billed the world's tallest woman) and her promise as a sports star. Yet, as things turned out, Zheng had a growth hormone imbalance, compounded by diabetes. She became very clumsy, weighed 290 pounds, and could not even walk during the last few months of her life. Zheng died at age seventeen.

During my growing up years Nelson Rockefeller was so much in the news that "to be as rich as a Rockefeller" was an irresistible dream. In many ways Mr. Rockefeller was a remarkable man—raised in the lap of luxury, four-time governor of New York, vice-president under Gerald

Ford—but we should remember he was denied the one thing he really wanted, the U.S. presidency.

According to *The Imperial Rockefeller*, by Joseph E. Persico, there were other weak spots in Nelson's life. His inability to understand the common man is illustrated by the fact that he once made a tax proposal with these words: "Take the average family with an income of \$100,000." On another occasion he asked a colleague, "What's a Manson gang?"

Albert Einstein altered the course of history with his mathematical genius, but he was so forgetful his wife had to pin money to the lapel of his coat so he could ride the bus home rather than walking in the rain.

Truth of the matter is, many of us are yet discovering the reality of what we are.

God has been in this business a long time.

Let's not fault Him. □

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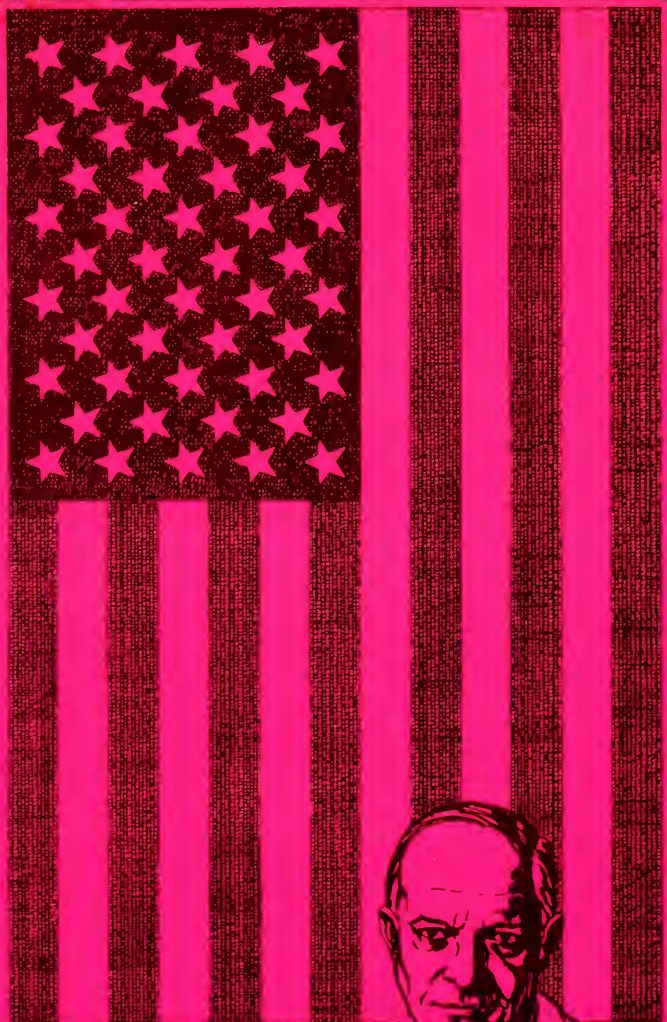
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JULY 1982 MARKS THE TWENTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE NATIONAL MOTTO OF THE UNITED STATES. FOR OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY NOW AMERICA HAS OFFICIALLY DECLARED TO THE WORLD,

“IN GOD WE TRUST”



RY

LIGHTED PATHWAY

Guiding Youth

July, 1982

Volume 53, Number 7

THIS MONTH

A time for remembering the heritage which is ours in terms of these United States of America. Stephen Conn shares some of his thoughts in our lead feature. Dale Richter's profile shows ministry from outside the normal perspective. One department keeps trying with the boys' program concept.

Camp meetings are here.

Hoyt E. Stone

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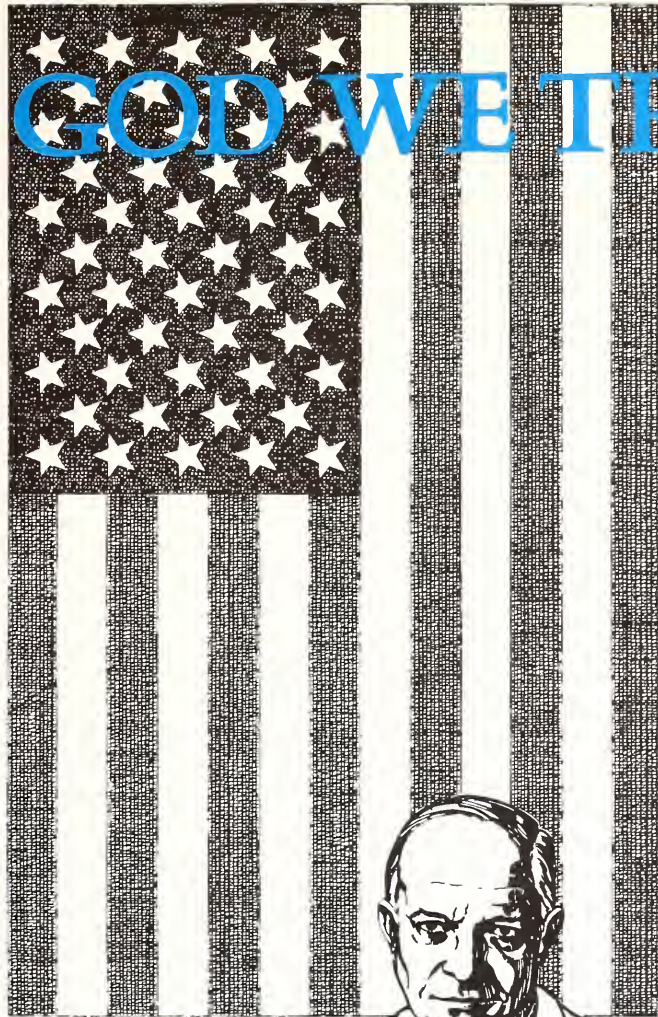


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IN GOD WE TRUST

BY J. STEPHEN CONN



PRESIDENT DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER,

himself an avowed Christian, signed the bill creating the new national motto on July 3, 1956. Becoming public law #851, chapter 795, the joint congressional resolution was approved on July 30, 1956: "Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the national motto of the United States is hereby declared to be 'In God We Trust.'"

One year earlier, on July 11, 1955, public law #140, chapter 303, provided that all United States currency should bear the inscription "In God We Trust."

In 1962 the House of Representatives by resolution provided for the placing of the national motto on the panel directly behind and over the Speaker's chair. There, against the south wall of the chamber, "In God We Trust" is inscribed in raised letters of gold on Alabama white marble.

Yet, much earlier the motto had been established, if unofficially so.

Perhaps Francis Scott Key should be credited for coining the phrase. This Washington attorney, who once considered becoming an Episcopal clergyman, is best known for penning the words of "The Star Spangled Banner," our national



IN GOD WE TRUST

anthem. An amateur verse writer, he wrote a lot of religious poetry, including the hymn "Lord, With Glowing Heart I'd Praise Thee."

On a dark Tuesday night, September 13, 1814, Key had a ringside seat to witness the British fleet's bombardment of Fort McHenry in Baltimore Harbor. He was aboard a U.S. prisoner-exchange boat held in temporary custody by a British warship in Chesapeake Bay. With the permission of President James Madison, his mission was to intercede with the British for the release of his friend, William Beanes, who had been taken captive in the retreat from Washington.

After a noisy and sleepless night, Key was overjoyed to see that the fifty-foot flag with its fifteen stars and stripes "was still there," flying proudly over the walls of Fort McHenry. He recognized divine providence in this ordeal by fire when he wrote the last stanza to the song. It contains the line, "And this be our motto: 'In God is our trust!'"

Ironically, it was a British tune to which the words of his poem were set—the popular English drinking song "To Anacreon in Heaven."

Over a century later, in 1931, Congress adapted "The Star Spangled Banner" as the national anthem. However, the U.S. Army and Navy regarded it as the national anthem long

before it was so designated by Congress. Likewise, most Americans considered "In God We Trust" to be the national motto much earlier than July 1956.

I still recall hearing the news that President Eisenhower had signed the bill creating our national motto. I was getting ready to enter the fifth grade at Mayfield Elementary School in Cleveland, Tennessee, at that time.

Even a more vivid memory for me was the 1954 inclusion of the words "under God" in the Pledge of Allegiance to the American flag. Our school made a big production of reteaching the pledge to the student body. All of the teachers were lavish in their praise to our President and Congress for the much needed "improvement" in the pledge.

It was a very different world then. Nobody seemed to object to this official acknowledgment of Deity by the leaders of our land. Everyone, at least of my acquaintance, seemed to think it was long past due.

Although Mayfield was a public school, it was decidedly Christian. I seriously doubt that even one teacher there did not make some sort of public confession of Jesus Christ as Savior. A policy of the city school board, and enforced in all five schools in our system, was that no teacher was allowed to give

homework on Wednesdays. That was the night children were expected to go to prayer meeting with their parents at the church of their choice. My teacher exempted any child from homework every night that he or she was attending a revival meeting at his/her church. I was the envy of the class because our Pentecostal church seemed to have revivals more frequently than any other church in town, and they usually lasted two or three weeks.

An annual event at our school was the presentation of a New Testament to every fourth grader by the Gideon Society. Most students proudly kept their Testaments in their desks. And at least one teacher gave extra credit to every pupil who would memorize one scripture per week and recite it to the class.

Besides this, local pastors from the community were brought in at irregular intervals to present chapel programs to the entire student body.

That was a quarter of a century ago. Today my two small sons are attending public schools, and what a difference I see in the values which are being instilled into them.

Christianity is probably as popular now as it was then, but it has certainly been largely divorced from America's public life, especially



the schools. Prayer and Bible reading are out; secular humanism is in. Today most teachers dare not teach scientific creationism, even if it is their sincere belief.

Millions of Americans still trust in God. What then can we do, on this anniversary of the adoption of our national motto, to reaffirm that faith?

The temptation is to protest.

However, a more positive offensive of prayer might be a better reflection of our God, who "sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved" (John 3:17). America doesn't need another protest movement—America needs prayer.

Protest is negative; prayer is positive.

Protest brings division; prayer brings unity.

Protest wounds; prayer heals.

Those who protest learn what criticism can do. Those who pray see what God can do. If ten righteous could have saved Sodom and Gomorrah, then tens of thousands of righteous people united in prayer can save America. If prayer changes things, and I believe it does, then there is still hope for those of us who trust in God. □



Dale Richter: Coaching for God

by Hoyt E. Stone

Mayo, Florida.

Douglas LeRoy told me there was an interesting story down there but he didn't tell me Mayo was hard to find, even on a map. I discovered that fact for myself.

Since it was vacation, and since my wife believes all vacations rightfully take place in Florida, and since I assured her Mayo was Florida, just like Tampa, Orlando, and Silver Springs, although located in the panhandle, she agreed we should drive in that direction.

We discovered Mayo on a Sunday afternoon, lazed out beneath a gray sky, with not much going on. One traffic light. A few stores, all closed. Two churches faced each other right in the middle of town.

East on Route 27 we found a sprawling high school just before farmland takes over; west on the same route we discovered a shaded and well-hidden little motel, which Blanche didn't particularly like because she doesn't particularly like shaded and well-hidden little motels.

But we found no Mayo Church of God. I kept looking for a sign, or a church emblem. Finally, I stopped at a convenience store and asked a smiling young man, "You know Dale Richter?"

"Everybody knows Dale," he said. "He's our high school coach. Took us all the way to the championship this year. And you know what?"

I motioned that I didn't.

"He did it all with prayer."

Well . . . that's when I thought maybe I really was onto a story. Lots of things have been accomplished through prayer, no doubt about that; but I didn't know of a Class-A high school championship team which had managed it through prayer alone.

"Where's the Mayo Church of God?"

"Well, there's really not one," the young man said, "but you're probably talking about the Alton Church. Just east of town. Dale Croft is the pastor. About a mile. On your left."

Stone Photo



So . . . on a Sunday night . . . I first met Dale Richter, and his wife Tess (Teresa Ann). Dale and Tess have two children, Shelly (age 9) and Shanna (age 7). Along with the other friendly folks at the Alton Church—W. W. Thomas' father and mother, folks kin to Elmer Odom, and others we had known at Lee College—Blanche and I soon felt so much at home that we've inscribed the name *Mayo* on our private Florida map forever.

Neither Dale nor Tess are from Mayo originally, however. Dale is from Little Rock, Arkansas. Raised Baptist. He arrived in Mayo via Wheaton College; then Bell High School, Bell, Florida, where he coached, 1970-1974; then Episcopal High School in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, where he coached, 1974-1978. Tess is from Baton Rouge.

Dale met Tess while still in Wheaton. Their romance flowered, then almost fell apart over the fact Dale had become involved with Pentecostals, but then got back on track and made it to the altar, June 13, 1970. Tess laughs about that now; and, although she does secretarial and computer tax work at the Lafayette County Courthouse, you don't have to be around this couple long to realize Tess agrees wholeheartedly with her husband's concept of youth ministry.

Monday morning Dale took me to the Lafayette County High School where he has now been head coach and athletic director for four years. No students this morning—they too were on vacation—and Dale was getting ready for a track meet. He showed me his

office, lots of trophies, and a plaque picturing his championship "Hornets." Last year, the Hornets won all their games, giving them twenty-two straight wins in the last two years.

"During this past season our boys scored 562 points," Dale said. "Our opponents 55 points. Our defense allowed only two teams to rush a hundred yards or better, with an average of only forty yards passing per

A Church of God coach who taught winning ways to a high school football team.

game. We ended our season ranked first in the Dunkel Ratings and second in the polls. And, of course, we were the state champions."

Even as he talked, Dale was uncasing a movie projector and preparing a film.

"Let me show you some of last year's action."

Pictures flashed on the wall. Suited and helmeted Hornets knocked heads with their opponents. Dale gave running commentary, more memorable for his enthusiasm than for the quality of photo production.

He then walked toward the school's gymnasium and his team's locker room.

"Here's something I want you to see."

We paused in the sweaty room, with its rows of red lockers, and Dale pointed to a giant hornet painted on the far wall.

"This room was a mess

when I came. A junky locker room doesn't bother me. A team with no pride and no self-respect does. One of the first things we did was clean this place up. The boys are now proud of their lockers, their shower facilities, and themselves. When they go on the football field, they show it.

"As to this praying bit . . . well . . . yes, we *do* pray. I lead the boys in prayer regularly and always before every game. One thing I'd like you to know, though: I never pray to win. I don't tell my boys to pray to win. Football is a game. It's a game to be played well, to be enjoyed, but it's also a game you're going to lose on occasion. Boys must learn how to lose as well as win.

"Maybe I learned my lesson the hard way. While at Wheaton. I played football there, you know, and I always played with every ounce of strength. To win. One day I accidentally hurt my best friend. I hurt him bad. I came to understand winning isn't everything.

"That accident so disturbed me I almost abandoned sports. Fortunately, a wise minister helped me through the crisis and I'm now convinced my ministry in this capacity is divinely ordered.

"Mayo isn't a large place, as you've noticed. Between five hundred and a thousand residents. Only around five thousand in the entire county. Maybe three hundred kids in the high school. We have our good ones and our not-so-good ones, and we probably have most of the problems folks face elsewhere; but I've witnessed tremendous changes in the lives of these boys. I've

seen them shape up and give up bad habits. I've seen them mature and learn to live exemplary lives. I've counseled with many of them personally, talked to them about God and His goodness. I've made friends. I believe God sent me here for a purpose. Christian ministry takes place elsewhere than in pulpits."

"In a personal sense, then, you see your coaching as a ministry?"

"Certainly. With all the rewards and with all the personal satisfaction."

"What about next year, Dale? You going to have a winning team?"

"Sure. It's going to be a different team. A number of my star players graduated. But we'll be a winning team, even if we lose. I try to teach all my boys to play like champions. And when you play like a champion, you're always a winner. That's how I believe you play the game."

Coaching . . .

Most of us have had some coaching ourselves . . . for the game of life . . .

And most of us still need the helping hand of fellow travelers, the Dale Richters of our world.

"Hang in there, Coach." □



Beware Those Self-Appointed Experts

by Henry N. Ferguson

It is said by those supposed to know about such things that the bumblebee cannot fly. But how happy the bumblebee is in his airborne ignorance.

And how fortunate for mankind that there are people who flout opinions of the experts in much the same manner as does the bumblebee. Such men, for example, as the late Henry Kaiser who thrived on the challenge of those in the know

when they predicted a certain idea was impossible to accomplish.

Actually, some of man's greatest achievements have been masterminded by persons who chose to ignore the advice of those quick to suggest disaster for a proposed undertaking.

There was that windswept fall day in 1910 when an awkward, shabbily dressed young songwriter, clutching a



I. N. Ferguson Photo

musical composition in nervous fingers, approached the director of the famous Broadway musical, the "Follies Bergere." The great one hurriedly scanned the proffered manuscript. He shook his head. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I would have no use for this song. I don't want to sound discouraging, but to tell you the truth, Mr. Berlin, I'm afraid you won't find anyone who will be interested in your 'Alexander's Ragtime Band.'" "

Few people have ever accomplished anything worthwhile without first being bombarded with dire prophecies of failure. Such discouragement is bad enough when it comes from well-meaning friends or members of the family. Predictions of failure can be crushing when delivered by

Never tell a person that anything cannot be done. God may have been waiting for centuries for somebody ignorant enough of the impossible to do that very thing.

JOHN ANDREWS HOLMS

persons who are recognized as experts in their field. But *the experts can be wrong, too*. Had Irving Berlin been content to accept the verdict of the producer that day, he would never have realized a quarter of a million dollars from his memorable song.

A great many persons have achieved desired goals by shrugging off wet blankets tossed at them by highly regarded authorities. When young Charlotte Bronte was just beginning to write, she sent first chapters of a novel to William Wordsworth, the poet laureate of England. Wordsworth bluntly stated he could not decide whether the author was a "notary's clerk or a demented seamstress." He lived to regret his words when Charlotte Bronte's *Jane Eyre* was hailed as the greatest novel of the century.

Through the whole history of critical advice runs a long list of monumental errors by experts.

In 1805, the famous critic, William Erskine, consented to read the first chapters of a novel called *Waverly*, written by a minor poet named Walter Scott. "Throw away the manuscript," advised the great man. "These chapters are eloquent of the fact that you can't write fiction."

Today the novels of Sir Walter Scott are recognized as some of the greatest in

literature. The modern tendency toward historical fiction may be traced largely to the influence of Scott's work.

Who says you must be a failure? Military authorities curtly rejected Claire Lee Chennault's first application to join the Air Force. The future commander of the famed Flying Tigers was turned down with the written comment: "Does not possess necessary qualifications to be a successful aviator."

In the early days of this nation, Timothy Dexter made a fortune ignoring experts and engaging in bizarre speculations that appeared absurd.

Apprenticed to the leather trade, Dexter managed to save up \$5,000 in "hard money"—gold and silver coins. At that time, 1788, post-Revolution paper money was almost worthless.

Late that year, ridiculous rumors reached financial centers in Philadelphia and New York. An illiterate tanner, Dexter, was offering hard money in exchange for Continental paper money. Bankers shipped Continental currency to Dexter by the barrel.

A few months later the federal government announced a plan for restoring the national credit. Paper currency soared in value and Dexter made a \$47,000 profit.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

Finally,



A Real Boys'

The idea has been around for a long time—there have even been some halfhearted efforts at implementing it in years gone by—but when officials of the General Youth and Christian Education Department met recently in what could be called something of a “think tank and planning operation,”

one got the distinct impression that this time the idea of a boys’ program is going to fly.

Lamar Vest, general director of the Youth and Christian Education Department, certainly believes time, circumstances, and a more obvious need for the program make chances for

success a near certainty.

“It should be pointed out, of course,” Lamar noted in this interview, “that the Church of God has not been altogether without boys’ programs. Many local churches sponsor such programs, ranging all the way from Boy Scouts to those put together by other

PROGRAM

denominations to ones which are totally autonomous. Up until this time, what we have lacked is a national boys' program sponsored, promoted and supervised by the general church.

"We're going to change that."

Why?

"First, because of the obvious need which exists in our church and in our communities. This need has come more to the forefront recently, in terms of national and church consciousness. The best way to say it, I suppose, is that boys need strong male images, role models in their lives, something which society offers less of today than ever before.

"Think about it for a moment. Note how much more likely it is for today's boy to grow up with little or no influence from strong, Christian males. Most boys' public school teachers, even in high school, are likely to be women. Sunday school teachers are usually women. A boy is likely to spend more time at



home with Mother than out with Dad, if for no other reason than the necessity of earning a living, and that says nothing whatever about the many broken homes where it is usually the father who is missing.

"Given these times, and considering such circumstances, is it any wonder delinquency and crime are on the increase among our boys? And should we be surprised to discover that many boys have little or no respect for authority, for the father image, or for that self-discipline needed to become productive citizens?"

Even back when he served as the assistant director of the Youth and Christian Education Department, Lamar Vest was

pursuing this idea. When he became the general director two years ago, a national boys' program became a real priority for him. He spent many hours investigating other programs. He acquainted himself with what other groups and churches are doing in this highly specialized field and he tabulated enough statistics and enough of the logistics of what it would take to develop and to launch such a program nationwide that he knew it would be an expensive and time-consuming project.

This led Lamar and the General Youth and Christian Education Board to enter into dialogue with a sister denomination for use of their program materials. Until spring of 1982, Lamar had every reason to believe such a cooperative program would be feasible. He and the department planned a fall launch for the General Assembly in Kansas City. Unfortunately, at the last moment, a snag developed in those plans.

Not one to be easily discouraged, Lamar laid his

dilemma before the Executive Committee. It was then agreed unanimously that funds would be made available for development of a total program, tailored precisely for the Church of God. That development is proceeding apace, with search already under way for a national director of the program, and with expectation that local chapters can be chartered by the fall of 1983.

Meanwhile, leadership materials are already being compiled. Within a few months, training programs for prospective leaders will be in operation on the local level. Lamar emphasizes that extensive training will be necessary for those who wish to become involved in this new program. He expects no difficulty, however, in locating dedicated laymen to give time for the care and training of boys.

The objectives of this boys' program will be broad, far more than the developing of some macho image, or some caricatured he-man marching off into the sunset. Lamar envisions a program tailored to the developing of the whole man. He plans to see that it has a spot for boys of varied



interests, for the outdoorsman but also for the musician, the artist, or the computer enthusiast.

"Our emphasis in this program will be on helping boys mature and become their best in whatever interests them most," Lamar says. "We are going to systematize steps by which boys can do that. We're going to concentrate on the physical, mental, emotional, and social development of our boys. Most of all, we're going to hammer away at spiritual truths which apply to every area of life, using practical Bible verses and healthy Christian fellowship."

Spelled out, some specific objectives of the program are: to develop in boys a proper concept of Christian masculinity; to highlight the importance of, and to give opportunity for better development of, the father-son relationship; to

systematically challenge and develop in boys the self-discipline necessary for becoming one's best; to discover and further develop in boys those leadership abilities which will allow them in turn to contribute more meaningfully to family, church and community.

As of this writing, a name for the program has not been fully decided upon. Neither does the department feel it wise to announce the precise organizational structure in terms of groups. That will come soon, maybe at the General Assembly.

Should you have a suggestion, I'm sure the Youth and Christian Education Department would be happy to hear from you.

Most of all, remember the department leaders and the steering committee in your prayers. In terms of the future, this could well be one of the most important projects of the decade. □



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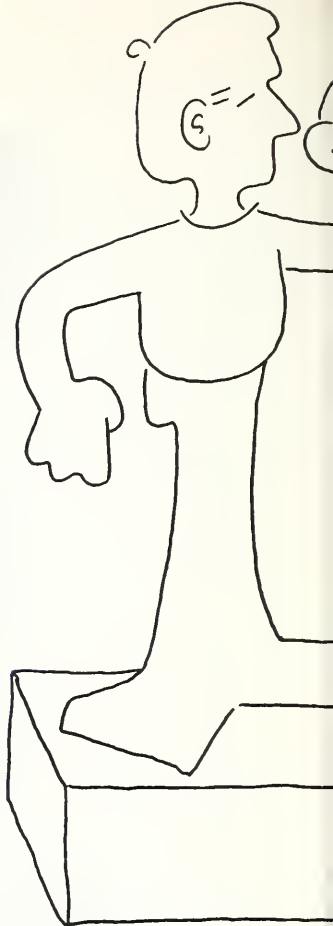
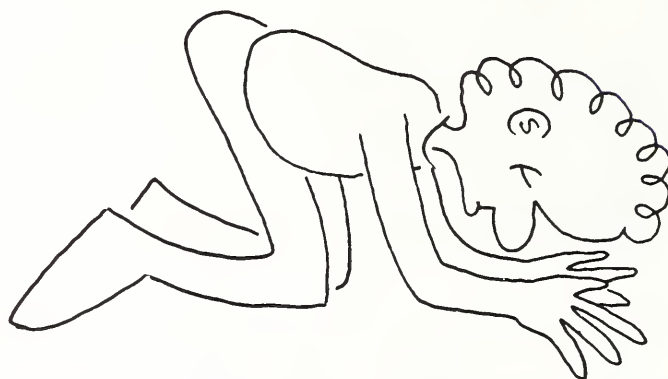
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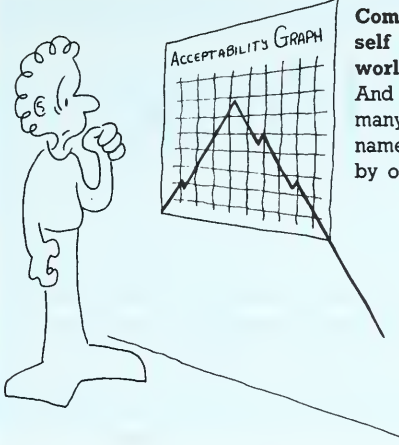
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“DON'T SELL YOURSELF SHORT.”

HOW TO HAVE A POOR SELF-IMAGE:




A Guide to Being Your Own Worst



Compare yourself to the world's standards. And count your many defects, name them one by one.

I AM/HAVE...

| | |
|-------------------|---------------|
| TOO TALL/SMALL | UNCOORDINATED |
| TOO FAT/SKINNY | BAD VOICE |
| UGLY | BIG FEET |
| BIG EARS | FAT NOSE |
| FUNNY SHAPED LEGS | SCARS |
| BAD TEETH | DEFORMED |
| ACNE | ALL THE ABOVE |




Get high on self put-downs. Detail where you aren't up to snuff. Criticize, cut, and enjoy the way you bleed.

Buy without question the world's view that good looks, talent, and abilities automatically mean more success, popularity, and happiness. Forget that is idolatry.




Aggravate your frustration by trying to look right—sensual, well built, perfectly dressed. If you aren't successful, you'll at least help the economy grow.

nemy, by Larry E. Neagle



YOU REALLY BLEW IT WITH ME, GOD
THANKS FOR NOTHING!

Blame God. After all, He made you. Check the guarantee. If you've been shortchanged, it must be His fault.



ROMANS 5:8
JOHN 3:16
GALATIANS 4:4-7
II CORINTHIANS 5:17

Never, never, never admit to yourself that in spite of it all—physical deformity to sin and blasphemy—God has loved, redeemed, adopted, and recreated you in Christ. It will ruin your whole self-image.

© LARRY E. NEAGLE

Belief Is a Soft Pink Color

by Kay King

My younger sister lived through a horror story last year. But the real miracle is how she lived because of it. The beginning of the story is hard to find but the last scene took place in an apartment near a college campus.

The door to the dark bedroom opened slightly and Pam wanted to scream but instead concentrated hard on taking a few shallow breaths before the next attacker forced a soiled pillow over her face and held it there. . . .

Fear finally gave way to welcome numbness as the slender university student started losing consciousness again. A single lucid thought stayed with her during the whole ordeal: she believed in no one and in nothing, just the cocaine and blackness that took away pain for a while.

In the hospital the next day Pam remembered fragments to tell investigating policemen about the party the night before. Eight "friends" had given her massive doses of the hard drug—and several hours of terror she couldn't forget. She didn't know how or when she had regained consciousness and called home.

More questions and embarrassment and medication trapped Pam in a nightmare and there was no escape in sight. At every turn her mind tried to run, but there was no place to hide from what had happened.

When she was alone Pam closed her eyes and tried to forget how tired she felt. Then, somewhere at the edge of relaxation a laughing, tanned girl of seven or eight skipped through a dream and furnished the first gladness Pam had known in a long time. It was easy to recognize the happy child as herself, and Pam replayed scenes of hide-and-peek with Grandpa near the high clefts of rock overhanging the riverbanks near their home. Always when the chase ended Pam let the aged man find her and lift her onto his lap for a rest.

From their cane-bottom chair Grandpa and Pam romped across pages of adventures with Uncle Wiggly and Nurse Jane as they outwitted but barely escaped the Skillery-Skallery Alligator.

Pam's dream snuggled her even more securely into Grandpa's long arms and she leaned contentedly against his chest. If she stayed still long enough, the little girl reasoned, he might tell her a story.

Sure enough, before she could ask, she heard Grandpa begin.

"See this?" He scooped up a perfectly round seed from the ground and dropped it into Pam's hand.

"Not much to look at, is it? Nothing but an ordinary black seed."

For a time he was quiet but Pam was certain there would be more.

"If you and I plant it, we can believe to see something like *this* someday," the old man nodded and reached up to pick a soft, lacy, pink bloom from the crepe myrtle near the porch.

A nurse with another tray of medication ended Pam's carefree dream but the drowsy patient turned her face away in an effort to hide tears and avoid further conversation.

Grandpa must have prayed a lot back then—he believed in that. Why didn't any of his prayers work for me?

Bitterness brought more heaviness and finally Pam gave in to the impulse to cry. It felt good to stop fighting.

Before she drifted back into sleep Pam tried to recall the beginning of the trouble that had tripped her so often. Obviously there would be no end to it, she decided, but where had it begun?

Junior high days and the dread of always feeling different, of being without a friend. Loneliness and the desperate but carefully hidden desire to be accepted.

High school and distrust. Defiance and fear of being hurt. A twisted self-defense of rejecting everyone else first. Rebellion. Experiments with alcohol. Escape—but always the painful return. Determination to hide and not be found.

College and reckless intellectual detours from realism—and breakdowns. Gambling with hard drugs. Independence. Parties. Resentment. Hatred. Living for now because nothing more existed. Not even this Christ—the Lord, as Grandpa had called Him. God, maybe. An invention of the mind, probably. If He had ever lived, now He was nothing more than a philosophy to satisfy some people's need to believe in something.

No answer seemed an answer in itself. Pam's emotions swung like a pendulum from a desire to live to a strong desire to die. Somewhere between, she reached for more drugs—they were like imaginary black crayons, marking out memories that generated hatred inside.

Later that week, though, Pam dialed the phone and deliberately reached into the past and the future that she had tried to erase. Eddie answered on the first ring and he sounded good. She could trust him because he understood. For years they had lived in the same world of drugs and neither of them wanted out. He had helped her through some hard times; maybe he could help now.

Eddie was kind to listen, as she had expected, while she confided in him without voicing emotion. Then surprisingly, at the end of their conversation, he told her to be ready at seven. They were going to a prayer meeting.

On the way to church Eddie shouted bits and pieces of information loudly enough to overcome the motorcycle's powerfully roaring engine. But his information only created questions. For years they had shared drugs and parties and alcohol. What was this new thing about church?

Inside the building people acted as if they were at home. They laughed and hugged and sang and prayed; they listened and smiled and knelt.

How long had it been since she had been in church? Pam couldn't remember the last time. The pastor talked about Jesus, His life and His love, then added that Jesus is *now*. Pam admitted to herself that this man's words carried an indescribable ring of truth and she found herself wanting to believe them.

For a few minutes my sister forgot about the

people around her. From the back of the church I saw her kneel near the altar with several others. Pam began to cry and ask God to forgive those who had harmed her exactly a week before. These thoughts of forgiveness and anticipation were new to her but they made her feel protected—safe.

“. . . and Jesus does love you, . . . gave His life for you. He is here, walking among us. There is someone who needs to believe on Him and accept Him at this time,” the pastor continued.

Not thoughts but a *person*? *Jesus, choosing her*? It was too much to hope for but Pam decided to take the risk and believe. What did she have to lose?

Slowly but with unstoppable determination Pam stood, moved toward the pastor, and told him she had decided to receive this Christ he talked about. He asked her some questions, then handed her the microphone. In a quiet but confident voice Pam made her announcement to the crowded congregation.

“Jesus lives and He lives in me. He is clean and so I am clean. He is free and He has made me free. And new. I am clean and I am alive in Him. I forgive because He forgives. . . .”

Last month I stood beside Pam at that same altar, this time to hear her repeat marriage vows with Mike, a young man who loves her and encourages her faith in Christ. Bride and groom wore white and the floral decorations were simple—two small crepe myrtle trees on either side of the wedding party.

The sanctuary was full of people and their praise; as the minister read from the Old Testament it seemed that reverence might not be contained by those who witnessed the marriage.

So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please. . . .

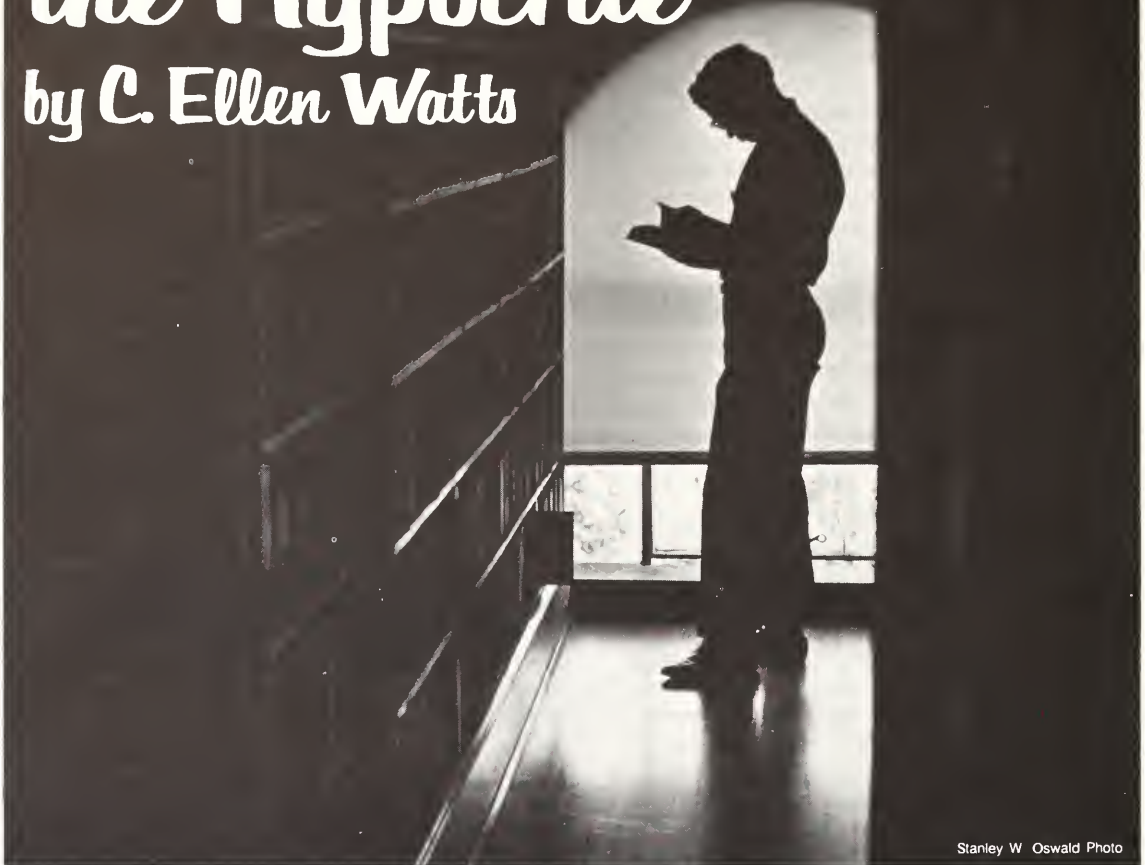
Instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off (Isaiah 55:11, 13).

Maybe the joy that evening was never meant to be confined to earth. Just for a second or two I imagined I could see far higher than the balcony to where Grandpa, in his reserved place, smiled down at his granddaughter as she stood between the two flowering trees.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

Dumb Dennis and the Hypocrite

by C. Ellen Watts



Stanley W. Oswald Photo

Josie liked the quiet sounds of the school first thing in the morning. *Maybe I'll be a teacher*, she thought, as she creaked up the steps. Sunlight whisked over the faded gold walls as the door opened and shut below her.

"Hi," said a voice.

Dumb Dennis, popped unbidden into Josie's mind. She wasn't unkind. It was what they called "the puny boy in thick glasses." Her hand left the banister in a backhanded wave. Dennis would probably soon grow out of his misery.

Upstairs, Mrs. Cohrman was diagraming a sentence, her bright sleeves dragging in the chalk dust.

"Good morning, Josie. I don't know what I'd do without you, Dear. You may grade these papers. That's right, Dear—red for incorrect, blue for . . ."

Mrs. Cohrman was like a chirpy little bird, though there was nothing frivolous about being chosen to assist her. For Josie, it had meant consistently good grades, a cheerful adherence to rules, and being nice to everyone (Mrs. Cohrman was an absolute nut about that).

At 8:55, Josie placed the papers on the desk and marked attendance.

Mrs. Cohrman patted her shoulder. "Thank you, Dear. Now run along to class."

Except for latecomers, the hall was deserted. Josie hurried, too. She tried never to abuse her right to be tardy. As she approached the stairs, she heard the thump and splat of open books and the unmistakable clatter of someone falling downstairs. Loud laughter accompanied a rush of footsteps, and four boys appeared.

"What happened?" Josie asked.

One of the boys gasped, "Dumb Dennis! You should've seen 'im. . ." The rest was lost in a fit of laughter.

Dennis sat among scattered books and papers. Retrieving his glasses, he smiled uncertainly at Josie.

Josie murmured, "Sorry," then hurried on.

At noon there was no escaping the fact that Dennis was being picked on. As he threaded his way between crowded tables, with tray held high, a tall basketball player half stood, bumping Dennis' tray with his head.

"Watch where you're going!" he growled.

Peaches slithered down a girl's back. She screeched, "If my sweater's ruined, you'll pay for it!"

Dennis blinked. "Yes, of course."

Someone kicked the peaches under the table. Guarding his tray, Dennis moved on.

"We don't bite—sit," said a boy near Josie. Dennis sat.

As he lifted his hamburger, a girl stood and announced, "I forgot a straw." Passing behind Dennis, she swooped up his carton and poured milk over his bun. "Oops—you don't have one to loan," she remarked, while those who saw laughed.

"I'd trip her," advised the boy who had offered the chair.

Dennis shook his head. "I couldn't do that."

Watching, Josie turned to her friend Paula. "I feel sorry for some of these kids—the way they're treated."

"Me too—but what can we do?"

"That's just it—what can we do?" Josie echoed.

"I guess they'll just have to learn."

Learn what? That being bullied is an acceptable part of not being very attractive?

Josie remained briefly after school to help Mrs. Cohan. When she'd finished, Amy, who lived in her neighborhood, was waiting.

As they walked along, Amy pointed. "Look—there's Dumb Dennis. He left hours ago!"

"School's only been out for twenty-five minutes," Josie told her.

"That long to walk a block?" Josie heard, while ahead she could see Dennis' jacket had been torn and his trousers muddied. Beyond him was a group of rowdy boys.

"Poor Dumb Dennis," Amy mourned.

Josie often took the lead in suggesting what was right. "Please, don't call him that," she said. "He can't help his looks."

"I know," Amy replied quickly.

They caught up with Dennis. "Hi, how's it going?" Josie asked, making sure Dennis was left more than his share of the sidewalk as they passed.

But after she'd said goodbye to Amy, Josie knew two feet of cement and an occasional smile was not enough.

The next morning as Josie arrived at school, a car driven by a grim-faced Mr. Miller stopped at the curb.

"Hi, Dennis. They letting juveniles assist teachers now?"

Dennis' scared breathing sounded an awful lot like the rasp of Josie's denim book bag.

"Just joking," she said. Then, "I know why you come to school early and I'm sorry." As they walked along together, she touched his arm. "I go to a neat church. The kids there would be nice to you."

Dennis' eyes looked weird through the thick lenses. He said, "Thanks, but I have trouble enough without freaks."

"Church doesn't make you a freak."

"That's what they call Christian kids."

Josie smiled. "I guess you're right."

"They pick on them, too. I don't need anymore hassling," Dennis said, ruefully displaying the neatly mended tear in his jacket.

"They've never bothered me," Josie said softly.

Dennis blinked. "I didn't know you were one."

Josie could think of no reply.

Ironically, after that, Josie often found herself among the onlookers when Dennis was being badgered.

The day the Sunday school lesson was on "Kindness as Jesus Saw It," Josie decided to ask for advice.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

Update

DIRTY TV



According to a recent issue of Christianity Today, pornography is expected to come into more homes as cable TV and home video players gain in popularity. One TV industry magazine estimates that two thirds of the multimillion dollars' worth of prerecorded video tapes sold will be X-rated. Pornography on cable TV is expected to be the big money-maker in the eighties.

For many Evangelical Christians, TV has been an acceptable alternative to the movie theater, as long as the persons watching were careful in program selection. However, recent surveys reveal that Christians are watching what everyone else is watching on TV. There is no selectivity in many Christian homes. The problem has been serious but with the arrival of X-rated TV it must be viewed as acute.

Pornography is dangerous. In many cases pornography has been determined as the root cause of child abuse. Rapists have been motivated to action after viewing a dirty film. Pornography takes something that God created good and beautiful and perverts it into something dirty and ugly.

Let me share some guidelines for young TV watchers (adults, too, for that matter):

1. Be selective in what you watch on TV. Never watch just because there is nothing else to do.
2. Watch one or two programs in an evening. Do not become a marathon TV viewer, watching hours of programs at a time.
3. Let evenings pass without turning the TV on. Play games, read a book, or go for a walk.
4. Never watch TV during family meals.
5. Evaluate each program. Will watching this program help me to grow spiritually? Are there principles being presented that are contrary to God's ways? How did this program help me?
6. Keep a daily log of the TV programs you watch. This will help you to determine the hours you spend watching TV during the week.
7. Never stay away from a church service because of a special TV program. Don't allow TV to govern your life.
8. Never allow your curiosity to get the best of you. It will not hurt your development if you never see a dirty movie. God wants us to be ignorant of sin.

Guard your eyes, your mind and your soul. Dirty TV is here, and there is more to come. □

W.A. Davis

*Assistant General Director of
Youth and Christian Education*

BEWARE THOSE SELF-APPOINTED EXPERTS

Continued from page 9

Dexter's next venture was even more speculative. In spite of the raucous gibes from astute friends, he shipped thousands of bed-warming pans to the tropical West Indies. How could they possibly find a use for such pans in the tropics? Dexter simply persuaded sugarcane planters to buy them for dipping syrup from kettles.

The "experts" have been with us always. In 1490 Queen Isabella and King Ferdinand of Spain commissioned a royal committee to look into the scheme of Christopher Columbus for finding a new and shorter route to the fabled Indies.

The committee, an impressive panel of experts headed by Spain's leading geographer and scholar, examined Columbus' plans and presented its findings to the court.

Columbus' plan, they wrote, could not be accomplished. Quite impossible.

Fortunately, Isabella, Ferdinand and—most important—Columbus himself were not convinced.

The pages of history abound with tales of experts who said certain things positively could not be done. They were proved wrong.

For example, one of America's influential scientific journalists once wrote, "Time and money is being wasted on aircraft experimentation." One week later, on a bumpy field at a place called Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, the Wright brothers taxied their crackpot idea down a homemade runway

and launched the human race into the air.

Ironically, Orville Wright himself later fell victim to the it-can't-be-done syndrome. In 1914 he said it was impossible for a passenger-carrying plane to fly across the Atlantic Ocean. "No plane," reported the expert, "could carry enough fuel for such a flight."

An expert is adept at realizing the difficulties within the field he knows, but few are capable of offering competent advice in situations outside that field. Seldom does this prevent him from trying, however.

Thomas Edison is a good example. No one could ever accuse Edison of narrow vision or limited imagination. Yet Edison roared with laughter when he heard that a Swedish inventor was working to perfect a sun valve that would automatically turn on lighthouse beacons when darkness fell, and would turn them back off at sunrise.

"Impossible!" scoffed the wizard of Menlo Park. But Gustaf Dalen ignored Edison's verdict. By 1912 his sun valve was being installed in lighthouses all over the world, and he had won the contract to light the Panama Canal.

Edison is on record another time as an expert whose advice proved worthless. It was his considered opinion that talking pictures would never catch on.


"Nobody," Edison said, "would pay to listen to sounds coming from a screen."

On still another occasion Edison attempted to persuade Henry Ford to abandon his work on the fledgling idea of the motorcar: "It's a worthless

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

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YOUTH NEWS TO NOTE

Compiled by **SONJIA LEE HUNT**,
Editorial Assistant General Department of Youth and Christian Education

SIBLING RIVALRY

New York—Jealousy among brothers and sisters is common, but according to *Seventeen* magazine, "Growing up is no guarantee that you'll outgrow sibling rivalry." Dr. Maury Lacher, a clinical psychologist and director of counseling services at Vassar College, stated in the *Seventeen* article, "I know people in their sixties and seventies who are still jealous of their brothers and sisters, people who feel their entire lives might have been different if only their parents had loved them more."

According to the magazine, "A crucial step . . . in escaping from such jealousy is to admit you feel it and try to understand why." Since brothers and sisters continue to be a part of your life, the sooner you overcome the problem the more you'll benefit from this special relationship. (*Chattanooga News-Free Press*)

* * * *

1. Do you ever feel jealous toward your brothers or sisters?
2. The *Seventeen* article said jealousy is an immature response and is a symptom of insecurity. Do you agree?
3. Find Scripture verses on jealousy and envy. How do these apply to your life?

VICTIM-OFFENDER RECONCILIATION

Significant public interest is being focused upon Victim-Offender Reconciliation Programs, which began in 1975 in Elkhart, Indiana. In this program, and others which have sprung from it, the victim of a crime is given the rare opportunity of confronting the person who violated him. In a face-to-face meeting in the presence of a trained community facilitator, the victim may express his feelings concerning the crime. As well as helping the victim to work through some of his trauma, the program purposes to help the victim and offender to work out an alternative to jail for certain property-related offenses. In virtually all of these efforts, local congregations and individual Christians have been active in developing the programs. (*Christianity Today*, April 9, 1982)

* * * *

1. What are some benefits of this type program to society as a whole and to the individual (victim and offender)?
2. For the Christian, this program offers a good opportunity for practicing forgiveness. Could you forgive someone who broke into your home or stole your car?
3. Would this program work other than on a volunteer basis in a largely unchristian population?

HOME BIBLE STUDY ILLEGAL

Within the last two years, reports *Liberty Magazine* in its March-April 1982 issue, citizens in several cities of the United States have received local government opposition to home Bible studies. In 1980, Mayor Tom Bradley of Los Angeles stated that "a Bible study would not be a permissible use in a single family residential area . . . since this would be considered a church activity." In a town near Boston, the building commission notified a clergyman that inviting more than four people to his home for a Bible study was a violation of the Home Occupation Ordinance. In Atlanta, a zoning official stated that any kind of regular home Bible study that includes nonresidents is illegal without a special-use permit. Similar incidents in other cities were also cited. (*Liberty Magazine*)



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BEWARE THOSE SELF-APPOINTED EXPERTS

Continued from page 21

idea," he warned young Ford. "Come and work for me and do something really worthwhile."

Experts who proclaim "it can't be done," often have to swallow their own words. Such a statement changed one man's life completely.

"You can't even spell your own name. How could you write a book?" a friend taunted ninth-grade dropout Joe Masiello. It was just the impetus Joe needed. He wrote a novel and sold it for nearly \$200,000.

Masiello's life took an abrupt turn in 1976 when he and five buddies saw the movie *The Friends of Eddie Coyle*. Masiello didn't like the movie, and said so. In fact, he insisted he could write a better story. "I was just bragging," he admits. "But my friends offered me \$1,000 each if I would write a book."

Masiello bought a typewriter for \$150 and took time off from his job. Eight weeks later he presented his dumbfounded friends with a manuscript, "Family Trouble," a story about two organized crime families.

They liked it and congratulated him on his success—they also paid him \$1,000 each. Joe then succeeded in getting his manuscript published by Pocket Books, receiving a \$50,000 advance. Then he sold the movie rights for \$145,000. Since then he has written two screenplays and is now a full-time writer.

"The big lesson from my

experience is that no one should ever listen to those who claim 'it can't be done,'" explains the young Bostonian. "Too many people just give up in life. If they would only try, they would find they are a lot more capable than they think they are."

When someone is convinced that a certain thing just can't be done, he will often cling to that conviction in the face of the most obvious contradiction.

At the time Robert Fulton gave the first public demonstration of his steamboat, one of those "can't be done" fellows stood in the crowd along the shore repeating, "He can't start her!"

There was a belch of steam and smoke and the steamboat began slowly to move. Startled, the man stared for a moment and then began shouting, "He can't stop her!"

The self-appointed expert has been confusing things for a long time. Some two thousand years ago Aesop, the Greek slave, offered what is probably the best comment—and the best put-down of these narrow-gauge visionaries. Once, he relates, a legislative group of mice from a certain tribe held a council to determine what they should do about a voracious cat. Finally one young mouse—an amateur expert, no doubt—came up with a proposal that they put a bell around the cat's neck, thus providing the mice with an early-warning system. But with their tunnel vision, none of the assembled specialists thought of the most crucial question until an old gray mouse asked to be heard. "Who," he asked quietly, "will put the bell around the cat's neck?"

No matter how well informed he may be, no person can make an entirely accurate estimate of your chance for success in any undertaking. Success depends a lot upon eager optimism and steadfast determination.

Don't pay too much attention to Gloomy Gus, whether he's a close friend or an eminent authority who assures that you are doomed to failure.

If your very best is put into an attempt to reach your goal, who says you can't make it?

BELIEF IS A SOFT PINK COLOR

Continued from page 17

"I told you, Honey . . . remember? Like the little black seed that had to die before it could live? Remember our story, Pam? I believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. We must all believe to see. You do believe, don't you?"

Soft pink flowers from the bridal bouquet reflected a lovely special-order aura as Pam's whispered words reached Mike, the minister, all the way to heaven—and Grandpa.

"I do!"

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Books

MENDER OF BROKEN HEARTS

by Conrad M. Thompson

Underneath the happy, smiling faces of many people is the cry of a wounded heart—a recent sorrow, a broken romance, a serious illness, the loss of a job, money problems, mental stress. "Our hearts and minds," says Dr. Thompson, "need healing and mending from the Lord."

Mender of Broken Hearts is your invitation to the forgiving, healing love of Jesus Christ.

Comfort, hope, and strength are offered in these inspiring meditations. Practical suggestions for listening to God's Word, communicating in prayer, and waiting on the Lord will help you renew your strength in times of trouble.

Conrad M. Thompson has preached to millions. He has served his church in many capacities: as director of evangelism, pastor of churches in South Dakota and Minnesota, and author of numerous books and articles. (Augsburg Publishing House, Minneapolis, MN)

TOO CLOSE, TOO SOON

by Jim A. Talley and Bobbie Reed

Too Close, Too Soon is a plainspoken, practical, and experience-tested guide for developing quality interpersonal relationships and for avoiding the loneliness, rejection, and heartbreak of premature intimacy.

"Relationships which progress too quickly through the various stages of intimacy are not strong enough to endure the inevitable confrontations over conflicting needs and desires. Yet in today's world of instant gratification, many single adults do not give relationships time to grow."

Single adults who find themselves caught up in a dissatisfying, stressful male-female relationship—and those who want to avoid such destructive relationships—will welcome the practical guidelines in this book. Jim Talley and Bobbie Reed emphasize the need for controlling relationships by closely guarding the time spent together and by focusing on Christ.

Too Close, Too Soon outlines simple, practical, and thought-provoking steps of action for guiding relationships between men and women toward significant, lasting unions. (Thomas Nelson Publishers, Nashville, TN; paperback, \$4.95)

THE POWER OF PRAYER

by Herbert Lockyer

Herbert Lockyer examines biblical injunctions for prayer and emerges with clearly defined laws for tapping and releasing the powerful divine forces available through prayer.

Whenever the saints prayed, something happened. And Dr. Lockyer gives thrilling examples of God's answers to their prayers: when Hezekiah prayed, 185,000 Assyrians were slain; when George Whitfield prayed, a thousand souls were saved in one day; when Hudson Taylor prayed, inland China was evangelized.

"Prayers that shake heaven, confound hell, compel the world to turn to God are not the short, heartless, insipid prayers we are content with now," says Dr. Lockyer. "The early church was so dynamic in her witness. Why? She lived on her knees. The church was born in a prayer meeting; and living in such an atmosphere, she turned the world upside down."

Dr. Lockyer's detailed biblical research on the subject of prayer will guide, instruct, and inspire anyone with a deep desire to learn how to pray more effectively. (Thomas Nelson Publishers, Nashville, TN; paperback, \$3.95)


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DUMB DENNIS AND THE HYPOCRITE

Continued from page 19

As Mr. Tanner read the story of the good Samaritan, Josie yawned. Help the hungry, the handicapped, the helpless.

"The story's familiar," the teacher said, "so let's ask God to show us something new."

Josie yawned again.

Following prayer, Mr. Tanner suggested, "Let's make real people out of these characters. We'll start with the guy who was robbed. The Bible simply calls him 'a certain man'—though we might assume he was a Jew since he hailed from Jerusalem. So he could be a family member, a neighbor—anyone who, at your point of contact, seems to be a loser . . ."

Dumb Dennis.

"I'll give you a moment to think—all right? Have each of you placed a real character in the ditch—someone who's hurting, been rejected, robbed of self-respect, lost a personal battle?"

Josie's mind scrambled for another name. But Dennis it was, with his blinking round eyes and the jacket with its neatly mended sleeve.

Mr. Tanner smiled. "Let's not be too personal concerning these next two characters, but do give them real characteristics. Obviously both the priest and the Levite were associated with the church—leaders, actually—so why would they act this way?"

"My 'priest,'" said a boy, "is pastor of a large church—very dignified, extremely busy, always in a hurry, hung up on religious duties. He saw the

guy, but didn't really see him. You know what I mean?"

"Was Jesus ever that preoccupied?"

"No, never. Not me; when I get really into something I could walk right by my best friend."

"I've been thinking about that Levite," a girl volunteered. "Here's this guy—a genuine Christian—who says, 'Hey, I'm really sorry.' But he doesn't have a first-aid kit, and he's almost late for a youth meeting. There really isn't anything he can do."

"Or maybe he said, 'This would never have happened if you'da' been in church.'"

"I think any religious person would at least have spoken kindly."

Josie imagined the whole class could hear her heart thud. She wanted to put her hands over her ears and run.

"That pretty well sums up a modern version of the priest and Levite. Now let's take a look at the Samaritan."

"Wait!" Josie said, "I . . . I'm not quite done with that Levite!"

The class laughed; but they gave her their attention.

"I've been one super crumb of a Levite," she began. "There's this boy at school—nothing wrong with him, except that he's not much to look at. But the kids really pick on him. Not fun stuff. Mean things." She brushed away tears. "I'm nice to him. I smile. I speak. I even invited him to church. But he's still in the ditch. Does that sound crazy?"

"No, Josie, it doesn't," Mr. Tanner replied. He glanced around the circle. "How many of you can identify with what

Josie's saying. Do you personally know someone like this boy?"

As several nodded, Josie said, "I don't want him to be in the ditch. And I know Jesus would have loved him regardless—and He'd have done something! But I don't know what more to do."

"Let's talk about it," Mr. Tanner suggested.

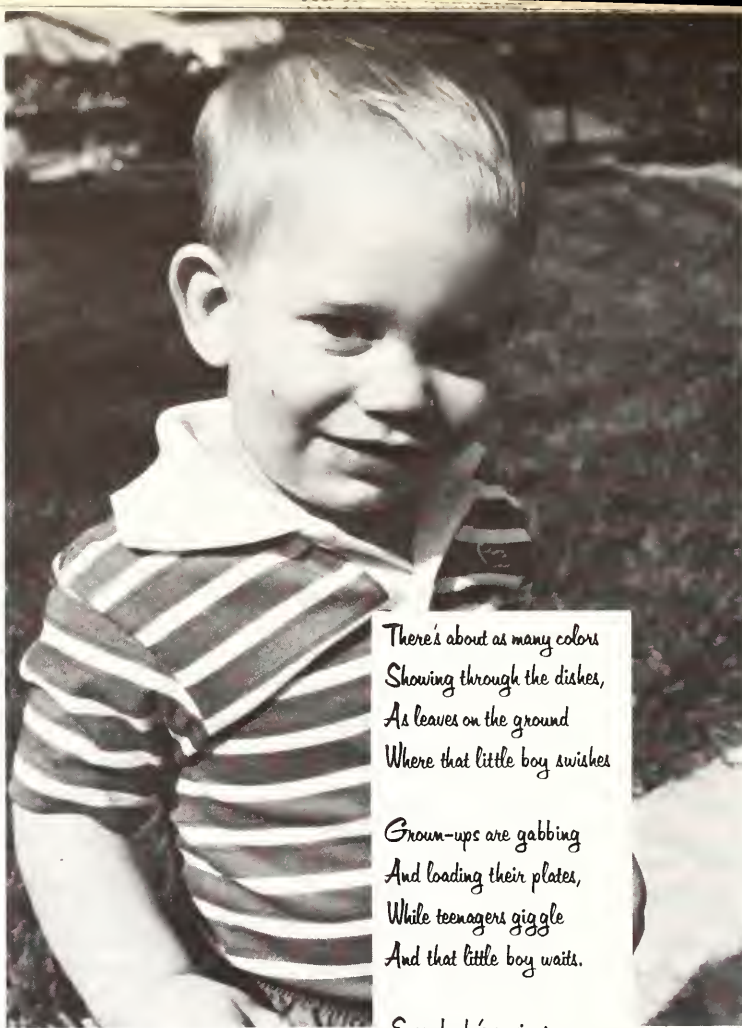
Josie felt better as she listened for ideas she thought might work in her school. One was to enlist the help of the teachers (Mrs. Cohrman with her policy of fair treatment for all would be a good place to begin). Another suggestion was the use of special films or assembly speakers. The plan Josie liked best, however, was so simple she wondered why she hadn't thought of it herself. That afternoon she began putting feet to it by calling her best friend.

"You know how the kids treat Dennis? Paula, I've found a way to help him, but it'll take all of us Christian kids working together.

"If two or more of us could stay with Dennis wherever he goes the hecklers would realize he's part of a group and they might lay off. What do you think?"

It might not work. Dennis could even reject their help. But Jesus never said if the man in the ditch lived or died. What He did say was that the good Samaritan had done all he possibly could to help him (Luke 10:25-37). □

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Dinner on the Ground

by Van Henderson

There's about as many colors
Showing through the dishes,
As leaves on the ground
Where that little boy swishes

Grown-ups are gabbing
And loading their plates,
While teenagers giggle
And that little boy waits.

Everybody's anxious,
Licking their lips,
Shuffling their feet,
Exchanging quick quips.

The little boy moves in,
Reaches up above his head,
Grabs a drink from the table,
Goes and sits on "his" ledge.

He's a two-year-old,
Manhood-bound,
Greasy-fingered veteran
Of a "dinner on the ground."



Your allotted days.
Where you are going and what you plan to do with your life. Your one and only life.

This isn't an easy subject. You probably find it more tempting to dwell on Saturday night's date, the summer job, or why you can't have more spending money.

Did you hear about Aleksandri Solzhenitsyn? The Russian dissident, writer, and social philosopher? He now lives in the United States and some find his sharp social criticisms disconcerting. Solzhenitsyn insists on being his own man here just as much as when he lived in the Soviet Union.

Recently, President Ronald Reagan invited Solzhenitsyn to be a special guest at the White House, along with a number of other dissidents.

"No, thank you."

What Solzhenitsyn said to the President went something like this: "I have but a limited number of days on this earth

Something to Think About This

SUMMER

and no time for mere social gestures. If and when you wish to sit down and talk seriously, on important subjects, I'll be happy to come."

There may have been something snobbish—certainly it was poor taste—in Solzhenitsyn's snubbing of our President; but, at the same time, I admire his sense of commitment, his feeling that he must use his days well.

So must you.

And how blessed you will be if you learn the truth now, while young.

There will always be minor subjects vying for your mind. Down every path you walk, you will find roadside stands filled with hawkers of merchandise unworthy of your attention. Frivolous matters can overwhelm you. Friends may

prove vain. Best-laid plans may fall apart.

Such is the nitty-gritty of life. The reality.

It is you who must decipher the code . . . who must decide the path . . . who must choose the values.

There's no point in being snobbish. You need not insult or belittle your friends. But those who love you will appreciate you all the more when you inventory the situation and announce: "No thank you."

"It's time for me to get on with the serious business of living.

"God and I have plans." □

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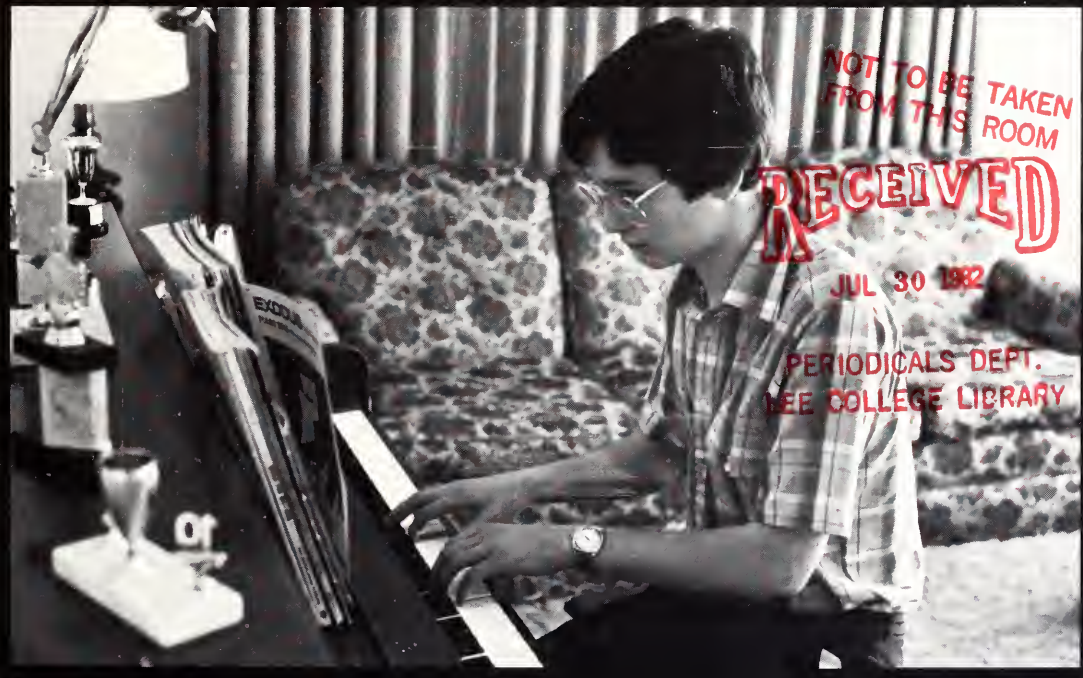
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Guiding Youth 50¢

MARK PALMER.

Off to the Ivy League

Chris Moree Photo



LIGHTED PATHWAY

Guiding Youth

August, 1982

Volume 53, Number 8

THIS MONTH

Betty Klaas gives us an interesting glimpse at a personality trait often misunderstood. We think her argument for honest, open relationships is well stated. Cliburn's "Cover Girl" also presents an interesting twist. If you are heading for Kansas City (or if you'd like to be), don't miss our update.

Hoyt E. Stone



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Chris Moree Photo

MARK PALMER.

Off to the Ivy League

When Nat King Cole's lazy, hazy, crazy days of summer cool off this year in Dearborn, Michigan, Mark Palmer will be off to Princeton, there to find out if he can really cut it among the Ivy League's best.

A lot of people, including Mark's pastor, the Reverend Norman Hamby, believe Mark has what it takes.

On June 17, Mark graduated as valedictorian of his high school class. Mark plans to major in chemistry. He's an only child to George and Helen Palmer, having graduated from Dearborn

High with a 4.0 grade point average. Although Mark has chosen Princeton, he was also accepted and designated a national scholar by Harvard and Cornell.

During the past year, while still in high school, Mark did chemistry research at the University of Michigan-Dearborn, working with Dr. Craig J. Donahue in a study of dithio- and—monothiocarbamate tungsten (IV) complexes, from which the two hope to publish a paper during the coming year.

Born December 13, 1963, Mark grew up in



Reverend Norman Hamby and Mark



Chris Moree Photos

Dearborn where his father is employed as an accountant with the General Motors Acceptance Corporation and his mother as a sales clerk for Fairlane Florist.

Church home for the Palmer family has been the Dearborn Church of God. George has served as Sunday school superintendent, a member of the Board of Christian Education, and on the Pastor's Council. Helen has served as teacher and as secretary for the Primary Department. Mark has been a member of the church choir and youth group. He plays the piano and the trumpet, has participated in Teen Talent up to state level, has served as an assistant Sunday school teacher, and is presently working on a bus route.

"Over the years, the church has been extremely important to me," Mark says. "I have always been able to depend on my church and its members for moral and spiritual support. There are times when we all need such support. The church has never failed me."

Mark's extracurricular high school activities have revolved primarily around music. He has played



with the marching band, the symphonic band, and the orchestra at Dearborn High; also with the Michigan Youth Symphony, an orchestra which is run by the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor.

For Mark, highlights of his high school years included two opportunities to tour abroad. In 1979 Mark toured Scandinavia with Dr. Leonard Falcone, professor emeritus at Michigan State University, as a member of the Blue Lake Fine



Arts Camp International Band. In 1980 he toured central Europe with Dr. Russell Reed, director of orchestras at Eastern Michigan University as a member of the Blue Lake Fine Arts Camp International Youth Symphony. During these tours Mark was guest in sixteen homes. He learned the difficulty and the importance of communicating across cultural, social, and language barriers. "It can be done," Mark says. "If you really care, and love."

Significantly, Mark gives credit to his parents for making these two tours possible. He notes the trips were maturing experiences, creating more sensitivity in his feelings for other people and giving him greater desire to witness and be a blessing.

In terms of career plans and life objective, Mark hopes to become a professor of chemistry. "I enjoy teaching and helping others," he says, "and I believe there's a place where I can blend my love for chemistry and my witness for Christ. It seems to me that college years are important and that we need Christian witnesses to the grace and

goodness of God through Christ. As I visualize it at the moment, that would be the most important goal of my life."

During a weekend visit to Dearborn, Christopher Moree of our World Missions Department interviewed Mark, asking him specifically how he felt about going to the campus of a school like Princeton.

"Well . . . first of all . . . I find it a bit intimidating," Mark said. "I have visited the campus already and attended an Alumni dinner where a speaker told of other students admitted to Princeton this fall. One young man is considered the best high-school track star in the United States. Others have already served internships with the U.S. Congress. These are impressive credentials and I know the competition will be keen in every class.

"However, I also find the idea tremendously challenging. I see Princeton as an environment in which I will be forced to do my best, to reach my fullest potential. Most people need a challenge to fully develop. I'm no different. I'll be trusting God to help me do my best." □

MARK PALMER

Participation in Service Organizations and Clubs

National Honor Society—President

Science Club—Co-founder, treasurer, president

Orchestra Winds—First trumpet

Pit orchestra—First trumpet

Jazz band—First trumpet

Michigan Youth Symphony—Principal trumpet

Achievements in the Arts and Sciences

The Rensselaer Medal

An American Chemical Society Award for outstanding achievement in chemistry

Detroit Edison Outstanding Science Student Award

National Merit Scholar

Presidential Scholars Finalist

Bausch and Lomb Science Award

Music

Received Division I ratings on piano and trumpet at District Solo and Ensemble Festivals. Received Division I ratings on trumpet at State Solo and Ensemble Festivals

Who's Who Among American High School Students, 1981



Pan American Photo

YEAR: A.D. 34

PLACE: Jerusalem

SITUATION: The supreme court of the Jewish people investigates Galilean fishermen who are caught preaching on the Temple steps.

EVENTS: The apostles teach, heal, and proclaim that one named Jesus has risen from the dead. People believe them. Such violates the style and teaching of the Temple.

Some members of the court are so infuriated they demand the fishermen's death. A lawyer and Pharisee by the name of Gamaliel shouts down his colleagues: "We shouldn't interfere. If it's of man it will die. But, if this movement is of God, we will never be able to stop it. In fact, we might be found opposing God."

The Galilean proponents of a risen Messiah are beaten and told never to speak or preach in Jesus' name again. Joy conquers the pain in their bodies. They leave rejoicing that they are worthy to suffer in the name of Jesus.

Once again their proclamations echo through precincts and Temple porticos.

The church of Jesus Christ is on the move.

2.

YEAR: A.D. 64

PLACE: Rome

SITUATION: Nero is emperor. Ten of the fourteen districts of the city burn to the ground. Through the streets, rubble, and makeshift dwellings an accusation flies: Nero is responsible. In an attempt to divert attention, a power-hungry, pleasure-seeking tyrant cries out, "The Christians did it!"

EVENTS: The first major persecution of Christians begins. Soldiers comb streets for followers of the Christ. They round up hundreds, bringing them to a central part of the city. They drape them with skins of animals and throw them into the arena with packs of wild dogs. They tie them to the horns of bulls and drag them through the streets. Yet, in defiance of all odds, the Church keeps right on rolling.

3.

YEAR: A.D. 248

PLACE: Rome

SITUATION: Barbarians from the north eat away at the once great Roman Empire. The capital city is in decay.

6.

EVENTS: The one thousandth anniversary of the founding of the city. In commemoration of the city's founding, Decius decides to restore the old way, the old customs, and the old worship. Christians are to be destroyed. The edict goes out to every province. Mobs rush to comply: every minister, every priest, every bishop, every deacon is to be executed. Every layman involved in leadership of the Church is to be arrested, his goods taken. Then he is to be banished from the land. Every Christian is to be forced to confess that the emperor is god.

Does the Church fold?

Hardly—it just keeps right on rolling.

4.

YEAR: A.D. 312

PLACE: The Mulvian Bridge, north of Rome, across the Tiber River.

SITUATION: Two armies meet in conflict.

EVENTS: The empire struggles for a new leader. This battle for Rome is decisive. Constantine has a vision that by the sign of the Christians he will conquer. Next morning his troops paint crude symbols of the Greek letters *chi* and *rho* on all their shields. Constantine's outmanned army battles the troops of Maxintius and wins. The empire is his. The empire becomes Christian by decree. Church buildings spring up everywhere.

The church of Jesus Christ keeps rolling right along.

5.

YEAR: A.D. 432

PLACE: The coast of Ireland.

SITUATION: An ingrown church. Only a few decades old, it now talks only of theology.

EVENTS: There is a man with missionary vision who longs for the lost of northern Europe. The church is not spreading north, it is not reaching the tribes. Patrick begins a school for missionaries. His students evangelize in the name of Jesus. Many are converted. In the shadows of the beginning of the Dark Ages, the Church keeps right on rolling.

YEAR: 1208

PLACE: Assisi, Italy

SITUATION: The Christian church waddles about as an overbearing, formalized institution.

EVENTS: In a chapel outside the city a worshiper has a vision. In these depths of the Dark Ages the church members lack sincerity and a real experience with the living God. Francis is told in a vision to go out and preach repentance, preach the kingdom of God, take a vow of poverty, leave the gold-plated sanctuaries behind.

He does.

So, the Church keeps right on rolling.

7.

YEAR: 1521

PLACE: Worms

SITUATION: A council meets. Doctrine is being propounded in Germany contrary to the established teaching in the formalized church. Men gather to investigate charges against Martin Luther.

EVENTS: In his writings, Luther states: The noblest of all good works is to believe in Christ; no one man has the exclusive right to interpret Scripture; God's forgiveness cannot be purchased; salvation comes by faith alone; there is no authority higher than Scripture.

The council demands Luther recant his belief in these ideas. He replies in effect, "I cannot do otherwise. Here I stand. God help me. Amen."

The church of Jesus Christ? It keeps right on rolling.

8.

YEAR: 1741

PLACE: Enfield, Massachusetts

SITUATION: Though founded on religious principles, the American colonies are in spiritual depression. Immorality is rampant. The church is ineffective.

EVENTS: A man climbs into the Enfield pulpit and preaches a sermon entitled, "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God." As Jonathan Edwards preaches on what awaits those who refuse to turn to

Jesus Christ, as he expounds that it is the love and mercy of God which keeps them from dropping instantly into the pits of hell, people are moved. With weeping, moaning, and true repentance, hundreds are converted and a Great Awakening flashes across colonial settlements.

Reports arrive from all over. Multitudes turn to Christ as Lord and Savior.

The Church keeps right on rolling.

9.

YEAR: 1875

PLACE: Chicago

SITUATION: A post-Civil War, neo-industrial society with all the accompanying social ills and economic advances. People are sorting out priorities. What is true? What is real? What can be counted on? Spiritual apathy prevails.

EVENTS: An ex-shoe salesman who can barely read or write is called by God to do something about the spiritual situation. Dwight L. Moody preaches across America, England, and Scotland. People listen. Revival begins.

That old Church keeps right on rolling.

10.

YEAR: 1886

PLACE: Foothills of North Carolina and Tennessee

SITUATION: Revival fires burn even among southern mountain folks, and a small group of believers gathers for prayer and worship at the Barney Creek Meetinghouse.

EVENTS: On Thursday, August 19, Richard G. Spurling speaks passionately on the need for reformation and holiness in the Church, calling for a Christian union which will reassert basic doctrines of the Bible. An embryonic church is formed, known later as the Church of God (Cleveland, TN), and but one of twenty-five Holiness and Pentecostal churches to take shape between 1880 and 1926.

The Church keeps rolling along.

11.

YEAR: 1896

PLACE: Camp Creek

SITUATION: A recurrence of Pentecost is taking place, with men and women being strangely moved upon by the Holy Spirit.

EVENTS: Filled with the Holy Spirit, men and women move joyfully into neighboring communities and towns with the message of God's love in Christ. Though persecuted—even expelled from their churches and families—these new "Pentecostals" but preach more and work harder.

God's church keeps right on rolling.

12.

YEARS: 1920-1960

PLACE: All across the U.S. and around the world

SITUATION: Pentecostal churches are springing up. The poor are welcome. New life and religious fervor is abroad in the land. Missionaries are going forth.

EVENTS: The social gospel comes and goes. World War II and its aftermath. New realities. New challenges. New opportunities for Evangelicals. Charismatic revival. Pentecostal revival. Those with a message of hope and new life.

The Church keeps rolling along.

13.

YEARS: Late 1960's

PLACE: America

SITUATION: A technical, materialistic society faces protests, alienation, and violence of a generation that refuses to acquiesce. Morals are blurred. A drug culture emerges. Spiritual depression runs rampant. God is declared dead.

EVENTS: All over the United States an amazing thing happens. Young people stop to listen to anyone who will tell them the gospel message. A skinny minister bravely preaches in the ghettos of New York. Many listen. A balding preacher proclaims the gospel on the beaches of southern California. Many listen. On

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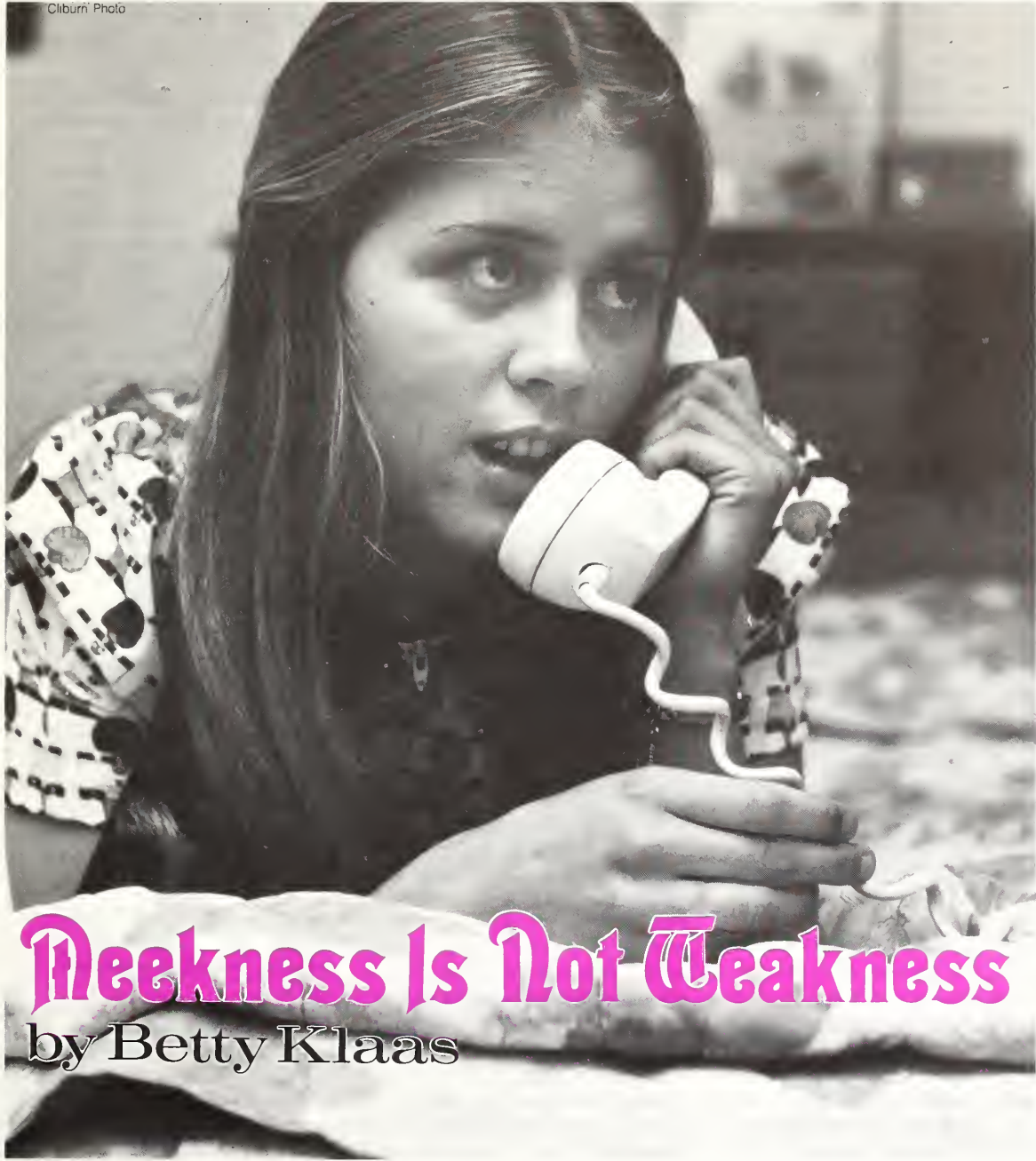
The meek shall inherit the earth. . . . To have a friend you must be a friend. . . . Acceptances come only through agreement. That was the foundation of my

upbringing. You never hurt anyone. All that mattered was how I treated others; their feelings were important, not mine.

When I grew older I was

afraid to say what I thought fearing I would hurt others and open myself to rejection. However, this programing left me with no honest association with myself or those around me.

Ciburn Photo



Meekness Is Not Weakness

by Betty Klaas

I discovered acceptance was easily won through agreement and flattery, picking out the best features of a person and complimenting them. One particular incident stands out. During my freshman year at college I had the opportunity to meet the dean of women. She was an older woman who impressed me as being pompous, narcissistic, and impressed with her importance. She had a subtle way of commanding attention to her position. After the introduction she looked at me with disdain and I knew she wasn't impressed. Immediately I snatched a plum from my bag of compliments, saying, "You have such lovely blue eyes."

Her eyes brightened, showing great pleasure at my use of tinted flattery. Her disdain melted into interest as she answered, "Oh, do you think so, Dear?"

Icicles hung on the word *Dear* but she began a conversation. Through her drone of narcissism my true feelings mounted and I began looking at how I was shaping my life. How had doing and saying the "right" thing become my way? Certainly not because it was the Christian way, or even diplomatic, but to win approval. I developed the ability to make friends by telling people what they wanted to hear, but this kept me from being honest. In the dishonesty I robbed myself by failing to share my opinions and feelings.

People need honesty, at times, more than agreement and support. I had a friend in high school who wore far too much makeup. I heard the other girls talk about her behind her back, yet I wasn't enough of a

friend to tell her what I thought, what others thought. I stood on razor's edge.

Examining my approach for several weeks I asked myself: "How would being sincere affect my daily living? Could I withstand the peer pressure of honesty? Would people like me if I was truthful? Would I be able to cope with the rejection? How much pain would there be in growing a backbone?"

At first I only wondered, lacking the courage to try. Then one evening I turned to my Bible concordance. There were several references to honesty but two particular scriptures reached me: 2 Corinthians 8:21—"Providing for honest things, not only in the sight of the Lord, but also in the sight of men"; and 2 Corinthians 13:7—"Now I pray to God that ye do no evil; *not that we should appear approved, but that ye should do that which is honest, though we be as reprobrates.*"

The last verse overwhelmed me. I had to change. I knew it would be difficult but I also knew I'd have God's approval. Afraid to confront this lifetime habit, I backed away several times, later asking for His forgiveness. Turmoil rumbled within and I prayed for help.

He answered my prayer during a conversation with a friend who said, "You're too agreeable. Sometimes friends need truth more than harmony—be more honest. People think of you as a yes-man. Show them you have the courage to have opinions of your own."

I'd been slapped by my own values. Unable to say what I thought, my friends looked at me as worthless. This, too, was

rejection and difficult to accept.

Using this thought, the courage came during a telephone conversation. The caller reprimanded me for having my telephone turned off. "I've been trying to get you for hours. Why do you insist on turning off your phone?"


I valued her friendship but was annoyed at her demanding attitude. I risked it all and spoke what I felt. In a polite manner I replied, "I resent your attitude, Shirley. I have a right to my privacy when I feel the need. I wouldn't dream of infringing on yours."

She was stunned by my words. However, I noticed that once I'd taken the step she respected my rights as an individual, not only with the telephone but in other situations. Those few honest words brought about a new respect for me.

As I slowly began to exercise my new freedom I discovered that quite to the contrary of losing the respect of my friends, I was beginning to gain it. I said what I felt and they no longer looked at me as a yes-man but as a person whose opinions had value. My self-worth appeared as I began to grow.

There were times when I backslid. I didn't like myself after such an instance, but the change was coming.

I discovered another truth. There's a lot of difference between the words *weak* and *meek*. □

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KANSAS CITY UPDATE

It's almost time for the 59th
General Assembly of the
Church of God [August 10-15, 1982].



J. C. Nichols Fountain/
Country Club Plaza

Either as a delegate, a minister, or a Teen Talent participant, it could be you are making plans to attend.

You are in for an exciting week.

Naturally, most of your activities will revolve around the Assembly itself—banquets, music presentations, and some of the most wonderful worship services in the world—but you will also be spending a week in one of America's most fascinating cities. The following profile should make you a little more comfortable with our host city; also, it offers some suggestions for any free time you may have.

Kansas City is the "Heart of America," centrally located on the banks of the Kansas and Missouri Rivers, within 250 miles of the geographic center and the population center of the continental United States. Its population is 1,290,110.

The greater Kansas City area includes more than 1,060 churches of over sixty-eight denominations.

Transportation into and around the city is easy via a network of interstate highways. Once you arrive, the Metro Kansas City Area Transportation Authority's public bus system operates in the seven-county area with a basic fare of forty cents. ATA now offers a shuttle-bus service, called Dimetown, around the downtown area for only ten cents.

Kansas City has a modified continental climate with a mean annual temperature of 54.5° F. The summer season is characterized by warm days and mild nights with moderate humidities.

Located in the center of Kansas City are four square blocks of the nation's most modern convention facilities—the Kansas City Convention Center—surrounded by first-class hotels, fine restaurants and outstanding entertainment. The Kansas City Convention Center exhibition hall encompasses 186,000 square feet of clear-span exhibition space, where all exhibits will be set up. The center has a spectacular arena with a seating capacity of 10,500, an elegant Music Hall where Teen Talent competition will take place, and a Little Theatre recital hall seating up to six hundred. The entire convention center is adjacent to a one-thousand car, underground parking garage. An underground concourse joins the entire convention center to major downtown hotels.

Kansas City has specially designed tours and convenient city transportation to help you see it all.

Gray Line Tours offers individual, daily sight-seeing tours, departing from Crown Center at 1:30 p.m.

A one-and-a-half-hour public excursion down the Missouri River is offered by the Kansas City Excursion Boat Company at 2 p.m. every Wednesday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

Complete Dimetown bus transportation offers riders shuttle service between downtown, the Civic Center, City Market, Hospital Hill and Crown Center.

Crown Center, just minutes from downtown Kansas City, is a \$400-million, 85-acre "city within a city." This ambitious development includes two luxury hotels, an indoor retail center with 85 shops and boutiques, 8 restaurants, a 10-acre landscaped square for community entertainment, 2 major office complexes, a children's workshop,

meeting and conference facilities, and luxury apartments and condominiums.

Crown Center offers a full day's activities. At the Crown Center Hotel, a "must see" is the dramatic five-story-high indoor tropical garden and waterfall which form a spectacular backdrop in the hotel lobby.

Located just fifteen minutes west of downtown Kansas City is the only collection of artifacts and historic display of American farming chartered by the U.S. Congress. The "Ag Hall" contains one of the world's greatest collections of antique farm equipment, including Harry Truman's plow, horse-drawn carriages, and butter churns. Also there are old radios, phonographs, stoves, washing machines, antique furniture and dishes. Another exhibit, Myrl Adams' remarkable, prize-winning display of "Wire That Won the West," has more than three hundred varieties of wire, representing one of the world's largest collections of barbed wire.

Other features of the Ag Hall are a one-mile nature trail, which includes identified trees and plants, and an authentic one-room schoolhouse restored and operated by area retired schoolteachers.

The Ag Hall is open 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily.

First-time visitors to Kansas City are often surprised to discover the wide variety of available cuisine. Kansas City is more than a steak and barbecue town. Restaurants offer menus ranging from French to Indian, from Italian to Middle Eastern.

Kansas City's Nelson Gallery of Art represents art of all civilizations—from Sumer in 3,000 B.C. to paintings and sculpture of modern times. Paintings by great masters such as Monet, Degas, Gauguin, Van Gogh and Rembrandt hang in the museum along with contemporary works by such notables as Andy Warhol and Wilhelm de Kooning.

Films, lectures, art classes for children and adults, and an art-research library are services of the Nelson Gallery.

In nearby Independence, ten minutes from downtown Kansas City, is the Harry S. Truman Library. Here visitors gain insight into some of America's more turbulent years. The Truman Library houses nearly ten million papers, books and other historical materials relating to the late president's life and administration. The library is

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

Stress can squeeze years off your life if you don't know how to handle it.



The problem with stress is not how to get rid of it. It's a part of life. And it's not even all bad. The real problem with stress is how to recognize it and control it. So it doesn't control you.

Your body reacts to stressful situations with its nerves, glands and hormones. And because these systems function throughout the body, what affects them can affect other parts of your body that may be vulnerable at the time.

That's why stress is a factor in many people's heart attacks, hypertension, ulcers, asthma, possibly even cancers, and probably many other ailments. That's also why, in these times of many stresses, it's a major factor in increasingly costly health care.

You can recognize stress by heeding the warnings of your body and emotions. Frustration. Anger. Hostilities that build up. Heavy pressures of responsibility time demands and conflict. Headaches, insomnia, muscle tension.

The key to handling stress is learning. Learning to air your feelings in constructive ways, to train your body to relax, to repair a lifestyle before you're faced with expensive medical repairs. You have to learn what your stresses are and the best ways for you to deal with them.

But they must be dealt with. Because the longer you remain in the grip of stress, the more crushing — and costly — its effects.

LIBERTY NATIONAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

For a free booklet about stress and preventive health care, write
Liberty National, Communication Department, P.O. Box 2612, Birmingham, Alabama 35202.

JL

NAME _____

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HOW TO MAKE SURE

Keep it strictly emotional. As long as there's no commitment or determined act of will you'll shine bright and burn out quick.

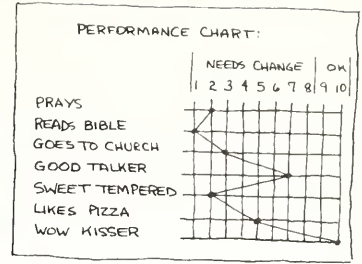
Submerge yourself is your enemy. You tomorrow! Hurry. Hurry yourself in the romantic feeling going.

Center on yourself. what you can give, counts.

Artist/Writer: LARRY E. NEAGLE

You're Not in LOVE





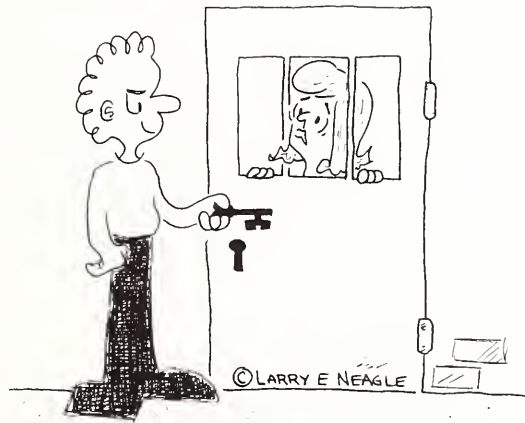
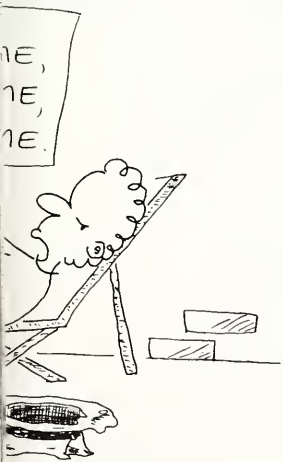
big hurry. Time feel differently try. Abandon n to keep the

Blind yourself to the faults of your special friend. Besides, who needs character when you have a pretty face.

Try to change his/her basic personality. Why be realistically aware and accepting when you can demand instead that another measure up to your expectations. Forget that this is dangerous, damaging, and disastrous.

relationship it's not t you get that

Indulge in (and enjoy) a smidgen of jealousy. After all she is your friend. You own her. Besides, a little possessiveness and insecurity never hurt anyone.



Dad and I were getting our fishing gear ready when she came through the door of the cabin. My sister, I mean.

"He wants me!" she announced breathlessly.

She was always announcing things breathlessly, so Dad and I gave her a look, he said that was nice, and we went back to what we were doing.

"Do you think this old bait is still any good?" I asked.

"Who wants you?" Mom wanted to know, coming in from the kitchen.

"Rex Randolph!" Debbie exclaimed. "Can you believe it, Mother?"

"Better buy some fresh bait first thing in the morning," Dad decided.

"I wonder if Ol' Charlie's been caught," I said.

"Who is Rex Randolph?" Mom was asking Debbie.

"A photographer!" Debbie replied excitedly. "A professional photographer! And he wants me to pose for him!"

"Remember when I almost had him hooked last year, Dad?" I went on.

But Dad had suddenly shifted his concentration. "What was that?" he asked Debbie. "Some man wants to take your picture?"

"Not just some man," she corrected impatiently. "Rex Randolph, the photographer! He wants to shoot me by the lake!"

"Not a bad idea," I admitted, but nobody paid any attention to me.

"I don't believe I've ever heard of him," Mom began.

"And I don't like the idea of some strange man taking



H. Armstrong Roberts Photo

pictures of my daughter," Dad added. "You'd better put the whole idea out of your mind."

"Daddy!" Debbie cried.

"Your father's right," Mom told her. "How do we know he's really a photographer?"

"Well, he gave me this card," Debbie remembered, fishing it out of her purse. "And he's coming by tonight to meet you and get your permission."

Dad looked at the card, then passed it over to Mom. "Looks okay," he admitted.

"We'll reserve judgment until we meet him," Mom decided.

"He said I could be a cover girl!" Debbie announced, striking a pose.

"Yeah, but for which magazine?" I muttered. "*Monster Monthly*?"

There was a knock at the

door. It was Wanda Mae Swilly, of course, whose parents were renting the cabin next to ours. She had been tagging after Debbie since our arrival. She was kind of cute, but not really my type.

"Where were you this afternoon?" Wanda Mae began. "Y'all just disappeared!"

"I went shopping in the village," Debbie replied, "and you'll never guess what happened! Let's take a walk and I'll tell you what it's like to be discovered!"

"Discovered?" Wanda Mae repeated. "I don't know what y'all are talkin' about."

The famous Rex Randolph and his wife actually came by after supper that night. We were just getting ready for devotions.

"Maybe we can join you," Mr. Randolph said when he saw the open Bibles. "If you don't mind."

"We'd be glad to have you," Dad replied. "You're Christians, then?"

"Yes, indeed," Mr. Randolph answered. "I guess your daughter didn't explain the kind of photography I do. Much of my work is for a large Christian publishing company in the Midwest. Actually I'm here doing some calendar shots for next year, but the company also produces a young people's magazine and I'd like to use Debbie on the cover. If it's all right with you, of course."

"We're flattered," Mom said, glancing at Dad.

"And naturally I'd like for one or both of you to come along when we do the actual shooting," Mr. Randolph added.

"When would that be?" Dad wanted to know.

"We'll be tied up with the calendar shots for the next few days," Mr. Randolph said, checking his appointment book. "Maybe Friday afternoon."

"We're leaving Friday night, so that will have to be it," his wife reminded him.

"That's right," Mr. Randolph agreed. "We're flying back to shoot a church convention. Is Friday okay with you, Debbie?"

"That's fine," Debbie assured him. "That's just fine!"

She was practically floating around the cabin after they left. "A cover girl!" she exclaimed. "I can hardly believe it."

"You aren't the only one," I said.

"It is exciting," Mom agreed.

"But we're up here for a vacation," Dad reminded Debbie. "I don't want this posing business to get in the way of that."

"Oh, it won't, Daddy," Debbie promised. "It won't."

But it did, of course.

Debbie usually ate like she

"Great fishing weather," Dad replied. Then he looked at Debbie, still wearing her robe. "Better get a move on, girl."

"I can't go, Daddy," Debbie replied, toying with her cottage cheese.

"Are you sick?" he questioned.

"No, but you'll probably be gone all day," she explained, "and I'd get too much sun."

"Never bothered you before," he reminded her.

"I have to think of my face now," she said.

"Roxie, talk some sense into this daughter of yours," Dad told Mom.

"Her mind's made up," Mom answered.

"Let's go!" I exclaimed. "Ol' Charlie's waiting for me!"

The fishing trip was okay, but it was different without Debbie along, as much as I hated to admit it. And we hardly recognized her when we got back. She had goop smeared all over her face.

"Complexion cream," she explained.

It was like that the whole week. She didn't act like herself at all, spending half the day in front of the mirror, practicing poses, and the other half reading fashion magazines she bought in the village.

She didn't have much time for Wanda Mae, either, who was interested in things like tramping through the woods and collecting pine cones.

"Too many bugs," I heard Debbie tell her. "All I need is a bite on my face!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

COVER GIRL

By Alan Cliburn

had just been rescued from a desert island, but suddenly she started being a lot more particular about her diet.

"What you eat eventually shows up on your face," she informed Mom the next morning, refusing a stack of pancakes dripping with melted butter and maple syrup. "And elsewhere. I'll just have a small helping of cottage cheese."

I gave her a look. "For breakfast? That's sick!"

"That just proves how little you know about modeling, brother dear," she said.

"So who cares?" I managed, wolfing down her pancakes.

"Man, these are great!"

"Who's ready for a little fishing?" Dad asked, coming out of the bedroom.

"I am," I told him, stuffing the last of the pancakes into my mouth.

"Lunch packed?" he wanted to know.

"All ready," Mom said, setting the hamper on the table. "Let me grab a sweater. It's a little chilly this morning."

by Betty Steele Everett

I first met Tim Garver on a Saturday morning when I was working in Dad's hardware store. I didn't know then who he was, of course. All I saw was this slightly stooped-shouldered boy wearing a couple of days' beard and a torn, dirty sweat shirt and patched cutoff jeans. He didn't have any socks on, and since he wore sandals I could see his feet. They weren't too clean, either. His long hair was dirty and sort of matted in places. He looked like pictures I'd seen taken in the sixties.

"Hi," he said.

I glanced toward the back room where Dad was, but I knew he was unpacking some new merchandise and wouldn't come out unless I called.

"Can I help you?" I decided to keep it very businesslike. I wasn't sure Dad would even want a person like this in the store! I was glad there weren't any other customers.

"Jill," he said, nodding toward my name stitched on my smock. "Nice name."

"Thank you." My voice was cool. "Can I help you find something?"

"Picture hangers. We just moved in."

"That's nice." I didn't smile. I didn't ask his name or from where he had moved. Nor did I welcome him to town. I was pretty sure he wouldn't be living in our neighborhood if the "we" he had mentioned were anything like he was. I found what he wanted and took his money as fast as I could.

"Thanks." He smiled again. "I'll probably be back."

"Fine." I could hardly wait for

him to leave. I could see some of the church women crossing the street and I didn't want them to see him coming out of the store.

We got busy soon after the boy left, so I forgot about him. I like helping in the store on Saturdays; that's when the most people come in and one can find out everything that's happening in town.

There was a slow time about one o'clock, so I ate my lunch in the back room. We got busy again, though, in the afternoon and it didn't slow down until about four. That's when I saw another new boy come in. He was wearing neat-looking jeans, a sport shirt open at the collar, and his hair was neatly combed. I was waiting on Mrs. Herman, but I finished with her in record time and went over to where the boy was looking at the hammers.

"Can I help you?" I gave him my best smile.

"Oh, yes." As he smiled back, I thought he looked vaguely familiar, but I knew I'd never have forgotten a guy like this! "I'm Tim Garver. My family just moved in over on Ash Street. We can't find Dad's hammer, though. I guess it got packed in the wrong box."

I laughed. "I hear that happens sometimes. We've lived here all my life, so I don't know much about moving. Why don't you buy one of these cheaper ones? Then when you find yours you will not have spent a lot of money for something you won't need anymore."

"Good idea. Thanks."

I put the hammer into a

bag and took his money. I tried to think of something more to say to him. I wanted to ask if he was a Christian and if they had found a church home, but it's hard for me to talk that way with a stranger, especially a boy. I decided to get my brother on it right away, though.

"Thanks," I said, giving him his change and my best smile. "I hope you'll like it here and that we'll see you again."

"Oh, you will."

As I watched him leave I wondered again where I had seen him before, but I decided I was imagining it. Like I said, I would have remembered him; besides, if he was new in town there was no place I could have met him before.

I helped Dad close the store at six, then we drove home together. The day's mail was lying on the table in the entry hall.

"A letter from Janice!" I tore open the envelope bearing my cousin's handwriting. We were really close for cousins, but since I owed her a letter I couldn't imagine why she was writing to me.

"Dear Jill," I read. "It is definitely not my turn to write, but I had to tell you about this fellow—Tim Garver—who's moving to your town. I should have written you sooner because he may be there by now. Anyway, I want you to be sure to invite him to your youth group at church. Tim's not a



Social Experiment

Christian—yet—but our gang has been witnessing to him and praying. He's a real nice guy, but he says Christians aren't any different than anyone else. He's always doing what he calls 'social experiments,' too. One time he let his beard grow a few days, put on a dirty, long-haired wig, and got into some clothes you wouldn't believe! He went into a store and a restaurant to see how the people would treat him. Everyone was awful to him!

Then he went home, took off the wig, showered and shaved, and got into nice clothes. He went back about four hours later. He said no one recognized him and they were all as nice as could be. I hope you'll meet him and . . ."

I stopped reading, staring at the last sentence. No wonder Tim Garver had looked familiar! He had been the awful-looking boy who had come into the store that morning!

"Social experiment?" I muttered. "It's nothing but a dirty trick!" I sank into a chair. Even as I said it, I knew that whether dirty trick or social experiment, I had failed the test. I had not acted like a Christian to the first Tim I met. I had treated him as though he wasn't good enough to be in the store at all—like I was doing him a favor to sell him anything! And all because of his appearance. He had acted
CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

Update



THE SIN PROBLEM

Every Christian young person having a problem with sin should closely examine Romans, chapter 6. In fact, it is a good chapter to memorize. These verses tell us specifically how to overcome sin—sin that sidetracks our Christian walk. God tells us through these verses that we can and should live above sin. Let's examine verses 1 and 2.

Romans 6:1: "What shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound?"

What should we say? How should we react to temptation? What do we say when sinful displays, lustful thoughts and other sin opportunities present themselves? These confrontations of our faith call for a yes or no response.

Shall we sin to our heart's content? Some people justify their sin by saying that where there is much sin, God's grace abounds. But God does not want us to sin. Men become blinded by their lustful desires. They actually explain away biblical teachings so that they no longer feel guilty about their sins.

Shall we see how far we can exploit the grace of God? What a ghastly thought! How far one can go into sin is not the question. Instead we should ask, "How can I grow in my relationship with God?" God did not call us out of sin for the fun of it. He paid a high price to get you and me out of sin: He gave His only Son to die.

Sin brings death. Grace brings life. So stop fooling with sin. You are not thinking nor doing right when you do.

Romans 6:2: "God forbid. How shall we that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?"

Dead to sin? Sin no longer has control of our life. Sin is no longer our master. We have been set free from sin through Jesus Christ. He is our Master now.

How could we live in sin a moment longer? Sin hurts. It never leaves its victims without marks on the body and the mind. We were once sin's slaves. Sometimes we wanted to live right, but evil forces in our life kept us from it. Weights of sin kept us down. When we think about the pain of our sinful past, we answer quickly, "No sir, I would not want that kind of life again for one second."

Read carefully the rest of this chapter and write down the thoughts God gives you as you apply these verses to your life. It will be a victorious experience. God wants young people to be overcomers in Jesus Christ. □

W.A. Davis

Assistant General Director of
Youth and Christian Education

COVER GIRL

Continued from page 17

So Wanda Mae wound up going fishing with Mom and Dad and me some of the time. She didn't care if she got sunburned and she wasn't afraid of baiting her own hook. I was liking her more all the time.

"I'll be glad when this modeling thing is over with," Dad confided Thursday night as we were waiting for Debbie to join us for devotions.

"Me, too," I agreed.

"She does seem a bit preoccupied these days," Mom admitted. "Debbie, we're waiting!"

"Start without me," came a voice from the bathroom. "I'm giving my hair a hot-oil treatment!"

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph arrived right on time the next afternoon, but Debbie wasn't ready, of course. She had been in the bathroom for a couple hours, it seemed.

"We really can't wait much longer," Mrs. Randolph said finally. "We still have to pack and drive to the airport."

"Well, I'm ready," her husband replied, checking his camera for the millionth time. "The weather is perfect today, too."

Wanda Mae appeared at the front door. "Can I watch?" she asked. "I've never seen a real modeling session before."

Mr. Randolph smiled at her. "Fine with me."

"Debbie, Mr. Randolph is waiting," Daddy announced in his firm voice.

"Coming," Debbie answered.

What's taking her so long, for Pete's sake? I wondered.

Then suddenly the bathroom door opened and somebody

came out. I say somebody because it sure didn't look like my sister. Oh, there was a resemblance, but that fancy hairdo and all the makeup—including false eyelashes—had turned her into a total stranger, as far as I was concerned.

Mom and Dad just stared at her in disbelief; so did Mr. and Mrs. Randolph.

"You look real pretty!" Wanda Mae exclaimed. "I think."

"Is this supposed to be a joke?" Mr. Randolph asked.

Debbie—or this creature who resembled Debbie—frowned. "Joke? What do you mean?"

"You were selected because of your natural good looks," his wife explained.

"There's no way I can use you in that theatrical makeup," Mr. Randolph added. "I'm sorry, Debbie, but the fresh quality I saw in your face on Monday just isn't there anymore."

"I can wash all this off," Debbie volunteered quickly, "and comb out my hair—"

"I'm afraid there isn't time, Dear," Mrs. Randolph told her. "We're on a very tight schedule."

"And I still need a cover girl," Mr. Randolph said. He looked at Wanda Mae. "You'd be perfect! How about it?"

"Me?" Wanda Mae squealed. "Oh my, yes! Let me run to my cabin and fix up a little—"

"No, you're fine just as you are," Mrs. Randolph assured her. "Complete with sunburned nose. We're looking for the Christian-girl-next-door type."

"That's me, all right," Wanda Mae giggled.

"Good, let's get your parents'

permission," Mr. Randolph said.

And out the door they went, leaving Mom, Dad, and me—and Debbie, too, of course—alone. Debbie fled to the bathroom in tears, though, leaving just the three of us.

"I feel so sorry for her," Mom began.

"Me, too," Dad agreed, shaking his head.

And you know something? I felt sorry for Debbie, too, even if she got what she deserved for trying to be something she wasn't.

But I knew she'd survive. Maybe she'd never eat a bowl of cottage cheese again, but she'd survive.

That's my sister! □

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YOUTH NEWS TO NOTE

Compiled by **SONJIA LEE HUNT**, Editorial Assistant General Department of Youth and Christian Education

VALUABLE PARTNER

It isn't fashionable these days to compute the monetary value of a wife. But the Legal and General Assurance Society, one of Britain's largest insurance companies, did it anyway.

The firm estimated that a wife is now worth 204.63 pounds. (That's not weight; it equals \$380.61 a week.)

That figure is based on a twelve-to-fourteen-hour workday, seven days a week. It is computed from work done at home at rates typically paid for domestic help.

The Legal and General Assurance Society was attempting to point out to husbands the problems they would face if their wives died without life insurance.

Some wives might latch on to the figures to point out to husbands just how valuable their at-home contributions are while they are alive. (*Chattanooga News-Free Press*) □

* * * *

1. Does society today tend to give value to a person on the basis of the kind of job he or she holds?

2. What is your estimation of the value of a wife? Is your estimation more or less than society's?

'DISTORTED AGE' PRODUCES FEW OUTSTANDING MEN

This is a "distorted age," according to the Honorable Charles Malik, former ambassador from Lebanon to the U.S.

In a graduation speech to the class of 1981 at Wheaton College, Mr. Malik challenged the group to name the outstanding men of today. A generation ago there would have been no problem. Painters—dozens of them. Sculptor—Epstein. Poets—Frost and Sandburg. Composers—Gershwin, as a starter.

Only in science have we continued to produce names which conjure instant recognition. Our geniuses do not go into art, music and literature as in years past. "The best souls in our age pale before the best souls in the past. The decay of respect for the past, the decay of respect for authority, the decay of the notion of the classics—these are the banes of this age." (*Chattanooga News-Free Press*) □

* * * *

1. Do you agree with Mr. Malik?

2. If there is truth to this, why do you think it is so?

3. Is there greater emphasis today on the mind (science and technology) than on the soul (literature, the arts and religion)?

COMPULSORY RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

Compulsory religious education has been established in Singapore's high schools. The country's minister of education, expressing concern that the schools were "turning out a nation of thieves," says religious education is the best way to produce upright Singaporeans. Students must study one of the four main religions—Buddhism, Christianity, Hinduism, Islam—or take a survey course in world religions. (*World Vision*) □

* * * *

1. Do you think this will produce the desired results? Why or why not?

THE HOUSE THAT FRED BUILT—WITH LOVE

You can't buy a Big Mac at a Ronald McDonald House. But those who visit one get a lot more.

Fred Hill of the Philadelphia Eagles spent hours in hospital corridors while his child took cancer treatments. Out of his experience grew the concept of a house where parents of young patients could stay at a minimal cost.

Hill shared his idea with Leonard Tose, Eagles' owner, and Mr. Tose offered the use of the stadium, the Eagles team, and anything else Fred needed for promoting such a house.

A deal was also made with the McDonald's Restaurants. All proceeds from the McDonald's annual St. Patrick's Day promotion would be given for the houses. Presently, twenty of the twenty-eight National Football League teams sponsor RMH's in their cities. (*Chattanooga News-Free Press*) □

* * * *

1. Do you know of any organizations in your city that are set up to help special groups of people?

2. One person can make a difference. Can you think of some things you could do to assist those who have special needs in your area?



SOCIAL EXPERIMENT

Continued from page 19

friendly, but I had not thought about what might be under the dirt and beard. When he had come back with nicer clothes, though, I had gone out of my way to be nice to him. He had been the same person, but I had acted as though only what was outside counted.

"Oh, Lord," I whispered, "please forgive me." I remembered how James had warned the early Christians not to treat people differently because of outward appearances. I had really failed!

I called to Mom that I'd be right back. I got out my bike and pedaled over to Ash Street. I had no trouble finding the house Tim and his family had moved into. He was in the front yard, putting up a swing for a little girl who stood impatiently beside him.

"Hi, Tim." I kicked down the bike stand and went up the walk.

He looked up in surprise, then nodded quickly. "Hi, Jill."

I took a deep breath. He wasn't going to make it easy for me. "I came to apologize—to the first Tim Garver. I was rude because of the way he looked. I'm sorry. And I came to thank the second Tim Garver—for reminding me that the Lord looks at people's heart, not their clothes."

I took another deep breath and kept on before I had time to lose my nerve. "And I came to invite both Tim Garvers to come to church and Sunday school and youth group tomorrow. We have a really great gang and they'd like to know you."

Tim studied me a minute,

then shrugged. "I guess you've heard from Janice."

I nodded. "She told me about your 'social experiments.' I thought you looked familiar this afternoon, but I didn't know why till I read her letter a few minutes ago. I'm sorry, Tim—I failed your test but good! But I won't fail it again!"

"Most people fail it," Tim said. He was still not looking at me.

"Are you going to let what I did keep you from coming to hear more about Jesus and getting to know a great bunch of kids?" I asked. "If you are, then you're failing, too! You can't judge us all by one mistake I made!"

I was surprised at how steady my voice was. But I didn't know what to do now. I had apologized and I'd invited him to church; there didn't seem to be anything more for me to say. I turned and started back toward my bike.

"Jill?"

I turned quickly.

Tim played with the hammer in his hand. "I—I guess you're right. I mean, you're the only one I've done the experiment on who's admitted being wrong. Maybe you're right about the rest of it, too—coming to church and getting to know your friends."

He gave me a sudden smile. "So what time should I be there?" □

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Books

YOUR DREAMS: GOD'S NEGLECTED GIFT by Herman Riffel

In this interesting study, author Riffel explores the phenomenon of dreams. Why do we dream? Is there a purpose to dreams? Does God speak to people today through dreams, even as He did in Bible days? Is it possible for the Holy Spirit to direct us through dreams and interpretations?

Due to an experience in his life the author became interested in a study to which little attention has been given in our day. You may not agree with all of his conclusions nor with all of his approaches to interpretation, but you will agree that he presents some interesting theories relative to a phenomenon that touches almost every life. I found the book quite interesting. (Chosen Books, Lincoln, VA 22078) □

THE FINAL COUNTDOWN by Charles C. Ryrie

God has the last word about Israel and her future, the Church, the Rapture, the Tribulation Period, the judgments and peace on earth.

This is a practical book about Bible prophecy and events that will someday be news headlines. You will profit from the study of this book by learning the following:

- how to have confidence in the face of confusion
- how to find comfort in times of sorrow
- how to help bewildered people find Christ
- how to experience cleansing in your life.

(Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187) □

UNTWISTED LIVING by James D. Mallory, Jr., M.D.

In his best-seller, *The Kink & I*, Dr. Jim Mallory gave practical and biblical counsel on discovering a truly worthwhile life. Now in *Untwisted Living* this widely known Christian psychiatrist presents advanced help in such living. Too, he goes on to give the instructions and tools you need to be an agent of healing for others who are weary of the "rainbow chase" and don't know how to drop out. (Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187) □

UNDERSTANDING NON-CHRISTIAN RELIGIONS by Josh McDowell and Don Stewart

This *Handbook of Today's Religions* is one of four books in a quick-reference series. Each provides Christians with practical insight into and comprehensive analysis of today's cultures and the occult, secular and non-Christian religions.

Understanding Non-Christian Religions reveals the truth about Islam, Judaism, Hinduism, Shintoism, Confucianism, Zoroastrianism, Buddhism, and more.

Understanding Non-Christian Religions will increase your knowledge of major religions; give you discernment between each religious-belief system and Christianity; prepare you to talk with members of these religions; and help you engage in further study.

Josh McDowell and Don Stewart are professors at Simon Greenleaf School of Law in California, and coauthors of best-sellers *Answers to Tough Questions* and *Reasons Skeptics Should Consider Christianity*. (Here's Life Publishers, San Bernardino, CA 92402) □

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CHURCH KEEPS ROLLING ALONG

Continued from page 8

college campuses, street corners, and church basements, Jesus is presented as Lord. Folks listen.

The church of Jesus Christ keeps right on rolling.

14.

YEAR: 1982

PLACE: Yourtown, U.S.A.

SITUATION: A typical Sunday morning in church

EVENTS: You've got a good preacher and sincere folks gather to worship. To a non-Christian you're just another group of cars parked along a city street.

What's really happening?

You're caught up in the whole stream of the history of Christ's church.

Yes, we are the church of Jesus Christ, and the Church will keep right on rolling.

15.

YEAR: 2000 (or is it 2025? 2050?)

PLACE: This world

SITUATION: Who can tell?

EVENTS: No way of knowing.

What's the Church going to be doing? You guessed. It's going to just keep right on rolling and rolling and rolling . . . right up to the gates of hell . . . then, when it's locked tooth and nail with Satan himself, know what's going to happen?

Hallelujah!

It'll just keep right on rolling.

KANSAS CITY UPDATE

Continued from page 12

one of six presidential libraries in the country and perhaps the leading such museum because of the number of pieces on display. Until his death, President Truman maintained an office in the building. He is buried in the library courtyard.

President Truman's home, also a popular tourist attraction, is nearby.

The Country Club Plaza was the first major shopping district in the nation. Located just 5 miles from downtown Kansas City, the area covers 55 acres with over 180 establishments including 4 hotels, over 26 restaurants, and special shops of every description. All of this is enveloped in an ambience of Spanish architecture and an atmosphere of courtesy.

With its exquisite art treasures, the plaza takes on many of the attributes of an outdoor museum.

Worlds of Fun is Kansas City's family theme park where great times are a fact of life. Located just twelve minutes from downtown, Worlds of Fun offers a full day of fun and thrills for the entire family for a one-price admission. The 157-acre park is divided into five internationally themed areas: America, Europe, Orient, Africa and Scandinavia. More than ninety-five rides, shows and attractions can be enjoyed.

The Kansas City Museum of History and Science is located in the northeast section of the city in the four-story former residence of a veteran Kansas City lumberman, R. A. Long.

When you want to get away just for fun, step into yesterday at Westport Square, one of Kansas City's quaint attractions. Westport was the jumping-off spot for the Santa Fe, California, and Oregon trails. In 1833 John Calvin McCoy built a log-cabin trading post on the northeast corner of Westport Road and Pennsylvania, twenty-one years after Missouri became a territory. McCoy began laying out the streets of his village in 1834; in 1836 trade began on the Santa Fe Trail. In 1899 Westport became part of Kansas City.

Today Westport Square is a recreation of the 1830's from which it grew. Just five minutes from downtown Kansas City, Westport Square is a closely knit area that exudes a real sense of community.

Should be a great week!



Religious News Service Photo



Suspicion

It's what we feel when something doesn't seem right, as when we notice holes in the shoes of a man trying to tell us how to get rich.

Suspicion may be political in aim. According to the accompanying photo, thousands demonstrated against President Reagan in Los Angeles. More recently, demonstrators did an antinuclear march when he visited Bonn, West Germany.

Suspicion may extend to parents. Children wonder if Mom and Dad believe what they preach when actions don't support words.

Suspicion may aim at religion in general. Australian youth picketed an appearance of Robert Schuller with signs: "Jesus was born in a stable, not in an \$18-million glass

cathedral." "God demands more than one tenth of our income." "Jesus worked with the poor but He did not make them wealthy." "Religion is not a way to become rich."

Although suspicion infects persons of all ages and of all stations in life, it seems more objectionable among youth, forcing elders to speak of "those rebellious years" or of "that stage of life he/she is going through."

We are most apt to suspect what we fail to understand. This may account for youth leading the parade, since young people are yet obviously in the learning stage of life. It does not give youth a monopoly. It seems clearly evident that old age only makes some people meaner, more irritable, and more suspicious of everything.

The more reason, it would seem, for our putting forth efforts to stamp out quickly early symptoms of this virus which can so distort the realities of life. While young, we have best opportunity for developing freedom and openness in our relationships. Such may cost us. One may, for example, find himself on the hurting end of a relationship gone sour. But

even at its worst, this price seems negligible when compared to the barren life of a scrooge.

It's better to trust and be cheated than never to know peace. Better to love and be rejected than always to be lonely. Better to accept at face value than to bypass the good God sends through other people.

Jesus knew the pain of betrayal. There is no indication He permitted His suspicion of Judas to throw their relationship off track.

Suspicion *can* be positively applied. One can suspect that there is good in every person, needing only to be exposed. Happiness *can* be found. Marriage *will* work. The Bible *is* true. Good *will* overcome.

I suspect we all have a choice. □



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THE MERCY OF GOD

by Eli Stoltzfus



Clyde H. Smith Photo

The subject keeps coming up: pen pals. Latest letter comes from Trina Griffin, New Castle, Indiana (3300 Locust St.; 47362), who would like to see us set up a pen pal section "to help lonely Christian single adults find new hope in new friends." If you share her feelings, write us. Or write to Trina.

Our cover photo of Eli in his buggy was taken by Mr. Clyde H. Smith, reprinted courtesy of Graphic Arts Center, 2000 N.W. Wilson, Portland, Oregon.
Hoyt E. Stone

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THE MERCY OF GOD

by Eli Stoltzfus



I grew up on an Amish farm in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, a beautiful place known for...



its countryside and farms, which are maintained mostly by hardworking Amish farmers.

My life as a child and a young Amish boy is something I will never forget. Nor do I wish to forget.

I am the second oldest in a family of five boys and two girls. At an early age I was taught to work, doing such chores as feeding cows and other livestock. Sometimes I washed dishes or did household chores because my two sisters were younger. Later I was allowed to work in the fields. We used mules to pull our farm machinery because the Amish do not use tractors. Hard work is a heritage I hope to carry with me the rest of my life.

I went to a one-room schoolhouse owned by the Amish, starting when I was six years old and

stopping at fifteen. I learned basics such as reading, writing, arithmetic and spelling. I also learned how to read German.

By the time I was sixteen, however, I had begun to develop some ideas of my own. Though I worked on a neighbor's farm and enjoyed it—I especially enjoyed guiding as many as seven horses or mules with a two-bottom plow or a twelve- or sixteen-foot harrow—I began to realize I wasn't really getting anywhere with my life.

I couldn't seem to communicate with other Amish young people because I was interested in more significant issues than they. I was perhaps more mature than most people my age. Though

not a Christian at that time, I knew there was a God. I couldn't quite get things into perspective, perhaps because of the way the Amish taught religion and because of some personal problems.

No one knew it, but I kept thinking I would run away one day and start a new life on my own. I knew it was wrong to run away but I also felt my situation was not going to get any better.

My mind made up, I waited for the right opportunity. For almost two months I waited. I made a few attempts at putting my plan into action but nothing happened. Always I was careful not to let anyone know about it.

Finally, on October 17, 1976, the opportunity came, almost as I had planned it. I had always hoped—although I had no driver's license, nor had I

ever driven a car before—to take our next-door neighbor's pickup truck and go to Alabama. I didn't know what I'd do once I got there, nor did I have a road map at the time. The only reason I chose Alabama was because I heard talk about it being a state unconcerned with its driving and motor-vehicle laws.

It was a rainy Sunday morning. My parents had gone to a special church service for adult members only; I had not become a member of the church. Our next-door Mennonite neighbors had also gone to church.

I finished my chores, then walked over to our neighbor's farm. After feeling sure no one was home, I went to the shed where their pickup was parked.

The keys were in the truck!

Many thoughts raced through my mind when I realized this was what I'd been waiting for. There were problems: I'd never driven a car before and, of course, did not have a driver's license; nor did I like the idea of stealing. I thought about it awhile and decided, win or lose, it was now or never.

I ran back home, went to my room and put on three sets of clothes. I didn't want to carry clothes in a bag because I had to walk past my younger brothers and sisters, who were reading and playing games. I then sauntered out to the barn and crammed a few personal belongings and some other items into a burlap bag. Contemplating once more what I was about to get involved in, I finally climbed into the truck.

I had reached the point of no return. I got the truck started and headed out. My life was in

the hands of God. Though I didn't really care about God or anything else at the time, I knew that, if I didn't want to get caught, I'd better get out of that part of the country in a hurry.

On Monday morning, after driving most of the night, I arrived in Chattanooga, Tennessee. Almost out of money, I stopped and spent what little I had left on gas. I also looked at the map I had purchased and decided to take I-59 to Birmingham. However, God had a different route.

Instead of the road I meant to take, I took I-75 into Georgia. When I realized I had gone the wrong way, I got off the interstate at the Dalton, Rocky Face exit. I looked at my map and tried to decide my next move. Since my gas-tank gauge was on empty, I knew I couldn't go far. I decided to go south on Georgia Highway 41.

As I started down Highway 41, I saw a hitchhiker by the side of the road. I did not realize it then, but God had put him there for me.

I picked him up. He told me he was looking for a job. I told him I also needed a job and asked his advice on where to find one. He said I should be able to find a job in Dalton and gave me directions to the job-service office.

I took the man where he wanted to go, then went on. I was in something of a daze about the whole matter, for there seemed to be an extraordinary aura about this hitchhiker. To this day I have no idea what I would have done or where I would have gone if it had not been for his advice.



I finally located the job-service office in Dalton. I filled out a piece of paper and was sent to where some people were building a church. When I found the man I was told to contact, he sensed right away there was something unusual about my situation. He asked me if the truck I was driving was stolen.

I told him my story. He took me and the truck to his house and notified the people who owned the truck.

I was helpless to do anything for myself but the man assured my folks that I was okay and that he would take care of me and the truck.

Three days later, without my being aware of it, some friends of mine from Pennsylvania came to Georgia to take me and the truck back to Pennsylvania. I didn't want to go back but neither did I know what to do if I stayed in Georgia. After some persuasion from my Pennsylvania friends and advice from my new friends, who had so graciously taken care of me for several days, I reluctantly returned home.

Back home, I seemed to be living in a dream for several weeks. I couldn't seem to grasp what had happened. The pickup was returned to its owner without any charges being pressed against me. I went back to work on an Amish farm and tried hard to work out my

personal problems. Not much seemed to have changed; yet I began to realize God had His hand on my life.

Mostly by writing letters, I stayed in contact with friends I had made in Georgia; in the summers of '78 and '79, I visited them.

As I grew older, I realized I wasn't getting anywhere in Pennsylvania. Even though I started working at a sawmill when I turned eighteen, bought a car and went about life almost as I wanted to, I was not satisfied. Though I still claimed not to care about religion, I was thinking much of the time about religious matters.

In November 1979 I decided to return to Georgia. I moved in with friends and got a job. I also attended my friends' church and, for the first time, began to take interest in the gospel message of Jesus Christ. The Holy Spirit dealt with me and I knew I needed Christ in my life. In the early part of 1980, I gave my heart to Jesus Christ. From then on I committed myself to God by praying, studying the Bible, and seeking His will for my life.

Later on I began to visit some other churches in the area, including the Church of God. Several of my friends were affiliated with the Church of God and, after visiting for some time, I decided to take membership. While I was

attending the Church of God in the summer of 1981, I made some new friends and also learned about Lee College.

In September 1981 I felt led of God to enroll at Lee College. Since I was working full-time in Dalton and had to commute, I enrolled part-time. Lee College was quite a change for me, compared to the one-room school where I had gotten my previous education. I had not been in school for almost eight years. The thought of going to college had never before entered my mind. In fact, I did not think too much about a higher education to begin with but, as I sought the Lord on the matter, I felt impressed to go. I attended Lee in the fall of 1981 and the spring of 1982. I intend to enroll again this fall, if the Lord wills.

Six years have passed since the miraculous events of my first trip to Georgia. I now look back and think of how God has had His hand on my life. It's a thrilling revelation. I sometimes wonder what the future holds, though I'm sure it's best not to know.

I know in my heart that, through God, all things are possible and that He has called me to tell others of the saving message of Christ.

How marvelous is the mercy of God. □

**“God, who is rich in mercy . . .
Even when we were dead in sins,
hath quickened us together with Christ”
(Ephesians 2:4, 5).**

Have YOU Heard GOD'S VOICE?

by J. Stephen Conn



A young ministerial student attending West Coast Bible College in Fresno, California, was sincerely seeking God's direction for his life. One afternoon he shut himself alone in his dormitory room to pray.

"Oh God," he implored, "I'll go where You want me to go. I'll do what You want me to do. Just tell me what Your plan is for my life."

As he prayed, a small group of his classmates were studying in the adjoining room where they could overhear the prayer through the thin dormitory wall.

The young seeker waxed louder and more eloquent. "Speak, Lord. Let me hear Your voice."

In a mischievous mood, one of the guys on the other side of the wall cupped his hands and in his deepest voice thundered, "Africa."

There was a short pause from the prayer chamber. Then the young seeker resumed, "God, you've got to make it plainer than that."

A roar of laughter ended the prayer meeting.

Has God ever made it that plain to you? Chances are He has never spoken to you audibly. Join the club. He hasn't spoken to me that way either. In many ways, though, we may hear His voice.

I was interviewing a man in order to write a book about him. He must have used the expression

"AFRICA"

"God told me" at least a dozen times. I was becoming more and more intimidated by this spiritual super

hero when I finally asked him, "Just how did God tell you? Have you ever heard His voice out loud like you and I are talking right now?"

"No," was his honest reply. "He never spoke to me in an audible voice. God speaks to me in other ways."

Now I don't doubt that God *can* and *does* occasionally choose to speak to some people in an audible voice. But you and I have no reason to feel intimidated just because He usually chooses other means by which to communicate with us. It just might be that we are the ones who have the greater faith. Perhaps God reserves his audible voice for those who are not spiritually in tune enough to hear His other voices. At least that possibility makes me feel less put down by those super saints who claim God comes down and talks with them in the cool of the evening as He did with earth's first family.

God's other voices might include visions and dreams, the gifts of the Spirit, the ordering of our experiences, or the "still, small voice." The most obvious and frequent way in which God speaks to us is through His Word, the Bible.

As a young Christian I didn't realize this; too, I often found praying for more than five or ten minutes to be a drudgery. Later I discovered the main reason for my discontent was that my

prayers were almost totally one-sided. I envisioned God as a great ear in the sky, with no voice. My prayers could have been best described as "running off at the mouth to God."

It is amazing how much more pleasurable and effective my prayer life became when I learned to intersperse my petitions with Bible reading. When we prayerfully meditate on God's Word, it is marvelous the things He tells us. The most effective practice for me is to pray awhile, read awhile, meditate awhile; then I sense the need to pray some more.

You have probably been in church services where the sermon was preempted by the Holy Ghost. This usually happens when the moving of the Spirit is such that hungry souls respond as though the sermon had already been preached and an invitation given. A newspaper reporter was present to cover a service of this nature at a camp meeting attended by four thousand people near Chattanooga, Tennessee. The headline in the next morning's newspaper declared, "Holy Ghost Interruption Marks Camp Meeting Service."

I enjoy being in services like that. But even these glorious outpourings are never meant to totally supplant the preaching of God's Word.

In some circles it is not uncommon to hear comments such as, "Oh, didn't we have a fantastic service last Sunday night! There wasn't any preaching and two souls were saved."

The implication is that a service in which "the Holy Ghost takes over" is somehow more spiritual than one in which the Word of God is proclaimed.

Nothing is more spiritual than God's Word.

I once heard a prominent evangelist address a congregation in Casper, Wyoming. After reading a familiar verse of Scripture he said, "I know what this verse states, but Jesus appeared to me in a vision and told me what He really meant was . . ."

I turned that evangelist off in my mind and I have no desire to ever hear him preach again. I would not give a nickel for all the books he has written and all the radio broadcasts he has taped. Though that man has many followers who consider him to have a special revelation, most Christians regard him as a religious weirdo.

God simply does not contradict His Word. When

a voice is heard, we can be certain it is not God's if it is out of harmony with the Scriptures.

So many prayers are wasted by asking God for special guidance concerning questions which He has already clearly answered in His Word.

A charming nineteen-year-old parishioner sought my advice concerning a young man who had proposed marriage to her.

"Do you love him?" I asked.

"I'm not sure. But he actually asked me to marry him."

"Is he a born-again Christian?" I continued my questioning.

She hesitated. "Well, he says he doesn't believe in Jesus. But I'm praying God will help me convert him."

I counseled the young lady that there was no need to seek God for special revelation in order to find His will in this situation. The Bible contained a ready answer to her question: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?" (2 Corinthians 6:14).

If God was not telling her "no" concerning the marriage, at least He was telling her "not now."

The girl left my study dejected. She didn't ask me to perform her ceremony.

When I saw her two weeks later in church, she was alone, but wearing a shining new wedding band. She showed me the ring and explained they had been married a few days earlier by a justice of the peace.

Not more than three months later a knock came at my door. It was the same girl, in tears. "It's not working out," she sobbed. "What can I do to keep my marriage from falling apart?"

Today she is a young divorcee who feels life has dealt her a bitter blow.

So many of our problems could be avoided by listening seriously to what God says through His Word.

It's a good question: "Has God spoken to you?" But a better way to put it is, "Have you *heard* God's voice?"

God *does* speak today. His voice is always in harmony with His Word, the Bible. □

TEEN TALENT



1982 STATE Teen Talent WRITING COMPETITION

We regret that photographs for the following people were not available. We heartily congratulate them for winning first place in the 1982 State Teen Talent Writing Division Competition: Kenneth Stephens, SS—Chi/Metro; Sandie Lallaman, P—Chi/Metro; Kendra Stricklin, P—CO; Byron Arrowood, SS—FL; Judi Andrez, P&S—FL; Phyllis Williams, SS—FL (Cocoa); Steve Boyd, A&E—FL (Cocoa); George Smith, SS—IN; Steven Dawson, P—KY; Arlene Froese, A&E—ND & SD; Terry Adkins, P—N. CA/NV; Gina Glover, A&E—NC; John Canning, A&E—N. New Eng.; Karen Pyatt, SS & P—OK; Diane Renaud, P—S. New Eng.; Alfredia Rhodes, P—WV; Mary Nuckols, SS—VA; Libby Thomas, P—VA.

P—Poetry, SS—Short Story, A&E—Articles and Essays, P&S—Plays and Skits



Felicia Herring
SS—Alabama



Sonia Perkins
P—Alabama



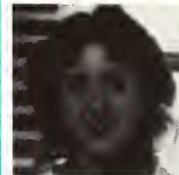
Cindy Smith
P—Florida



Lane Lavender
A&E—Florida



Priscilla Dandridge
SS—FL (Cocoa)



Lynda Vlaro
P—Iowa



Donna Hutchison
P—Kansas



Angela Dean
SS—Kentucky



Paul Newton
P—Michigan



Selina Wells
P&S—Michigan



Patricia McEvoy
A&E—Michigan



Kendra Becker
P—N & S Dak.



Edna Villarreal
SS—N. Cal/Nev.



Lisa Garner
SS—N. Carolina



Donna Burnham
P&A&E—S. Cal/Nev.



Tammy Wiggins
SS—S. Carolina



Shella Garner
P—S. Carolina



Melinda Moree
A&E—Tennessee



Beth Kilpatrick
SS & A&E—Texas



Cindy Davis
P—Texas



Danny Thomas
SS-Alabama



Chris Pharr
SS-Arizona



Allison Stingla
P-Arizona



Kenneth Stephens
SS-Chi/Metro



Joal Gokool
SS-E. Canada



Daniel McAfee
P-E. Canada



Carla Lucas
SS-FL (Cocoa)



Ron Jankins
SS-Illinois



Randy Graham
P-Illinois



Anita Mann
A&E-Illinois



Cathy Dunning
A&E-Indiana



Michalla Johnson
A&E-Indiana



Steven Dawson
A&E-Kentucky



Debbla Warran
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Caclia Shalton
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Carol Nawton
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Yvatta Frayer
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Lisa Peterson
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Cindy Davis
SS-N. Georgia



Kay Prascott
P-N. Georgia



Taresa Duncan
A&E-N. Georgia



Carol Carle
SS & P-N. Naw Eng.



Greg Howard
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Panay Byrd
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Todd Halcomb
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Timothy Wood
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P-Tennessee



Chris Mathas
P&S-Tennessee



Angela Adams
SS & P-W. Canada



Tomi Lucas
SS-W. Virginia



Alan Thomas
A&E-Virginia



Missy Pugh
P&S-W. Virginia



Angla Bloomfield
A&E-W. Virginia



Sharon Lusk
SS-Wisconsin





"Almost immediately after the 1611 edition was published, the revision process was begun."

The New King James

Why the New King James? Actually, updating the King James Version is not new. Since it was first translated in 1611, four major editions of the King James Bible (and hundreds of minor revisions) have been published. The edition currently being used, however, was last revised in 1769.

Until now, the standard King James available has been the 1769 revision. Almost immediately after the 1611 edition was published, the revision process was begun. In the 156 years between 1613 and 1769 there were approximately 24,000 differences in the text and punctuation of the King James Version's various editions. Because these differences were not necessarily "authorized," an effort was made to standardize the King James Version. Hence, the 1769 revision became "official"; further revisions, except minor ones, were stopped.

Today, hundreds of differences exist among the

Version

current editions of the King James Version. However, until recently there had been no scholarly effort to update the language while preserving the majesty and rhythm of the respected giant among all Bibles—indeed, among all Western literature.

Seven years ago, the bold and painstaking task of making the King James Version understandable for today's readers was begun. Exhaustive research and tireless linguistic study were meshed with the manuscripts which form the basis of the original 1611 edition. The purpose was singular: to preserve the 1611 King James Bible for twentieth century readers without violating the theological integrity, the majestic grandeur, and the lyrical cadence of the original.

Here are the major changes to be found:

1. ARCHAIC VERBS AND PRONOUNS UPDATED.

"Sheweth" now reads "shows." "Thee," "thou," and "thy" now read "you" and "your." Other archaic pronouns and verb endings have been updated in order to simplify the understanding of God's Word.

2. UPDATED PUNCTUATION.

When necessary, unclear punctuation has been updated in accordance with today's accepted usage without changing the text's meaning, beauty, or authority.

3. COMPLETE TEXT.

Many recent translations delete parts of verses or chapters. The New King James Version contains every verse and chapter of the original translation.

4. PRONOUNS CAPITALIZED.

Pronouns referring to God have been capitalized in

keeping with contemporary writing style.

5. TRUE MEANINGS PRESERVED.

The true meanings of words have been faithfully preserved according to commonly understood usage. For example, "naughtiness" is better understood today by using the word "wickedness," since "naughty" now has a lighter, more playful connotation than when it was originally used.

6. QUOTATION MARKS ADDED.

Quotation marks have been added to make dialogue easier to follow and the speakers easier to distinguish.

7. THEOLOGICAL TERMS RETAINED.

The word "atonement" has a special meaning to Christians. This and similar theological terms have been kept intact as a guard against doctrinal misinterpretation.

8. COMPLETE FOOTNOTES.

The footnotes on variant readings are the most complete found in any Bible today; they also contain the most common optional readings identified by manuscript sources.

9. MODERN FORMAT.

Modern format enhances clarity through paragraph units, subject heads for topical units, poetic structure for lyrical passages, and italics for editor-supplied words.

* * * *

1 Corinthians 13

1. Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels,

but have not love, I have become as sounding brass or a clanging cymbal.

2. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing.

3. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profits me nothing.

4. Love suffers long and is kind; love does not envy; love does not parade itself, is not puffed up;

5. does not behave rudely, does not seek its own, is not provoked, thinks no evil;

6. does not rejoice in iniquity, but rejoices in the truth;

Thomas Nelson, the world's leading Bible publisher, saw the need for a new edition of the King James Version and engaged a team of more than 130 scholars and lay people spanning the entire theological spectrum to accomplish this historic project. The King James Version is the common denominator of all denominations through Christendom. In survey after survey, this magnificent version emerges as the most widely read translation ever published—the version most people prefer.

10. But when that which is perfect has come, then that which is in part will be done away.

11. When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

12. For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then face to face. Now I know in part, but then I shall know just as I also am known.

13. And now abide faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love. □

7. bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

8. Love never fails. But whether there are prophecies, they will fail; whether there are tongues, they will cease; whether there is knowledge, it will vanish away.

9. For we know in part and we prophesy in part.



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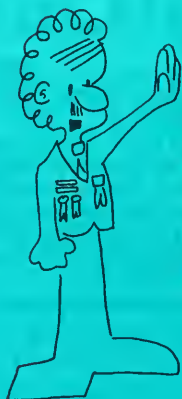


Assume God is the author of ALL guilt.
Forget that Satan delights in making you feel guilty over things you cannot control and standards you cannot meet.



Assume God is not the author of ANY guilt. Instead, blame parents and society. Then go do what you want.

SIG HEIL! GUILT?
VOT IST GUILT?



Believe if you don't feel guilty about something, it must be all right to do it. This must mean you are blameless before God. After all, the conscious is perfect, isn't it?

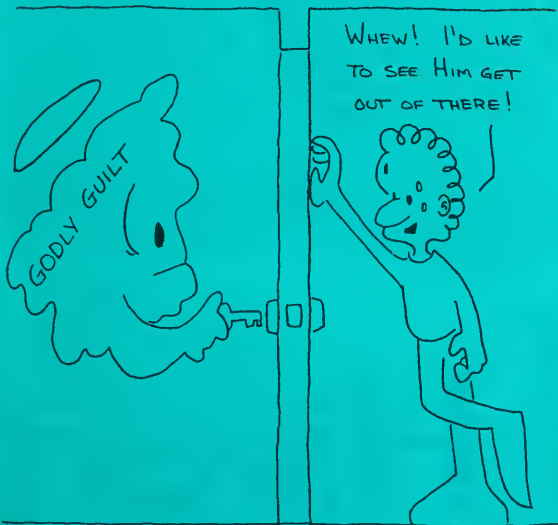


Never test guilt feelings for truth. Such questions as "What does God's Word say?" "Did I have any control over this?" and "Did I do this in willful disobedience?" are meaningless anyway.

DEAL WITH GUILT



Artist/Writer
Larry E. Neagle



"THERE IS THEREFORE NOW NO CONDEMNATION FOR THOSE WHO ARE IN CHRIST JESUS."



ROM. 8:1



© LARRY E. NEAGLE

Keep believing you aren't forgiven until you've paid for your sin. Pay for it. Who cares that such little acts of self-atonement are but filthy rags before the Cross?

If the guilt is from God, try to conceal it. Never indulge in confession and repentance. They only get things out in the open for others to see. Besides, what He doesn't know won't hurt Him.



Hickory Haven

It was a cool, misty, late-October morning when Simon and Robert scampered through the woodland leaves. Both maintained a dual mood this morning—one of lighthearted playfulness, another of serious nut gathering. It had been a long night and the two were hungry.

As they wrestled and chased one another among the tree limbs, Robert executed an impressive flying-trapeze act off one of the more narrow branches and landed upon the forest floor. Simon followed close behind, chirping at Robert in scolding tones.

"I can clearly tell by your frivolous swinging, Brother, that you see no danger in anything."

"Why should I be afraid?" Robert chided back. "These woods are home. I can do any trick, master any tree, and outrun any of you other bushy-tailed rodents."

"I didn't say you should be afraid, Brother, but using a little caution certainly wouldn't hurt. I realize you have great skills but you should learn patience. If I must say so, sometimes you tend to be a bit showy."

"Sure Simon! You're just jealous because Mr. Victor said I was talented."

Simon lowered his head and ambled off, silently continuing to gather nuts. He was the eldest of the two and had learned his lessons of patience and hard labor long ago. He was also, to say the least, the calmer and wiser.

Robert scolded on, growing more intensely angry at Simon's silent composure.

"Jealous! Jealous! Jealous!

Because Mr. Victor called me talented."

Simon closed his ears and ignored Robert. Mr. Victor had called Robert talented, yes; he had also asked Simon to look out for his younger brother. Mr. Victor knew as well as Simon of Robert's impatient and insolent behavior.

Mr. Victor was owner of this woodland paradise where Simon and Robert dwelt. The two were fortunate because Mr. Victor allowed no hunting on

by **Kenneth W. Maynor**

his property. He loved the squirrels as his own children. Often Mr. Victor would come out of his mansion to stroll with his friends, feeding them acorns from his palm. Robert and Simon, but especially Simon, loved Mr. Victor.

Simon thought intensely as he continued to gather nuts, not noticing that Robert had left to amuse himself at other select spots in the woodland. Simon recalled the day Mr. Victor had led him to a special tree in the forest.

"This tree," Mr. Victor had said, "is very special to me, Simon. It's the largest hickory tree in the forest. Three men together couldn't fit their arms around the trunk of it. When I arrived here years ago, this tree was here. Immaculate and sturdy, isn't she?"

Mr. Victor looked at his beautiful tree.

"Long ago when my senior servant, Luther Satyr, disrupted my household and I dismissed him, it was this hickory which he decided to chop down to hurt me."

"What happened?" Simon asked.

"Well, Satyr tried alright. But after he split the hickory and thought it destroyed, something marvelous occurred. The tree's trunk branched into two main boughs. Now it's three times as large as any tree in my forest and I love it all the more.

"Of course, it made Satyr so mad that he began illegal hunting on my property. He realizes I love you squirrels even more than this hickory tree. I keep the county game warden, Michael Gabe, about, policing the area as

much as possible, but my woods still aren't safe with that wretched hunter rampaging around.

"Anyway, I told you the story of this hickory, Simon, because I want you and all your friends to use her as a haven. There's at least a hundred hiding places in her and no hunter will ever be able to harm you here. Remember, this hickory will keep you and your friends secure. Depend on this tree, not on your own strength and skills. Michael won't always be around but the hickory will be here. Understand?"

Simon reminisced of that day and grew warm inside as he thought of Mr. Victor's love and concern.

A sudden ray of light thrust Simon back to the present.

The sun is rising, he thought. Feeling himself in a danger zone and realizing Robert's absence, he darted off through the weeds and grass yelling, "Sunrise! Saturday! Sunrise! Saturday! Sunrise! Saturday!"

Simon's harsh shrills were
CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

THE LEOPARD AND

BY MARILYN GRATTON

Many years ago in China, twin brothers Chu and Ch'in made preparation to enter business. Chu thought for many days in order that he might enter into a field most suitable to his talents and disposition. After much deliberation, he declared his intention to open a small restaurant where men could meet for food, drink, and discourse.

Ch'in, on the other hand, gave the decision barely a moment's consideration before announcing his plan for a meat market. He rushed about hiring helpers and buying meat and preparing his store.

On the eve of the opening of the restaurant and the meat market, their father called his sons to him one at a time. Chu interrupted his evening duties and quickly entered his father's quarters with his head lowered and his eyes averted, for he very much honored his father.

"My son," spoke the father softly, "I have gained from you much pride. You have grown straight and tall and wise. I know that you will manage your business with prudence and

with honor. Remember, my son, when the leopard dies, he leaves his skin; but a man leaves his reputation. Go and prosper with my blessing."

Chu spoke no words to his father. His head remained lowered and he bowed in humility and admiration, then returned to his meager quarters. He realized the importance of his father's words and delayed the opening of his restaurant for one day so he might meditate on them.

As Chu sat in silent meditation, his father called Ch'in to his sanctum. Ch'in, too, revered his father and approached the old man with bowed head. "My son," began the father, "you have brought me much pride for you have grown straight and tall and wise. However, little one, you have also grown impatient."

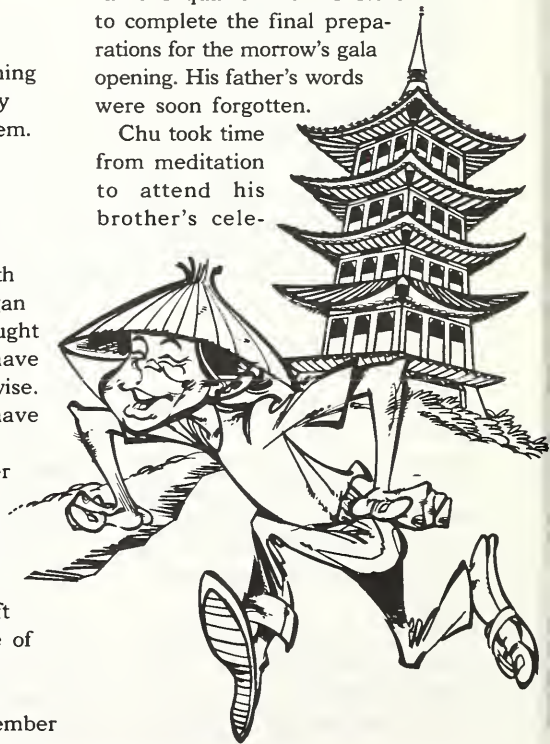
As he spoke, the father noted with sadness his younger son's feet shuffling quietly and the fingers of his right hand twining and untwining with those of his left hand. The son was unaware of his own actions and did not notice his father's pause or pain. "My son, always remember

this in your dealings with people: When the leopard dies, he leaves his skin; a man leaves his reputation."

Having so spoken, he nodded and turned away, signaling the end of the meeting.

Ch'in hurried from his father's quarters to his store to complete the final preparations for the morrow's gala opening. His father's words were soon forgotten.

Chu took time from meditation to attend his brother's cele-



HIS BROTHER

bration the next day, but his stay was brief and only a courtesy to Ch'in. On his way home, Chu stopped to visit with his ailing grandfather, as he tried to do at least once a day.

The ancient sage still had a twinkle in his eyes even though his breaths were short, rasping and painful. He whispered for his grandson to bend closer and Chu did so. "If you suspect a man, don't employ him; if you employ a man, don't suspect him."

These words barely escaping him, the old man wheezed a final breath and died. Chu was grief-stricken, for he dearly loved his grandfather. Upon returning to his meditation, he vowed to delay his opening one day more out of reverence for his grandfather and in order to ponder his last words.

Ch'in enjoyed an exciting and profitable first day and returned home tired but happy. He was not so tired, however, that he couldn't taunt his overcautious brother. Ch'in made certain that Chu knew the exact extent of one day's earnings and that he considered

his brother a fool for not opening right away.

Their father watched with a great and heavy pain in his heart as the younger twin teased and tormented his uncomplaining brother. Whenever Ch'in would look toward his father, the man would turn away until finally Ch'in fell silent and retired to his room.

The next day, Ch'in was the first to rise and was at his store before most people had acknowledged the new day. He arranged and rearranged his displays. He lettered and relettered his signs. He scrubbed and rescrubbed his floors and walls. All this time, he hummed happily to himself.

Throughout this day, as Ch'in sold meats of all cuts and types to the villagers, Chu sat at home in deep meditation. Arising in late afternoon, he went to his uncle's room to pass some time and discuss philosophy. On this day, however, the uncle was still grieving over his father's death; thus, his participation in the conversation was reluctant. Sensing this, Chu made ready to leave when, for the first time,

the uncle turned to him his full attention. "Son of my brother," he began, "in business, just scales and full measure injure no man. Now go and leave me in peace. Tomorrow we will speak of life. Today I must ponder death."

Chu bowed his head and returned to his meditation. He decided to postpone one more day the opening of his restaurant to give full consideration to his uncle's words.

Again, Ch'in returned home with coins spilling from his pockets. He was proud and excited and could not refrain from chatter. When he learned of his brother's decision not to open for yet another day, his disgust was too intense to mask. His arguments fell on deaf ears so he retired to his chamber to sulk in private. He was determined to become more successful in three days than his hesitant brother could hope to become in three years.

The next day Ch'in again arose early to attend his store. While he made even greater profits than on the previous

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

Update



GOD'S WAYS—OUR WAYS

God's way of doing things is very different from man's. Scripture tells us that God's ways are much higher than our ways, as high as the heavens are above the earth.

In order to understand God's ways, every young person should pray like the youthful Solomon (1 Kings 3:5-15). God told Solomon he could have whatever he wanted. Because he "loved the Lord," Solomon answered, "Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart . . . that I may discern between good and bad" (1 Kings 3:9). God gave him wisdom and understanding but also riches and honor.

Let's examine the great difference between God's principle and the thinking of man. You may think that greatness is being the leader or boss. But God's principle is that "he that is greatest among you shall be your servant" (Matthew 23:11). Jesus served. He even washed His disciples' feet.

You may think the way to gain independence and honor is to leave home and get out from under your parents' authority. God knows that true independence and honor come by our submitting to those over us in the Lord. "Before honour is humility" (Proverbs 15:33).

You may think that to get ahead it is wise to cover your mistakes. But God's principle teaches us that "he that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy" (Proverbs 28:13).

You may think that by dedicating your life to God you are losing it. In reality, you will lose your life if you try to keep it for yourself. "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it" (Matthew 16:25).

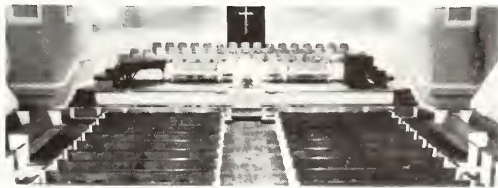
You may think the way to get even with your enemies is to do to them what they did to you or at least to avoid them. God knows that the most effective way to get even is to forgive them and to do good to them. "Do good to them that hate you" (Matthew 5:44).

If we want to be like Him (and every Christian should), we need to pray for an understanding heart—a heart that understands the ways of God. □

W.A. Davis

*Assistant General Director of
Youth and Christian Education*

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HICKORY HAVEN

Continued from page 17

meant especially for Robert's ears but they served as a warning for all.

"Sunrise! Saturday! Time for the hunter!" Simon chattered, weaving a twisting path toward the great hickory tree.

Atop a small hill, Simon paused and beheld the hickory—a haven of rest and a powerhouse of strength. Its inner walls stored great amounts of food and nourishment and it

provided shelter for many nests. Simon gazed with wonder, trying to find words to describe it.

"Immaculate. Something resurrected and mighty."

Simon saw all of his friends safely at the hickory; but not Robert. Where could his brother be?

"Time for the hunter—Satyr!" Simon yelled.

Simon lingered just outside

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the tree's perimeter, still searching for Robert. Suddenly, on the eastern side of the hickory, Robert came flying out nearly twenty yards away. The eastern side was the most vulnerable side for a squirrel because it faced the entrance to Mr. Victor's woodland.

Robert knew how dangerous this side could be yet he came flying out, performing another trapeze act—dropping from one tree to the next—as if making his circus debut.

Simon yelled, "Robert, come here. You're flirting with danger. Luther Satyr is probably out there right now."

"I hope so," Robert replied while tumbling across the ground and diving onto the skinny trunk of a narrow oak. "I want him to see my talent. You guys don't think I have any talent. I'll show you!"

"Robert, please come back to the hickory," Simon begged. Robert ignored him.

Then Robert heard another voice. It was beautiful and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23



YOUTH NEWS TO NOTE

Compiled by **SONJIA LEE HUNT**, Editorial Assistant General Department of Youth and Christian Education

'THUG' BEAT THE ODDS

CHATTANOOGA, TN—Rebellious, rejected and confused, Henry "Thug" Hutcheson at eighteen had a messed-up life. His story is not much different from that of many youth today—he'd tried just about everything in search of happiness and meaning to life. Yet he'd only succeeded in nearly destroying himself.

Henry's story is different, however, because someone led him to Christ. In Henry's case this someone was his high-school advisor and athletic trainer. It didn't happen on their first encounter or even their second. Finally, however, it struck Henry that Christ was what he needed.

"I figured if I accepted Christ," says Hutcheson, "I had a chance to become something positive. Hey, I needed something and Christ was offering me everything."

* * * *

1. Is it important to be a Christian while you're young? Why?
2. Do you know someone who is searching for Christ but doesn't know it? Could you be that "someone" who leads him to Christ?

'HIGH-HO, HIGH-HO, IT'S OFF TO SCHOOL WE GO'

Do you remember which of the seven dwarfs had big ears, looked spaced-out, and couldn't talk? Right! Dopey.

Rather ironically, Dopey's picture has appeared in schools around the country on what seem to be harmless self-adhesive stickers which children and teenagers collect and use to decorate their notebooks. In reality they are anything but harmless. The backs of them are coated with enough of the drug LSD to put an adult on a six- to eight-hour trip within twenty minutes. The same dosage is deadly to a child. They are even dangerous to the touch.

Officials and parents are especially concerned about the hazard which the stamps present to younger children, who cannot readily distinguish between harmless stickers and the "Dopey" LSD sticker. (*Chattanooga News-Free Press*)

* * * *

1. Have you encountered any of these LSD stickers? If you should, tell school officials and/or the police.
2. Could you help inform younger children of the danger of the LSD stickers? How?

MR. AND MISS NORTHWEST BIBLE COLLEGE

MINOT, N.D.—Terry Elder and Lisa Lamey have been chosen as Mr. and Miss Northwest Bible College, 1981-82.

Terry is a sophomore from Flint, Michigan, majoring in music. Lisa, also a sophomore music major, hails from Little Rock, Arkansas.

The two were selected because they represent the ideals of Northwest: Christian service, leadership, talent, and initiative.

ILLINOIS IMPACT RALLIES

Twenty-five young people were saved in the six regional Impact Rallies which were held across the state of Illinois earlier this year. Lamar Vest, general director of youth and Christian education, and W. A. Davis, assistant general director, were guest evangelists. Fifteen youths received the Holy Ghost baptism in the rallies. Special highlight of the rallies was the testimony of Mary Callahan, reigning Miss TEEN Illinois. Miss Callahan is a member of the Sterling Church of God. (Reporter—Dan R. Dempsey, state director of youth and Christian education)

JAMIE FLINTON

ROSWELL, N.M.—The Kentucky Avenue Church of God in Roswell, New Mexico, has a winner in its midst. For the past two years, Miss Jamie Flinton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. James Flinton, has competed in regional, state and national Office Education Association (OEA) Conferences. She competes in Extemporaneous Verbal Communication I and II. This involves going in, picking a topic, having ten minutes to prepare, and then giving a speech. Jamie attended the national conference last year in San Antonio, Texas, and will be traveling to Nashville, Tennessee, to represent Roswell High School in the national OEA competition this year. We are proud of Jamie. (Clarence Hixson, pastor)

HICKORY HAVEN

Continued from page 21

tempting—very hard to resist. It was Luther Satyr's.

"Come here, Robert. I have some acorns for you. I'm not going to hurt you. You're very talented. Very, very talented Robert."

Robert froze, spellbound. He had never heard a hunter speak to him in squirrel dialect before. Robert looked at Luther with amazement, as if he had been deeply penetrated.

How could anyone so handsome, so kind, harm me? Robert thought. Why, he even said I was talented. He's offering me acorns. He's speaking to me in my language.

By now Simon's warnings had completely faded and Robert saw only Luther Satyr beckoning to him with palm outstretched, then dropping acorns all over the path. Robert approached trustingly and put forth a harmless paw to take one of the acorns.

As Robert turned and settled on his hind legs to gnaw at the nut, Luther quietly lifted his twelve-gauge shotgun from against a barbed wire fence. With careful aim, he pointed the long barrel towards Robert and began to pull the trigger.

A striking wooden pole jolted the gun from Luther's grip. Robert looked up just in time to witness the incident and then fall stiffly into a state of shock.

"Alright, Luther, on your feet," a strong, masculine voice ordered.

It was Michael Gabe, the game warden.

"Stay away from this character and all of his fellow hunters," Michael advised, looking at Robert.

"But he . . . he had acorns in his hand and he told me. . ."

"Luther is a liar," Michael said. "He only wants to hurt Mr. Victor and he knows he can do that by destroying you. Mr. Victor loves you. He wants to use your talent, Robert. But you have to be patient and change your attitude. Simon will tell you. I must be going now."

Robert wept sorrowfully. "Simon," Robert said, "I want to change. I want to do things right."

"I believe you really do," chirped Simon in reply. "You know, Mr. Victor has always told me something."

"What's that?" asked Robert.

"He's always told me, 'Happy is . . . [he] that findeth wisdom, and . . . [he] that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold'" (Proverbs 3:13, 14).

"But how?" Robert asked, with longing in his eyes. "How do I find wisdom? How do I know which path to take? How do I know what to do with my talent?"

"Come with me," Simon interrupted, smiling approvingly. "I have something to show you that might answer all those frustrating questions of yours."

"What's that?" Robert asked, still puzzled.


Near the immense hickory, Simon stood on his rear limbs and chirped excitedly. He pointed towards some words engraved on the tree's trunk which Robert had been unable to see before:

"I am the way, the truth, and the life" (John 14:6). □

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THE LEOPARD AND HIS BROTHER

Continued from page 19

two days, he was unsatisfied and unhappy.

All during this day, Chu sat and meditated. He neither ate nor drank nor exercised nor spoke. He simply meditated. He did not even hear his brother return home with his boasting and bragging and money-counting. Well into the night, the father gently woke him from his trance and urged him to sleep. Chu slept a dreamless sleep.

Early in the morning, before cockcrow, Chu was on his way to his restaurant. He cooked and cleaned and cleaned and cooked, with the help of only one old man, until late in the afternoon. At dusk he opened his doors and served an elderly couple a meal fit for the gods. Indeed there was time and food aplenty to lavish upon them for they were the only customers all evening. They went away pleased and content; though still a poor man, so did Chu. That night Ch'in was indignant because of his brother's paltry earnings and chided him again for waiting so long to open.

Each day that passed, however, brought more satisfied customers to Chu's restaurant. Within a short time he was living quite comfortably. He and his brother lacked nothing.

One day, many years later, their father died. His last words were spoken to his sons: "Remember the leopard, my sons." Chu closed his restaurant and Ch'in closed his meat market as they privately mourned their great loss. Ch'in

wondered at his father's last words, but only briefly, for even with the store closed there were still business matters to attend. Chu withdrew into his private meditation for he knew the importance of his father's warning.

In the years which followed, Chu maintained a small but oft-frequented restaurant where the quality of food, service, and conversation was highly touted. His wealth mounted and his family was secure. Ch'in, however, became fat and indolent, greedy and lazy. He found it more profitable to weigh meats before removing bones and he accused his helpers of preparing oversized packages. He began bickering with his customers and with his helpers and found no more happiness in his shop.

Then, by the curious coincidence that sometimes follows twins, Chu and Ch'in died on the same day. Their funerals were held together and nearly everyone attended. There was much weeping and wailing and lamenting over the passing of Chu, who was considered the wisest and most honest of all businessmen among them.

When the mourners reached the body of Ch'in, however, the wails of sorrow quickly changed to squeals of delight. Ch'in was denounced as a cheat and a discredit to his father's and his brother's name. Only one man wept for Ch'in that day—the aged and feeble uncle, himself near death. It is said he was heard to mumble in a thin and ancient whisper, "There lie my two nephews—one a leopard, the other a man." □



PLGRIMAGE

by William Walter De Bolt

*As surely as the days rush past,
A boy or girl grows up too fast
And will not any longer do
The things that meant so much to you.*

*The picture books are put away,
No time to loaf, no games to play,
No kiss at night, no prayers to hear—
All this belongs to yesteryear.*

*Since youth, like flowers, cannot last,
These little ones grow up too fast
And leave behind a lonely you
For some far country strange and new.*

*As memories return and glow
With dear events of long ago,
You tuck them safe in bed once more
And tiptoe out and close the door.*

Books

MEN OF SCIENCE—MEN OF GOD by Henry M. Morris

"One of the most serious fallacies of modern thought is the widespread notion . . . that genuine scientists cannot believe the Bible."

In fact, some of the major scientific contributions to the world were made by scientists who were dedicated men of God.

In this illustrated book, Dr. Henry Morris gives a brief biography and Christian testimony of a number of such scientists who believed they were "thinking God's thoughts after Him."

Especially helpful for Christian students, particularly those in public schools. (Creation-Life Publishers, San Diego, CA 92115) □

WHAT IS CREATION SCIENCE? by Henry M. Morris and Gary E. Parker

Because of the worldwide controversy, this is the question everyone seems to be asking! Just exactly what is "creation science"? Now you can know about an acceptable alternative to evolution . . . now you can answer the questions your children bring home about origins.

Dr. Henry M. Morris and Dr. Gary E. Parker are noted scientists and educators and former evolutionists who have become creationists (based on the scientific evidence). They have responded to the question "What is creation science?" in terms most laymen can understand. Nearly sixty illustrations help to explain some of the more technical aspects of the subject.

In addition to being the best book available for personal reference on creation science, this book has also been carefully scrutinized by legal experts in "First Amendment" law and has been found to be satisfactory for use in public schools and libraries. (Creation-Life Publishers, San Diego, CA 92115) □

MAKING FOREVER FRIENDS by Lars Wilhelmsson

The ultimate disease facing mankind today is loneliness!

Deep, intimate friendships are rare today. Our society is known more for its loneliness than for its friendliness and friendships.

Life without friendship is like the sky without the sun. Friendship brings radiance, warmth, and depth to our life. There are few experiences in life so beautiful as true friendship, and there are few things more uncommon.

Quality friendships don't just happen. They are built.

Forever friendships are impossible apart from risk; there are simply no guarantees. Yet, to withdraw into a protective shell is the death of our humanity.

To be real is to have friends and to be a friend. Risk is well worth the richness which true friendships bring.

Discover friends. *Make a forever friend!* (Martin Press, Torrance, CA 90503) □

VITAL CHRISTIANITY by Lars Wilhelmsson

Deep, meaningful relationships require quality time. There are simply no shortcuts!

Mutual upbuilding which results in spiritual maturity is spoken of in the New Testament in terms of the Greek word *allos*, most frequently translated "one another." Relationship is the all-important factor. Every "one another" command is for the purpose of building stronger relationships with each other through our oneness in Christ.

The lifestyle we choose, then, is a matter of priorities. We either allow the feverish activity of our jet age to dictate our time schedule or we value God's intent for His body and arrange our life accordingly. We cannot have it both ways. (Martin Press, Torrance, CA 90503) □

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EDITORIAL, *Hoyt E. Stone*



Religious News Service Photo

Lighted Pathway, September, 1982

The Prosperity Gospel

I have a question for you, Paul."

"Yes."

"I'm sure your words have caused more than a little controversy over the years, but. . ."

"Get on with the question, Son. What's the problem?"

"In your letter to the Colossians, remember?"

"Aw, yes, the faithful brethren in Colosse. Timothy was with me then. He helped organize that church, you know."

"Yes, but the question I want to ask has to do with attitude. I'm sure things were different in your day . . . and I'm willing to make some allowance for that . . . but you wrote things about suffering which just don't square with what's going on in my world" (see Colossians 1:24-27).

"Oh, you mean suffering has been eliminated?"

"No, I don't mean that. It's just that we young people hear preachers put lots of emphasis on prosperity."

"So?"

"The prosperity gospel, some call it."

"Check my records. My churches prospered more than most."

"You seemed to rejoice in your sufferings. Not just talk but in actual physical suffering. It's hard to imagine what folks would think of such a preacher today. We have a few ministers who talk of hard times, of church members who won't cooperate, and of obstinate church boards, but those aren't the things you mentioned."

"Oh! Well, I still think I had a pretty good record. And you'll have to admit the church *did* prosper, throughout the entire Gentile world."

"Of course the church prospered, Paul. But what about you? I mean . . . you know . . . in a personal sense?"

"It was great, young man! A good fight all the way! I labored hard. Was beaten. Put in prison. Saw my friends killed. Three times I was beaten with rods. Once I was stoned. Shipwrecked. I spent

a night and a day in the sea. I was often in peril from robbers, my own countrymen, Gentiles, the wilderness, false brethren, hunger, thirst, cold, nakedness. The God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ knows I'm not lying" (see 2 Corinthians 11:22-33).

"But back to this prosperity idea. . ."

"That's what I'm talking about, Son. Everywhere I went the church prospered. I was so fortunate to have gotten out of Tarsus and into the work of the Kingdom. What a privilege! And I suffered so little compared to how my dear Lord suffered, even the death of the Cross. But I stayed in there, Son. I ran the course. I fought a good fight."

"Yes, Paul, you wrote about that" (2 Timothy 4:6-8).

"Oh! Well . . . I'm glad you read it. Aw . . . but if I could only write a few lines more . . . from this side. . ." □

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Youth and music—sometimes the two seem almost inseparable because music is life, and youth and life are inseparable.

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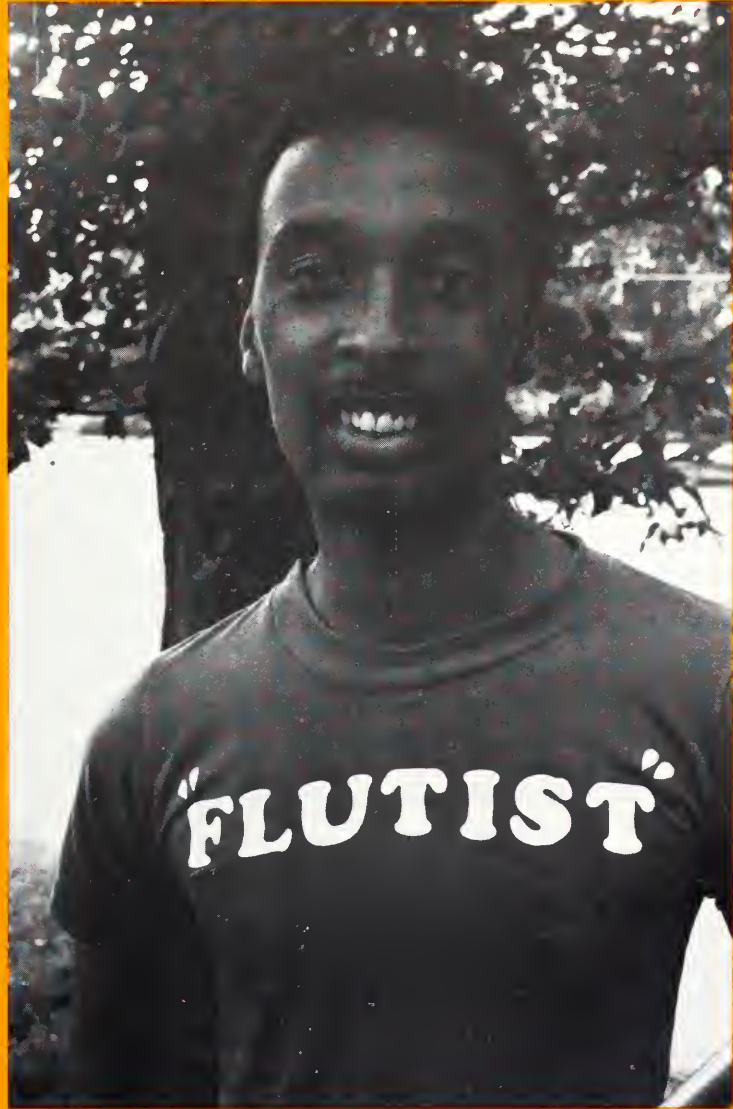
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THE FLUTIST

James Singer



FLUTIST

THIS MONTH

Beautiful people. That's what we like to write about in this magazine. Quite obviously, though, we refer to people beautiful in spirit, in attitude, in courage: not the world's concept, as you will see in our features this month—one of a black with musical aspirations, the other of a quadriplegic who has found success.

Hoyt E. Stone

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The Seed Planted, *Hoyt E. Stone* **27**

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THE FLUTIST

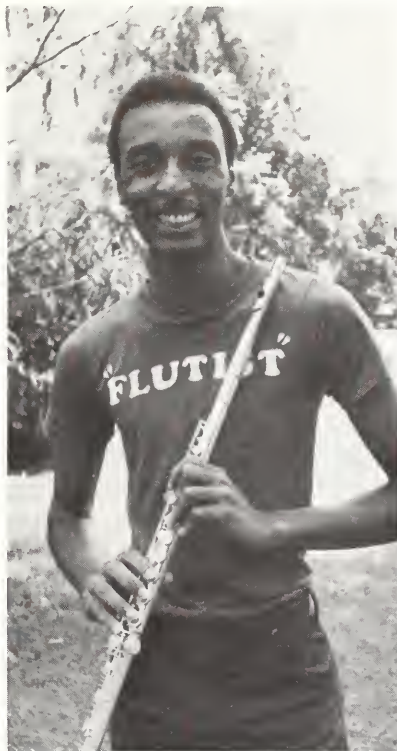
“Wow...that James Singer plays a mean flute!”

WITH THOSE words a teenager first informed me of a nineteen-year-old black boy who was doing awesome things on a flute. It was during Teen Talent competition in Kansas City.

Since competition was still under way, no one knew it at the time, but James would later take first place in solo competition (woodwinds) as well as first place honors in the small instrumental ensemble, teaming with Diane O’Neal.

“Count Your Blessings”—that was the song, the original piece of music from which James worked in order to take both honors. He developed and wrote his own musical theme, his own variations, and his own finale. This, plus skillful fingers and a contagious enthusiasm for performing, gave James a winning form the judges simply could not ignore.

“I never really wanted to play the flute,” James told me later, back on the campus of Lee



College where he is presently enrolled as a sophomore. “I wanted to be a drummer. Signed up for band in the sixth grade. Tried out on the drums and flunked.

“The band director then suggested I give the flute a try. I said ‘yeah’ without even knowing what a flute was. Went home and told my grandmother. She bought me a flute.”

Young readers will know this, of course; but, for some parents and those of my own generation, it should be pointed out that the flute is not a horn. It’s a keyed woodwind consisting of a cylindrical tube stopped at one end, with a side hole over which air is blown.

What’s most unusual is that a flute has a range from middle C upwards for three octaves.

So it is that the music James Singer produces soars, and dances, and lingers on the air

THE FLUTIST

James Singer



surrealistically. There's a dreamlike quality to his melody which reminds one of times and places past, or which hints hauntingly of better things to come.

James Singer competed in Teen Talent once before, that too in Kansas City (1978), where he managed to win third place. This year, by virtue of being a student at Lee and a member of North Cleveland, he first competed and won on Tennessee state level and then became one of many who represented the North Cleveland Church of God in national competition.

James was born in Sebring, Florida, 1962, south of Lake Wales and above Lake Okeechobee. Sebring, he says, is smaller than Cleveland. He comes from a broken home, father deceased, and was raised by his grandmother who always took him to Sunday school at the Harris Street Church of God. He has two sisters, both living in Hollywood, Florida.

Back in his home church, James sings in the choir, does an occasional solo, and loves to go on church trips. During high school he had

opportunity to visit Hawaii, a tour made possible through band competition; and he has done quite a bit of other traveling with his grandmother, Pearl L. Singer.

In terms of career and future plans, James hopes to become a concert performer. He has made application already and will shortly audition with the Chattanooga Symphony.

"Don't know if I'll make it or not," James says with candor, "but I'm going to give it my best. There's a young lady at Lee who plays with the symphony. If she can do it, I believe I can too. You know, and still keep up my classroom work.

"It's not easy to become a concert artist. I'm



not kidding myself about that. The competition is exceptionally keen and, even when you make it with a symphony, the pay is modest. That's why I'm also studying business. I've held a number of jobs and I'm not opposed to working as a clerk in a store, or just anything, so long as it permits me to perform as well. I view my talent as something given by the Lord and I want to use it every way possible.

"Along with my studies at Lee, I'm presently taking private lessons in Chattanooga, being instructed by the principle flutist."

Asked what was the most exciting moment he experienced in Kansas City, James replied:

"When it came my time to go on stage, I was tensed up and ready. Fact is, just dying to get out there. It was so different from four years before. This time I knew I was ready. I love to play in front of people, to watch the joy on their faces, the excitement as they follow me into the music.

"When I moved into the finale of my solo, and I knew the audience was with me, I was the happiest guy in all the world. Win or lose. I was a winner no matter what the judges had to say.

"Then . . . when the roaring, standing ovation came . . . I wondered if I could contain my emotions.

"That's how I know my future lies in performing. No matter how long it takes, how rough the road. I'm not too concerned about the money. Just give me food on the table, a few clothes, and change for music. I'll be satisfied. I just want to play my flute. That's what I do best. That's where my satisfaction lies."

James beams an optimism, and shows a determination which makes one think somehow he really is going to make it.

We wish him the best. □

REFRAIN

Count your bless - ings; Name them one by one. Cou



Stone Photo

CLAUDE WILLIAMS

**“Courage and
Faith Fight Back”**

ONE OF THE most unforgettable men I've met is Claude Williams, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

Claude lives in a spacious, ranch-style, white stucco house, nestled amid the palms of what I judge to be an upper-middle-class neighborhood. The house sits on a corner lot. A circular driveway permits entrance from either of two streets; and, when you move toward the front door, you pass a swimming pool glistening blue beneath a cloudless sky.

On the day of my visit, accompanied by Pastor Sam Adkerson, we are met at the door by Claude's mother. She beams hospitality. Tells us Claude will be back shortly. Offers to give us a personal tour of the house, Claude's room in particular.

"Claude is shy," Bessie Fetzer Williams tells me. "Doesn't like to talk about himself. Like most mothers, I don't mind. I hope ya'll will excuse the mop and bucket. I planned on taking them down to the shop and doing a little cleaning today."

Bessie leads us through the large sitting room or den, noting Claude had the house built especially for him—lots of open space and wood tile floors. "Wheelchairs and plush carpets don't go together."

We turn left from the kitchen down a hall, past rooms of which Bessie makes offhand comments: her bedroom, the guest room, Claude's room at the end.

"His private entrance," Bessie notes, pointing. "From the pool. Here's his bathroom. Note the special cabinets, the hoist, everything designed and built for him. Claude's very independent."

There are photos.

"His two daughters. Both grown now, and

**"A man who also
knows that
somewhere...and
at some time...God
will balance
the scales."**

married. Aren't they beautiful?"

Back in the kitchen, seated on stools at the coffee counter, Bessie tells of Claude prior to his accident: strong, typical boy, raised in Manchester, Tennessee, where he played football in high school,

married, and joined the Air Force.

"It's all here in my book," Bessie says. She hands me a paperback volume with a blue cover on which are the words, *Mountains and Valleys, The Life and Times of Bessie Fetzer Williams*.

"You may have this copy, with my compliments. It was June 14, 1955, when the accident occurred. It was a diving accident, you know, while he was still in the Air Force."

Claude arrives, driving his specially equipped, blue and white Chevrolet van past my car and up to the sidewalk entrance. We walk out in time to watch the van door slide open. Claude backs his wheelchair away from the steering wheel, turns, moves to the door, and smiles, "Good morning, Pastor. Sorry I'm late. This happens to be a busy Saturday."

Sam Adkerson introduces me. Claude and I shake hands. Actually, I do most of the shaking. Claude has little grip in his hands and manages to steer his van through an ingeniously designed, swivel wrist knob attached to the steering wheel.

"Welcome to Ft. Lauderdale, Brother Stone," Claude says. "How are things in Cleveland?"

I'm sure I answered something, though I'm not sure what. What I remember vividly is that, while I was conscious of Claude's wheelchair, of strapped-down and totally useless lower limbs, Claude wasn't. Life sparkled in Claude's eyes. I somehow had the feeling that if I didn't get my mind on something else, this man was going to feel sorry for me.

"A couple of my former pastors now live in Cleveland," Claude says. "I'm sure you know Ralph Williams."

"Oh yes."

"And Jerry Howell?"

"Know them both. They now work at Lee College."

"There's another preacher in Cleveland I know too. Jerry Noble. He held us a revival years ago. I think he's the guy who helped baptize me. Took three men to do it. They used a lawn chair."

Claude smiles.

With his right hand, Claude backs his chair a few inches and then moves it forward onto a lift. He presses another button and the lift rises from the floor of the van, ready to swivel him out and lower chair and all to the sidewalk.

"Well . . . shall we go into the house? Or are you ready to visit the shop?"

"May as well go on to the shop," Pastor Adkerson notes. "Brother Stone is on a tight schedule and we know you're busy."

"Fine with me." The chair backs off the lift. "Shall we ride together?"

Claude rolls his wheelchair forward and locks it into place beneath the steering wheel. We start to board when Sam interrupts.

"If we do this, then you'll have to bring us back to pick up the car. Why don't we just follow you?"

"Chicken!" Claude says, laughing. "But all right, Pastor, we'll see you at the shop. Get in, Mother."

"Wait. I forgot my mop and bucket."

"Brother Williams is always kidding me about being afraid to ride with him," Sam says, once we are in the car. "Truth of the matter is, he's an excellent driver. He drives for the most part with his shoulders. Those muscles are strong."

Originator Corporation, Incorporated. That's the name of the business Claude now operates in

partnership with a machinist named Red Gates. It's a partnership which already has proven successful and promises greater things for the future. As Claude puts it, "We're in the business of helping handicapped people find independence."

Claude and Red convert factory vans into vehicles custom-made for the handicapped. They are presently averaging two vans a week, though they did four the week I visited, and customers now come from all over the United States.

Claude is the designer; Red the machinist who turns ideas into practical reality. Claude's mother is secretary and bookkeeper for the company and there are four other machine shop workers. Though others have copied the concept, Claude holds a patent on the first swivel van-lift ever produced in the United States. He designed it himself, has since perfected it, changed it slightly, and now feels it is the best on the market. Judging from business, and the reputation Originator's is building, lots of people agree with that opinion.

Following his accident in 1955, Claude spent years in and out of hospitals, always hoping to find an answer to his paralysis, dreaming of a day when he would be miraculously well again. That dream slowly faded, but not Claude's faith and determination. His marriage fell apart but his will survived.

In 1967 Claude watched workmen from the Davis Flow Valve Company try to correct a faulty sprinkler system in his yard. The men couldn't find the problem. From his wheelchair, Claude offered suggestions. When the workmen heeded Claude's advice, they soon had the system working.

The men told their boss, Mr. Davis. A few weeks later, when there was another problem no one could figure out, Mr. Davis sent his men to ask Claude's advice. Claude had been trained as an engineer with the Air Force; and, as Bessie put it, raised on a farm with a head full of practical knowledge. Again, Claude solved the problem. Not long afterwards, Mr. Davis asked Claude to work for him.

Stone Photo



At first Claude refused the job offer. Then he agreed to work free for a month: if he proved useful to the company, he'd work for fifty dollars a week.

Claude Williams has been with Davis Flow Valve Company ever since. He not only earned his salary but he helped turn the company around, putting it on a sound financial footing, and was promoted to manager in 1970. That was the same year Mr. Davis rewarded his handicapped employee with a new Chevrolet van for a bonus.

"I don't know how you'll drive it, Claude," Mr. Davis said. "But it's yours and I believe you'll figure out a way."

Claude thought on that for a while, then took his plans, his engineering sketches, and his faith to Red Gates's machine shop. Claude and Red Gates worked six months converting that first van and their persistence paid off.

That personally customized van gave Claude the freedom he needed. He was able to do even more work in terms of Davis Flow Valve and today he is vice-president and general manager of the company.

Claude credits the success of the second joy of his life, Originator Corporation, to answered prayer.

"We'd been struggling along, Red and I, working on a few vans here and there," Claude told me, "when I went to a special meeting of handicapped veterans. At the meeting I prayed, 'Lord, open the door so I can be a help to others.' Next week, out of the clear blue sky, I received a phone call from General Motors Corporation. That's when it started. No one could make me doubt that God heard my prayer."

* * * *

Visit the Pompano Beach Church of God, just

north of Ft. Lauderdale, any Sunday morning . . . or night . . . and there you'll find Claude Williams, on the left, seated in his wheelchair at the end of his favorite pew where he can view the pulpit well. Claude will have his Bible in hand. He will be smiling. Nodding amen.

After service, if you can get through the crowd of friends who gather around him, if you can forget the banter and laughter which fills the air, and if you can bend over and shake his hand . . . look into Claude Williams' eyes.

You'll see a man in those eyes.

The vice-president of a company, yes. A business entrepreneur on his way to becoming wealthy, yes. A quadriplegic, yes. But a man of faith and courage. A man who knows how to fight back, and how to move courageously onward with the business of living.

A man who also knows that somewhere . . . and at some time . . . God will balance the scales. □

SEVENTEEN-MAN EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

COUNCIL OF TWELVE



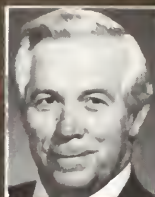
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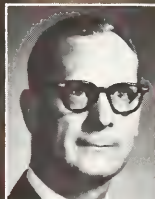
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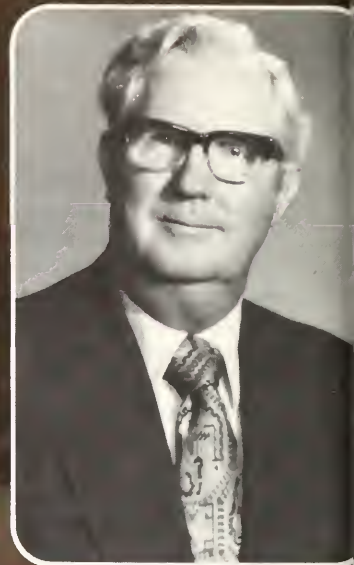


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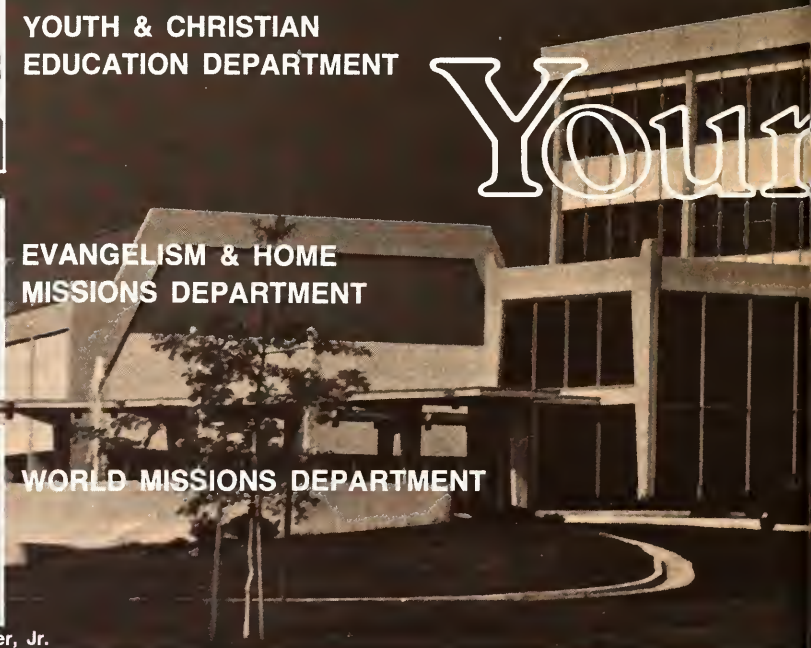
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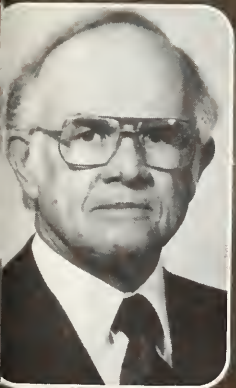


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George Keppler Photo



LISTEN TO THE LIGHT

Ed Carlin Photo

THE PEOPLE at the Bell System want to see to it that before long you'll be "hearing" the light.

They say that in the near future when a call is made the conversation will be carried between telephone offices as pulses of light over a hair-thin glass fiber. They call this new technology light-wave communications—sound carried on light waves. When this system is perfected and put into use it can carry enormous amounts of information through space-saving cables at low costs.

What excites me most about all this is the part about hearing the light. The prospect of listening to the light takes on added meaning when you consider that in the Bible Jesus

is called the Light. A lot of people must have seen Jesus when He walked among men. But not many, it seems, really heard Him or

existence was physical light. Then with the light of reason turned on inside him, man was placed in God's bright, new world. For a time man had fellowship with God and

walked in the light of innocence. But in time he misused the light God gave him. Doubt led

to disobedience and spiritual darkness.

Another light was now needed. Different from physical light or the light of human reasoning, this light would have to be able to push back the powers of darkness that had enveloped man's spirit. In the fullness of time God sent His Son to be the spiritual light that man needed. Speaking of Jesus, John says, "That was the true Light, which lighteth

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

BY BETTY SPENCE

understood why He came.

Peter, James, and John were among those who saw the Light. With Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration they beheld the Lord as "his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light" (Matthew 17:2). Yet seeing was not enough. For then a cloud overshadowed them and a voice said, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him" (v. 5).

The first thing God spoke into

Some kids would rather die than bring home grades like these.

In the next hour, 57 American kids will try to kill themselves. Many over problems that may seem small to adults. But to children, even little things can be matters of life and death.

Grades that weren't quite high enough. A broken date. A game that wasn't won. One more reason for feeling they've failed to measure up. To others' expectations. Or their own.

Suicide is the second leading cause of death among young people.

But it's preventable. If only someone recognizes the danger signals in time.

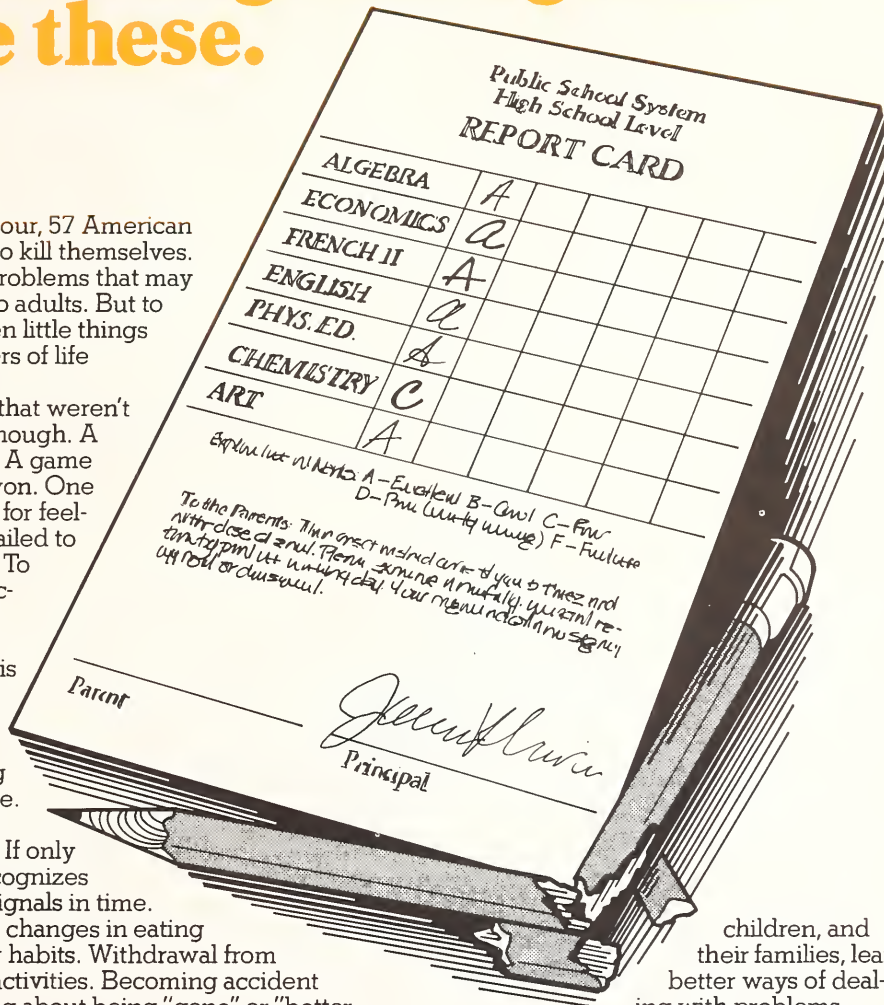
Sudden changes in eating and sleeping habits. Withdrawal from friends and activities. Becoming accident prone. Talking about being "gone" or "better off dead." The most dangerous sign of all is making final arrangements — giving away favorite records, books or other treasured possessions.

And don't think kids who talk about suicide won't try it. They will.

As a parent, the most important thing you can do is show your care.

Ask your children about their feelings. And listen to what they have to say. Without making judgments.

If you're concerned about self destructive behavior, call your local suicide prevention, mental health or crisis center. Professional counseling can help suicidal

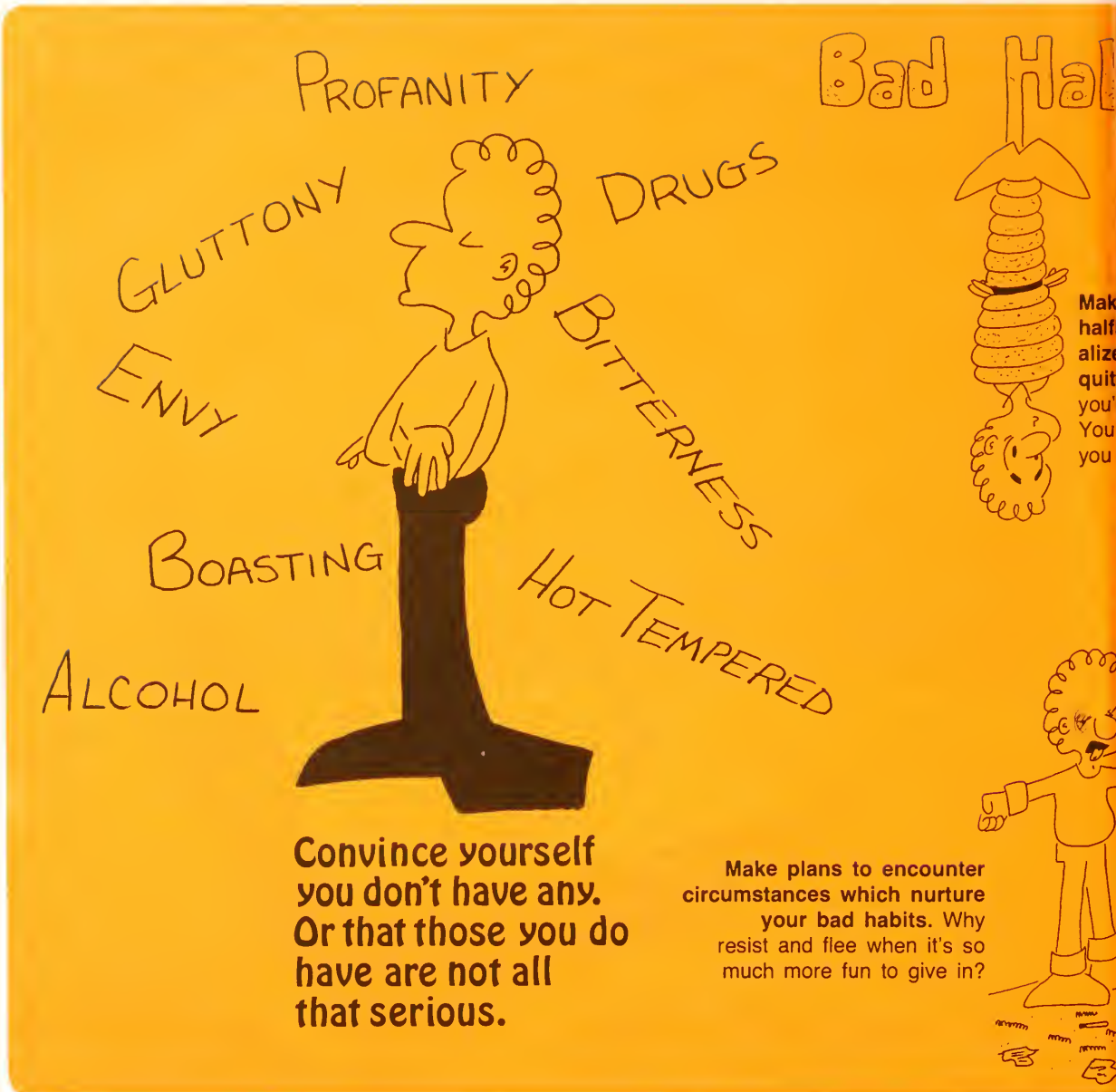


children, and their families, learn better ways of dealing with problems.

One of the tragedies of youth suicide is that children just don't always understand. That problems are temporary. And death is permanent. They're not experienced enough to realize their options. So some of them choose the way that should not be an option at all. And some of them don't live to regret it.

LIBERTY NATIONAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

For a free brochure on youth suicide and what you can do to prevent it, write Liberty National, Advertising Dept. RP, P.O. Box 2612, Birmingham, Alabama 35202.

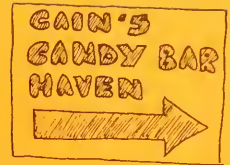
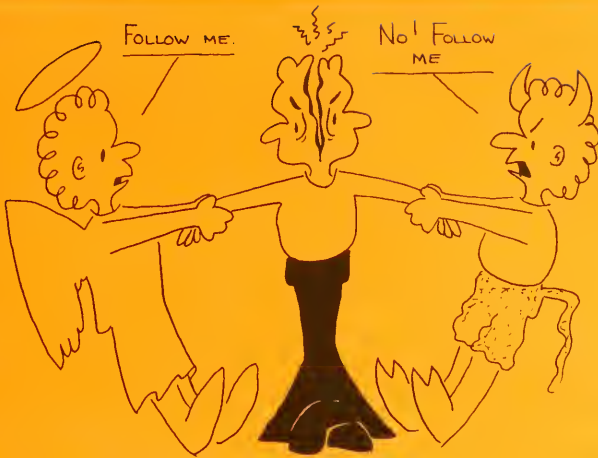


**Convince yourself
you don't have any.
Or that those you do
have are not all
that serious.**

**Make plans to encounter
circumstances which nurture
your bad habits. Why
resist and flee when it's so
much more fun to give in?**

How to Keep BAD

Artist/Writer: Larry E. Neagle



Console yourself with the idea that there's nothing you can do about it. That means you won't have to try.

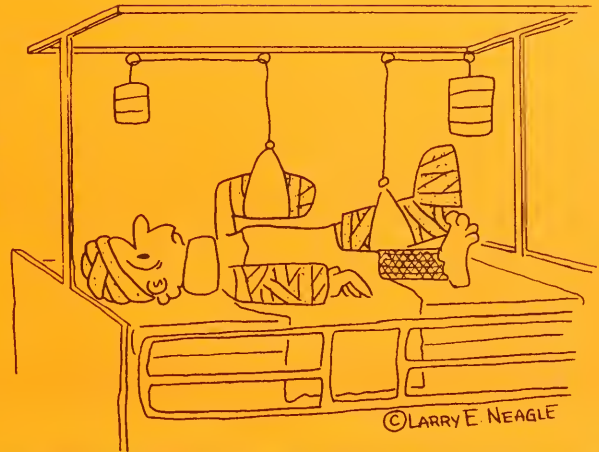
Seek the best of both worlds.

Compromise. Surely an enterprising person such as yourself can come up with some way of serving two masters.

gener-
s at
er all,
trol.
anytime



Try to break your habits in your own strength. Why bother Him when you can do it all yourself?



HABITS

by R. D. Ashby

MY, WHAT A lovely young lady!"

Aunt Agatha's comment was sincere, but it didn't really penetrate Marla's numbness. Her aunt's lips smiled bravely. Marla knew she also ought to try to hide the emptiness she felt inside.

"Such a shock." Marla heard her mother from within a small group of mourners. "She was so alive, so active. Doctor said her heart just quit. She died without a whimper."

"Maybe it's better that way," someone said.

"Poor Marla," an older cousin said. "She and Grandmother were so close."

Not wanting to be conspicuous, Marla slipped away to her room, the very room where she had talked with her grandmother shortly after Grandfather had died.

"Is there really life hereafter, Grandma?" she remembered asking.

"Such sober questions for a young woman," Grandmother had said, brushing a wisp of hair from Marla's face. "Of course there is!"

Marla had been eleven then, now she was fourteen. It seemed only yesterday.

Grandmother had come to live with them then, and to share a bedroom with Marla. Mom and Dad held their breath, waiting for the clash of generations that never came. Marla and her grandmother

became the best of friends the very first night, sitting up on each other's bed and sharing little-girl secrets common to both young and old.

"Did you kiss Grandpa on the first date?" Marla had asked.

"You bet I did," Grandmother confessed, laughing. "He was the only boy I knew who owned a car."

They had talked so late that Dad bumped the wall with his shoe and called, "You two kids go to sleep!"

They giggled and whispered good-night. Grandmother had hugged her vigorously.

The other bed was empty now. The room was hollow and cold.

Marla drew a dried blossom from one of the dozen shoe boxes lined up on a shelf.

She had expected her grandmother to be stern about keeping their room clean and orderly. Instead, she had brought in boxes of dried milkweed, foxtails, and other plants equally dehydrated and brittle which neither she nor Marla knew by name.

Grandmother had picked mum blossoms as they withered in the garden and brought them to their room, where they rested on the windowsill until the sun sapped their moisture and color into a very pale tan. These gay shades of reds, browns, and yellows were arranged in vases and baskets bought at five-and-dime stores.

Each was a unique creation that Grandmother loved to bestow on friends and relatives.

Sometimes Marla had gone with Grandmother to the fields to collect her treasures. They had found long pussy willows in marshy road burrows and they had strolled the edges of pastures, looking for different grasses that grow seeds in bushy heads like wheat.

"Why don't we go to the mountains and pick real flowers?" Marla once asked.

"Have you ever picked a mountain flower?"

"No."

"I have, many times for my grandmother."

The wrinkles around her lips had worked themselves into a warm smile at the memory.

"Bright, little, blue things that grew wild on the sunny side of the hills. She used to put them in water and try all sorts of things to keep them alive, but they always wilted in a few hours."

"But they are so much prettier than these dead things," Marla had said. She felt a pang of guilt now as she thought of it.

"Funny," Grandmother said, as she plucked an unusually long and bushy foxtail and studied it pensively. "I never thought of them as being dead. They are still so much a part of the world, giving us beauty and promise. . ."



STRAWFLOWERS

H. Armstrong Roberts Photo

She didn't finish the thought. Instead, she put the long stem of the foxtail between her teeth, with the head of it drooping down in a gentle arch.

"Mooo!"

Together they laughed. Grandmother always liked to laugh and she liked to make others laugh too.

"Do you remember the candlesticks your grandfather

used to turn on his homemade lathe?" she had asked that same day.


"Yes," said Marla. "He gave me a set."

"You know, he used to go out into the woods and get the hardest, driest wood he could find. He never brought back anything that was still green. He said green wood was easier to work. But when he was

finished, the candlesticks would dry out and crack open. His work would be for nothing."

Grandmother's kindly eyes had searched Marla's for a hint of understanding.

"It seems to me there are a good many things in this world which don't fulfill their purpose until death. Wheat can't be planted or ground into
CONTINUED ON PAGE 21



BIBLE With a Hidden Message

by Tom O'Reilly

H. Armstrong Roberts Photo

IT WAS A raw November night in Tall Oaks. Toby Logan didn't like it.

"Aw, come on, Jimmy," he begged, pulling his stocking cap tighter over his orange-colored hair. "Let's call it quits. You said if we got seven or eight Bibles, we'd stop. Well, now we've got *nine*. The Bible Mission'll be glad we got that many. My fingers are icicles,

lugging this bag around. Let's go home!"

"Well—" Jimmy Harkness hedged. He was squinting through the dark at the big, faintly lighted house behind the iron fence. "I know it's cold, Toby. But supposing we get just one more Bible. That'll make ten."

"I knew it," Toby grumbled. "You never want to quit." In

the lemon-colored lamplight, he glowered at his friend.

"We're doing it for God, Toby," Jimmy went on soothingly. "Just think how glad people in India and Africa will be to get these old Bibles. At last they'll get to know God. Every Bible people give us really counts."

"Maybe," Toby growled. "All the same, I'm cold!" He shivered.

The boys were both fourteen, lived next door to each other, believed in Jesus Christ as their personal Savior, and even went to Sunday school together. But Jimmy, who was dark and slim, always seemed to have a religious fervor about him. Toby, on the other hand, was pudgy and irritable, liked warmth, food, and rest, and usually was in short supply of spiritual sacrifice.

"Hey!" Toby's gloved finger shot out. "We don't have to go to that last house!"

Jimmy eyed him suspiciously. "Why not?"

"Don't you remember? This is Ezra Hinch's place. When his wife died a year ago, he grumbled because the funeral services were Christian."

Jimmy nodded. "Now I remember. Mr. Hinch said he didn't like Christians because they're hypocrites."

Toby sighed in relief, then pulled his shopping bag, nearly filled with Bibles, off the icy walk. "C'mon, Jimmy," he pleaded. "Let's cut out!"

But Jimmy hesitated, and kept looking up at the house. Then he shook his head. "Sorry, Toby, but we can't go

just yet. Something tells me we've got to ring that doorbell."

Toby was exasperated. "What for? He's not a Christian! He won't have any old Bibles!"

"You see, Toby," Jimmy explained, "I used to say hello to Mrs. Hinch every Sunday at church. She always carried an old red Bible. She used to pray out of it a lot. I'm sure she was praying for Mr. Hinch. Maybe he'll give her old Bible to us." He looked at Toby in puzzlement. "For some reason, I feel God wants us to have that Bible."

Toby glared. "I don't get it. We're not going to keep that Bible even if you do get it. You go talk to Mr. Hinch. I'm going to stay right here under the light!"

"Okay," Jimmy said agreeably. "I won't be long."

* * * *

Mr. Hinch, whom he had often seen shopping on Main Street, was a gnome of a man with a shock of gray hair above a small, suspicious face that was tight with cynicism. Now, as Jimmy looked up at the old man in the porch light, an uncertainty seemed to mark the sharp, peering eyes in the pinched face. Was it possible, Jimmy wondered, that, moved at last by the death of his wife, Mr. Hinch was beginning to believe? But when he spoke now, his voice was as challenging and brittle as ever.

"Young man," he snapped, "why are you bothering me?"

"I'm collecting old Bibles for our church, Mr. Hinch," Jimmy explained. "They're for our overseas mission. We give them to folks in India and Africa who have no Bibles. I thought, if you don't use Mrs. Hinch's old Bible—"

"Of course I don't use my wife's old Bible!" Mr. Hinch growled. "I'll get it for you."

He hurried off and returned with it shortly.

"Here," he said, pushing it into Jimmy's hands. "Take it. Though what good it'll do anybody, I don't know. You Christians are all alike. You're all hypocrites. You promise one thing, then do another."

"Thanks, Mr. Hinch," Jimmy said meekly.

As he turned away, the Bible almost seemed to come alive in his hands. Was it trying to tell him something?

* * * *

The two boys stopped in at Jimmy's house to store the Bibles overnight. As they piled them up in a corner of the den, Jimmy stared at the old Hinch Bible, then opened it carefully.

"You know, Toby," he said softly, "I really do feel close to this old book. I mean, I used to watch Mrs. Hinch read from it every Sunday at service. I felt she was always praying for her husband's conversion. She wanted so much for him to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

Update

W.A. Davis
*Assistant General Director of
 Youth and Christian Education*

1982 NATIONAL TEEN TALENT WINNERS

MUSIC DIVISION

| Category | Winner (Person-Group) | Church | State |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|---------------------------|----------------|
| Vocal Solo-Male | Tony Dehner | Westmore | Tennessee |
| Vocal Solo-Female | Beth Henson | Westmore | Tennessee |
| Instrumental Solo (Keyboard-Piano) | Regi Stone | Valdosta (Forrest Street) | South Georgia |
| Instrumental Solo (Keyboard-Organ) | Polly Allen | Dillon | South Carolina |
| Instrumental Solo (Brass) | Stacey Brewer | West Minot | North Dakota |
| Instrumental Solo (Woodwind) | James Singer | North Cleveland | Tennessee |
| Instrumental Solo (Strings) | Roger Hardin | Piedmont | South Carolina |
| Percussion (Definite Pitch) | Terry O'Bannon | Westmore | Tennessee |
| Percussion (Indefinite Pitch) | Louie Fitzgerald | North Cleveland | Tennessee |
| Small Instrumental Ensemble | North Cleveland Instrumental Ensemble | North Cleveland | Tennessee |
| Large Instrumental Ensemble | North Cleveland Handbells | North Cleveland | Tennessee |
| Small Vocal Ensemble | College Park Ensemble | Huntsville (College Park) | Alabama |
| Large Vocal Ensemble | North Cleveland Singers | North Cleveland | Tennessee |
| Small Choir | South Cleveland Youth Singers | South Cleveland | Tennessee |
| Large Choir | New Dimension | North Cleveland | Tennessee |

CREATIVE WRITING DIVISION

| | | | |
|-------------------|------------------|-----------------|---------------|
| Short Story | Todd Holcomb | Lebanon | Southern Ohio |
| Articles & Essays | Michelle Johnson | E. Indianapolis | Indiana |
| Plays & Skits | Missy Pugh | Evans | West Virginia |
| Poetry | Libby Thomas | Trigg Street | Virginia |

CREATIVE ART DIVISION

| | | | |
|------------------------|-----------------|-------------------|-----------------|
| Ceramics & Glass | Floyd Hepburn | Hallandale | Florida (Cocoa) |
| Graphics | Chris Frazier | Crozet | Virginia |
| Layout and Design | Shelley Wells | Lawndale | Michigan |
| Drawing | Pat Kelley | Evangel Temple | Maryland |
| Oil & Acrylic Painting | Judy Svagerko | Cleveland, Cooley | Northern Ohio |
| Wet Media Painting | Darrel Ethridge | Ranlo, Gastonia | North Carolina |
| Photography | Laca Benton | Rapid City | South Dakota |
| Sculpture | Denny Delgado | Humberlea | Eastern Canada |
| Textiles | Karen Hester | Ford | Virginia |
| Mixed Media | Judy Svagerko | Cleveland, Cooley | Northern Ohio |

BIBLE DIVISION

| | | | |
|----------------|------------------------|-----------------|------------------------|
| Bible Reading | Donna Burnham | Fountain Valley | Southern Calif.-Nevada |
| Bible Teaching | Delta Sanders | Bloomington | Minnesota |
| Bible Quizzing | Woodruff Church of God | Woodruff | South Carolina |



STRAWFLOWERS

Continued from page 17

flour while it's tender and green."

Grandmother had found long, golden sprigs of wheat for Marla's bouquet. She had no doubt gone out of her way for them. She speared them into a basket of tiny white blossoms and, against these, she had set her reddest and bushiest foxgloves and pale yellow mum blossoms from the garden.

Marla thought it was the prettiest collection her grandmother had ever made. Now, she wished she had told her so. She took the basket from her dresser and ran her finger over the shining hulls of wheat, each with a tiny sprig extending from its point. They still seemed fresh and vibrant even after these many months.

"Is there really life hereafter, Grandma?"

"Such sober questions for a young woman," Marla heard her say. "Of course there is!"

"Marla?"

"Coming, Mother," Marla said, controlling the quiver in her voice.

She set the basket back onto the dresser and wiped her eyes with a handkerchief. She understood what her grandmother had said about the wheat, and the room seemed not quite so empty now.

Quietly, Marla closed the door behind her. □

BIBLE WITH A HIDDEN MESSAGE

Continued from page 19

become a Christian and go to church with her. I don't think he's a bad man. It's just that he feels Christians don't practice what they preach. I suppose he once had a bad experience—"

"Hey!" Jimmy pointed. "Something just fell out of the Bible!"

Curious, Jimmy picked it up. It was a white envelope. It was unwritten on, and unsealed, so he peeked inside, then whistled.

"What is it?" Toby demanded.

"Money!" Jimmy blinked. "That means—why, it's one thousand dollars!"

"One thousand dollars!" Toby gasped.

"Ten one-hundred dollar bills!" Jimmy looked dazed. "That's a lot of money!"

"It must have been Mrs. Hinch's own money," Toby said excitedly. "She had a little business of her own at home, making pottery. Maybe she put the profit she made into her Bible because she knew Mr. Hinch would never open it. It was her money—" His voice dropped, then quickened. "So now it's our money!"

Jimmy kept staring at the bills with fascination. But at last he sent Toby a regretful look. "No, I'm afraid it's not ours, Toby," he said. "Mr. Hinch sure didn't know that money was in the Bible when he gave it to us. His wife's possessions still remain his, you know. Besides, what kind of Christians would we be if we kept it?"

"Aw," Toby protested. "Finders keepers . . ." His words

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YOUTH NEWS TO NOTE



Compiled by **SONJIA LEE HUNT**, Editorial Assistant General Department of Youth and Christian Education

CHRIST IN THE NEWSROOM

TOPEKA, KS—A Kansas daily newspaper took up a challenge in March 1900 to emphasize good news and institute a policy following Christ's teachings.

For one week, the Reverend Dr. Charles M. Sheldon was appointed editor in chief. Dr. Sheldon made some notable changes in company policy. He banned smoking, drinking and profanity from the editorial offices.

A page-one story about a famine in India included an appeal for contributions; the paper collected more than a million dollars to send to Bombay.

As a result of this "good news" experiment, daily circulation jumped from 15,000 to 367,000. (*Parade Magazine*, July 11, 1982)

* * * *

1. What response would you predict to this kind of format change in your local newspaper today?
2. Which format do you prefer?
3. Can it be done without interfering with conflicting denominational beliefs?

MERELY CHANCE

A French study of the biographies of 2,000 successful people has found that no correlation exists between their character traits and the signs of the zodiac under which they were born.

Using eight astrology textbooks to find each sign's common characteristics, Dr. Michel Gauquelin tried to correlate 52,188 personality traits from these 2,000 people with their zodiac signs. "The results were completely negative," said Gauquelin.

Statistically, personality traits correspond with the zodiac signs no better than mere chance would have predicted.

* * * *

1. Why do horoscopes seem to work for some people?
2. Is there a link between horoscopes, fortune telling and witchcraft? (See Micah 5:12; Deuteronomy 18:10-13; Acts 16:16-18; 19:11-17.)

DRUG APPEAL

WASHINGTON—Addressing a luncheon of the Advertising Council, First Lady Nancy Reagan criticized the entertainment and advertising media for making the use of drugs seem glamorous to young people. She said television specials on drug abuse are not enough to counter the positive portrayals of drugs on TV and in other media.

* * * *

1. Do you agree that the media glamorizes drug use? Why or why not?



SEX EDUCATION'S VALUE INCREASINGLY QUESTIONED

"Sex education, like drug education, has been found counterproductive." So says Dr. Max Rafferty.

Senator Jeremiah Denton offers a simple alternative. "Just teach teenagers to say no—and mean it." It's rather old advice, but look at its success record. The rate of illegitimate pregnancies and VD throughout our ancestry amounted to only a fraction of the present rate.

The social permissiveness that is being bred in our land promotes pornography and immorality. It is putrid and pernicious.

So was Sodom.

* * * *

1. In your opinion, where is the best place for sex education?
2. Read Proverbs 4:14, 15 and chapters 5, 6 and 7. Observe the difference in Solomon's wise instruction and some of the present sex-education materials.

SACRIFICE TO SAVE

SAN ANTONIO, TX—One couple gave up driving their car to work and rode the bus instead. Another couple forfeited their long-planned trip to Israel. Some families decided not to eat out on Sunday. Even a six-year-old boy waited an extra year to get a new bicycle. Why? To save lives.

In one month, a church in San Antonio raised \$90,000 for the suffering Somali refugees in the Horn of Africa. They sacrificed a few modern luxuries to help those whose only daily concern is food and water.

The church youth participated also by preparing a meal of gruel, which the people of Somali are given at feeding centers, for the entire congregation. (*World Vision*, June 1982)

* * * *

1. Have you ever sacrificed for others?
2. Says Acts 20:35, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."
3. Can you think of people in your community or city who need help? What can you give to them?

**BIBLE WITH A
HIDDEN MESSAGE**

Continued from page 21

trailed off, but his chubby face became agonized.

* * * *

They went right back to Mr. Hinch's house, Jimmy carrying the envelope in the Bible, the way he had found it.

When he told Mr. Hinch about their discovery, the old man was as surprised as they had been. He stared at the envelope with disbelief.

"Well!" he finally exclaimed. "I thought my wife made a little profit from her pottery, but I never figured it amounted to anything." He tapped the envelope with his thumb as he stood in the doorway. Finally he shook his head as a soft glow crept into his eyes. He smiled warmly. "I know what Mary would have wanted," he continued, and now the harshness had gone from his voice; it was a thoughtful tone. "She loved her Bible, so I feel she'd want that money to go for Bibles."

He pressed the envelope back into Jimmy's hand. "Take it, young man," he said earnestly, "and give it to your mission people."

Jimmy thought his heart would burst with joy.

"Oh, Mr. Hinch!" he exclaimed. "All the money? Are you sure you want—"

"Another thing," the old man interrupted him. "Believe it or not, you boys have helped restore my belief in Christianity. Why, you might have kept that money and I'd never have known!" He hesitated, then reached out. "I see you brought back Mary's

Bible, young man. I think I'll take it. I'm beginning to feel she'd want me to keep it and read it."

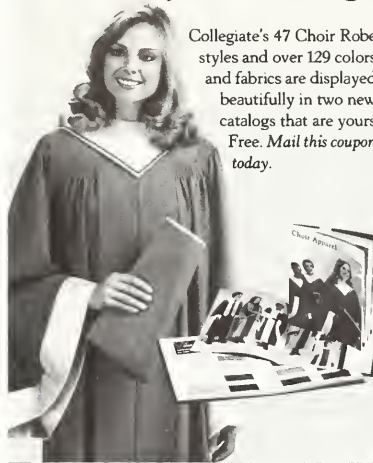
Jimmy returned it gladly.

"God bless you, Mr. Hinch!" he called as he turned away.

Toby was still gazing longingly at the envelope, but now his face, like Mr. Hinch's, at last seemed touched by charity.

"I see why you had to come up that first time and ring this doorbell, Jimmy," he said softly. "God sure moves in mysterious ways, doesn't He?"

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Books

LISTEN TO THE LIGHT

Continued from page 12

every man that cometh into the world" (John 1:9).

But not everyone responded to the Light. Evil men did not want God's light shining upon their evil deeds. And for this reason they set about to put out the true Light. At Calvary they crucified the Lord—breaking the lamp that bore the precious Light—and buried it in a tomb.

For three days it seemed that darkness had indeed overcome the Light. But inside the dark tomb the eternal flame was rekindled. First the Light brightened the tomb so that followers of the Light need never fear dying. There was a great earthquake and the angel of the Lord rolled back the stone that sealed the tomb and the Light came forth.

Today the Light shines still! And no amount of darkness can ever put the Light out. Perhaps you already have heard about Jesus and how He died to save you from your sins. If so, you have, in a way, seen the Light. But if you have not accepted Jesus as your Lord; if you've never given Him your life; or if you have started following Him and have turned back, you have not really listened to Him. For in the broadest sense, to listen is to heed.

Won't you listen to the Light this very moment? Let Christ speak to you. Listen to the call of the Master and absorb the true Light. Then you can let your light shine to others who have not yet heard the Light. □

WHERE ARE YOU, GOD? by John Oswalt

Where is God when the righteous suffer and the wicked prosper?

Is God really there? How do you know His love? Where do you find life and peace? Is God to blame for your troubles?

If some of these questions are yours, you will want to read this book. From a study of the Book of Malachi, John Oswalt leads you through man's perennial problems to God's timeless solutions. (Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187) □

THE COMPLETE DISCIPLE by Dr. Paul W. Powell

Here's fresh insight into thirteen aspects of commitment to Christ. The first and last ones are the *yoke* (symbol of toil, service and sweat) and the *cross* (symbol of sacrifice, blood and death). In between are eleven other ingredients of Christian discipleship: humility, childlikeness, sincerity, fellowship, excellence, greatness, witness, prayer, action, fullness, faithfulness.

You'll find *The Complete Disciple* an inspiring, challenging, and helpful book. Authored by a pastor of one of the fastest-growing churches in Texas, it's full of simple, practical help on profound subjects and is laced with apt anecdotes. (Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187) □

OVERCOMING STRESS by Jan Markell with Jane Winn

Goodbye to excess stress! From a Christian viewpoint, Jan Markell and Jane Winn tell how to identify stress, how much is good, and how much is too much. And they instruct how to flex your muscles and put up your dukes to fight back. The two authors, both women in ministry, give a firsthand account of their own battles . . . and victories . . . over stress.

You'll get help galore in their extremely readable book! (Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187) □

COVENANT TO CARE by Louis H. Evans, Jr.

"What happens to you matters to me."

How many people really care what happens to you? How many people honestly matter to you? Most of us have few truly close friends. We would give our right arm for a few more. But there's no need to give an arm. Instead, give *yourself*—all of you, says author Louis Evans, Jr. It's a matter of committing yourself—covenanting to care, to love, to pray for a small circle of special people.

Read how Dr. Evans discovered the covenant relationship . . . how he came to a place of interdependence and honest love. Then let him share with you the steps to a true covenant relationship through affirmation, availability, prayer, openness, honesty, sensitivity, confidentiality and accountability. Discover how you can enjoy closer relationships . . . with your family . . . with select friends . . . perhaps with a small covenant group. *Covenant to Care* wraps it all up for you and promises to start you on a refreshing, new adventure! (Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187) □

HANDLE WITH PRAYER by Charles F. Stanley

Do you pray or worry? Unfortunately, many Christians are top-notch worriers and mediocre prayers. Prayer is a soul exercise that takes daily practice. It's a spiritual warfare. And often, it's a matter of waiting.

In this book, you'll discover how praying and waiting go hand in hand. You'll see how to tune your spiritual ears to God's leading. And you'll learn to pray with the assurance that God will answer. (Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187) □

FAR PASTURE

Childhood knew a beautiful spot
we poetically called the Far Pasture,
to which our little bare feet often
took us quickly for dreamy vacation,
to pat all the horses and cows
and happily play in the sunshine
beside the wild flowers and trees.

Years later a sister was ill,
apparently lived in two worlds
and in lucid moments reported,
like one with uncertainty gone,
she had followed the urges of youth
and had traveled alone unafraid
to discover death means only
to enter another Far Pasture.

—William Walter De Bolt

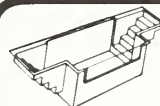
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TIME FOR NOISE

Don't criticize. Youth's
the time for noise. Later sounds
will be like echoes.

—William Walter De Bolt



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SCHOOL DAYS

**The leaves drift down in silent swirls,
And crash as thunder in the grass.
Squirrel tails wave like flags unfurled
When Mother Nature hurries past.**



David W. Corson From A. Devaney, N. Y.

Kids, bundled up and rosy,
Face the wind with eyes all teary.
Mittened hands rub runny noses;
Voices greet each other, cheery.

As the sun arises warm and late,
The school bus wheezes up the hill.
With clang and clatter, out the gate
Rush bright-eyed children, sleepy still.

Heavy aroma of coffee perking
Greet the morning, night is done.
Off to office, plant, to working,
Once again, fall has begun.

The leaves blow sadly across the lawn;
Dogs bark mournfully at the gate.
Then, grind of engine, honk of horn,
Kids are home! Fall can't wait!

by Paul E. Blake



IT'S OVER NOW—the 59th General Assembly—and, if one takes the historical perspective, it's obvious some seeds were planted which will produce fruit in the future.

For the most part I view Kansas City as positive.

It was a great time for the youth of our church. Teen Talent competition was keen. Faces glowed. Eyes sparkled. Even those who didn't win acted as if they had and you could hear them telling parents and friends about the video-tape sessions, a first for the Youth and Christian Education Department, thanks to Jerry Millwood.

We had a noble theme, "Lord, Show Us Thy Glory." General Overseer Hughes laid a masterful cornerstone with his keynote sermon and every speaker who followed added an inspired word. Not only was preaching superb, but the message came through in visuals. I yet hear the tremulous voice of Margaret Gaines as, on Sunday morning, she prayed for peace for Christian Palestinians among whom she has lived

and labored for so many years.

There was drama at this Assembly—the drama of decisions made and young men

The Seed Planted

and women like Phillip and Mary Morris opting to obey God's call to foreign assignment at tremendous personal sacrifice.

Clearly too, as our international delegates would indicate, this was the year it became obvious the Church of God is worldwide in scope and interest. More recognition was given to those from outside the Continental United States and, while there is yet much to do, our leaders seem serious about internationalization of the church.

We knew in advance that our electoral process would bring unprecedented change, at least four new men to serve on our Executive Committee. Here too God helped us. I find it easy to accept God's will in this matter. E. C. Thomas, Raymond Crowley, Robert White, Cecil B. Knight, Robert Hart—these are now the general officials of our church; and,

just as they are charged of the Holy Spirit to act responsibly, we are charged of that same Holy Spirit to fully support and follow them. So be it.

It was in the Ordained Minister's Council where, I suspect, the evil one tried to sow tares. There is no necessary wrong in disagreement. It is both human and in keeping with democratic process.

It doesn't bother me, really, that this year we seemed to disagree more than usual, or that our opposite positions seemed more intransigent and compromise less easy.

What bothers me could best be described as mood, distrust, a feeling that our enemy would like to separate us. The devil would like to make us think housekeeping and operational matters are of doctrinal importance. If and when this happens, our medicine has become worse than the ailment. That will bring a bitter harvest.

Thus I pray: "Help us, oh God, to be brotherly, to remember our commission.

"Let only the good seed grow." □

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November, 1982

Volume 53, Number 11

THIS MONTH

We congratulate Patrice Weaver, first runner-up in the Tennessee Junior Miss Pageant. She also received the Poise and Appearance award, the Kraft Hostess award and second place in the Simplicity sewing contest. Judges based their decision on scholastic achievement, poise and appearance, personal interviews, performing arts and youth fitness.

Patrice is the daughter of the Reverend and Mrs. Franklin A. Weaver. She is a regular soloist in her home church and works with children. Patrice plans to further her education at the University of Tennessee in Chattanooga. □

Hoyt E. Stone



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Sara Hale/Honest Abe

AND

Thanksgiving

by Henry N. Ferguson

THE YEAR WAS 1863. The hot breath of summer lay across the nation like a suffocating blanket. A deep pall of gloom held states north of the Mason-Dixon line in an enervating grasp. News from the war fronts was anything but reassuring. In fact, the Civil War had reached a stalemate and Union fortunes were at their lowest ebb.

There was trouble, too, on the home front. In July, draft riots were fomenting confusion and unrest in New York City. As summer drifted into autumn, there came disheartening news. General William S. Rosecrans's Army of the Cumberland had been soundly mauled by Confederate troops in the holocaust at Chickamauga.

Though the timing was ill-advised, it was precisely at this hour when an elderly lady urged President Lincoln to proclaim a national Thanksgiving Day.

That determined lady was Sarah Josepha Hale. Born Sarah Josepha Buell on a farm near Newport, New Hampshire, on October 24, 1788, Sarah was destined to become a vibrant and far-seeing Victorian who would uplift the smothered social and economic standards of women. Schools for girls were almost unheard of in those days. Young Sarah received her early education from her mother and her brother Horatio, a student at Dartmouth. At eighteen she started her own private school,

teaching girls to read and write properly rather than stressing sewing, which was often emphasized.

In 1813 Sarah met and married a Newport lawyer named David Hale. It was a happy marriage. Eager for knowledge, the two studied together each night from eight until ten. David was an excellent teacher of French, botany, mineralogy, geology and reading. Tragedy struck. On September 25, 1822, nine years after their marriage, David died, leaving Sarah a penniless widow at thirty-four, with five children ranging in age from two weeks to seven years.

Sarah established a millinery business. It failed. She wrote a book. It didn't sell. Then she began writing in earnest.

Bob Taylor Photo / Henry N. Ferguson Photos

Sara Hale/Honest Abe
AND Thanksgiving

Sarah's first novel, *Northwood*, was printed in two volumes in December 1827. It was an instant hit both home and abroad. John Laurie Blake of Boston, who was completing plans to publish a women's magazine, became interested in her literary efforts and offered her the editorship. She accepted and the following year moved to Boston with her family and became editor of the *Ladies' Magazine* and champion of conservative reform.

Sarah was now forty, just under middle height. She had a fair, pink-and-white complexion, sparkling hazel eyes, and brown hair which she continued to wear in the side curls her husband had so much admired. She dressed conservatively but was always exquisitely groomed. Mrs. Hale would have been a sensation in any age. As America's first woman editor, she was to emerge in this Victorian time as a dominant, vital influence in the life of the nation.

In 1837 Louis A. Godey bought the *Ladies' Magazine*, merged it with his new *Lady's Book*, and retained Mrs. Hale as editor.

She achieved recognition as an authority on the parlor, the kitchen and, in fact, the entire American home. She became a suffragette with a new twist—a conviction that ladies must accomplish their mission in society through moral influence instead of by direct participation in public affairs. Her feathered quill instigated one reform after another.

When a movement to finish the Bunker Hill Monument seemed doomed, it was Sarah, daughter of a Revolutionary War officer, who challenged women's talents throughout the country to raise funds to rescue the floundering project. All during the summer of 1840 women knitted, crocheted, cross-stitched, and made quilts, jellies and preserves for a "woman's fair" to be held in Boston. It was a huge success. Bunker Hill was saved and the monument completed in 1843.

In the same vigorous manner Sarah Hale organized the Seamen's Aid Society for the benefit of destitute seamen and their families. She went on to initiate the first nursery school for working mothers. She helped found Vassar College. She encouraged Elizabeth Blackwell to study medicine. Graduating from the Geneva Medical School of Western New York in 1849, Miss Blackwell was the first woman to receive a medical degree, thanks to Sarah Hale.

The inimitable editor was a bottomless well of ideas. In an editorial in 1853 she suggested that it would be well for someone to invent a washing machine to lighten women's work. The following year the first such machine was on the market. Additional editorials helped the Mount Vernon Ladies Association raise \$200,000 to purchase Mount Vernon, thus preventing its being demolished and a factory erected on the site.

One of Sarah's most famous

yet least recognized achievements was authorship of the beloved poem "Mary Had a Little Lamb," first published in 1830 in *Poems For Our Children*.

Perhaps her greatest achievement, though, was the campaign she waged for seventeen years in *Godey's* for the nationalization of Thanksgiving Day, so it would be held simultaneously in all states.

Less than six months after he became president, in the late autumn of 1789, George Washington had issued America's first national Thanksgiving proclamation.

His successors in the White House did not continue his precedent. Thanksgiving became largely a haphazard affair—a local celebration, controlled exclusively by either state, city or village officials. A number of southern states ignored the holiday entirely on the grounds that the custom was a relic of puritanical bigotry.

In an effort to unify the nation in this one project, Mrs. Hale, long before the Civil War, began campaigning in her magazine. Each November, at the end of the harvest, she published a Thanksgiving editorial. At the same time she added fuel to the fire by writing letters to the various state governors and, while they were in the White House, to Lincoln's three predecessors: James Buchanan, Franklin Pierce, and Millard Fillmore.

Mrs. Hale was seventy-five when, in 1863, she approached President Lincoln with her

plea that he set aside the last Thursday in November as national Thanksgiving Day. Her letter was sent on September 28, just one week after the disastrous Union defeat at Chickamauga. The original is preserved in Lincoln's White House file of personal papers, and was first made available to historians in 1947.

Mrs. Hale had a friend at court. For years Secretary of State William Henry Seward had been sympathetic to Sarah's various reform movements. He now used his influence with Lincoln on her behalf.

The President acted on October 3, 1863, just five days after receiving Mrs. Hale's appeal. With his characteristic clear thinking and calm strength of tone, Lincoln composed a proclamation so rich and warm that it glowed with poetic beauty and grace, yet was solemn and majestic. It began:

"The year that is drawing towards its close has been filled with the blessings of fruitful fields and healthful skies. To those bounties, which are so constantly enjoyed that we are prone to forget the source from which they come, others have been added, which are of so extraordinary a nature that they cannot fail to penetrate and soften the heart which is habitually insensible to the ever watchful providence of Almighty God. . . ."

The proclamation was concluded with these words: "I do therefore invite my fellow citizens in every part of the United States, and also those

who are sojourning in foreign lands, to set apart and observe the last Thursday of November next, as a day of thanksgiving and praise to our beneficent Father who dwelleth in the heavens."

Profound and poetical, the proclamation was a solemn, eloquent valedictory to Mrs. Hale's untiring efforts to establish Thanksgiving as a national holiday.

As though it were a lucky omen, this presidentially proclaimed day of Thanksgiving—Thursday, November 26, 1863—brought Lincoln joyful news from Tennessee. General Grant had erased the sting of the Chickamauga defeat: his troops had soundly trounced General Bragg's Confederates in the three-day battle of Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, and Missionary Ridge.

That afternoon Lincoln received a constant stream of callers at the White House. For the first time since his inauguration, nearly three years before, he appeared in a festive mood. He called for music; joined in a round of singing; laughed; and told some of his famous jokes.

As for Mrs. Hale, she was happy her long ambition had been realized. But as she rested in her Boston home that day, her nimble mind was already focused on the problem of making certain that Lincoln did not forget Thanksgiving the following year.

Consequently, on October 9, 1864, she wrote a letter to Secretary Seward, with a subtle

reminder that Thanksgiving Day was again approaching. The message was duly presented to the President. Eleven days later, Lincoln issued his second annual Thanksgiving proclamation. In it he asked for nationwide prayers for a "return of the insatiable blessings of Peace, Union, and Harmony throughout the land." Sarah was satisfied—Thanksgiving was well on its way to becoming an American tradition.

Mrs. Hale continued as editor of *Lady's Book* until her retirement in 1877, at the age of ninety. At ten o'clock on the evening of April 30, 1879, without illness, without pain, and with a smile on her face, Sarah Hale died.

Today, few Americans are aware that, but for her persistence, we would probably not be celebrating Thanksgiving as one of our great national holidays. □



STEP



1982—JAMAICA

BY MICHAEL SMITH

REALITY CAME in the form of a warm tropical breeze. With it, smell of the Caribbean. The wind's message was consistently delivered as each STEP team member exited Air Florida's plane from Miami.

We had made it! Though delayed two hours in Miami due to severe storms over the Caribbean, we were now in Jamaica, with time to think about the past week of orientation and new friendships which would last a lifetime. Already the personality of each team member had begun to take shape in order to become an instrument in God's hand.

Island overseer J. A. Douglas gave us a hearty welcome. After a half-hour drive through Kingston we arrived at Shortwood Training Center. It was 1:30 a.m. We were tired, but full of anticipation and excitement for the day ahead.

Saturday, June 19. Time set aside for cultural orientation and fellowship with Jamaican youth who would be assigned to the STEP team. Our first meal was Jamaica's national dish, ackee and salt fish. Ackee grows on a tree in a pod similar to our green bell pepper, only it is red. When ripe it

opens up to reveal a yellow meat inside. It is a colorful dish when cooked, similar to scrambled eggs.

Total submersion in Jamaican culture. That was team leader Richard Waldrop's statement to the team during our first day, and that is what STEP is all about: ministering in a cross-cultural setting. Young people embark on these trips more with the thought of learning than of teaching. With that point driven home, our team began to realize the basic truth of Summer Training Evangelism Partners.

Sunday morning found us at Beaston Street Church of God. Sunday night we were with Eastwood Park Road Church, pastored by the Reverend Ronald Blair. It is the fastest growing New Testament Church of God in Jamaica, and has been meeting in a tent for the last few years. God has blessed their efforts, thus they were to begin construction on a church in September. Fifteen people were saved on the night we were there.

It was a full itinerary, taking us from one end of Jamaica to the other. Monday we witnessed in various districts of Kingston and had Family Training Hour with the Spanish Town Church.

Tuesday the bus was humming with excitement as we loaded up and traveled to Bethel Bible College. The thirty-five miles took three hours over the beautiful Blue Mountains, which peak at close to seven thousand feet.

The college proved to be a light on a hill, seen for miles from the surrounding countryside. Bethel would be our launching

pad for the next week. Ministerial students returned to greet the team and help with the planned activities. There was painting to be done at the school, also witnessing and a youth rally at St. Ann's Bay on the north coast. White, sandy beaches and emerald green water greeted us. We witnessed at Ocho Rios and had a great service.

Sunday, June 27. Team split into two groups, ministering in High Gate and Oracabessa.

Monday. Traveled ninety miles to Montego Bay. Easy to see why this is such an attraction to tourists. The land is covered with coconut, banana, and nutmeg trees, along with

other tropical plants and flowers. The flowers were constantly being tapped by "Doctor Bir," Jamaica's national bird, similar to our hummingbird. We settled in at Rose Hill Teacher's Center and prepared for services with Pastor Archer at the Three Water Lane Church in Montego Bay.

Tuesday was probably the heart and highlight of our mission.

The day before we left Tennessee, Richard Waldrop and I had received clothing and Bibles as a donation from General Headquarters. STEP team members had purchased toiletries, thus adding to our storehouse of gift items. We thus drove to Cambridge and split up into witnessing teams. We walked through the hills and along narrow trails, handing out clothing, Bibles, shampoo and soap. Most of all we witnessed for Christ. God blessed us greatly when we gathered in that unfinished church building at Cambridge.

Next day we were back at Cambridge for work. The church is on a hill and the trail leading to it is steep and rocky. Our STEP team joined local church people in moving earth with pick and shovel. They wanted, by upgrading the sloping trail, to make it easier for

people to reach the sanctuary. The women prepared a meal of ackee, salt fish, curried chicken, boiled bananas, and fresh lemonade.

Our remaining days were equally busy: witnessing and street services in Savanna La Mar, a day of shopping in the beach area of Doctor's Cave in Montego Bay.

Saturday, July 3. Traveled back across the island of Jamaica, visiting the Portmore Church on Saturday night for a singspiration service. The Reverend D. A. Archibald, national director of youth and Christian education, presented the team with a momento of Jamaica at our closing service, held Sunday morning at the Clifton Church.

Realization that STEP was almost over came in the "wrap up" session where each member had opportunity to share what the mission had done for him.

John Hester of Georgia said, "It has disciplined me."

Kendra Stricklin of Colorado said she didn't believe God had called her to missions, but she would work more diligently in her local church.

Sid Mabrey of Missouri testified that STEP had confirmed God's call to the mission field.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24



Mike asked the young people to write down some of their first-time experiences. Here are some of the items mentioned. First time: . . . to see a beach . . . to swim in the sea . . . to take a cold shower . . . to wake up at 4 a.m. for Bible study . . . to press my own clothes . . . to witness door-to-door . . . to be in a foreign country . . . to be with so many black folks . . . to fly in a big plane . . . to breakfast on ackee and salt fish . . . to take a bath outside . . . to bathe in a sink . . . to be in church with lizards . . . to worship with people who really get behind the speaker . . . to go to church without a bath . . . to be out of U.S.A. . . . to eat hard-dough bread . . . to ride down the wrong side of the road . . . to place an oversea's phone call . . . to climb waterfalls . . . to go without a shower for seven days . . . to see mountains and the sea . . . to wear a hat to church . . . to sing a solo . . . to make friends with so many people so quickly.

Who Parents Are



PARENTS ARE PEOPLE who get upset at silly things like bashed-in fenders, ketchup stains on shirts, squabbles between siblings, and uneaten breakfasts.

Parents don't miss a word when teenagers mutter under their breath, talk on the phone, or threaten their younger brothers. Yet, they can't seem to hear requests for an increased allowance or to borrow the car.



Who Teenagers Are

TEENAGERS ARE PEOPLE who discover that phone cords stretch over heirloom vases, wrap around their big toes, obstruct doorways, and reach to the refrigerator.

Teenagers eat potato chips, watch TV soaps, talk on the phone, file their nails, and study American history—all at the same time.

Parents brag about the times they were caught skipping school or the times they hid their report cards. They laugh about the English classes they almost flunked and have conniptions if their teenagers' school counselor calls.

Parents attend parent-teacher conferences and tell how their teenagers were the best block-builders in kindergarten.

Parents cut out articles from Ann Lander's column, circle appropriate messages in red, and put them on their teenagers' desk or in their lunch bag.

Parents love their teenagers' baby pictures, especially the classic bathtub shot, which they show to family friends, the plumber, the dentist, and anyone else who will look.

Parents insist their teenagers take four pair of clean socks when they spend the night at a friend's house, just in case they fall in a river or step in a mud puddle.

Parents peek out the curtains when their teenagers get home from dates, flick the porch light on and off if they are late, and then pretend to be asleep.

Parents ask their teenagers' friends how fast they drive, when they started wearing glasses, how long they've been driving, and what they would do if a horse-drawn cart pulled in front of them on the expressway.

Parents don't blush, not even when they walk into their teenagers' math class, dangling a forgotten lunch.

Parents fear their teenagers will never stop slouching, never stop talking with their mouth full, never get enough sleep, never grow up—but they *do* believe most problems can be solved with a large hunk of chocolate cake.

Parents wish their teenagers would stop referring to them as "the old folks." Wish friends wouldn't keep saying, "If you think sixteen-year-olds are rough, just wait till they turn seventeen." Wish their teenagers will someday have children who act just like them. Wish teenagers weren't "so wild" today.

Parents are people who wish they were teenagers again. □

by Carol Carpenter

Teenagers forget how to tell time. They say they will pick up their jacket "in a minute," will be home at midnight (and stroll in at one), and will study tomorrow for yesterday's chemistry test.

Teenagers want to go someplace because "everybody else is going," refuse to wear the orange sweater Aunt Elsie bought them because none of their friends wear sweaters like that, and want to change their name to something different.

Teenagers know all the answers to world problems but can't answer questions like "Why didn't you clean your room?"

Teenagers carry everything with them—hall passes, ticket stubs, notes, address books—everything except their house key.

Teenagers can find the last bag of candy hidden on the top shelf, the quarter that fell behind the dresser, and the car keys, but they can't find the note left propped on the kitchen table.

Teenagers play radios full blast, can't hear their parents ask them to do things like mow the lawn, yet vow that people in the next room are whispering about them.

Teenagers can play tennis all day in 100-degree heat or stay up all night but are usually too tired to carry in the groceries.

Teenagers say they wouldn't be caught dead in last year's styles, give away the games they played as kids, apply for jobs at the local fast-food places, and are upset if their mother throws out the torn, one-eyed teddy bear they slept with when they were three.

Teenagers humor their parents by going out to dinner with them. Then they slouch down in the car and keep their hands over their foreheads in the restaurant so their friends won't notice.

Teenagers feel they will never get a date to the big class party, never understand algebra, or never lose ten pounds, but they *do* believe they can make the world a better place in which to live.

Teenagers wish parents would stop calling them by family nicknames like "Missy." Wish relatives wouldn't keep saying, "Look how you've grown." Wish school vacations were longer. Wish adults would stop saying, "When I was your age . . ."

Teenagers are people who wish they were adults. □

The Great American Smokeout

Take a day off from smoking • Nov. 18, 1982

TAKE THE PLEDGE

On November 18, you can take the pledge! The Great American Smokeout pledge. Quit smoking (or help a friend quit) for one day, November 18. Hundreds of thousands of Americans will join us. How about you?

Pledge: "I do solemnly pledge to give up smoking or help a friend give up smoking for the Great American Smokeout, November 18. I promise not to smoke for 24 hours (and maybe longer), or to help a friend quit."

American Cancer Society



SPONSORED BY THE AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY, this year's Great American Smokeout will celebrate its sixth anniversary.

You are invited to join.

Note the two-part invitation: quit smoking yourself and/or help a friend to quit.

Not much was said about smoking a few years ago, back when this writer was a teenager. Society accepted it. Advertisers implied smok-



H. Armstrong Roberts Photo



ing was the right thing, the sophisticated thing, to do. Most of us boys tried it in some form or another.

Thankfully, the Church of God opposed smoking even from its earliest history and I had a dad who took that position seriously enough to lay down the law at home. His medicine for curing the smoking habit could be used just as effectively today if administered properly and in time; but many of my friends were not so fortunate. They heeded neither the church's warning, the Bible's admonition to respect the body as the temple of the Holy Ghost, nor those early signs of shortness of breath, fatigue, or pain in the chest.

It hurts me now to see my friends undergoing bypass surgery, afflicted with emphysema, disabled, or suffering already from heart attacks. More specifically it makes me wish I had been a better friend, that I had encouraged them more to kick the habit.

According to the American Cancer Society, 34 million Americans continue to smoke. The tobacco lobby in Washington continues to do

everything possible to protect its economic interests, advertisers continue to purchase full-page and double-page spreads lauding the beauty of Marlboro country and reminding "Virginia" she isn't what she used to be.

Nevertheless, some progress is being made in the battle against smokers. This magazine invites you and your friends to join the American Cancer Society in the fight.

Currently, there are 33.3 million ex-smokers. There are millions of other young men and women who feel their body too valuable to abuse. More specifically, reasons for telling your friends not to smoke are the following: lung cancer is the number one cancer killer of men in this country, and may soon become the leading cancer killer of women; cigarette smoking also has been implicated in cancer of the mouth, esophagus, larynx, pharynx, bladder, kidney, and pancreas.

The latest Surgeon General's report is the most serious indictment of cigarette smoking to date, clearly identifying smoking as the chief preventable cause of death in our society. The report tells us that 129,000 Americans will die this year because they smoke or have smoked. It specifically says smoking will cause death from emphysema and coronary heart disease and that smoking causes a number of pregnant women to miscarry.

The same report estimates that smoking is responsible for

some 340,000 deaths in this country annually, with a monetary cost of over \$13 billion in health-care expenses and over \$25 billion in lost production and wages.

The Surgeon General has refused to be pinned down on whether nonsmokers are put at significant risks by being in the presence of smokers (some foreign studies seem to indicate this is true), but the Surgeon General is sure about one thing: direct contact with cigarettes, cigars, pipes, snuff, and chewing tobacco is dangerous.

The only good news in the Surgeon General's latest report, according to a recent ABC television *Nightline* program, is that cigarette consumption is on the way down, including a recent 10 percent drop among young people.

Let's help keep it that way. □

MARLESA BALL:

Singing for God's Glory

IN 1962 there were four Teen Talent categories, all musical: Song Leading, Instrumental, Vocal, and Choir. Today there are four divisions—Music, Writing, Bible, and Art—offering thirty-two categories and making Teen Talent attractive to teens with nonmusical skills. To make the program still broader, two new categories—Creative Drama and News Writing—will be added in 1984.



Youth involved in Teen Talent come from varied backgrounds, are of different ages, and sometimes come from parts of the world outside the United States.

Marlesa Ball is from Thomasville, Georgia. She is a nineteen-year-old junior from Valdosta State College who participated in Teen Talent this year, performing a vocal solo. Marlesa enjoys a wide variety of activities and says she always wants to be the best witness possible. In 1980 she was chosen as Miss Thomasville, placed fourth runner-up in the Miss Georgia Pageant, and won the talent award in both. For a year she traveled with a group of girls from the pageant, singing at different functions.

"Traveling with that group gave me many opportunities to witness for Christ," Marlesa says. "Most of the girls were not Christians. The manager of the group, also not a Christian, still calls me for spiritual help, though he now manages a new set of performers. I feel my Christian attitude and actions had a profound effect."

Besides singing, Marlesa enjoys drama (in which she has won several awards), baking, and playing the piano. She recently appeared on the Mike Douglas and John Davidson talk shows and sang the national anthem at an Atlanta Falcons football game.

Because of her talent, Marlesa is traveling most every weekend to different churches and sometimes to schools. She calls it doing what she enjoys most: singing for God's glory.

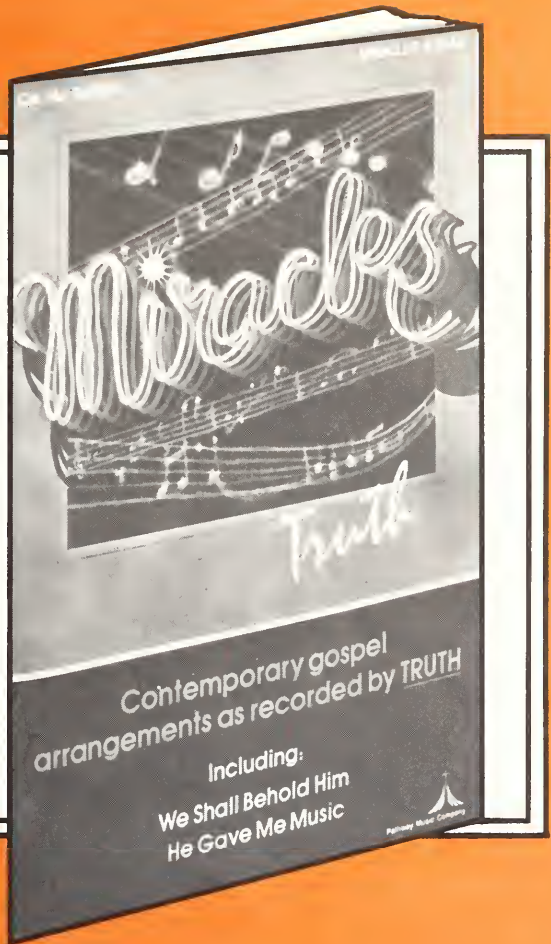
Marlesa entered state Teen Talent in May and was chosen to represent South Georgia at the General Assembly in Kansas City for the second time.

"Going to nationals gave me more opportunities to witness," says Marlesa. "When I sing to God and about Him, that's my way of witnessing. I show forth God's gift to me. I praise and thank Him for that. I entered Teen Talent because it emphasized the Church of God talent factor and I enjoy being a part of that!" □

Cameron B. Fisher

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- He Gave Me Music
- Glory to the Father

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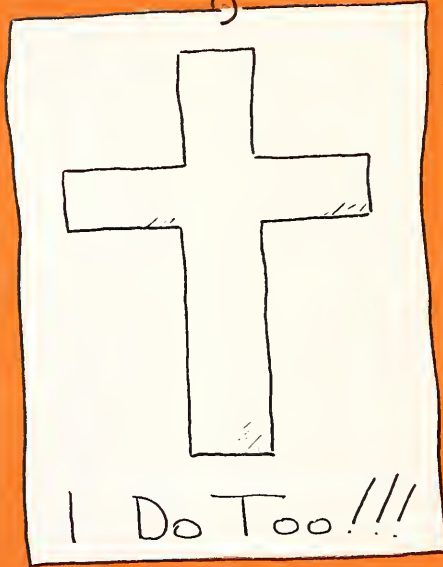
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What Not to Do Boyfriends Girlfriends

Artist/Writer: Larry E.



In light of what happened, assume God doesn't love you anymore. He's unconcerned with your pain. He's forgotten you completely. He can no longer be trusted.



Hold grudges. Forget forgiveness, graciousness, and love. Focus on bitterness, anger, revenge. Remember the Rule of Dross: Hurt others as they have hurt you.

When Your

rops You



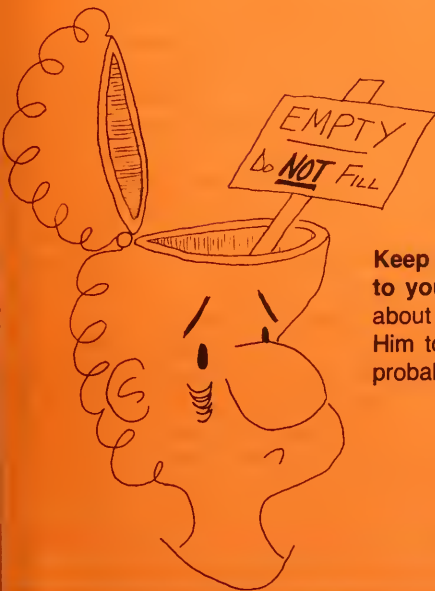
Blame it all on someone else, or on yourself. Either way you won't have to deal with the true problem.

Self-pity



Revel in self-pity. Tell yourself your life is ruined forever, and that what happened so surprised God that His plan for you is hopelessly ruined.

Refuse God the privilege of filling your life with new joys, adventures, and blessings. Letting Him wipe away your tears is for babies. You walk a different road.



Keep emptiness and sorrow to yourself. Don't tell God about it. Above all, don't ask Him to fill and comfort you. He's probably fickle too.



©Larry E. Neagle

The Thanksgiving Song

by Wanda Cato Brett



I'm writing these words
While the house is asleep.
I need to write them on paper
Because my thoughts won't keep.

I feel a need to slow
the minutes down,
To count off names
And freeze the frames
(like the slides we saw last night).

It's Thanksgiving time.
Every year we muddle through it.
The relative reunion—
I wonder why we do it?
Turkey and trimmings and pumpkin pie.

Somebody always talks about
the Pilgrims
(bless them),
Talks about what they struggled for
And then we dive into the dressing
And eat some more.

We're a solid family unit
Fifty strangers strong.
Around a massive table,
Singing thanksgiving songs.

And while we sing
the faces
Fill my mind—
Converge—merge together
And fuse this point in time.
The old familiar lines
are all the same,
But we keep coming back
to see how much we've changed.

My Uncle Joe
Has wide, rough hands
And lives in a house
that unfolds like
a piece of Texas land
reaching for the border.
And we have come here
(pilgrims of a sort)
To get our minds in order.

We have come to remind ourselves
That we are all connected
by an invisible chain
To the family name,
To the picture album on the table.

We have come to gather faces
And tie them up together
With memory twine—
A hug, a laugh, a smile
Will last a long time,
a lifetime,
a little while.

And I ask myself
Just why I came,
Why I took the chances;
Why I'm getting more involved.
I guess I came to learn
who's who
on other branches.
To get the puzzle solved.



James and new numbers,
 Line, lineage, and living—
 All wrapped up
 in another Thanksgiving.
 I came back
 just to keep track.

and I'll keep coming back
 To watch the tree grow.
 I somehow know
 More about me
 than I do now.
 I tell the restless feeling
 (deep inside)
 I have roots,
 Somehow,
 I do belong."

It has a nice sound.
 It would make a good song.

The family tree—
 New branches sprout and grow.
 I came back to
 let the spring buds know
 "You're not alone
 We're family.
 You have me.
 I have a home."

It all begins to
 sound like a prayer to me,
 A prayer for strength and courage
 A silent sort of plea.

Will the circle
 be unbroken?
 The words are left unspoken,
 Although the song is sung.

"God Almighty,
 Keep us grateful.
 Make us thankful.
 Make us wise.
 Grant us gracious
 understanding
 And more compassionate eyes."

Then everything is over,
 the house settles down.
 The cars pull out
 for other towns,
 for other squares of freedom.

I feel like part
 of something good,
 something grand,
 something strong.

I have touched
 growing branches.
 I belong.

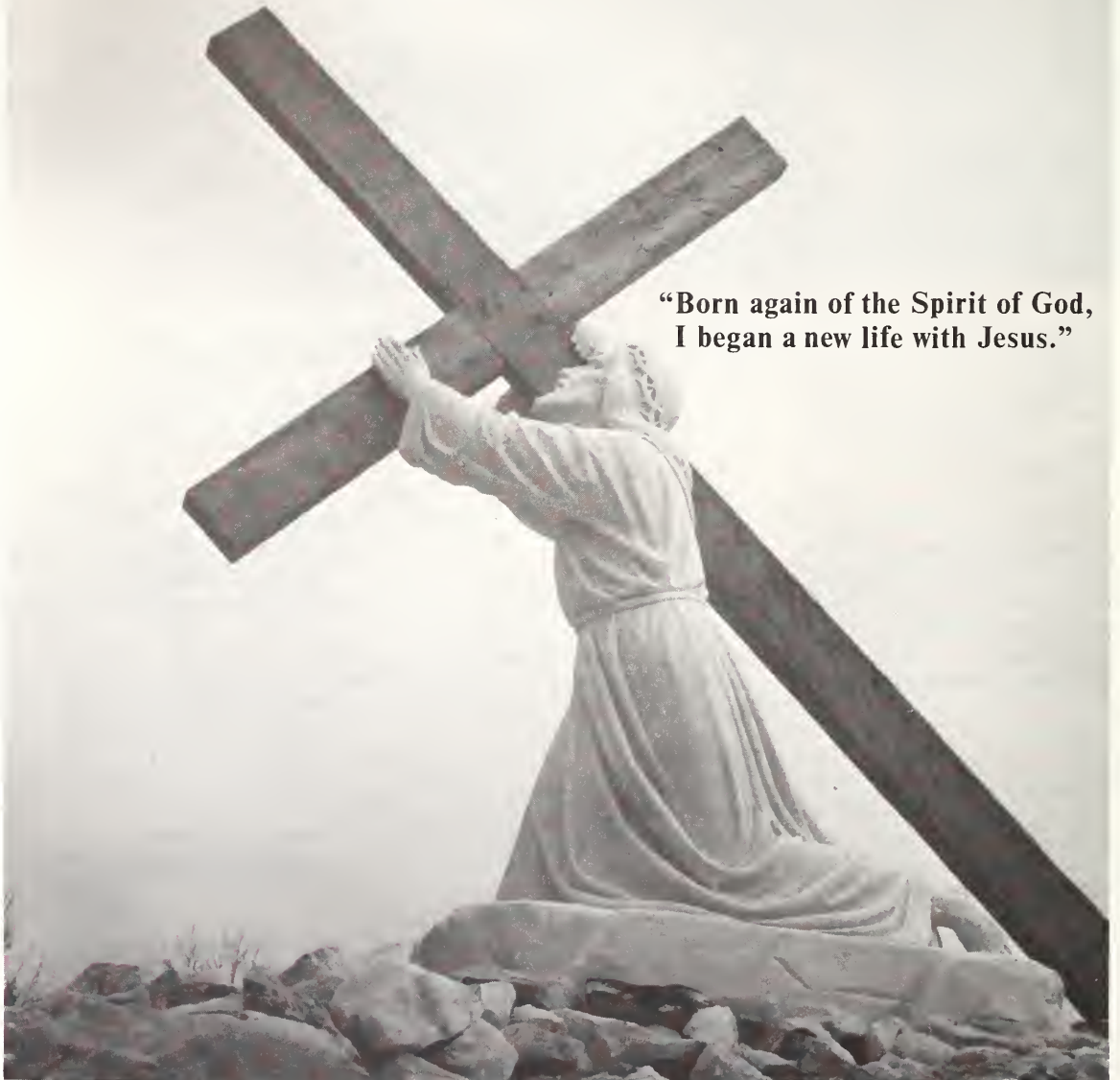
It has a nice sound:
 It would make a fine
 Thanksgiving Song.

A TRUE STORY

Into the Light

by Serge Baumann

**“Born again of the Spirit of God,
I began a new life with Jesus.”**



Luoma Photo

I WAS BORN IN COLMAR, FRANCE, and grew up in Turkheim, Alsace. As a child I went to school only because I had no other choice and often threw the whole class into confusion with bad behavior. Eventually, no teacher would take me and for weeks I simply drifted about the streets. At home I had fits of rage and depression. Sessions with doctors and psychologists didn't help.

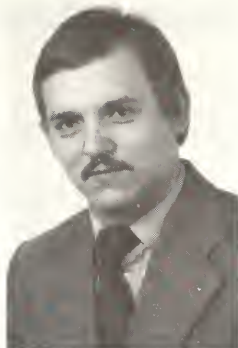
Because he wanted to help me but didn't really know how, my father put me into a home when I was nine years old. There were bars on the windows and we weren't allowed to leave the grounds. Each day's activities were strictly controlled. Those who didn't submit to discipline were made to stand in a corner for hours, or else they received a whipping.

A year later and hoping I had improved, my father came to take me back home. I returned to school but not for long. Soon I was involved with a street gang, fighting and stealing. On one of my rare visits to school, I suddenly had a fit of rage, threw chairs around and almost demolished the classroom. The principal called the police, who chased me through the grounds. They locked me up for two days before allowing me to return home.

At age fourteen, I started a trade as a cabinetmaker. After only two weeks I lost interest and tried chimney sweeping. This didn't suit me either. Before long I was just jobbing around to earn a bit of money. My father finally put me into a home for boys where I learned carpentry and helped in the garden and locksmith shop. I behaved relatively well and was allowed home after eight months.

Eventually I found a job in a textile plant, but was insolent to my employer and sometimes didn't even show up for work. I was fired. I quarreled with my father just about every day. I started drifting from town to town, sleeping outside, in bunkers, and in unfinished buildings. I stole what I needed. I found friends who led the same type of life.

I had also begun to drink heavily and was in some bar every night. Since girl friends brought money and food, I was able to get drunk every day. When drunk, I was aggressive, molesting customers and stirring up fights. At one time I was living in a commune, often hitchhiking with friends to Paris, to the south of France, or to Germany.



One night in Munster, Alsace, I became terribly drunk. I was only seventeen, but my body was so accustomed to alcohol that I could drink half a liter without it bothering me. This time, though, I overdid it and fell to the floor unconscious. At the hospital I was treated for alcohol poisoning. When I recovered consciousness two days later, the doctor said, "You'd better go into a sanatorium. If you don't, you won't have much chance of getting better." I ignored the doctor and continued as I wanted.

One day, a dealer offered me LSD. Not feeling the effects of it immediately, I drank some liquor with it. The reaction was so fast and intense that I almost went mad. I could see blood running down my body. My hand looked like a skeleton. I ran out onto the street, screaming with fear. Ranting and raving, I hammered with my fists on doors and banged my head against the wall. Finally, a neighbor called the psychiatric clinic and they came to take me away.

The effects of the LSD lasted twenty hours, which meant they kept me in the clinic for a day. When I came round, I found myself in a room with some deranged people. It scared me to death, especially when I heard the doctors wanted to keep me. I escaped over a barbed wire fence and hid while the police, ambulance staff, and doctors searched for me. Fortunately, I didn't have drugs on me and they didn't catch me.

Once, though, I wasn't so fortunate, and the police caught me with LSD. In jail I behaved badly, abusing and insulting the authorities. I was handcuffed and led away. I managed to loosen my hands from the cuffs and ran away, mingling with people in the market. Some folk latched on to what was happening and helped the police to catch me. When I got back to the prison, guards sat on me and beat me up. I was released a week later.

In the fall of 1972, I hit rock bottom. I hadn't eaten for days and was ravenously hungry. As I sat on the street, a man approached.

"Would you like to come to church with me?" he asked.

No, I wouldn't, I thought to myself.

"When did you last eat?" was his next question, as he led me to a cafe. While we sat eating pomme frites, he talked to me about

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

Update

W. A. Davis

Assistant General Director of
Youth and Christian Education

Introducing: Your staff at the General Youth and Christian Education Department.



Lamar Vest serves as general director of youth and Christian education. He was born in Belton, South Carolina, and has served in the area of youth and Christian education for eighteen years. He and his wife, Iris, have three children: Sharon, Rhonda and Mark. A prolific writer, he has written several books for youth and youth leaders and many articles for our church's publications. He is active in his local church, presently serving as assistant Sunday school teacher and as a member of the pastor's council.



W. A. (Dickie) Davis, his wife Glenda, and his sons, Shaun and Todd, moved to Cleveland in September 1980 upon his election as assistant general director of youth and Christian education. Before election to this position, he served the church as state director of youth and Christian education for seventeen years in the states of Arizona, Virginia, Tennessee, and South Carolina. He was born in Greenwood, Delaware, and lived as a child on a dairy farm. A popular and gifted youth speaker, he has spoken in youth camps and camp meetings across the country.



Jerry Millwood is administrative assistant for the department. He was born in Salem, Oregon, and before being called into the ministry, he played semiprofessional baseball. He has now served in the area of youth and Christian education for eight years. In his local church he serves as children's director for Family Training Hour and as a member of the Christian education board. He and his wife, Rebecca, have two sons, Jeremy and Jason.



Marcus Hand is the coordinator of Youth World Evangelism Action (YWEA) and Summer Training and Evangelism Partners (STEP). He was born in Nahunta, Georgia, and pursued a degree in journalism in college along with his religious studies. A very capable writer, he has authored several books and many articles for the General Youth and Christian Education Department as well as for the general church. He and his wife, Janie, are the parents of two children, Susan and Marc.



Fidencio Burgueno will be the coordinator of the Hispanic ministries for the department upon receipt of a residence visa from the American consulate. He was born and reared in Mexico but he learned to speak English at an early age. In Mexico he served as pastor and as national youth director. His wife, Dora, and sons, Fidencio and Jonadab, are adjusting well to their new home, although they are having to learn a new language.



Sonjia Lee Hunt serves as coordinator of leadership development. She is originally from Chattanooga, Tennessee, and taught public-school language arts for five years before coming to the department as editorial assistant. She has authored one book, several training manuals, and many articles. A number of her poems have appeared in our church publications. She is married to Walter, and has one daughter, Alana. In her local church she is Youth Division director for Sunday school and a member of the Christian education board.



Richard Dial is the newest member of the youth and Christian education staff, filling the position of coordinator of youth activities. A large responsibility which he will fulfill is the development of a Church of God boys' program. His experience as state youth and Christian education director and pastor provides background for his present work. He has contributed to *Leadership* magazine, the *Lighted Pathway*, and to other church publications, and has spoken at many youth meetings across the nation. He is married to Marilyn and has two sons, David and Brian, and a daughter, Christina. □

INTO THE LIGHT

Continued from page 19

Jesus, and I went along with him to the coffeehouse run by the Church of God in Colmar.

The man's name was Johannes Oppermann and he was the preacher for the following two weeks. He was from Germany, a former circus artist who had had a wonderful conversion to Jesus Christ. A friend and I sat on the first row. The sermon didn't interest us and we upset the meeting, causing the young lady who was translating to lose her train of thought. However, because we always got something to eat there, we returned every night for the two weeks, most of the time under the influence of schnapps or LSD.

The last evening came, and the sermon was serious. Brother Oppermann said, "Would anybody here like to come to Jesus, confess his sins, and begin a new life?" A struggle began in my heart. *If it's true what he says, I might as well try it; I've nothing to lose*, I reasoned. Embarrassed at having to go down to the front, I nevertheless went. I confessed my sins, prayed, and let the evangelist pray with me.

One Sunday night early in 1973, I was on my way to church when I met a dealer who offered me LSD. Nervous and trembling, I took it and went on to church. During the service, the drug started to work. Suddenly I stood up, screaming, and started throwing chairs around. The people became nervous, most of them having never witnessed anything like that before.

They took me upstairs to the coffeehouse, where I raved and screamed for three hours. I hit myself in the face. Thinking I was a bird, I tried to fly out the window. I really thought I was going insane and started yelling, "I don't want to go to the devil. Please hold me!"

The Christians sat around me and prayed, singing the French chorus, "Don't be afraid, be still; peace will come."

All at once I became calm. A supernatural power came into my heart. The effects of the drug and the burden of my whole life seemed to roll away. I lay down on the floor and fell asleep. When I woke up next morning I was calm, free, a new person. I couldn't understand what had happened, but I knew I needed no more liquor
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YOUTH NEWS TO NOTE

Compiled by **SONJIA LEE HUNT**, Editorial Assistant General Department of Youth and Christian Education

SENDING CHILDREN TO WAR

It's not something that happened only in medieval times—sending children to war. This year, under Ayatollah Khomeini, Iran has deteriorated into that sort of tyranny.

Boys ages 10-16 and men ages 50-65 have been trained for two weeks, each given a hand grenade, and then sent in human waves across minefields and against Iraqi tanks. Those not blown to bits were captured. The youngest was said to be nine years old. (*Parade Magazine*)

* * * *

1. *These children and old men were said to have run gladly to their deaths for the cause of their country. Is that patriotism? Discuss.*

2. *What basis or rationale do Moslem leaders use to justify such action?*

GOOD NEWS

Christianity Today reports that two Hollywood films on homosexuality are losing at the box office—*Making Love* and *Personal Best*. Other films on the subject have not received the expected public response. These events are encouraging to Christians and may be an effective indicator to the film industry that moviegoers do not want to view homosexuality displayed as an acceptable lifestyle.

* * * *

1. *How would you account for this turn of events?*
2. *Does it offer hope for the future in terms of changing morals? Explain.*

WOMEN HAVE NEW IMPACT ON MUSIC BUSINESS

NASHVILLE, TN (UPI)—Can women save the music business?

From a Christian point of view, the secular music business indeed needs redeeming. But that is not the kind of salvation the promoters of the newest all-female singing groups have in mind. These girls are not the Marie Osmond, innocence-and-lace types. They project the tough-guy image or look like platinum blonde pinups, whiskey swillers or the offspring of Hell's Angels.

These new bands include the Pinups out of Los Angeles, who were founded on the credo that sex still sells on Madison Avenue and in record stores, and Calamity Jane, who pattern themselves after that infamous historical figure who drank beer when most women didn't and who had an affair with Wild Bill Hickok. The Schoolgirls—the first all-girl, heavy metal band out of England—represent the state-of-the-art of female musical violence.

Women are looking for and achieving equality in the music business. They have not, however, in any sense of the word, saved the industry. (*Chattanooga News-Free Press*)

* * * *

1. *How may Christian women use their talents and abilities to their fullest in what some call a "man's world"?*
2. *Should women enter areas of the business world which men very obviously dominate?*
3. *Does a woman have to give up her femininity or Christian convictions to excel or to advance to the degree that her abilities will allow?*

INTO THE LIGHT

Continued from page 21

or LSD. Born again of the Spirit of God, I began a new life with Jesus.

I started attending the coffeehouse and church regularly. Brothers and sisters found me a room and a job with a heating firm. They looked after me and encouraged me in the Lord. I had a lot of temptations but the church prayed and fasted for me and God gave me victory. I remember going back to my old friends and telling them what Jesus had done for me. They laughed and wanted nothing more to do with me.

At Easter 1974 I went with church folks to the German convention in Urbach. At first I was shocked when dozens of people went forward to pray together. Before the second service was over, however, I went forward to fall on my knees and pray quietly. Before I knew what was happening, I was speaking to the Lord in tongues. God filled me with the Holy Spirit. I was so full of joy I just praised Him out loud.

A year later found me at the convention in Germany. This time I experienced something different. A voice simply said to me, "Go to Bible school." I backed off, but it came again and again. Finally I said, "Lord, I can't even read and write properly. They won't accept me!" But they did, and in September of 1974 I started school at the European Bible Seminary in Rudersberg, Germany.

For the first time in my life I went regularly to classes, but studying wasn't easy for me. I had problems with German and with submitting myself to school discipline. Many times I would run away, but people were helpful and patient with me. My grades were so bad the first year that I had to repeat the whole course. I was often discouraged but the Lord helped me.

At EBS I met Waltraud, a German girl from the Saar area. We married at Christmas 1975, and our first two children were born during school. We rented a small apartment and the Lord blessed our life together. Waltraud helped me with my studies and supported me in every way.

I finished EBS in 1978 and started my internship in Saarlouis under the intern pastor, Wolfgang Oesterling. I now pastor the Saarlouis Church.

Praise God for what He's done in my life! I want to be used of the Lord to help others. □

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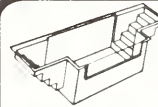
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Books

HEY, WHO IS THAT MAN? by Barry St. Clair

Jesus.

What does that simple, well-known name make you think of?

- A soft-spoken guy who carries lambs around?
- Neatly shampooed hair, a long white robe, and sandals?
- A plastic figure glued to a dashboard?

You probably have different ideas of Jesus piled up somewhere in the back of your mind. But you may be in for a few surprises. For starters, understanding who Jesus is will help you handle guilt, develop priorities for your life, get along with your parents, and deal with dating and sex.

Hey, Who Is That Man? will help you pulverize the piles of wrong ideas you have of Jesus. Once you get to know the real Jesus Christ, your life will never be the same. (Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187) □

CLIPPINGS FROM MY NOTEBOOK by Corrie ten Boom

"Often I have heard people say, How good God is. We prayed that it would not rain for our church picnic, and look at this lovely weather! Yes, God is good when He sends good weather. But God was also good when He allowed my sister Betsie to starve to death before my eyes in the German concentration camp.

"I remember one occasion when I was very discouraged there. Everything around us was dark, and there was darkness in my heart. I remember telling Betsie that I thought God had forgotten us.

"'No, Corrie,' said Betsie, 'He has not forgotten us. Remember His Word: "For as the heavens are high above the earth, so great is his steadfast love toward those who fear him.'"

"There is an ocean of God's love available. . . . There is plenty for everyone. May God grant you never to doubt that victorious love—whatever the circumstances." (Thomas Nelson Publishers, Nashville, TN 37214) □

YOU ARE SOMEBODY SPECIAL edited by Charlie W. Shedd

Sound advice on such subjects as sex, parents, school, drugs, and daily problems is provided to teenagers in this highly unusual, sensitive and effective book. The book has been written by ten leading authorities in their respective fields and includes suggestions made by teenagers. The authors include TV and movie star Bill Cosby, Dr. Richard Bolles, Rick Little and Dr. Jim Dobson.

A most innovative approach for reaching out and helping teenagers and their parents, *You Are Somebody Special* forms the basis of a program which is being taught in hundreds of schools throughout the country as part of a Skills for Living program. (McGraw-Hill Book Co., New York) □

THE LONG WAY HOME by John P. Jewell, Jr.

The Long Way Home is a dramatic story of the birth, destruction, and recovery of a joyful, living faith. It is the story of the most burning issue for the thinking Christian today. It is a tale of honesty, grief, despair, and hope.

When John Jewell entered seminary, he had a wife he adored, a baby he considered a gift from God, and a passion burning within him to share the power of Jesus Christ. Fifteen years later his marriage was in shambles, his runaway son was somewhere on the streets of San Francisco, and Jewell was on the brink of emotional collapse. His story is a dramatic account of the birth, destruction, and recovery of his faith. (Thomas Nelson Publishers, Nashville, TN 37214) □

STEP: 1982—JAMAICA

Continued from page 7



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Many loving, caring Christians are doing something to alleviate this terrible tragedy which exists in our world today. They are sending their donations to organized groups who are endeavoring to see that at least a few of the starving children are fed.

But there is another situation which exists in our world, one worse than children without food: that is children without the fullness of Christ Jesus and all that heaven affords.

For several years I've had the privilege of ministering to children in many different states. On numerous occasions I have stood before groups of several hundred children and, without exception, I have found them hungry. Not hungry for a bowl of soup, or cookies and milk, but hungry for the fullness of God's blessings.

In youth camp after another we have watched young children fill the altars in search of spiritual food.

While some Christian

educators are trying to decide if children understand, they are going hungry.

Let's feed the children. □

Jack E. Bentley, Sr.
*Minister of Christian Education
 and Children's Pastor
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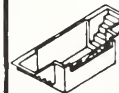
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FACE OF A CHILD

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boy in a Palestinian refugee
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moment in time, frozen and
preserved through the magic
of camera lens.

Yet it's more.

It's every child of every
generation of every race the
world over. . .

. . . weeping for something
lost.

. . . hurting as only
innocence can.

. . . puzzled at those many
enigmas of life totally beyond
understanding.

. . . wanting to know.

. . . to understand.

. . . to be comforted.

It's a face which speaks to
every sensitive soul:

. . . "Please."

. . . "Help me."

. . . "Show me the way."

. . . "Give me reason to smile
again."

It may be the face of fear, the
face of pain, the face of war,
or the face of schoolyard
frustration; but it remains,
most precisely, the face of a
child.

Without doubt, there exist in
our world today certain
beings—one hesitates to call
them human—so blind and so
insensitive that they no longer
see nor feel for children. They
are adult robots, programmed
toward selfish goals, mouthing
clichés, marching round and
round within familiar circles:

. . . thinking they live.

. . . too big for kids.

. . . too involved with now to
think of tomorrow.

. . . too busy to teach
children.

Yet there is more in the face
of a child.

Every child.

Look closely and, behind
that raised left hand, you see a
hint of hope.

Even with tears, the present
pain, there is expectancy—an
inherent, God-given grace—that
things really can be better.

Children cry easily.

They also laugh again.

Children speak to us of
promise and curse. Children
become adults. Good and bad.
Saints and sinners.

Children challenge us.

They will eventually praise
us or condemn us.

My special thanks this year
is for teachers—Sunday school,
Family Training Hour, and
public school—wise enough to
see, brave enough to believe,
and faithful enough to insist that
God speaks clearly in the
face of a child.

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Suddenly there was with the angel
 a multitude of the heavenly host praising God,
 and saying, Glory to God in the highest,
 and on earth peace, good will toward men.

LUKE 2:13-14

THIS MONTH

Christmas is always special. So much to reflect upon, to remember and smile. Much of this issue revolves around the seasonal theme; but not all. Life goes on, right through Christmas, and we must cope with the ethereal and the earthly at the same time. The word thus becomes reality.

Merry Christmas to all.

Hoyt E. Stone

H. Armstrong Roberts Photo



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IT'S SATURDAY MORNING. Jim and Rita Zana welcome me into the sitting room of their home in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

I'm introduced to Sean.
"Hi."

Sean is six years old and on crutches. He smiles the optimism of a child, speaks boldly as if not in the least intimidated by adults, and looks me over with two sparkling green eyes.

Then, back slightly swayed, legs in braces, Sean leads me through the kitchen and down the hall to his room. He crutch-walks with unbelievable speed, having developed a

rhythmic oneness with the artificial paraphernalia which makes him mobile, and he displays his trophies, his photographs, his playthings with boyish pride.

When the subject is first mentioned, Sean politely refuses to be photographed. I get the feeling he sees no purpose in it. After all, I'm not a sports star, or a ball player, or anything. Then I suggest a picture with his pastor Sam Adkerson.

"Well now, that's different."

Even as we talk and as Jim and Rita Zana apprise me of how thankful they are to have been blessed with such a child as Sean, I visualize my one and

only other contact with a victim of spina bifida.

It happened in the late fifties. I was a young evangelist, just married, hoping to change the world, but left speechless when a mother showed me her baby. She was blue-eyed and too beautiful to describe, smiling and gooing. She lay on her stomach, on a pillow in her mother's lap. I think it was the child's grandmother who said, "The baby can't live."

Then I saw the child's back. "Her spine was open, the spinal cord displaced and in a splayed open position." That's how physicians today describe myelomeningocele, the most

Hoyt E. Stone Photo



There Is Hope

severe form of a birth defect commonly known as spina bifida.

At that time I didn't know what spina bifida was. I only knew that the baby was beautiful and that my heart ached at the thought of her dying, which she did within weeks.

It was not until the late sixties that significant progress was made in terms of treating spina bifida. It happens to be one of those birth defects which has failed for the most part to catch the public eye.

Jim and Rita Zana, members of Florida's Pompano Beach Church of God, are doing everything possible to



change that for folks in the greater Ft. Lauderdale area. Both are actively involved in the Spina Bifida Association of Southeast Florida. Jim presently serves as the vice-president in charge of public relations and Rita is the membership chairman.

The local chapter in which Jim and Rita are active is but one of many chapters nationwide. The chapter provides fellowship for victims of spina bifida and support for family members struggling to make life meaningful against overwhelming odds. They meet every other month, alternating with socials. They have established a brace fund to help members with the cost of orthopedic devices and urinary care supplies. They also have an active lending library with booklets and brochures available for those interested in knowing more about spina bifida.

The cause of spina bifida continues to elude scientists. Most authorities feel that multiple factors are involved, some environmental and some genetic. No one theory seems to be consistent with all the facts.

What we do know is that the

Stone Photos

FACTS ABOUT SPINA BIFIDA

Spina bifida is the number one disabler of newborn children in this country.

For every child with muscular dystrophy, eight children have spina bifida.

For every child with hemophilia, two hundred children have spina bifida.

This year spina bifida will affect



normal sequence of events in development of the spinal cord is altered during the first month of pregnancy and spina bifida occurs even before the woman realizes she is pregnant. Neither parent is to blame: the defect is caused by factors beyond human control.

To look at a child like Sean, one might easily and incorrectly conclude that he simply has a problem with his legs. Spina bifida is far more complicated.

The major initial crisis faced by spina bifida victims

more children than polio has in the past twenty years.

Every hour, twenty-four hours a day, somewhere in the United States a child is born with spina bifida.

Prior to the late sixties almost 90 percent of newborns with spina bifida died shortly after birth. Many survivors suffered serious multiple handicaps. Today, thanks to medical advances, 90 percent of newborns with spina bifida survive and become active, contributing adults.

involves the nervous system (brain, spinal cord, and peripheral nerves). We refer to these as motor nerves. They end in the muscles of the legs, bladder and bowel. Loss of these nerves breaks contact with the brain and the child loses voluntary movement of the muscles. Orthopedic surgeons can correct some of this deformity, enabling children to stand and most to walk.

A second problem is hydrocephalus (hydro = water, cephalus = head). Since the brain and spinal cord share circulation of a saltwaterlike liquid called cerebrospinal fluid (CSF), any interruption of this system causes the fluid to back up in the child's head, expanding the brain and skull and resulting in fatal progressive hydrocephalus.

One of the big breakthroughs for spina bifida victims came when surgeons learned to insert shunt tubing into the lateral ventricles of the brain, thus draining excess fluid into the child's abdominal cavity. Sean has had such surgery. He does well but Jim and Rita must always be on the lookout for telltale signs of shunt malfunction.

Even with all the medical advancements, it is not easy for any parent—even Jim and Rita Zana—to care for a spina bifida victim.

Love is the answer: the only answer.

Jim and Rita have no children other than Sean.

How proudly they note his progress!

With what delight they plan family vacations! A trip to the World's Fair! Sean's special opportunity to meet Ranger's baseball catcher Jim Sundberg!

By the time I completed my interview with Sean, he had become more comfortable. As with any six-year-old who is

the center of attention, he buzzed around the room, showing off and managing the unbelievable on those crutches.

Once, headed for the hallway and turning a corner too quickly, his crutches slipped. We heard Sean fall with a thud.

Jim and Rita accepted it better than I, for it pulled me to the edge of my chair.

From the hall came Sean's matter-of-fact voice, "Uh-oh, I collapsed."

He was quickly up and going again.

Perhaps that's the real story of the Seans of our world: always getting up and trying again. Always refusing to lose hope. □



Silent Night...Holy Night

by Kay Back



H. Armstrong Roberts Photo

ANERVOUS SILENCE overtakes you as you enter the door. You have come with kids whose ages range from three to eighteen to visit J. R. Pope, a charter member of your church, and others in Pine's Nursing Home.

Brother Pope's body is stooped with age. He looks up from his wheelchair and smiles at his thirty-one visitors.

"You . . . you must have rented . . . a Greyhound," he says.

Those who understood his joke smile. We are unable to laugh because seven pairs of aged eyes seem to stare through us.

Though still loud, Brother Pope's voice is weaker than in younger days. His jokes and stories come slowly. He is an expert on the Bible. Though it takes a while to understand what he says, he is still worth listening to. I think how sad that his knowledge will pass away with him one day.

Jack Henderson reads some Bible verses. Brother Pope nods approval of every word.

Then Jack tells the story of a little girl. When he comes to the part of the story where the little girl dies, his voice cracks. He is sobbing by the end of the story in which the girl has written a letter to Santa Claus. That's a part Brother Pope himself played many years ago.

The children fidget and avoid eye contact with the home's residents. They now begin to sing Christmas carols.

"Si-lent night! ho-ly night . . ."

Their voices show fear. The elderly people spread around the room seem like strangers.

"All is calm, all is bright . . ."

In the center of the room are two tables with built-in brown and beige checkerboards. An old man shuffles cards by one. He doesn't move his head but he surveys the group with his steady, silent gaze. Maybe he thinks of his childhood, when he sang to his elders.

"'Round you vir-gin moth-er and Child . . ."

The lady in the corner—her brown, wrinkled face framed by silver hair—starts to hum along as the children sing. Her voice wails in contrast to the children's quiet song. Her neighbors nod and attempt to smile. One wrings her hand to the slow rhythm of the song.

"Ho-ly In-fant, so ten-der and mild . . ."

Voices aren't the only contrasts in this room.

Youth and age. Happiness and sadness. Hope and despair. Innocence and wisdom. You look into an empty face and know someone remembers times gone by.

It dawns on you that these people are inmates. They have been sentenced to spend the remainder of their lives in beds or wheelchairs. They can hardly move, slowly wasting away, all for the crime of living to "a ripe old age."

"Sleep in heav-en-ly peace . . ."

Once more your gaze turns to Brother Pope. His bony elbows rest on the arms of his wheelchair, holding the weight of his upper body. His legs are crossed. You can tell he has lost weight.

"You could probably put one finger around his leg" a shaken teacher would say later.

Brother Pope's shirt hangs loosely on his once-strong frame. Somewhere on that wrinkled face there appears a smile. The lines of his eighty-six years show the wisdom and willpower.

"I'm gettin' . . . gettin' . . . up." A brave stomp of his foot punctuates Brother Pope's statement.

Jack and Johnny lift him out of the chair slowly, carefully. Heads turn in amazement. I look and catch sight of a tear in a nurse's eye.

Brother Pope leans against the table to tell the story of Samson, strong man in the Bible who lost his strength.

With a wave of his hand, he finishes and slumps back in the chair to catch his breath.

"Merry Christmas," we all mumble as we leave.

A few years ago Brother Pope could have walked out with us. Not now. He and the others watch as we exit through the door.

We don't think about it much but perhaps we should. One day we who just sang will be among the lonely people.

"Sleep in heav-en-ly peace." □

JOSEPH POPE was born in Norfolk, Virginia, December 3, 1895, the oldest of eight children. He died shortly after last Christmas, January 13, 1982, at age 86.

Teenager Kay Back from the Newport News Church of God wrote this article following a visit to the nursing home. □

ADVERSITY:

Pathway to the Stars

by Henry N. Ferguson



AUGUST 20, 1969. A company of the 196th Light Infantry Brigade was ordered out in the Diep Douc Valley to pick up the dead from Bravo Company. Suddenly there was a chilling blast of North Vietnamese gunfire. A bullet struck Robert Bleier in the thigh. Then another. As he went down a grenade exploded at his feet, driving shrapnel into both his legs and shattering several bones in his right foot.

Pinned down, it was hours before reinforcements arrived. A black GI from a nearby platoon picked up the wounded Bleier and carried him to an evacuation helicopter. He was flown to Da Nang.

At the field hospital Bleier was told, "You're going to be a cripple for the rest of your life."

Those experts reckoned without the courage and fierce determination of Robert Bleier. They did not know of his sturdy, resolute faith in Jesus, a faith which was to sustain him in months and years to follow.

Back in the states Robert was subjected to painful operations, a difficult period of learning to walk on crutches, and physical therapy that failed. A member of the Pittsburgh Steelers football team before going into the service, the Steeler

management now gave him every encouragement. Nevertheless, improvement was a thing between Bleier and his Master.

At 5:30 each morning Bleier ran himself to the edge of exhaustion. He spent afternoons lifting weights. Did sprints at night. With the help of Pittsburgh's trainers he developed exercises that gave him new muscle and increased speed. Slowly he began to recover.

It was a time of much hard work and earnest prayer. But eventually "Rocky" rejoined the Steelers. He retired in 1980—one of the team's all-time greats. He has said that his experience in Vietnam was God's way of confronting him with adversity, making him a stronger and more determined person.

Rocky Bleier found a truth many before him had discovered: the greatest goal and inspiration a person can have is the challenge of adversity. This has never been more beautifully expressed than in the words of the old Negro

spiritual: "Nobody knows the trouble I've seen; glory, hallelujah!"

Man has an inborn craving to be pampered, shielded from problems and troubles, consoled in fears and griefs. No one really loves discomfort. Yet, how else can God train us to cope, to be sturdy, healthy people, other than by leading us through the cold of disappointment, the drought of depression, the storm of grief, and the night of fear? God's pruning often hurts, but He is the master gardener.

"The average person," Dr. Norman Vincent Peale once said, "takes a dim view of a problem. His notion is that a problem is inherently bad. But would you be better off if you had fewer problems, or easier problems, or even no problems at all? No. When you run out of problems, you run out of life."

Every adversity, every unpleasant experience, every failure you may endure carries with it the seed of an equivalent or greater benefit. Search for this seed when you meet with any form of defeat. You will discover that it has a potential benefit for you in excess of that which you lost through the experience.

Take the case of William H. Prescott who, in his junior year at Harvard, was blinded in one eye by a crust of bread thrown at him in the dining room. Within five months he had practically lost the sight of

his remaining eye. Instead of becoming discouraged, William simply placed his troubles in the hands of Jesus and began concentrating on his career.

A historian, Prescott started writing *The Conquest of Peru*. Working under conditions that would have appalled the most courageous—for example, all research materials had to be read to him by his secretary—he completed his monumental book in two years and nine months. Scholars throughout the world hailed the book as a masterpiece. Prescott had great faith in God: in turn, he discovered great faith in himself.

One's most fortunate break often comes from tumbling into unexpected pits of misfortune. It was so with young Jimmy Whistler who wanted to become a soldier. Receiving an appointment to West Point in 1851, he was well on the way to achieving his goal. But he failed in chemistry and was dropped from the academy. Instead of becoming despondent, Whistler prayed that the Holy Spirit would guide and direct his life. Striking out on faith alone, he went to Paris to study painting and became one of the great artists of all time.

Harry Emerson Fosdick once wrote: "The beginning of great character, like the beginning of deep wisdom, lies in renouncing the expectation that life will be just."

Some years ago this writer was in an audience of Houston music lovers as pianist George Riabikoff held us mesmerized with the haunting quality of his music. Only the broken, maimed hands of this superb musician hinted at the price he had paid for the perfection of his talent. Riabikoff is proof that a man can miraculously rise above almost any adversity if he just holds on and has unlimited faith that Christ is with him.

Musically, George had been a child prodigy. Then the Nazi juggernaut began rumbling across Europe. A Christian, George watched with horror the brutal persecution of Jewish people who were his friends. He hid as many of them as he could. One night he was arrested by the gestapo.

The Nazis began a diabolical torture routine to force George to tell where his Jewish friends were hidden. He refused. They pierced his palms with red-hot spikes. When George still held his silence they broke his fingers and wrists and added the final touch by crushing his hands in a steel doorjamb. Then they threw him into a concentration camp.

When he was eventually freed, Riabikoff began slowly to rehabilitate himself. Gritting his teeth when the agony became unbearable, he spent long painful hours working to restore life to his gnarled and paralyzed

hands. Little by little, through sheer grit and an abiding faith in the Savior, he conquered his affliction and regained his former wizardry at the keyboard.

No one knows why life is often so punishing to some of God's creatures. It's a question that's been asked down through the ages. Abraham could not understand why God should ask for the sacrifice of his son Isaac. Moses could not understand why God should keep him on the backside of the desert for forty years. Joseph could not understand the years he spent in slavery and imprisonment in Egypt.

In each case God had a purpose. Abraham's faith was being tested. When he proved faithful, God made him the father of many nations. Because he believed God, Moses became the greatest hero in Israel's history. Even in prison, Joseph never doubted God had a purpose and he became prime minister of Egypt and was able to save his family.

Always in times of trouble there is the cry, "Why me?" It may be that it is sometimes necessary for us to be seared in the crucible of suffering in order to attain our goal. It has often been said that diversity gives our life an added dimension. Those who suffer intensely experience the gamut of life's tribulations to the fullest. They drain the cup to the bottom while others sip only the froth on top. Perhaps no man is permitted to touch the stars until he has known the depths of despair and has fought his way back through faith.

Ralph Waldo Emerson once wrote: "Bad times have a

scientific value. These are occasions a good learner would not miss." Yet how many will take advantage of such circumstances? Would you wager anything on the future prospects of a fifty-three-year-old man whose entire adult life has been a losing struggle against debt and bad luck? Who has lost the use of his left hand due to a war injury? Who has obtained and lost one job after another? Who has lost count of the times he has been in prison?

And then, motivated by something only God could explain, he decides to write a book. It turns out to be one of the greatest pieces of literature produced in the past 350 years. That famous prison habitué's name was Cervantes. The book, *Don Quixote*.

Sometimes it takes tremendous obstacles to bring a person to proper appreciation of the statement, "God helps those who help themselves."

Remember the youngster known as "The Black Gazelle"? In 1960, this twenty-year-old junior at Tennessee State University was acknowledged the greatest woman athlete since Babe Didrikson. She was the fastest woman on earth—Wilma Rudolph. But what an impossible road she traveled to reach that pinnacle.

Born prematurely, the twentieth of twenty-two children, Wilma was the daughter of a black family living in Clarksville, Tennessee. She was stricken with scarlet fever, had double pneumonia twice, and finally was cruelly maimed with polio which crippled her left leg—all before she was ten years old.

Wilma's mother was a devout Christian. She took charge of the situation. For four years she massaged the near-lifeless limb, praying as she worked. Once a week she took her daughter to Nashville for therapy. Gradually the leg began to strengthen.

Wilma discovered basketball in Burt High School. Later, entering Tennessee State, she started running. At sixteen she was the youngest member of the U.S. Olympic team at the 1956 Olympics in Melbourne, Australia. She became cocky and exalted with pride. Her participation in the games proved a disaster.

Humbled, Wilma asked Jesus to take charge of her life. She continued training and became the only American woman to win three gold medals in track during one Olympiad.

Today Wilma operates a public-relations firm in Nashville. She calls it Wilma Unlimited. She also spends much time traveling about the country speaking to high school students, encouraging them to develop a lifestyle that will be within the framework of Christ's teachings. Having been driven to the very depths by adversity, Wilma has been able, through faith in Christ and herself, to emerge a victor in this great adventure of life.

Suffering is part of our faith. By trusting God completely we learn to bear life's trials with dignity and total courage.

Christians have stood up to adversity for two thousand years. How many realize that the Gloria Patri is based on the marching-to-death song of the early Christian martyrs? They knew the death awaiting them

would be appalling. Because they had faith, a conviction, an all-out belief in life everlasting, they met their fate with calm fortitude.

Life lived by faith in God! It is a precept that has been the great liberating force which has set millions of believers free from adversity.

You too can live boldly, generously, joyously, sacrificially, and creatively in the love of Christ and neighbor. □



BRUCE PFLIEGER

Editor In Chief!



Alan Cliburn Photo

by Alan Cliburn

WHAT WOULD YOU DO if there was no newspaper in your town? Well, if you're anything like sixteen-year-old Bruce Pflieger of Shingle Springs, California, you'd start your own!

"My friends thought I was nuts," Bruce said with a grin, "but a paper was needed in our community and it was something I wanted to do."

Although he admits he lacked the experience necessary to edit a newspaper, Bruce did gain some practical experience by working as a sports stringer (where you get paid by the length of the story) for the *Mountain Democrat*, a biweekly paper published in nearby Placerville.

How do you go about starting a newspaper? Bruce explained it this way:

"Obviously you have to have stories and photos and all that, but I knew my friends and I could take care of the content. What we needed was someone to print the paper for us. So I got

out the trusty Yellow Pages and called a few printers until I found one who could handle the operation at a fairly low price."

That "fairly low price" turned out to be \$470, which is exactly what the first issue of the *Foothill Examiner* cost to produce. So where did Bruce come up with the money?

"I was able to scrape together \$170," Bruce told me, "but I didn't go to my folks to make up the difference, even though they were behind me all the way. Instead I borrowed the \$300 from a man in my church."

The *Foothill Examiner* rolled off the presses with three thousand copies delivered to residents of Shingle Springs and the surrounding area by six paper boys. The paper is offered free of charge at this point.

So how does Bruce hope to make it a profit-making venture?

"We sell ads to local merchants," he explained. "It's not always easy selling advertising in a new publication, but by the time our second issue was published, we were breaking even."

Bruce isn't alone in his newspaper business, by the way. In addition to the six carrier boys, who range in age from twelve to fifteen, he has a staff of three, including a sports editor, an advertising manager, and a photographer. The sports editor is college age; the others are in high school.

"We have an office right near Ponderosa High, so I usually head over there after school," Bruce said. He spends several hours a day working on the paper, with the other staff members putting in their time as well.

"At first we were working on the paper all the time," Bruce told me, "but that can really get to you after a while, especially if you've been sitting in school all day. So now we plan some stuff together that has nothing to do with the newspaper, such as fishing or something relaxing like that. It really helps."

Bruce, who attends Cameron Christian Fellowship, also gets some help at school by taking a journalism class in addition to an English course which stresses journalistic style.

"I knew I wasn't qualified to start my own



paper, but I figured I'd learn by doing," Bruce said.

Has he succeeded?

"A woman in the community offered to become a partner and was willing to pay \$15,000, but I didn't feel right about it," Bruce answered. "So I said no."

Even though the *Foothill Examiner* is not a Christian newspaper, Bruce manages to include articles of a spiritual nature on a regular basis.

"We recently ran a series of articles condensed from 'Whatever Happened to the

Human Race?', a five-part motion picture starring Francis Schaeffer, noted Christian philosopher and theologian, and C. Everett Koop, M.D., surgeon-in-chief at Children's Hospital in Philadelphia," Bruce said.

What else is included in his paper?

"What you'd expect to see in a community newspaper," Bruce replied with a shrug. "We feature local issues, of course, but we also have things like editorials, letters to the editor, man-on-the-street interviews, and extensive sports coverage. It's a twelve-page tabloid, so we have a lot of space to fill.

"The number one goal of our paper is to adequately serve the area of its circulation (which includes three communities in addition to Shingle Springs) with the most current, informative, and interesting news possible."

When asked if he felt the Lord led him to start the *Foothill Examiner*, Bruce admits that he didn't. "To tell you the truth, I didn't even think about it at the time, but since then I've become convinced that He was leading me. I got the idea from somewhere, after all, and His Spirit can lead us even when we're unaware of it."

A Christian since the summer of 1979, Bruce isn't sure what the future holds for him at this point. Journalism is a definite possibility and he plans to continue editing the *Foothill Examiner* for some time, but the distant future is in the Lord's hands. □

Alan Cliburn Photo

When you're 2½ years old, everything in a bottle, box or can is fair game. For exploring. And tasting.

That's why children are involved in about 90% of all reported poisonings.

Yet parents (and even grandparents) go about setting deadly little traps, however unwittingly. Leaving medicines, detergents, paints, pesticides in reach of unsuspecting, curious kids.

If you think a child has swallowed something poisonous, you

might save a life or a throat or a stomach if you'll remember this.

Don't panic.

Do get medical advice. To induce vomiting or to give milk or water may be right. Or dead wrong.

Immediately, get out anything that's still in the child's mouth. Get the container, to identify toxicity.

Then get on the phone to a poison control center. Or a doctor or the nearest hospital.

Keep Syrup of Ipecac around

in case induced vomiting is recommended. It'll save critical time.

But the best medicine is prevention. For a free booklet full of ideas write to us at the address below.

When you're 2½, you can't spell poison.

When you're the grown-up, you're the one who has to know better.

LIBERTY NATIONAL
GOOD FRIENDS FOR LIFE
LIBERTY NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA
A TORCHMARK COMPANY

Cleaning fluid looks just like ginger ale when you're 2½.





Focus on its real meaning.



Slow down. Find peace not of with irritability, discouragement

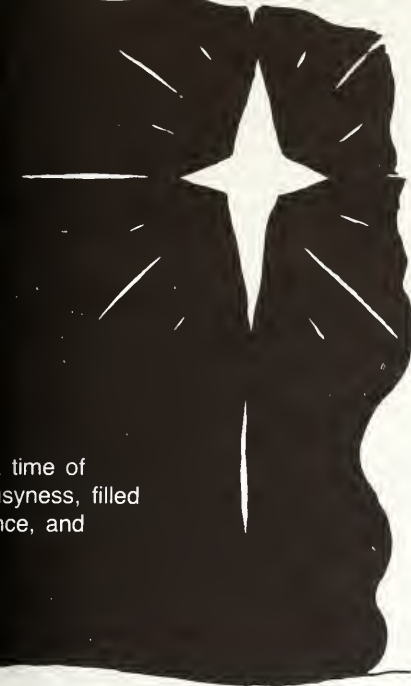
how The Best of

ARTIST / WRITER



Double your pleasure.
Double your fun. Find a friend to
share it with.





time of
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Evaluate your expectations. We all expect Christmas to be a time of happiness, presents, and spiritual uplift. Yet holidays rarely run smooth. Don't let little snags rob you of its joy.

DO HAVE CHRISTMAS EVER

LARRY E. NEAGLE

sure the season in terms of
, thought, and concern, not dollars
cents.



Give as He gave. Give the gift of yourself.

© Larry E. Neagle



Harold M. Lambert Photo

Neutered LOVE

Life had taught Christina a lot,
but not about love.

CHRISTINA ADAMSON stood at the window of her sixth-floor office. Tall and trim, dressed in a gray suit and high heels, she exemplified the new and liberated woman. On the wall behind her desk was a M.B.A. degree which justified her claim to respect among the predominantly male employees of Matthews, Morgan and Grimes, Incorporated, and not even the half glasses which rested on her nose hid the natural beauty which had caused her selection as homecoming queen of Balford High only ten years ago.

Christina could see shoppers on the street below, rushing like cattle across the intersection when the light changed. She still found the view rather awesome, knowing those people were totally unaware she looked down on them, and it always reminded Christina—sometimes with a tinge of guilt—that God above looked down on her as well.



by Hoyt E. Stone

Today, though, it wasn't God whom Christina had on her mind. It was her mother. Christmas was only a week away

and Christina still hadn't found that special gift she had promised herself she would buy for her mother this year.

I owe it to her, Christina kept reminding herself. *She worked hard to send me to college. She's always put me first in her life. I've got to show her my appreciation in some unusual way.*

The phone buzzed.

"Yes."

"I think it's your mother, Ms. Adamson," her secretary said. "Shall I put her through?"

"Umm, no. Tell her I'm busy right now, Marie. I'll get back to her shortly."

Christina didn't like her mother phoning during business hours. She had reminded her of this time and again, explaining that her office was busy and the phone should not be tied up. That was only partially true, of course, since there were more than a dozen lines coming into the offices.

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I KNEW IT WAS Christmas by the sound of the bells ringing out over the quiet streets. I'd heard them ringing all day long. Slow, deep sounding bells. Quick tinkling chimes, ringing lightly. Jingle bells. Silver bells. Church bells. Sleigh bells. Christmas. Lingering in the air.

I usually measure Christmas by the big trees we cut down in the field behind our house. It helps me keep Christmas in perspective. The year we had the spruce. The year we found the fir. The year we cut a winter pine that touched the ceiling. Once we found a struggling spruce and carried it home. We decorated it with tinsel and somehow I loved it better than the spreading spruce.

The sound of loud bells crowded out my memories. This Christmas I would not remember trees. I would remember bells.

My feet kicked up fallen snow and scattered it on to the sidewalk. Twilight hugged the corners of the deserted road. I tried to remember the Christmas I was twelve. The miracle of childhood was fading: the magic of adulthood approaching. That was the year we cut the ungainly cedar. The year I got to stay up past midnight for the first time. Got to chide little sister for believing in myths that not long ago I had wholeheartedly endorsed.

It was the Christmas my grandfather died. And something inside me died too.

My grandfather. He would have understood about the bells. They seemed to challenge me, reach inside me with their ancient carols. Prodding me to answer them, to answer their call to visit the ancient stable. They somehow touched the silent longing in my spirit to be holy, to be free.

I couldn't remember the last time I'd been to church. I hadn't meant to stop going. Hadn't meant

to drift away. It was just gradually more convenient to sleep than to get up and go out on a cold morning.

I'd made it just fine, though. Just fine until Mitchell left. Then the world had come crashing down on me.

I found the note myself.

Christmas Conscience

by Wanda Cato Brett

"I'm crowded," Mitchell wrote. The lines were uneven. "Crowded. All this Christmas stuff just brings it back to me. Too many Santas. City lights. Commercial credit. Know what I mean? I need space. See you after New Year's. I'm going to the country for a while."

I couldn't believe he was gone. Just gone. Like light fading at the end of summer. Leaving me to face the bleakness alone. My shopping bags seemed to grow heavier with each step. Piled high with ribbons and bows, the packages seemed to be for people in faraway places with unfamiliar faces and names. Still the bells rang. Echoing from the paved streets. Clanging. Banging out their message.

My steps brought me rather aimlessly to the big church on the corner, where bells were ringing the loudest. My gloved hands found the doorknob and pushed. Inside everything was peaceful. Quiet. Almost unearthly. Wreaths lined the walls and tiny white lights framed a nativity scene in one corner. Candles burned in windows surrounded

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Camerique Photo

A Church of God Youth Publication

Update



RICHARD DIAL, newly appointed coordinator of youth ministries for the General Department of Youth and Christian Education, is the guest writer for this month.

GOD'S WILL FOR YOU—NOW

Young people often ask about God's will for their lives. Unfortunately, they often project God's will into the future, but it begins right now. It starts with today.

A young person need not go to Africa to find a mission field. Neither must you fill a pulpit in order to minister. The kids at school, church, and in the neighborhood can be your mission field, and the church youth group can be your ministry.

Let me suggest five things you can do to fulfill God's calling now.

1. Get involved in leadership of your youth group.

Sitting back and letting adults run the youth program and complaining about what is going on won't get the job done. If you want to see what a youth leader in shock looks like, then volunteer to help in a youth activity or Bible study. Perhaps the missing ingredient in a success formula for your youth group is you.

2. Be a positive influence.

Get excited about what is going on at church, and share your excitement with others. Your enthusiasm may light a spark that sets your youth group on fire.

3. Help unite your young people.

If the young people at your church are cliquish, they are typical. However, if God is going to use your group, they must be pulled together. Other young people will be attracted by warm, caring, sharing young people. If your group is divided it will say something important. It will testify to the absence of God's Spirit working in your lives. Share your concern in an unthreatening way and try to change the situation.

4. Be open and friendly to new young people.

Many times regular young people treat new young people like lepers. They make visitors feel completely out of place. It isn't easy but force yourself to be a one-person welcoming committee. You could convince someone else to help you and thus start a fad.

5. Invite new kids to get involved.

Now that your youth group has been revolutionized, go out and win your world. There are many young people who are looking for acceptance. Your youth group can provide that ministry. You can help make it happen. □

NEUTERED LOVE

Continued from page 17

Christina went to her desk, toyed for a moment with a financial report she needed to review, and then picked up a Christmas gift catalog. Nervously, she flipped through the pages of special gifts, trying to find something real nice.

Dresses?

Mother didn't go for fancy clothes. She hadn't even worn the last dress Christina bought. Thought it was a little too flashy.

Small appliances?

Heaven knows, Christina had long ago filled her mother's little kitchen with just about everything imaginable—mixer, blender, toaster, coffee maker, last year a microwave oven. None of which had been used.

Jewelry?

Not Mother. She thought it sinful to make a display of wealth. Said there were too many needy people in the world. She did occasionally wear the little butterfly broach Christina had purchased in Paris two years ago. The broach was rather plain. Mother thought of it as a souvenir rather than jewelry and had no idea of its monetary worth.

Christina continued to flip the pages of the catalog.

The phone buzzed again.

"Yes."

"It's your mother, Ms.

Adamson. She says it's important."

Christina sighed. "All right. Put her through."

"Hello." The voice was high and unnatural. Mother Adamson felt that's how you had to speak to cover thirty miles.

"Hi, Mother."

"Sorry to bother you, Chrissie, knowing how busy you are and all, but I was wondering if you could come over for a little while tonight."

"Now, Mother, you know I go to the spa on Mondays."

"Yeah, but I've not seen you in three weeks and I just thought maybe we could have popcorn and talk and sort of spend the evening together. Like we used to."

"That *would* be nice, Mother, but not tonight. I've some more Christmas shopping to do and . . ."

"Oh, Honey, don't worry about all that shopping. You can't buy Christmas. You've got to create it in your heart. Seems like it's been so long since I've seen you."

"Not all that long, Mother. Besides, it's only a few more days till Christmas. Remember? I've promised to stay the whole day."

First there was silence, then an audible sigh.

"Mother."

"Yes, Dear. That'll be all right."

"What's the matter, Mother? Is something wrong? It's not your heart?"

"Nothing's wrong, Dear. I . . . I just thought maybe you could come tomorrow. Or Wednesday. If you'd come Wednesday we could go to church together."

"Now, Mother, don't start that again. You promised."

"All the folks at church miss you. Why, just the other day, Sister Murphy said how nice it'd be to have you going in. And . . ."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

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YOUTH NEWS TO NOTE

Compiled by **SONJIA LEE HUNT**, Editorial Assistant General Department of Youth and Christian Education

PARENTS USE TOUGH LOVE ON PROBLEM KIDS

A controversial program called "Toughlove" has been organized by troubled parents in a Pennsylvania town. Its logo is a heart with a clenched fist. Problem kids are told to straighten up or else, even if the "else" means the ultimate penalty of being banished from home, and groups of parents join together for moral support.

David and Phyllis York founded Toughlove five years ago after their daughter "ripped off" a cocaine dealer. "You have to say to a kid, 'We can't live with you anymore,'" they said. They told their daughter, "You got yourself into this. You get yourself out," and they refused to bail her out of jail immediately. "We tell parents to lay it on the line and make their child accept the consequences of his behavior."

Some are not as positive about Toughlove. Dr. Francis Harris, an associate professor of child psychology and a counselor of adolescents at Western Psychiatric Institute in Pittsburgh says, "It's a pretty radical approach. I have never suggested that a parent throw a kid out. You're making the statement, 'You're such a bad kid, not even your parents will keep you.'"

More than six hundred Toughlove groups now operate in practically every state in the nation.

* * * *

1. What do you see as some pros and cons of the Toughlove program?
2. To what would you think the growth of this program may be attributed?
3. Do you think a parent could be justified in throwing his teenager out of the house? If so, under what circumstances?
4. Do you agree that a young person must learn to accept responsibility for his behavior?



Sunrise Photo / Rohn Engb

CIVILIZED ADULTERY

Just how serious is adultery to the average married person between ages eighteen and fifty-one? A survey by a London newspaper showed that of thirteen ingredients for a happy marriage, sexual fidelity was ranked eleventh by the 1,069 adults who were questioned. Having a sense of humor, liking the same kind of life, having similar ideas on how to handle money, financial security—all ranked higher than fidelity.

* * * *

1. Has adultery and extramarital involvement become so ordinary that we consider it normal and acceptable?
2. What does the Bible say about adultery and extramarital involvements?

THE UNCLUTTERED LIFE

What are the really important things in life?

Many people never answer that question. They clutter their lives with so much "excess baggage" they wear themselves out trying to carry it. How about your life? Is it simple and uncluttered? Or is it complex and stressful?

Jesus had a word to say about living: Matthew 6:33.

* * * *

1. What areas of your life are cluttered with unnecessary things that are crowding out the important things?
2. What are the important things of life that should receive your priority attention?
3. How can you apply Matthew 6:33?

DRUNK DRIVERS

Each year thousands of deaths on our nation's highways are caused by alcoholic consumption. State legislatures in several states across the country have responded to citizens' outcries by enacting stronger penalties for those caught driving while drunk. It is hoped that stricter enforcement of the law and stronger penalties will help save lives.

Ironically, one of the nation's largest publishers of books for the legal, accounting, banking, medical and insurance professions recently reported that one of its best-sellers is entitled *Defense of Drunk Driving Cases*.

* * * *

1. Do you have friends at school or work who sometimes drink and drive?
2. Would you refuse to ride with a friend or family member who was drinking?
3. Should Christians speak out in the community and to elected officials in support of stronger penalties and stricter law enforcement concerning drunk drivers? Would you?

NEUTERED LOVE

Continued from page 21

"Mo-o-ther!"

Again there was a sigh.
Silence.

Christina waited, swiveling in her chair and slowly wiping the palm of her hand across her forehead.

"You're going to like the present I'm getting you," Christina said. "It's really going to be a surprise."

"I always like what you buy me."

"I know. But this is going to be really special."

"That's not necessary, Chrissie. You know that, don't you?"

"Yeah. I know. But you always bought things for me. Now it's my turn. I enjoy doing it."

"Could you come Thursday? Just for a while?"

"Thursday's our board meeting. That night we're hosting a party for our sales reps. Sorry, Mother."

"Chrissie?"

"Yes, Mother."

"I love you very much, you know. I . . . I'm sorry I've bothered you."

"You haven't bothered me, Mother. Just that we do have a busy office, that's all. I'll see you Sunday. Okay?"

"Sunday?"

"That's Christmas, Mother."

"Yeah, but . . ."

"I'll tell you what, Mother. No more phoning and I'll wrap everything up here and come Saturday night. How's that?"

"Oh, Chrissie, that'll be nice. I'll have the tree up . . . and your gifts out . . . and fruitcake . . . and eggnog. Remember

how you used to like fruitcake and eggnog?"

"Mother. That'd put twenty pounds on me overnight."

"Well . . . you can eat just a little. And I'll get out the family album . . ."

Christina was no longer listening. She didn't have to. Mother tended to live in the past. Finally, though, it dawned on her that the phone bill was going to be terribly high. She hung up.

Christina did not go shopping until Saturday morning, by which time she was growing desperate for her mother's special present. Actually, Christina hated to shop. She couldn't really understand Marie and the secretaries who could spend hours in shopping centers, looking at everything, trying on clothes and shoes. For Christina, shopping was a chore, something which took her away from important business matters. So, in a sense, on this Saturday morning, Christina was not so much a Christmas shopper: she was a buyer.

The watch was displayed in a special case, on top of the counter. On sale. Five thousand dollars.

It took the salesman a few minutes to explain to Christina why any watch could be worth that much money. There were technical reasons. Gold case and band. The man even agreed to a 20 percent discount and to bill it through the company.

Christina had the watch gift wrapped and sighed with relief. *Thank goodness, that's over*, she said to herself as she exited into the wind and cold of Main Street. *At least it's something nice enough to let*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

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Books

THERE'S MORE TO LIFE! by Craig Selness

If you want to see your frustrations turned into fulfillment, if you want to walk on water, you have to get out of the boat!

You can do something about the frustrations in your life. Things don't have to stay the same. But first you have to move. You have to risk.

There's More to Life is a positive book that will help you put your life together in a more satisfying way. (Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187) □

THE SECRET OF SUPERNATURAL LIVING by Adrian Rogers

Because Christians are indwelt by the Holy Spirit, the line between the secular and the spiritual is erased. Spirit-filled Christians are naturally supernatural at the same time they are supernaturally natural. Adrian Rogers discovered this exciting key to the here-and-now life, and he enthusiastically shares the simplicity of his joy in this practical guide for believers. Rogers' concept of the indwelling Christ will confirm and build up the new believer—and strengthen the old. (Thomas Nelson Publishers, Nashville, TN 37214) □

LAST ONE CHOSEN by Dorothy Hamilton

Scott Alan Hardesty couldn't help it that one of his legs was shorter than the other because of a farm accident.

He wished he could play ball as well as the other boys he knew. It wasn't that he liked playing ball so much. But he disliked being the last one chosen for a team.

In the end Scott decided that he liked caring for tropical fish better than playing ball. Maybe it was more important to choose what he liked than to be chosen for something he didn't like. (Herald Press, Scottsdale, PA 15683) □

MAKING THE MOST OF WHAT YOU'VE GOT by Allan D. Willey

Making the Most of What You've Got will provide you with a practical plan for good stewardship of the financial resources entrusted to you!

If you are a taxpayer and earn under \$100,000 per year, then this book is for you. (Here's Life Publishers, San Bernardino, CA 92402) □

WHEN IT'S HARD TO FORGIVE by Goldie Bristol with Carol McGinnis

Sometimes it's hard to forgive. Especially when your heart is broken. Goldie Bristol knows. She forgave the man who murdered her daughter. That experience, a remarkable testimony to God's power and love, sets the stage for this study of forgiveness.

In this book, you'll find out what real forgiveness is and how you can forgive others. You'll learn how to fight the return of angry and bitter feelings. And you'll see that God is still in control, even when you're hurting. (Victor Books, Wheaton, IL 60187) □

THE SORREL HORSE by Ruth Nulton Moore

Melissa Howard does not want to leave her home in the city housing project to spend two weeks on a farm in New Jersey. Her fears mount until she discovers the sorrel horse that is to be hers to ride during her vacation in the country.

The Sorrel Horse is a sensitive story of acceptance for what one is, regardless of handicaps or background. It is also a story about horses, a gymkhana, and a haunted mill. (Herald Press, Scottsdale, PA 15683) □

Mother know I still love and care for her.

* * * *

Balford was a town of five thousand, with one traffic light and a four-man police force. Christina drove her sports car slowly past her old high school and out to the entrance of McMinn Street. It was beginning to snow. The Adamson house was at the end of the street, near the creek. Christina remembered it as four rooms with a floor furnace but two others had been added and a real gas furnace installed. Just before her father walked out.

Every light in the house was on. Christmas lights were strung gaudily across the eave of the front porch and Christina saw the tree blinking through the window.

It took Christina but a moment to get her overnight case and Christmas gift from the back seat. She locked her car, ran up the three steps to the porch and stamped snow from her high-heeled boots.

"I'm here, Mother," Christina called as she stepped into the living room. "Merry Christmas."

Lights blinked but there was no answer.

"Mother . . ."

"No games, Mother. Merry Christmas."

Christina passed through the kitchen and into her mother's bedroom.

"Mother . . ."

Mother Adamson lay straight and stiff in the bed, her white hair pillowed neatly.

That isn't like Mother, Christina thought.

"Mother, I'm home."

Christina reached to touch her mother's forehead. Cold. The truth dawned!

A truth which, for Christina, split the night in a scream that brought neighbors running. □

CHRISTMAS CONSCIENCE

Continued from page 19

by holly boughs and pine. The scent of evergreen filled the air. It all came rushing back to me. Sights and sounds of Christmas.



Camerique Photo

My unsteady hands touched the open Bible on the altar. Why had I drifted away? What had enticed me? Why? What could be more important than the tiny baby—born to a carpenter and his wife—sent from God to live and love and die and live again (Luke, Chapter 2).

I searched the nativity scene in the corner for wise men, shepherds, angels, and fluffy sheep. They were all there in place. I was the one who had left the scene. But only temporarily.

It felt good to be home again. To remember. It wasn't just a light case of nostalgia. It was something more, something bigger. Something that could only be expressed by ringing bells or singing songs. At first, my voice cracked, and then grew stronger. I found myself singing words to carols I'd forgotten long ago. "Silent night! holy night!"

I'm not sure when I realized I wasn't singing alone. Other passersby had come in from the cold, had answered the call of bells. Our voices filled the building. "O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him, O come let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord."

With one long glance around the church, I gathered my packages and made my way out the door.

Adore Him. That's what it was all about. Adoring Him. Stars lit up the dark, clear, December sky as I stomped through the snow. Stars. Very much like those which led weary wise men to their place of adoration. Like the ones which watched over shepherds when

they ran over barren Bethlehem hills to the stable to adore the Christ Child.

It was nice to open the door of my warm apartment and shake cold from my body. I drank a cup of chocolate and watched lights make diamond pictures on the tinsel hanging from my tree.

I rummaged through my packages and found a new box of cards. I mailed one to Mitchell. He probably wouldn't understand the significance of it, but I would tell him. In time, I would tell him. The words made me smile:

"I heard the bells on
Christmas day
Their old familiar carols
play,
And wild and sweet
the words repeat
Of peace on earth,
good will to men."

I usually measure Christmas by the big trees we cut down in the field behind our house. Not anymore. □

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'T'WAS THE EVE OF Millennium

by Olga Cossi

*'Twas the eve of millennium and all through the earth
It looked as if goodness was not what it's worth.
Hopes for improvement grew cynical, sour,
Opportunism ruled by a mandate of power.
Governments faltered, leaders were scum,
And posterity's chances were certainly glum.
Mother earth wore a thick mantle of fog
That had settled down to just being smog.
When it suddenly dawned: What was the matter?
Was it time for more action, not reaction and chatter?
Like a flash of memory lost long days ago
I felt my own personal involvement grow.
What was the solution to earth's urgent need?
Could intuition awake and regain Godspeed?
Then out of the gray what should appear
But a still, small voice I'd jolly well hear!
The idea was lively, the wording was quick,
"God's earth is O.K. It's your outlook that's sick!"
As rapid as reason this logic it grew,
And I knew in spite of myself it was true.
How dashing! How daring! My attitude counted!
Then swiftly and surely the conviction mounted
That to see or be good, good must first be expected,
That polluted earth is self-pollution reflected!
My own expectations were all I was seeing?
What I saw as "others" was my own imaged being?
As stars in the heavens light up the night sky,
The light dawned within, and I knew I must try.
In a twinkling came reason, the option was mine!
I could change my perception in the nick of time!
There was nothing to say, so I spoke not a word.
It was now up to me to 'DO what I'd heard.
So I went right to work and I changed my mind,
And the world I now see is a different kind.
If I want to see peace, I must stop thinking war;
If I want to see love, I just love all the more.
'To clean up the earth I begin with me.
Whereas I was blind to good, now I can see!
Whereas I was dead, resurrection takes place.
Love recycles all things based on pure inner grace.
So I stand and proclaim with a happy shout,
'I've discovered what Christmas is really about!"*



TRANSCENDENT VISION

FIRST THINGS FIRST.

That's a rule of life, a necessary dogma which permits us to concentrate on specific items and to accomplish some one thing rather than squandering energy on many things.

Even we Christians live, work and think in terms of segmented activity. We block off time slots. We chart courses. We outline and detail steps toward realization of our more glorious dreams.

We feel it's necessary. That's how businessmen obtain success. That's how factories produce. How institutions function. How the church should also perform. Or so we tend to think.

Thus seeing the immediate, and concentrating all attention on what's happening now, we tend to become victims of our own ingenuity. Dedicated, we become humanly proficient. Committed, we become obviously efficient. With characteristically human vanity, we see ourselves and what we contribute to the Kingdom as being the essence of Christianity.

Not so.

Jesus said, "My kingdom is not of this world" (John 18:36).

It is as difficult for us to accept and understand those words as it was for the disciples. We hear them. We repeat them. We even agree with them, in spirit, but we easily forget them in the daily working out of our lives.

It's easier to plan and promote a bake sale, to organize and direct a fund-raising project, to finance and erect a

new building than to have revival. Easier to roll up your sleeves and sweat than to wrestle in spirit with the powers of evil. Easier to do something now (just anything) rather than stand naked in the presence of God and acknowledge worthlessness.

Yet, if Jesus revealed anything in terms of His life and attitude, it's the fact that those who follow Him must look beyond the present. We must visualize that which can't be seen at the moment. We must transcend the world. We must reach above the immediate, the mundane, the sordid. We must rise up and stand tall as men and women of another order.

In the world, we are yet not of the world. Our citizenship is in heaven. Our hope is above. Our joy, our happiness, the very essence of our being, is centered elsewhere. We are men and women with transcendent vision.

Sure, we understand there are people who become "so heavenly minded they are no earthly good." Some cloister themselves from the marketplace of life, refusing to touch or to be touched by the hurts of society. Some do: but not all.

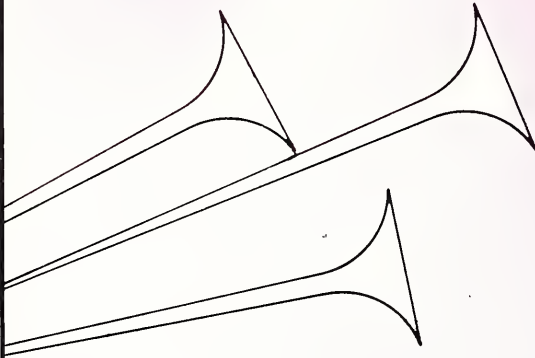
It is still possible to maintain the true vision. To be dedicated, committed, and trusting. To keep believing, and singing, and hoping.

Jesus said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God" (Matthew 6:33). □



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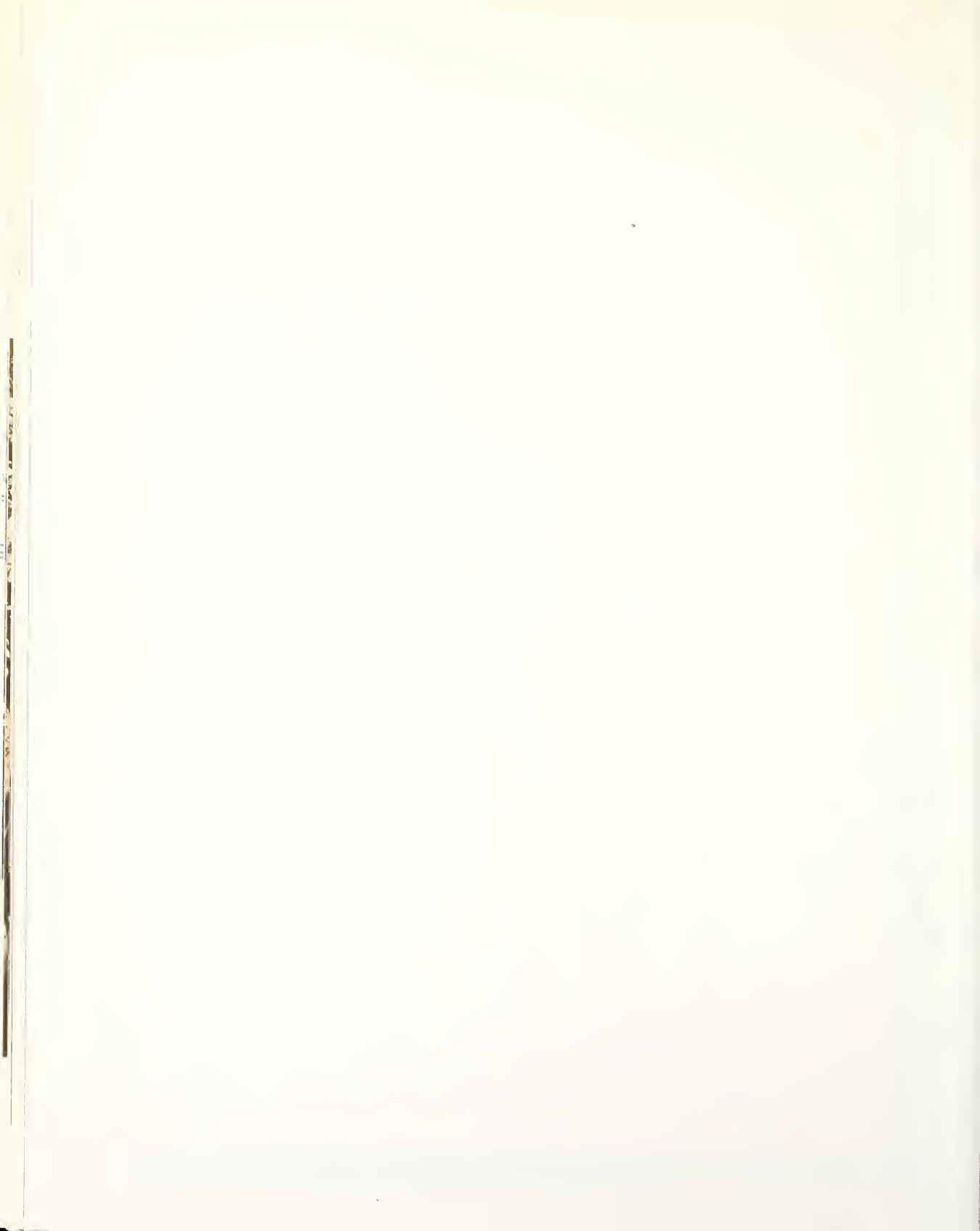
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