YOUTH WEEK

'73
SOMEONE HAS SAID that intercessory prayer is almost a lost practice among Christians today. What is intercessory prayer? It is not merely praying for someone or for something.

Perhaps the description given us by James is the best to be found when he says it is "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man [that] availeth much" (James 5:16). Webster describes "intercessory" as "pertaining to, or of the nature of intercession." Then he describes intercessor as "one who intercedes—a mediator." Thus intercessory prayer is the prayer that intercedes or prevails with God. It is praying which will not cease or be quieted until there is the assurance that the petition offered has been heard of God and the answer is received or on the way. It is not the prayer that demands, but rather that dares to believe Him.

Moses broke out in a great sob as he prayed for his people, who had exchanged their Deliverer and Supplier of every need for a golden calf. His was no ordinary prayer. Moses reached the place in the agony of his soul where he said, "Yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sin—; and if not, blot me . . . out of thy book which thou hast written."

So great was his burden, his agony, his intensity that he offered himself for the people. In essence he was saying, "I will bear their sin." Of course that was not acceptable, for there is only one Sin-Bearer—Christ, our Lord. But God heard the cry of Moses, and a nation was spared. We see here the depth of prayer and the act of faith that few ever pay the price to reach but which is available to all.

The easiest but yet the hardest way to have revival and bring the lost to Jesus is intercessory prayer. Just think of the tremendous potential if we as God's people will give ourselves to real intercessory praying! We must dare to use it every year but especially during Key 73!
MARSHALL McLuhan tells of seeing a billboard in Toronto, Canada, which said, "Help beautify our junkyards—throw something lovely away!"

The inscription was part of the "evangelism" of ecology. David MacLennan, reacting to the McLuhan report, put it into spiritual perspective when he said, "Don't try to beautify the junkyard of history by throwing lovely things into it!"

Sorrow comes to us when we see how lovely things wind up in junkyards. Read any newspaper and you'll get an accounting of lovely things that were thrown away.

Here's a sampling from a metropolitan paper. A son betrays a father's trust, and gambles away a business. A mother leaves her four-month-old baby on the doorsteps of a neighbor. A father slays his wife and son. A teen-ager, one month before graduation, gets high on drugs and, because of his blown mind, shatters the hopes of a family when he takes a father's life in a car mishap. A politician confesses his evil and forfeits his future. All of these, and more, in a daily newspaper. All remind us that men are throwing beautiful things into the junkyards of history.

Every life mentioned in the news accounts of the daily newspaper was once a hope, a dream, a possibility. But so suddenly these can come crashing down! What was designed by Almighty God for honor and integrity can be marred and twisted, and can wind up on the junk heap, to be recorded in history's ledger as a casualty. The hope is then gone, the possibility drained, and the dream shattered.

What are the lovely things men throw away?

A man's integrity, his character, his morality, are lovely, until they are soiled. Then they are more welcome in the gutter than in the galleys of history.

A man's life, his service to others, his compassion, these are lovely, until they turn corrupt and selfish. Then they fit more into the landscape of a junkyard than they do into the framework of God's design.

A man's word, his promises, his faithfulness are lovely things, until they are tainted and tarnished. Then they are relics of the junkyard.

The Cross stands tall against the backdrop of history's junkyards. It cautions man about the waste of life. It declares a better way. It bids us journey a different route. It is, in essence, saying to us, "Don't try to beautify the junkyards of history by throwing lovely things into it."

Let us guard with caution, then, our "treasure in earthen vessels," lest it be cheapened and wind up in the junkyard. It was created for service and designed to arrive at a purposeful end.
PERFECT PEACE

And what is peace?
A paper signed to cease hostilities?
A charter meant to prevent vagaries?
A pact to augment masteries?
This is not peace!

And is this peace?
A truce our fighting to suspend?
A foe we did not break, but bend?
A freedom always to defend?
This is not peace!

Then what is peace?
A conscience clear both day and night!
A solemn trust no fear can blight!
A walk with God in paths of light!
This, then, is peace!

This, too, is peace!
To love all men, fear none but God!
The trees, the birds, blue sky, and sod!
The humble path that Jesus trod!
Ah, this is peace!

V. L. McVey
Salida, Colo.

I GIVE UP

In quiet desperation
I've been hanging on to Thee,
Determined that, whate'er the cost
That might be asked of me,
By noble self-denial,
More holy would I be.

But now, by revelation,
The glorious truth I see
That, by Thy Holy Spirit's power,
The Son does make us free!

When every futile effort fails
And all my strivings cease,
I come to Thee in simple faith
To find a blest release
In letting go and letting God;
For He alone brings peace,
And as I rest alone in Him
He giveth the increase.

H. Groves
Oakville, Ontario, Canada
As SHE WAITED for a free ride alongside Highway 101 in Santa Barbara, Calif., she was like thousands of American teenagers who spend their summers on the road.

The coastal counties of California, where we live and through which we were driving on our vacation, have an annual invasion of these disconnected young people. So many of them travel up the coast that they hardly earn a second glance unless there is something quite different about them.

She qualified for that second look, though there was nothing unusual about her appearance. She wore the uniform of the modern gypsy: dirty jeans, buckskin coat, moccasins, and long, straight hair. Yet she got our attention and we have not been able to forget her. Actually it was the sign which she carried that captured us. That hand-lettered, cardboard sign she held out for passing motorists to see read, "ANYWHERE BUT HERE."

Of course, she may have been a very clever young lady, using this device to gain attention and remove the current fear of hitchhikers. If that was the goal, it worked. For when several hours later we drove through San Luis Obispo, many miles north of Santa Barbara, she was there ahead of us. There she was standing by the highway holding the same sign, "ANYWHERE BUT HERE." She and her young friends were traveling faster than we were with our family.

It may have been just a technique to get a ride, but she stands out in our memory as representative of many young people in our day. The sign, "ANYWHERE BUT HERE," seems also to reveal a generation which is searching for a deeper meaning to life than can be found in an X-rated film, the back seat of a parked car, or drugs stolen from the family medicine cabinet.

The young lady with the cardboard sign provoked a number of questions which are not easy to face nor simple to answer. Did her parents know where she was? Did they care? Was there anyone to help share their sadness or her searching?

The most obvious fact was that these young people were "making good time." They were moving at great speed to nowhere. "ANYWHERE BUT HERE" speaks of the emptiness of a society that has placed its faith in science rather than in the Saviour, which is more excited about the possibilities of discovering "new life" in a test tube than finding "newness of life" through the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Their actions shout their belief that they can travel faster alone than they can when burdened down by the restrictions of a family. The desire to find their own way is commendable, and is a necessary part of growing up to adulthood. But the rejection of the faith of their fathers and mothers has left many young people of this generation standing by the road with a sign that reads, "ANYWHERE BUT HERE."

Or could it be that these same young people...
have seen something which their parents thought had been carefully and completely covered? Has the publicly proclaimed faith which sounds so convincing in church on Sunday been tarnished by the shabby actions and unchristian attitudes during the rest of the week? Could the sign also be a condemnation of the home and family life of our nation, or rather the lack of it? Was she saying about her own home, "Anywhere would be better than here"?

As we drove up Highway 101, we noted that the girl with the sign was waiting for a ride in front of a gas station in San Luis Obispo, as she had in Santa Barbara. The reason is obvious. That is where she and her four friends expected to get the help they needed. And that is where they received their ride to "Anywhere, U.S.A."

Yet, I wondered, what if she had stopped in front of a church instead of a gas station? Would she have been welcome? What if, instead of asking a passing motorist for help, she had asked a pastor or a parishioner? What does the Church have to say to someone who carries a sign in his hand or heart that reads, "ANYWHERE BUT HERE"?

Young people need to be challenged by the great opportunities available through Jesus Christ rather than restricted by the demands of custom and tradition.

One day Jesus met a fine young man. He would never have stood on a street corner begging a ride, for he was rich. But he had the same inner needs. Jesus loved the one we call the rich young ruler. And because Jesus loved him, He gave the young man a big goal.

It is the same today. The teen-age girl with the sign needs to see a signpost pointing the way to joy, and peace, and especially to freedom.

Should she stand someday in front of your church, you can do no better than introduce her to Jesus Christ. You dare do nothing less!

Young people need goals with meaning, and guides without hypocrisy. The Apostle Paul said, "Follow me as I follow Christ" (cf. I Corinthians 11:1). "Follow me as I follow Christ" will demand the best of all of us, and challenge us to do more for Christ than we've ever done before.

Every time you see a teen-ager expressing by thought or action that he would rather be "ANYWHERE BUT HERE," remember that there are parents involved also. What should be the Church's ministry to these parents in times of severe stress?

Let us not presume that parents have failed because their children have not succeeded. God gave freedom of choice to children too! During such a time of soul-searching and personal sorrow parents need the kind, non-judgmental support of their Christian friends. Give them your love, surround them with your prayer, and don't ask too many embarrassing questions.

The young lady with the cardboard sign stands as a symbol of her searching generation. Other young people I have met testify to the wonderful way Jesus is meeting their needs. I am encouraged.

And I am asking the Holy Spirit to use each of these hitchhiking young people as a reminder, a reminder to pray that God will meet their needs too!

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PEN POINTS

**UNDER CONViction**

"Under construction" . . . and often as God builds His love into our lives, we are under conviction.

Saul at the beginning of chapter 9 of Acts is strong, confident, boastful, breathing hard, and causing misery in the new little Church. But in a few verses, and in a short time, real time, Saul is in shock— trembling and suffering himself. Why?

Eugenia Price says that the impact of that sudden Presence of love against the hate in Saul was enough to knock a man to the ground. It is something to meet Jesus. He is Love. Our hate, our cheapness really shock us. The ground we stand upon falls out from under us. Our props are gone. Empty and windless, we are flat and down.

Saul was trembling too, for a lot of his business was insecurity. Sure, he was the best Jesus-fighter in the country. But he had an unsatisfied heart, projecting on others his anger at himself. We do that—don't we? But when Jesus comes—when we really see Him and see ourselves—we tremble.

This misery in Saul began when he saw Stephen die. Good lives bring conviction to the selfish, to the hate-filled, the pride-bound. So, thank God for good lives, for conviction, for soul pain—it often drives us to the Great Healer, for conviction is Love seeking you.

A prayer for today: "Thank You, Lord, for caring enough to make me uncomfortable, for loving me so much that my hate really hurt."

—PAUL MARTIN

Berkeley, Calif.
THERE WAS A TIME when I was like most other mothers. I fussed and worried over my daughter and two sons.

If they got out of my sight I began to fret about their safety. When my husband wanted to take a trip I was never willing to go with him for fear a baby-sitter would not take as good care of the youngsters as I would.

This went on for the first 15 years of our marriage. For two of those years we took on the responsibility of caring for two nephews and I anxiously watched over them just as over our own three.

Then one day I grew tired of the responsibility. I wanted to go places, to do things, to have fun with my husband. I had invested nearly all my time in my children and now I saw that this had kept me from being a real person with interests and outside-the-home accomplishments of my own. Most of all, I saw I was not doing my children a favor by wrapping my life so completely about theirs.

First I talked it over with a close and dear Friend. He agreed that the best thing I could do for my husband, for my children, and for myself was to give my children away.

I knew my Friend loved our three youngsters and that He would care for them better than I ever could. He was eager to take all the responsibility for their health and safety and for their moral and spiritual well-being. So I quickly said, "Here. You take them. From now on they are Your responsibility. I give my children to You!"

That was some time ago. Since then a profound change has come into our home. Our three teenagers still live at home with my husband and me.

However, I no longer try to stop them from going to worthwhile activities out of fear for their safety. No longer do I beg in prayer, "O God, don't let them get hurt."

Now my prayers have changed to, "Thank You, Lord, that You are taking care of them."

And no longer do I feel I must direct my children's every move. Now when they come and ask me how they should live their lives, I discuss the pros and cons with them, then say, "Now you pray about it and then do as the Lord directs you."

The children are closer to Jesus because they are seeing they can have a personal relationship with Him and that He loves them and is always at hand to lead them in the way that will give them the most joy and satisfaction. We have all learned to trust Jesus more than ever before.

The interesting thing is that a few seemingly bad things have happened in my children's lives, but every one of these incidents has turned out in such a way as to benefit them—making them wiser, more mature people.

I know now that my children are being kept by the hand of God himself. Nothing can come to them or happen in their lives that does not pass through His hand, with His express permission.

Being a mother has become a carefree, fun-filled experience. I'm so glad I gave my children away. □
THE FORGOTTEN TEEN-AGER IS NOT AN ALCOHOLIC—NOR IS HE ROTTING IN SOME PRISON OR REHABILITATION CENTER. HE IS NOT A CRIMINAL OR SEX FIEND. HE IS NOT DOWN ON HIS PARENTS, HIS GOVERNMENT, OR THE CHURCH.

DRUG ABUSE is now our number one national problem, according to President Nixon. It's talked about on radio, TV, in churches, schools, and in nearly every home. Youth who use drugs are analyzed, studied, hospitalized—and they are on the front pages of our newspapers. There is so much emphasis on drug abuse today people seem to think every high school youth is a pot head and every college student an acid freak. Statisticians like to remind us that more than 15 million Americans experiment with pot and that acid trips on campuses are now a part of college life-style.

But all this spotlighting of drugs—all this preoccupation with problems and addictions—is causing a terrible side effect. We are developing in our country a whole new breed of young person. I call him: "The Forgotten Teen-ager"!

The forgotten teen-ager is not a junkie. He doesn't smoke pot or drop acid or pills. He is not a radical who runs down his country—or who spits on his nation's flag. He is not a hippie on the run—he refuses to split from home. Nor is he hiding in some isolated commune to escape the responsibilities and problems of modern life.

The forgotten teen-ager is not among the Jesus freaks or even among the honest Jesus rebels. He stands by in silence while they get a billion dollars' worth of publicity while cheering for Jesus.

The forgotten teen-ager is not an alcoholic—nor is he rotting in some prison or rehabilitation center. He is not a criminal or sex fiend. He is not down on his parents, his government, or the Church. He is not dressed in funky fashions just to prove something. In fact, he is called square, uncool, straight—or "goodnik." He is made to feel left out, unlearned, unimportant, and very old-fashioned.

You don't have to look very far to find him. He sits in the pew in front of you at church. He sits quietly in the classroom—wondering what's wrong with him. You see, the forgotten teen-ager is the normal boy or girl who has no hang-ups! He is so normal he is considered a kook. Everybody seems to figure out where I'm going. I'm just a forgotten teen-ager.

I think we have spent enough time talking about cop-outs, dropouts, freaks, and runaways. Jesus died for them—and I've spent my last 14 years trying to help all of them I can. But it's high time to recognize the needs and hurts of the normal, forgotten teen-ager. The needs and problems of normal youth have been overshadowed by rebellion, revolution, and revery. That must be changed—now!

We dare not forget the lost, hopeless child of the ghetto. We cannot forsake the millions of teen-agers who are not hooked and shattered—but who now feel no one is concerned about their kind of problems.

A teen-age girl came to me recently at the close of a crusade, weeping. She said, "Mr. Wilkerson, you missed me completely in this crusade. For the past three nights you have been preaching about drugs, sex, and alcohol and all your messages were directed to mixed-up hippie-type youth. But what about me? What about thousands more like me? I don't do any of these things. But maybe I should. Maybe I ought to just go out and get stoned—like others. Because as it is, no one pays attention. Our school counselors only spend time with problem youth—parents don't have time to talk, unless they suspect you are on drugs and they get worried a little. Who in the world is going to share with me about my problems? You may not think my problems are important—with all your emphasis on those big kind—but to me they are real problems. I'm lonely. My parents and I don't get along. I have terrible doubts about God and I can't seem to figure out where I'm going. I'm just a forgotten teen-ager."

Let's do something about it—now. First of all, let us show gratitude in every way possible for youth who have the courage to stand up against the crowd and say, "You can have your drugs and hang-ups—I don't need them—I've found what I've been looking for." A million hallelujahs for every one of them.

Let us quit focusing all our attention on problems. No more panic when drug rumors start spreading. Talk more about the great things our youth are doing: about the Jesus movement; about the thousands of teen-agers who now volunteer to do street work helping youth in the ghetto; about cleaning up our rivers and streams—because young people are totally involved; about teen-agers who now join missionary tours—who, without pay, are assisting missionaries around the world; about the many teen-agers who have organized programs to stop drug pushing in our schools; and about the love and compassion they demonstrate in helping get their friends off hard narcotics.

Let parents, pastors, and politicians show a little more trust and confidence in these youth and challenge them to launch their own crusade against drugs and rebellion. At the same time, let the Church instill a new kind of Holy Ghost militancy in the hearts of straight Christian youth—to combat the Satanic militancy we have been exposed to lately.

This is not a whitewash of our growing drug problem. I am not asking that we let down our guard. All I ask is that we all take another look around us and see the multitudes of forgotten teen-agers who now reach out to say—

"Please, don't forget me—I'm here, too!"

*Used by permission from the monthly publication The Cross & the Switchblade, produced by David Wilkerson Youth Crusades, P.O. Box 34451, Dallas, Tex. 75234.

Photo by Campus Crusade for Christ
PAUL HAD SAID IN HIS TESTIMONY JUST 36 HOURS BEFORE, “I AM READY TO MEET MY LORD.”

By Loretta Luelf, Merriam, Kans.

I CAN’T BE! IT JUST CAN’T BE!” This was my reaction to the telephone conversation informing us of unexpected tragedy.

The nurse from the hospital in St. Joseph, Mo., said, “We have some sad news to tell you. We don’t like to do it this way, but your son has been in a car accident. He has had a severe head injury and is unconscious. He is not expected to live.”

My husband, Marvin, reached his hand across to mine as he repeated this conversation. I felt a sense of helplessness. My husband and I were on one continent and our 15-year-old son, Paul, was halfway around the world.

Marvin and I had felt a burning desire to be used as clay in the Potter’s hand. As laymen we had ventured to the other side of the earth, the Philippines, sharing our faith in the risen, resurrected Christ.

Paul was one with few words in public. But I vividly remember his few words of testimony during a Sunday night service: “I want to be a greater witness for Jesus.” I felt at that time the Holy Spirit was at work in his life.

In the few months while we were gone Dorothy and Roger Cook, personal friends of the family, lived with the children. This couple offered to take them on a Lay Witness Mission to Milford, Neb., while we were on the mission to the Philippines.

On Friday evening at the Lay Witness Mission, Rick Anderson, another youth witness from Ponca City, Okla., and Paul were sitting in the back pew of the church. The sincere words of Paul made an impact upon Rick, “Won’t it be wonderful when we can see Jesus face-to-face?”
Paul shared his witness on Saturday evening. As a young boy he had found Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour. He concluded with the statement, "If I die tomorrow, I am ready to meet my Lord."

I recall many occasions at bedtime observing him reading his Bible or kneeling beside his bed. When Paul was 11 years of age he and his father were working in the garden. Marvin said to Paul, "If you will commit your life totally to the Lord, I can't explain how the Holy Spirit will do it, but He will perform a work in your heart and life."

That was all Paul needed. That night in a special service Paul knelt at the altar and gave the Lord full control of his life. From that moment on, the Lord became the Commander of his life. He joined the Lenexa, Kans., Church of the Nazarene.

Before leaving Manila we shared our sorrow in prayer with our friends. I can truthfully say that, following the prayer, a great serenity and peace encompassed my soul and being.

We took the fastest flight back to the States. We did not know in what condition we would find our son. Perhaps he had already gone to his Lord. The words, "Have faith in God," kept going through my mind.

Prior to our landing at Los Angeles, my husband suggested calling home to inquire of Paul's condition. I answered, "No, let's not find out before we have to."

But a message was waiting to call my brother in Kansas City. He informed us that our Paul had left this world a few hours earlier. Paul had said in his testimony just 36 hours before, "I am ready to meet my Lord."

At this moment desperation swept over me. It just didn't seem true. Paul was young, highly respected, and eager to live, with future plans so vital to our lives and happiness. One question flashed through my mind: Why had an infinite God permitted this to happen? Then those same words of consolation came again: "Have faith in God."

Paul, an honor roll student, was highly admired by his teachers. The newspaper published the words of one of his high school teachers: "If everyone accomplished as much in his lifetime as Paul had behind him in 15 short years, this would truly be a 'better place in which to live.'"

Paul always had a big heart, especially for boys who were younger. Many times the doorbell rang when a neighbor boy had a problem and came for help. Maybe it was just a flat tire on his bicycle, yet Paul had time to help him.

Paul was especially helpful to a disturbed neighbor boy. On the day of the funeral a beautiful potted plant arrived with a note written by his mother:

"I'll remember; smiles, quiet, gentle ways; that he helped a troubled boy build a tree house, throw a ball, understand!"

The church in Milford had a memorial service in memory of Paul the day before the funeral. David, the Milford pastor's son, had mentally turned off the Lay Witness Mission the week before. David had planned to go to a state wrestling tournament but decided instead to stay for the memorial service. The minister prayed, "Make every pew an altar and every heart a throne." It became a reality as David turned his life over to Jesus Christ and accepted Him into his heart.

Many were touched as the words, "Jesus loves me, this I know, for the Bible tells me so," resounded throughout the congregation. This funeral was not the usual. David conveyed his expression of joy as he told of his new life in Christ. The minister's message was a challenge to carry on Paul's witness of his Saviour.

Richard, our nephew, had flown in from Texas for the funeral. In a letter later he wrote, "God never spoke to me so loud and clear as He did that day, sitting in the pew at the funeral." God became a reality in his heart and life. Paul's Aunt Eileen said, "Heaven seems so much more real now with Paul there, for he knows me and I'll know him."

As I looked into the face of my son for the last time on this earth, a sense of peace consoled my heart. My past responsibility was shifted into God's hands: "Lord, he is Yours now; take him and use him as You have planned." A response within eased my aching heart. An assurance came that He was going to use Paul, although not as we had planned.

The pangs of lonesomeness still return. Then God's Word becomes so real as the words of King David about his son ring in my ears, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me" (II Samuel 12:23). Paul's death has made heaven so much nearer and real to me.

We had great expectation for our son. We thought to see him in his cap and gown receiving his diploma. But God gives us the assurance that today he is wearing a crown. □
HEED THAT VOICE!

By Merle L. Cline, Greentown, Ohio

OMISS GRUNDER, I knew you'd come! I knew you would!” Chubby, fair-haired Nancy flung herself into my arms, sobbing convulsively.

Nancy was one of the five 10-year-old girls from the Athens County Children’s Home who were members of the Sunday school class I taught while attending Ohio University.

In all my frequent visits to the home, I had never received a welcome such as this. What could have happened? Why was the child so sure that I would visit her that day?

My visits were usually on Sunday. This was Tuesday—a very hot Tuesday. I had no scheduled classes for the afternoon and, although I had felt an inner urge to visit my girls, a lazy afternoon under the large elm trees on the campus was more tempting than a two-mile walk, alone, in that hot sun.

The inner voice persisted and without knowing why I had found myself walking toward the Children’s Home. Nancy’s outburst had made me feel sure that the Lord had been leading me—but why?

“Nancy dear, what has happened?” I asked, holding her close. “How did you know I would come today? I hadn’t promised to come.”

“ I know, Teacher,” sobbed the child, “but someone adopted my brother yesterday and they wouldn’t adopt me. He’s the only one of my family that I have left and now I’ll never see him anymore! I wanted you to come to me. I needed you.”

“But why were you so sure I would come?” I persisted. “I didn’t know about your brother, Nancy.”

I’ll never forget her reply. I cringe every time I remember how closely I had come to yielding to physical comfort instead of obeying that still, small Voice!

“You told us in our Sunday school class,” she said, “that God answers our prayers. You said Jesus loves little children, and if we love Him and trust Him, He will hear our prayers and answer them. I prayed and asked God to send you out to me. I knew He would because you said so. See, He did answer my prayer! I can’t have my brother anymore, but I can always have Jesus, just like you said!”

How much had depended upon my heeding that still, small Voice! Suppose I had just sat under the shade trees. A little child would not only have lost faith in the things I taught her, but in all probability would have lost faith in prayer and God’s ability or willingness to answer.

God doesn’t always tell us why He wants to use us in a special way. But I have found that the enemy will present many specific arguments to persuade us that we can’t obey, or hint of the consequences resulting from our obedience to the Spirit’s leading.

Several years after my experience with Nancy, I almost missed another wonderful blessing by listening to some of the enemy’s suggestions. During my devotional period one morning, I was conscious of that still, small Voice urging me to send money to a teen-ager in our church.

I had been through rather trying circumstances. Money was not plentiful. Why should I send money to her? Her parents had more than I. What would they think?

The young lady would not understand, either. Perhaps they would all be insulted. I wouldn’t want to put a strain upon our friendship. Yes, the enemy was doing his best to dissuade me.

However, that still, small Voice became more insistent. Finally I sat down at my desk and wrote a short note, explaining that I was sure the Lord wanted me to send the enclosed money to her. I hoped she would understand. I couldn’t disobey the Lord.

With the sealed, stamped envelope in my hand, I started to go to the mailbox. Just as I was opening the front door, that still, small Voice spoke again. The amount was to be doubled!

For a moment I stood still. Why should I send more? How could I afford to double that amount? So insistent was that voice that I returned to my desk, tore open the envelope, doubled the amount, and mailed the note, still wondering why and still concerned about the consequences.

The following Wednesday evening, during our midweek prayer service, my young friend gave the following testimony:

“I want to testify to a definite answer to prayer. For some time I have felt that God was calling me to be a missionary. I wanted to be sure, so I told Him that, like Gideon of old, I would put out the
fleece. I needed a certain sum of money. I told the Lord that if in some way I received that amount I would know He had called me and I would answer His call. If the money did not come, or if the amount received was less than the amount needed, I would know that the call was not real.

"This week I received the exact amount through the mail. It came from someone who had no way of knowing that I had put out the fleece, nor of knowing the amount of money needed. I have said, 'Yes,' to God's call and from now on I will be preparing for missionary work in Africa."

Africa! All my life I had wanted to be a missionary to Africa. God had not called me, but was using me to confirm His call to another more capable than I for work in my chosen field! The one called has been a successful worker there for several years.

Suppose I had not listened—suppose I had not doubled the amount of money—would there be one less missionary on the field? What about the many she has won to Christ? Would they still be in darkness because I had failed to obey the urging of that still, small Voice?

We never know how much may depend upon our obedience. Through our response, we may either become stumbling blocks or stepping-stones in another's pathway. Which shall it be? □

THINGS ARE DIFFERENT NOW!

By Dick Martin, Reno, Nev.

In Reno, Nev., the "biggest little city in the world," there is round-the-clock excitement.

Like a full-time Mardi Gras the bright lights twinkle day and night, inviting the people to drink, dine, dance, and gamble, and do a hundred and one other things to beat boredom and forget the reality of life with its pains.

In Reno one can have instant marriage or divorce. Special wedding chapels with "instant clergymen" offer inexpensive weddings in much the same bizarre way as the topless and even bottomless shows advertise their wares.

The downtown bridge over the Truckee River, conveniently near the Washoe County Courthouse, is the first stop after divorce is granted. Here many wedding rings of former covenants are dropped into the turbulent Truckee—all in the hope of washing away the past with its heartaches.

Bright lights everywhere announce appearances of celebrities and the shows are continuous.

From over the high Sierras come Californians and people from all parts of the world to this mecca in the desert. They bow to the shrines of slot machines, 21 tables, roulette wheels, and keno.

Thousands upon thousands are baptized annually in the pools of temporary pleasure. When the cash oblations are running short, there is always Western Union with a hot line home or out-of-state check-cashing services or instant credit for worshippers who are financially solvent somewhere. Then, for the not-so-sober, Reno offers smiling pawnbrokers and the ever-ready blood banks for whatever is left of you!

I was a part of the Reno entertainment scene—live radio shows, television, and nightclubs as well as occasional benefit concerts. I am especially thankful that I never made the pawnshops nor the blood banks. I suppose this could have happened in time.

Here is where my story begins. If it seems like fantasy-land full of enchantment and miracles—with mice turning into white chargers, and pumpkins becoming luxurious coaches—well, it is just about as fantastic and thrilling to me.

At first, I dreaded for the clock to strike 12,
when the drab world of reality would return me to routine. What a wonderful surprise! Living for Christ IS reality.

My story goes like this:

ONCE UPON A TIME . . . in fabulous Reno, Nev., there lived a good and humble preacher with his wife. They loved Jesus Christ and pastored the First Church of the Nazarene.

They heard about Dick Martin and believed Jesus Christ would change his miserable life. Rev. and Mrs. J. T. Crawford came, witnessed, and Christ conquered!

Although I was a graduate of an eastern theological school, and had found a measure of success in business and entertainment— I was a miserable failure in God’s book.

As I took Christ into my life, everything changed, thanks to Calvary! He gave His life for me almost 2,000 years ago—it didn’t seem to be asking too much for me to give mine for Him now.

I really gave up absolutely nothing! It was not difficult to trade in spiritual rags for eternal riches. I found an exciting new life and simply abandoned the old one.

And to add to my blessings, God restored to me our wonderful family. He gave me the best drummer in Reno to help me play for Christ. My son, Marty, has become a vital part of my musical ministry.

I shall never forget the first time he worked a Casino Theatre showroom with me. I played a heavy classical organ selection, and he accompanied with a mod-rock drumming routine that brought a standing ovation from the entire house. But when he witnessed to a full house in a gospel service in Ogden, Utah, and sat down to play for Jesus, the brilliance of the Reno debut faded.

Jesus Christ has completely revolutionized my life, for in love He came and forgave my sins. His peace flows like a river and I have no fear of what tomorrow will bring. He has promised to be with me; so whether in life or in death, my Saviour is very real to me and eternal life has already begun.

It was in the thirties, A.D., that Jesus fulfilled His promise to the first Christians and sent His Holy Spirit to empower them for service.

It was on February 13, 1972, that my Pentecost came. I never sought for gifts spectacular—just the wonderful Giver. He claimed and sanctified my life for His service. My lips now sing a new song, and my tongue was set aflame with the message of God’s love for sinners.

In my story that may appear to be from fantasy-land, let me assure you that the clock will never strike 12 when coaches return to pumpkins and the horses return to mice! It is absolutely true—that I walk in fellowship with the Prince of Peace—and I shall live happily ever after—for time and eternity—in the house of my wonderful Lord. □

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Life is like that, isn’t it? It is filled with all kinds of things and it is our responsibility to find the things of worth among the worthless. But unlike buyers in a trash and treasure store, we Christians are not on our own in making the choices of life. We can be guided by some basic principles which will help us make the right choices.

Our surest guide for knowing the difference between trash and treasure is God’s Word. When we utilize God’s Word in the choices of life we save ourselves from the snares of subjectivity to which we are so susceptible. Applying the test of the Bible enables us to see through the eyes of God, so that we can “live with eternity’s values in view.”

Another way of knowing the difference between trash and treasure is to seek earnestly and prayerfully for the guidance of the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit is given to us to “guide us into all truth.” We must remember that the guidance of the Holy Spirit is never contrary to the Word of God. A “leading of the Holy Spirit” which violates the Word of God is neither a leading nor the Holy Spirit. God does not contradict himself.

Still another way of telling trash from treasure is to apply this test: What would Christ choose under these circumstances? Our Lord himself used the principles of God’s Word and the Spirit’s leading in His own life; thus He is our best Example in showing us how to determine the difference between trash and treasure.
LIFE OFFERS US TWO PACKAGE arrangements for our time on earth: Plan A and Plan B. Under Plan A (which Jesus warns against) we go for the top and end up on the bottom. Under Plan B (which is His plan) we line up last and wind up first.

Plan A calls for the seizing of power and holding it. It was a plan apparently first devised by Satan and it led to his expulsion from heaven. Adam adapted the plan to human purposes and turned it into a power play in the Garden of Eden. His gamble did not pay off; he lost everything and became a frustrated wanderer on the face of the earth. But he continued to work at Plan A because, like a hooked plunger, he was never convinced that he had really lost the power game. As Machiavelli once said, "The desire to acquire possessions is a very natural and ordinary thing."

Plan B works on a different basis. It calls for the renunciation of human power rather than its acquisition. Jesus set up the plan and furnished the potential to make it work; but He refused to allow His fuel to be mixed with any other kind—and for a very good reason. Leon Morris remarks, "When we know that the power that comes into our hearts and lives is not the power of any creature, but that of none less than God himself, it makes all the difference."

"Jesus Power" is given to us, not for our own use, to augment our own situation; it is given only for God's use, to accomplish His purpose. God's purpose is to bring men to Himself—not into this or that church, or this or that movement or school of thought, but to Himself. As Samuel Chadwick says, God does not let out His attributes. His power cannot be detached from His presence.

"Jesus Power" is inseparable from Jesus. God is the Giver of power. He wields it. And since it is His power that is at work, we dare not touch it; we might better touch forked lightning.

J. Stuart Holden, the British preacher, writes: "God does not invest a man with power for any other work than that of the Kingdom, and no man who does not renounce all forms of leadership other than spiritual can ever know the endowment of a personal Pentecost. There must be a complete separation to the divine purpose for which power is bestowed."

Jesus' teaching persuaded many of His hearers, but not all. In some cases confusion resulted from a misunderstanding of His attitude toward power. His own disciples found it hard to believe Him when He told them in effect, "The big wheels run over everybody in their path, but it shall not be so among you." The multitudes did not believe Him when He declared, "Whoever wants to become great among you shall be your servant, and whoever wants to be first shall be your slave."

Peter did not understand. When Jesus predicted His own coming suffering and rejection and death, Peter protested, saying He would not allow His Master to go through such an ordeal. Jesus rebuked him sharply. He told Peter his thoughts were of the things of men, not the things of God.

James and John did not understand. They got into an argument one day over priority of position in the future kingdom of Heaven—much to the disgust of the other disciples. Jesus told them He could do nothing for them, as He was not in charge of the seating arrangements in glory. However, He could promise them a baptism of fire.

The rich young ruler did not understand. Jesus

*From Jesus Power, copyright, 1972, reprinted by permission of Harper & Row.
told him to get rid of the trappings of the power game, and he went away sorrowing. He had been struggling to keep the commandments of God under Plan A; when Jesus offered him a simpler plan, he passed it up.

The brother who asked Jesus to settle a family argument did not understand. The dispute was over inheritance, which is another name for human power. Jesus refused to touch the matter.

Pontius Pilate did not understand. His career operated under Plan A and he knew nothing of Plan B. Jesus told him that even Plan A lay under the overarching sovereignty of God: that he, Pilate, would have no authority at all unless God had given it to him. So much for the validity of the Roman Empire.

Herod Antipas did not understand. He thought that political power was all there was, and that the way to it was through political intrigue. Jesus called him a fox.

The religious authorities did not understand. To them, as to religious hierarchies generally, Jesus was a maverick. He showed no interest in gaining ecclesiastical power by going through the rabbinical chairs. He expressed contempt for religious types who used their piety to claim status and authority among men.

The mob at Golgotha did not understand. Jesus had already said that if He chose He could call upon His Father, who would furnish Him with 12 legions of angels. The mob wanted him to save himself and come down from the Cross. All that would have been Plan A. He chose Plan B.

Today's man of the world does not understand. He has one great aim in life: to join the power elite. To arrive at that plateau he may stoop to guile, cheating, and grasping in the Machiavellian tradition. Jesus warned, however, that the power game would destroy a man. He said, "Unless you repent, you will all perish."

God's alternative to the power game is Plan B. It calls for the depowering of man but it goes further. As I understand the meaning of Christian experience, each of us has to recapitulate in a sense what the disciples did between the Ascension and Pentecost. Before we can receive power, each of us has to "go to Jerusalem" and wait for the Holy Spirit.

God keeps His own time; He maintains His own schedule; and there is nothing automatic about His giving of power. When we have emptied ourselves, He will come in; but at His discretion and pleasure. That is why "tarrying" is important. As Ralph W. Harris says, "Tarrying is an attitude of the heart, will, and mind, rather than certain actions."

As we wait upon the Lord, we adjust to His schedule, and when we do, we shall be baptized by the Holy Spirit. "You will receive power," said Jesus. There will be no slipup.

Why do we have to go through all the embarrassment and humiliation of being depowered before God will route His power through us? Paul gives the best answer: "We have this treasure [the treasure of the gospel] in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us."

God will not give His glory to another. He maintains the royal prerogative. Then when the power comes, when the Holy Spirit enters a man and takes up His dwelling place there, it becomes the most exciting, elevating experience known to mortals.

A young man recently testified in church regarding his conversion:

"I had to take that pride and move it aside, destroy it, forget it, before I could find Jesus Christ. For without God we're nothing, nobody is anything. For this last month I have felt a joy, a happiness, an exhilaration, and a new kind of outlook on life. I see things that I never saw before. I can't possibly tell you how great it is to be a member of Christ's Church, just to love God. It's so exciting that I just wish you yourself could find this true happiness that comes when you put your own pride, your own ego, into perspective with your own life, and with God, and come as a child to meet Jesus Christ and be born again."

Amazing? Yes. Exceptional? No. I have seen hundreds of similar letters from new Christians, and the process is always the same: first the emptying, then the filling. First the confession of sin, then the experience of the new birth and redemption through Jesus Christ. Earlier I mentioned a number of people in the New Testament who did not understand Jesus' teaching about power. I do not imply that such misunderstanding was general, for many who listened caught the Master's meaning. God's truth is not all that obscure.

Scripture displays its essential unity to the inquiring mind as it treats the power question. Book after book in Old and New Testament alike attests to the same truth: "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

Job, a man of means and power, encounters a series of personal disasters and begins tossing hard questions at the Almighty. He is slapped down by a magnificent delineation of God's power—perhaps the greatest in all of literature. Job gets his only answer out of the whirlwind: "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?"

At the end of the lengthy divine soliloquy, Job makes his response, and the Christian believer recognizes it as authentic: "Behold, I am vile; what shall I answer thee? . . . I know that thou canst do every thing . . . therefore have I uttered that I understood not . . . Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." The Almighty responds in turn and gives Job twice as much as he had before.

Moses is a fugitive from justice roaming the (Continued on page 21)
MY "SECRET PAL" LESSONS

One year the missionary chapter of which I was a member decided that we would all have "secret pals." The idea was for each one to draw the name of another person in the chapter out of a hat and then throughout the year anonymously do good deeds and thoughtful things for that individual. At the end of the year we would have a big party and reveal the identity of the "secret pals."

When the idea was proposed I snickered and remarked that it sounded a little "Mickey Mouse" to me. I felt that it was a kind of childish gesture calculated to add a little excitement and intrigue to the lives of the women involved. Frankly, I didn't feel that any of us needed any more of either.

But alas, after my well-chosen, somewhat cynical words were spoken, the group ignored them and went right ahead with "secret pal" plans.

I tried to wiggle out of being involved, but since I was already beginning to feel a little like "Scrooge" at Christmas, I reluctantly accepted a "secret pal."

The woman whose name I received was someone with whom I had little in common. Our paths seldom crossed. I saw her in the choir every Sunday, and besides appreciating her voice, I didn't really have any feelings toward her—positive or negative.

The first few months I was "secret"—but not a "pal." I didn't do anything for her until my "secret pal" began doing nice things for me and I began to feel guilty.

So one Sunday morning my son and I furtively crept into the choir room before church and left a birthday present, so she would find it when she came in to prepare for the morning service. When her husband was sick, we left some cookies on their doorstep. A card now and then and a few other gestures of kindness are what I did for her that year.

But the effect of it all left an indelible impression on my thinking.

You see, somewhere along the line I realized that I was beginning to really like her. I had warm feelings of friendship and interest whenever I saw her or thought about her. I found myself seeking her out just to talk and find out more about her life and what it was all about. I learned that we had a lot of things in common.

Ironically, the president of our chapter moved away right in the middle of the year and in the reorganization process the "secret pal revealing" party was omitted—so she never knew who I was.

At the time I was disappointed because I wanted her to know. But now in retrospect, I'm glad. The friendship that we developed did not depend on her knowing that I was the person bestowing kindness upon her, but it was the result of my change of attitude toward her.

My acts of giving had produced in me the seeds of fondness and love and then elicited a similar response in her.

I'll never understand it, but it works that way with prayer also. When you begin to pray for someone, your attitude toward that person changes. That has to be one of the reasons Jesus told us to pray for our enemies as well as for each other.

When we sincerely pray—for those we don't really like, for those who don't seem to care much for us, for those whose incompe tence is annoying and possibly damaging to us, for those who don't agree with our ideas and plans—when we sincerely pray for them, it's amazing what happens inside US to elicit responses from inside THEM.

So the next time you begin to feel the subtle vibrations of hostility or hurt or disappointment or sadness coming from another person, pray for him and then send him an anonymous card or leave some goodies on his doorstep, and watch what happens!
Losing a Generation

One of America's outstanding youth leaders wrote of his concern about losing a generation of our youth. He said:

"There is only one way to lose this generation. It will not be lost in Haight-Ashbury or in East Village, New York. It will not be lost on college campuses or in 'shooting galleries' where junkies mainline heroin. It will not be lost as a result of broken homes, broken promises, or a cheating society. If it is to be lost, it will be in unforgiving hearts of parents, officials, and ministers who have lost their pity and patience."

These are strong words. Their truth is all but undeniable.

This does not mean that Haight-Ashbury or East Village represents a possible way of life. It does not mean that heroin offers its victims anything other than a horrible death. Broken homes, broken promises, and a cheating society are symptoms of a massive moral breakdown in our day.

But there is a divine power that can and has invaded Haight-Ashbury and East Village. Medical cures for addiction to hard drugs are reported as 20 percent effective, but spiritual deliverance is reported as 80 percent effective. Even a massive moral breakdown may give way to a counter-revolution in morals.

On the other hand, unforgiving hearts, without pity and patience, can close the door of redemption to the lost of this generation without possibility of ever opening it up again.

Forgiveness, compassion, and patience are the Spirit-inspired qualities that can reach the hardest and most hopeless. No one has combined them in such a way as Jesus. In at least some measure, each is indispensable for those who represent Christ in this present world.

"Forgiven" and "forgiving" are twin words. They cannot be separated. No one can have mercy who is not willing to be merciful. When the death of Queen Caroline was announced, Lord Chesterfield is reported to have said, "And unforgiving, unforgiven dies." Such is the spiritual world that it can be no other way.

Forgiveness has within itself a healing power in human relationships. It is not cheap. It does not say that the sin does not matter. It rather borrows the spirit of Jesus. It not only says, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." It also says, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge," when they know full well what they do.

Compassion also is one of life's most redemptive forces. Compassion is "your ache in my heart." Its literal meaning is "to suffer with." It gets under the load another carries and helps to lift that load.

Edwin Markham wrote a story he called "The Shoes of Happiness." Conrad, the shoemaker, dreamed that Jesus would be coming to his shop as a Guest. The dream was so vivid that Conrad cleaned and swept the shop with special care.

He bought food and planned that when the Master came he would wash His feet, and they would sit and have supper together.

But the day wore on and no one came. Finally there was a knock. It was only a beggar, but the cobbler in kindness gave him some shoes and sent him away happy.

Another knock, but this time it was an old woman with a heavy load of firewood for sale. Conrad was unable to buy, but he gave her food and invited her in to rest awhile.

Finally a crying child came to the door. She was lost. The shoemaker dried her tears and took her home. By that time it was dark, and the dream was only a dream.

But closing, Markham wrote:

*Then soft in the silence a Voice he heard,*

"Lift up your heart, for I've kept My word.

Three times my shadow was on your floor:
I was the beggar with the bruised feet;
I was the woman ye gave to eat;
I was the homeless child in the street."

Lest we write this off as a pretty sentiment without spiritual substance, ponder again the words of Jesus recorded in Matthew 25:35-36, 40: "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. . . . Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Patience is a third redemptive power very necessary in these times. This is a day that clamors for instant results. We go for instant coffee, instant tea, instant soup. Much of the lure
Forgiveness, compassion, and patience are the Spirit-inspired qualities that can reach the hardest and most hopeless. No one has combined them in such a way as Jesus. In at least some measure, each is indispensable for those who would represent Christ in this present world.

of drugs is the promise of instant happiness.

But some things don’t happen in an instant. It still takes a century to grow an oak. Time in itself may do nothing, but there are situations in which it is the necessary condition within which God works. Bradford Torrey wrote:

Not so in haste, my heart!
Have faith in God, and wait:
Although He seem to linger long
He never comes too late.
He never comes too late;
He knoweth what is best.
Vex not thyself, it is in vain;
Until He cometh, rest.

Leslie Flynn recalls a little boy named Bob in a ghetto Sunday school whose clothes were ragged and dirty. The Sunday school superintendent got him a suit from one of the church families, and for a few weeks Bob came faithfully.

Then he dropped out, and when his teacher visited him, she found the suit torn and dirty. Another suit was found, and the same thing happened.

The teacher was ready to give up. “Please don’t do that,” the superintendent said. “I’ll get him a third suit if he’ll promise to come.”

Bob did promise. He did come. He was converted, called to the ministry, and became Dr. Robert Morrison, pioneer missionary and Bible translator.

It is “through faith and patience,” not faith alone, that we “inherit the promises” (Hebrews 6:12). “For ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise” (Hebrews 10:36).

There is a note of warning in all this. We can lose this generation. Unforgiveness, lack of compassion, and impatience are the sure way to do it.

But there is a note of hope here also. We do not need to lose this generation. Having ourselves been forgiven, we can forgive. Living close to the heart of Christ, we can share His compassion. Real faith will enable us to be patient.

Above all, we can be laborers together with God. He has not given up. Christ still comes through His Spirit to seek and to save the lost. The songwriter to the contrary, no one ever gets “so lost that even God can’t find him.”

It is for us, then, as for David, to serve our own generation “by the will of God” (Acts 13:36). As we do, we shall find our labor not in vain in the Lord (1 Corinthians 15:58).

When Failing Becomes Failure

A person may fail without being a failure. The only one who is a failure is the one who has quit trying.

Actually, there are times when costly failure is better than cheap success. The controversial Paul Tillich once wrote, “He who risks and fails can be forgiven. He who never risks and never fails is a failure in his whole being.”

Failure, of course, is relative to one’s point of view. Judged by common standards, Jeremiah was a failure. Judged by his wholehearted commitment to do the will of God as God gave him to see that will, Jeremiah was a glorious success.

It is still the fact that the Apostle Paul’s best letters were written from prison. His was a faith for failure as well as fulfillment.

No man who sincerely sets out to do God’s will is a failure. Events may turn out against him. Affairs may not go as he expects. But only in a secondary sense is he responsible for results when he does what God tells him to do.

This does not mean that results are not important. They are. When results are all wrong, they signal us to take another look at our purposes and our methods.

But results may be conditioned by a score of factors over which we have no control. The preacher cannot control the personal response of one who listens. The Sunday school teacher cannot guarantee the reaction of his class. The same gospel may be a “savour of death unto death” or “of life unto life” (II Corinthians 2:16).

Sooner or later we must come to terms with failure. We must recognize that, as Stanley Jones said, “it is not ours to succeed or fail—it is ours to do the highest we know and leave the results with God.”

The legendary Babe Ruth struck out 1,330 times at bat. But this is not what we remember him for. What we remember him for is his 714 home runs.

J. H. Jowett wrote years ago, “Failure is never really deadly until it puts out our hope and freezes the springs of resolution. The only really fatal element in defeat is the resolution not to try again. We have only terribly failed when we have furled our sails.”
NEWS OF REVIVAL

KINGFISHER, OKLA., CHURCH—Rev. and Mrs. Asa Sparks held a six-day revival in November. Several found the Lord in their homes. A goodly number responded to altar invitations.

Pastor Frank C. Elliott said, "The attendance was the best in years, with a large number of first-time visitors."

FRANK, W. VA., CHURCH—A two-weeks revival was conducted by Rev. Jim Elkes of Greensboro (N.C.) First Church. Pastor Donald Behre reported 27 seekers and four definite cases of divine healing.

During November the church broke all former records in giving in the Thanksgiving Offering and in total monies raised for one month.

EVANGELIST LEO C. DAVIS reports he conducted 15 revivals in 1972, resulting in 294 seekers. He states, "My schedule for 1973 promises to be as well filled and I covet the prayers of all."

MANNINGTON, W. VA., CHURCH—Rev. L. O. Rist, from Grove City, Ohio, closed a revival October 29. There were 38 seekers during the crusade and an average nightly attendance of 119.

The closing day of the revival was called "Old-timers' Sunday." There were 207 present in Sunday school.

Eight people joined the church on profession of faith during November and others joined the church in December. Robert L. Green is pastor.

ANDREWS, TEX., CHURCH—Rev. Bob Mickey, of Lamar, Colo., held a Monday-through-Sunday meeting, December 11-17. He worked as evangelist and musician during the revival. Thirteen people responded to altar invitations.

Five people were baptized on Sunday afternoon and one new member was received by profession of faith in the evening service. Harry Myers is pastor.

BEEBE, ARK., CHURCH—Pastor Billy J. Ferguson reports a successful December revival with Evangelist H. E. Hegstrom. There were 23 seekers. Attendance ranged from 80 to over 100 in spite of a winter storm.

CHARLESTON (W. Va.) DAVIS CREEK CHURCH—Evangelist Chuck Millhuff and Singer Jim Bohi conducted a November revival. Spiritual victories were significant, according to Pastor John Hancock. He also noted special stewardship blessings.

Evangelist Millhuff challenged the people to prove God by giving. They responded with a record $6,000 given to world evangelism in the Thanksgiving Offering. In addition, the church raised more than $2,000 needed to pay the final mortgage payment on its property. Two years ago the property was purchased for $60,000.

The pastor stated, "The church is seeing spiritual victory at the altar; new people are coming; visitation, outreach, and bus ministries are bearing fruit; and the spirit of unity and harmony is gratifying. The Sunday school has been averaging more than 500, and God's blessings have been on the services."

METRO-ATLANTA NAZARENE CRUSADE

Atlanta was the scene of the M.A.N. Christian Family Crusade, December 5-10, with Evangelist Chuck Millhuff and the Singing Speer Family.

Opening night attendance in the East Point Auditorium was 586. It was a rainy evening. The highest attendance reached was over 800.

All nine Nazarene churches in the Metro-Atlanta area participated in the campaign. Results included conversions, backsliders restored, and persons being filled with the Holy Spirit.

The crusade was preceded with extensive advertising which helped to acquaint the area with the Church of the Nazarene. Chuck Millhuff visited Atlanta and spoke to 175 interested laymen and pastors six weeks ahead of the campaign.

The Christian Family Crusade was just one phase of the M.A.N.—Metro-Atlanta Nazarenes, an organization of concerned Christians who desire to share in cooperative efforts to reach others for Christ. The organization consists of one layman from each church, the pastors, and the district superintendent.

The officers of the M.A.N. organization for 1973 are Rev. Bennett Dudney, chairman; Rev. Ed Barton, treasurer; and Rev. Jay Smith, secretary. There are several subcommittees working, including advertising, sports, and personal evangelism. The name M.A.N.—Metro-Atlanta Nazarenes—is being considered for use in other metropolitan areas in Georgia by simply changing it to M.A.N.—Metro-Area Nazarenes.
"back side of the desert" with a price on his head, yet she is the one divinely chosen to give birth to the Son of God. She then prophesies that the mighty will be pulled down from their seats, that those of low degree may be exalted. Concerning Jesus she tells the servants at the Cana wedding, "Do whatever He tells you."

A wise Scottish woman once told me, "A saint is a person who knows how to get out of God's way." The statement is not definitive but it will do for a start.

We have seen that the Bible is filled with illustrations of people who have chosen either Plan A or Plan B. Peter tried to choose both and consequently fell between two stools, and the Gospel writers record that he "went out, and wept bitterly."

Similar tears have been shed by many Christians who have tried to keep a mailing address on Straight Street while conducting a business on Broadway. It won't work. No one can operate Plan A and Plan B simultaneously; one of them has to be abandoned.

Yet to give up the power game is difficult; like Peter, we are tempted to think we can do God more good if we are in His way than if we are out of it. Campbell Morgan says:

"It is easy to speak of abandonment, and yet it is the one thing from which all men shrink. They are quite prepared to sign pledges and even cheques, and to do any amount of work, if only God will let them have their own way in some part of their lives. If only God will not bring them to the cross, they will do anything; but they draw back from the place of death. Yet it is only in that place that the Holy Spirit is able to flow out into every part of the life and energize it."

(Continued from page 16)

FOUNDATION
OVERWHELMED
WITH APPEALS

The Oldham Little Church Foundation of Houston has asked that no more requests for financial aid be sent by Nazarene churches. Information about the foundation which has been circulated recently has resulted in swamping the small office staff of the Foundation with more proposals than can be reviewed and acknowledged during the next three months. Requests already received total far more than the Foundation would be able to disburse to all denominations for the next five years.

OF PEOPLE AND PLACES

WILLIS R. SCOTT, director of Outreach Evangelism, a program on the Akron District, reports the following:

"I have had the privilege in recent weeks of working toward the organization of a Spanish-speaking church in Cleveland. Rev. David Iglesias, district superintendent of the Eastern Latin-American District, conducted an evangelistic crusade. We averaged 35 per service with a peak attendance of 51 on Sunday afternoon."

"Two regular services conducted after the revival on Sunday afternoons were attended by 22 one Sunday and 28 on the following. I am presently preaching to the Spanish-speaking groups through Interpreter Patrice Adkins, daughter of Nazarene missionaries in Arega, Chile."

WEST PORTSMOUTH, OHIO, CHURCH, with a property value of $70,000, held a mortgage-burning service during 1972. Guest speaker for the special service was General Superintendent George Coulter. District Superintendent Donald Gibson (Central Ohio District) and Dr. Jim Knox of Columbus, Ohio, were special guests. Bob Palmer is pastor.

"CAROLYN PARSON" DAY was held at Nashville Grace Church on Sunday, December 3. Friends joined together to welcome Carolyn home from New Guinea. Miss Parson greeted the congregation in the morning service and was guest speaker in the
evening service.

A reception was held in the church's fellowship hall following the evening service. Movies taken when Carolyn left the States for New Guinea were shown. Jon Hassell rode in on a Honda, typical of the one used by Carolyn in New Guinea. He presented her with a set of keys to a car which will be at her disposal during her furlough year.

Mrs. Dorothy Cox, district NWMS president, and Mrs. Lorraine Farr, president of the Grace Church NWMS, joined in official greetings. Shirley Hassell arranged the program. Genevieve Lish was in charge of refreshments. Don Sumner and his son were responsible for appropriate decorations.

TEENS FROM THE SHELBYVILLE, ILL., CHURCH entered a float in the city's homecoming parade. The float depicted a road leading up to a cross. On the sides of the road were printed the words, "Jesus the Hope," followed by the challenge—"TAKE THE RIGHT ROAD—GO WITH GOD."

THE CEDARVILLE, OHIO, CHURCH entered a float in the volunteer firemen's festival parade. They designed the float around the theme "KEY 73, CALLING OUR CONTINENT TO CHRIST." Eighteen people rode on the church float with Pastor and Mrs. Aaron G. Bess.

Plans have been laid by four participating churches in Cedarville for a united effort in outreach evangelism.

SHERILYN ACHESON received her Esther Carson Winans award Sunday night, November 26. She has been in Caravans only one year and has completed all the award requirements. Mr. Gene Harless is local Caravan director.

Sherilynn is a leader of "The Little Feathers," a group of four-and-five-year-olds who are part of the local Caravan program. She is 12 years old and attends the New Smyrna Beach, Fla., church, where her father is pastor.

Gene Harless presents Caravan award to Sherilynn Acheson.

Ground-breaking services for the new Wilmington (Ohio) First Church were held last fall. The church will be constructed of Norman brick and Indiana limestone. The sanctuary will seat approximately 350, and the education unit will contain 14 classrooms, rest rooms, church office, and the pastor's study. Rev. J. Kenneth Copenhaver has pastored the Wilmington church the past six years. Pictured (l. to r.), Mr. C. D. Harmon, contractor; trustees—Fred Stollings, Jack Thompson, Russell Shaw, and Meredith Hakes; pioneer pastor of the church, Rev. Ray Beegle (now retired); and present pastor, Rev. J. Kenneth Copenhaver.
The Princeton (W. Va.) First Church gave a record Thanksgiving offering of $1,600. The church "lit up the cross for Christ." Each bulb on the cross represented $12.50. As the offering units were received, bulbs were turned on. Pictured beside the cross is the NWMS president, Mrs. Ruth Brenneman, and Pastor Earl D. Frye.

TRADITIONAL SERVICE AT INACTIVE CHURCH

Pastor Elton W. House, Piedmont (Mo.) First Church, has reported a unique story that holds historic interest on the Missouri District.

Last summer, former members of the Beulah Church, located in a rural area near Piedmont, met for their yearly service at the old site. Organized in 1912, the church has given an offering for missions for 60 consecutive years.

Many of the residents have moved from the community to cities where there are greater employment opportunities. The Jack Roble family has assumed responsibilities for the upkeep and utilities of the old church building.

It has become a yearly tradition for the former members to return for a Sunday morning service followed by dinner on the grounds and an afternoon sing. At the afternoon service, Mrs. Dave Ruble gave a talk on missions and a $25.00 offering was received.

Most of the participants in the special day’s program are active members of other Nazarene churches. Rev. E. W. House stated, "Perhaps the word for the Beulah Church is not ‘inactive,’ but ‘scattered abroad.’"

COLLEGE NEWS

BNC Dribblers Bounce to Enid

Twelve students from Bethany Nazarene College, Bethany, Okla., kicked off the BNC basketball season by dribbling basketballs from their campus to the BNC "Redskins" first game of the season at Enid, Okla. Over half of the group made the entire 68-mile trip. The other half averaged between 35 and 55 miles.

Leaving Friday morning, November 10, the dozen dribblers bounced their basketballs up Highway 81 to Dover, Okla. They spent the night at the Church of the Nazarene. Saturday morning, November 11, they continued bouncing on to Enid.

When asked why they had decided to dribble to Enid, one enthusiastic student replied, "There are really two reasons for doing this. We thought this would be a fantastic way to build school spirit and draw attention to the Redskins basketball season. Secondly, we were raising money for chartered busses to all our away games."

Each dribbler had sponsors that pledged money for every mile dribbled. Almost $1,000 was earned in this unusual way. Radio stations followed the progress of the students and announced their expected arrival time at their Enid destination.

The venture made possible the securing of adequate transportation for BNC students to games away from their campus. They now ride Greyhound busses.

Diesels and dribblers shared Oklahoma Highway 81 on November 10-11.

The dozen dribblers leaving BNC campus (l. to r.)—Dave Showalter, Ed Overholt, Art Phillips, Mike Blueford, Lewis McClain, Gary Morsch, Mark Brown, Gene Thomas, Mark Wessels, Ronnie Marchant, and Scott McCoy. Not pictured is Dan Jones.

Rev. L. Thurl Mann, pastor of the Colorado Springs Southgate Church and chairman of the Pikes Peak Zone, presents Dr. L. S. Oliver, president of Nazarene Bible College, a check for $2,153 given by the nine churches of the zone in the recent NBC offering. On December 29, the offering was running $16,000 ahead of last year. A total of $52,142 has been received. Others shown in the picture, (l. to r.)—Dr. G. B. Williamson, Dr. Barth Smith, Rev. Bill Sullivan, Rev. Henry Cheatwood, Rev. Loren Matsen, Rev. John Hayes, and Rev. Mendal Collins. Rev. Ronald Rodes, Rev. John Wolfe, and Rev. William Pirtle were not present for the picture.
MID-AMERICA NAZARENE COLLEGE, Olathe, Kans., has the third largest enrollment among the 17 private, four-year, liberal arts colleges and universities in Kansas, according to a recent report released by the Regents Committee on Enrollment Evaluation for the state of Kansas. MANC has a total fall, 1972, enrollment of 832 students, including 11 foreign students. That figure is a 2.4 percent increase over the 1971-72 enrollment total.

Topping MANC in enrollment are Benedictine College in Atchison, with a 1,170 student enrollment; and Friends University in Wichita, with a 901 student enrollment. The fourth-ranking institution is Baker University in Baldwin, with an 825 student enrollment. Of these four institutions, Mid-America is the only one which shows an increase in student enrollment.

YOUNG REPORTER CONVERTED

By Kevin Bonham, *Dickinson, N.D.*

I WAS 15 WHEN I BEGAN to question the presence of God in the church I attended. I told myself there was nothing for me in the church and I would have to find spiritual help some other way.

In November, 1968, my father died from cancer of the liver, said to be caused by excessive drinking. He was an alcoholic and had spent nearly a year in a hospital specializing in alcoholism and drug abuse.

An aunt, who was in his hospital room when he died, said he talked with God, asking for forgiveness just before his death. He was 45.

He did not attend church and I thought then maybe I could find the Lord outside the church.

After more than a year of searching, I became discouraged. God, if I was ever to find Him, had to be most near in a church. So I attended several different denominations, but I was not getting any closer to Him.

I began dating a girl named Dawnie in February, 1971. She was a Nazarene and came from a devoted Nazarene family. In August, I began going to church with them.

For the next 10 weeks I attended the church and I could feel the Lord’s presence each week. He was in the hearts of this Nazarene congregation.

I talked with Pastor Lyle Pointer about spiritual things, the church, and the people. He said if I ever wanted to be spiritually satisfied I would have to accept the Lord as my personal Saviour. He showed me, in early October, just how I could find the Lord.

I was afraid. Afraid because I was only a commitment away from finding what I had nearly forgotten was possible. But the Lord was at my heart, knocking at the door.

I left the pastor’s study that day feeling so near, yet so far from the Lord. I asked myself over and over why I could not accept Him. I had searched haphazardly for three years, and when the day came for me to accept Him, I was somehow caught by surprise.

Doubt was still a part of me. I felt that it was too large a transition to make. The thought and feeling scared me and I knew I had to rid myself of that doubt before I could become a child of God and surrender my life to Him.

I read a few verses from the New Testament each day for the next 10 days. Pastor Pointer had given a few to me that he thought would help me reach my decision.

The morning of Sunday, October 24, was not unusual. I went to the morning service thinking that I needed the Lord but knowing very well that it was my decision. He was to be a part of me only if I opened the door.

Dawnie and I spent the afternoon together and we went to the evening service.

The service was not different from any in the past.

But the similarity between that particular Sunday and all the others since August ended at that point. In his sermon, the pastor talked of the Lord and how we need Him to survive.

Near the end of the service he asked the organist to play. At this point, he told the people in the congregation what the Lord could do for them. While the organist played he asked anyone who felt a need for the Lord to step forward.

He said, “God is present but He cannot help one unless that individual accepts Him as his personal Saviour.”

Nobody stepped into the Isle for about five minutes. Those five minutes seemed as though they were forever. The presence of the Lord was felt by each person in the church.

Finally two people moved toward the altar. Another followed.

I was shivering. I took Dawnie’s hand and squeezed it as I said to God, “Lord, I have never before felt as close to You as I do now. But Your presence will not be permanent unless You give me the strength to step to the altar. Lord, I need You.”

I felt tears in my eyes and left my place beside Dawnie and walked to the altar. The organist was still playing and Pastor Pointer continued to speak to the people.

More people followed me, and before long the front of God’s house was filled with His people.

As I was asking God to forgive me for any evil in my past I felt a hand on my shoulder. A friend who had known the Lord for a long time said, “He’s a beautiful God, isn’t He?”

Another opened the Bible and began reading to me:

Pastor Pointer then stepped up to me and said, “God loves you, Kevin. I had a feeling you would open the door.”

When I turned to leave, I spotted Dawnie. She also had tears in her eyes. I knew she had known God for a long time and her tears were not for herself. She was thanking God for showing me the way of life. Dawnie and I are happy togething walking in that path.

THREE-SCREEN IMPACT

“‘It cannot be done!’ was the first reaction to news that the colossal three-screen General Board report shown at General Assembly in Miami Beach was to be presented on the fall and spring cross-country IMPACT Conference tour.

It has been done! The kaleidoscope of slides that filled the 11½-by-14-foot screens in the Miami Auditorium are now being shown on three six-by-eight-foot screens in Nazarene sanctuaries and college chapels all over the United States and Canada.

This NAVCO-produced feature is a high point of the evangelism conference that may be coming to your area in February, March, or April. Its initial purpose was to present in 45 minutes the departmental reports that usually consume four hours or more of General Assembly time. In the IMPACT Conference format, the sight-and-sound presentation gives an overview of the Church of the Nazarene such as few have seen before.

Behind the screens are three technicians who oversee the projectors and change the 17 carousel slide trays. Supervised by Ray Hendrix, the team does not push a single but-
ton to advance the 1,200 slides that fall across the screens. Each projector is operated electronically by a programmed tape that contains not only the music and professional narration, but also a silent signal that advances the slide trays on all three Kodak Carousel projectors. This electronic impulse has been programmed by the Quadra Que Programmer produced by the Spindler Saupe Corporation.

When asked how many NAVCO hours went into the production, Audiovisual Director Mary E. Latham sighed: "More than 800 hours. A team of three writers and my staff worked with the departmental executive reports in designing and selecting suitable visuals." Miss Latham not only was a part of the editing and designing team, but she assumed the task of tying the departmental segments together into a unified presentation.

During the fall IMPACT Conferences, a media-oriented viewer remarked that if an outside agency had produced the package it might have cost the church $50,000. Our costs were negligible compared to this.

If there is an IMPACT Evangelism Conference in your area this spring, you should make every effort to be present. There is more to this oriented conference than this media presentation, to be sure. But it is an important feature in this combined effort to underscore our primary reason for existence—evangelism!—Paul Miller, Department of Youth. □

**SHOPPING CENTER EVANGELISM**

By G. Edwin Lint, Mertinburg, Pa.

The Scene is the beautiful East Mall shopping center just outside Harrisburg, Pa. It's a busy Saturday afternoon as two high school boys approach a small paneled booth just outside the mall entrance to Gimbel's.

The booth's sole identification is a small sign with a carved in-flight dove and the inscription, "The Quiet Watch a sound film."

Their question is directed to a young man about their own age—flares, full hairstyle, mod shoes. "It's a place where you can sit down and watch a sound film."

"What's the film about?"

"It's about peace."

"Hey, peace! Does it cost anything?"

"No. There's no charge." And with that the young men enter a small compartment in the booth to watch a synchronized slide/sound program on a 12-inch, rear-projection screen.

The program opens with several beautiful landscapes and soft music. The narrator's invitation to sit back, relax, and enjoy the music and the scenery is quite tempting. But within seconds there is a harsh crossfade to strident music and a rapid-change sequence of black-and-white pictures depicting man's conflict with his fellowman: Dallas, Kent State, My Lai, Attica.

The presentation goes on to establish that man cannot be at peace with his neighbor until he is first at peace with God. And peace with God comes through a personal relationship with Jesus Christ. Each point in the plan of salvation is supported by close-up photographs of Bible passages. The conclusion emphasizes the "one way" aspect of peace with God as well as a personal invitation to talk to a counselor later.

Five minutes after entering the booth the young men step outside and receive a personal invitation by their young host to accept Christ. They agree to enter a small, enclosed counselling area in the booth and there, with the music of an indoor fountain in the background, they do accept Jesus Christ as personal Saviour.

Since September, 1971, several hundred persons from a variety of faiths, races, occupations, life-styles, and age-groups have seen and heard the plan of salvation as described above. The mission field has been central Pennsylvania shopping malls as well as a large fair.

This program is conducted by concerned laymen banded together in a nonprofit organization known as the Peace Evangelism Group. Headed by a Nazarene educator, the group has accepted the challenge to share the facts about Jesus Christ with the man on the street, using the communications technology of the seventies.

Just another of the many ways to . . . "save some." □

**GOOD RECEPTION TO FIRST PORTUGUESE BROADCAST**

The new Portuguese broadcast, "A Hora Nazarena," was aired for the first time on Friday evening, December 22. Rev. Jorge de Barros, second-generation Nazarene from the Cape Verde Islands, is broadcast speaker.

Three Cape Verde Island stations will carry the Nazarene program. It is scheduled to be aired over the following networks: Radio Clube de Cabo Verde, 3960 kc., and FM, 96.0 mc., at 6:30 p.m., Fridays; Radio

(Continued on page 32)
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Rev. John Cayton, 290 Bedford St., Lakeville, Mass. 02346, after serving several pastors: is entering the field of evangelism April 1 — Kenneth Pearl, 715 Palm Ave., Dallas, Tex., 75212, has made some

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DEATHS

MRS. L. EDITH BEAVER, 77, died Nov. 27 in Salem. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. H. B. London, Jr., and Rev. Danny Pyles. Survivors include her husband, William E.; a daughter, Marjorie; and one brother.

IDIS L. ANGEL, 80, died Aug. 19, 1972, in Bandon. One she was a deaconess. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. A. Metcalf. She is survived by her husband, Rev. V. W.; three children; 11 grandchildren; and 14 great-grandchildren.

MRS. ALBERT H. (HAZEL) NEUSCHWANGER, 55, died Dec. 20 in Forth Worth. Memorial services were conducted by Rev. C. T. Kennedy, P. W. Seymore, and James Edwards. He is survived by his wife, Ola; two daughters, Mrs. Melbourne Shell and Mrs. Loretta Whisnant; seven grandchildren; one brother; and one sister.

MRS. LENA AMLIN, 91, died Dec. 23 in Oberlin, Kans. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Mrs. D. M. Anderson. She is survived by one brother, three nieces, and five nephews.

MRS. IDA H. KEMPER BEISTEL, 66, died Oct. 20 at Spangler, W. Va. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Donald Thompson. She was survived by her husband, Harry, Sr.; one son, Harry, Jr.; two daughters, Mrs. Carl Raymond and Mrs. Leland Hagen; nine grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

REV. WAYNE L. ALBRIGHT, 50, died Nov. 21 at the Veterans' Hospital in Spokane, Wash. He is survived by his wife, Johanna; three sons, Rev. Wayne L., Jr., Gerald, and Roger; two daughters, Mrs. Gary (Suzette) Howlett and Stephanie; four brother, three nieces, and five nephews.

GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN

19 DIE IN CHURCH BUS-TRUCK COLLISION. Nineteen people were killed in Ft. Sumner, N.M., when a bus carrying youthful members of the Woodlawn Baptist Church in Austin, Tex., collided at a narrow bridge with a trailer truck. Fifteen people were injured.

The young people were on a retreat which was to include some skiing at Vadito. The narrow bridge was to have been torn down earlier but a lack of state funds prevented removal of the 40-year-old wooden bridge on U.S. Highway 60-84.

59-WORD PRAYER WELCOMES ASTRONAUTS FROM MOON TRIP. Chaplain John Ecker, aboard the Recovery Carrier "Ticonderoga," welcomed the three-man crew of the Apollo 17 spacecraft with the following prayer:

"The heavens declare your glory, O Lord, the planets, the sun, the moon, and the stars which You set in place. In humble gratitude we thank You for the return from Your heavens of these pioneers in space. May their achievements contribute to the unity of mankind and peace for all Your people in this holy season. Amen."

"UNIVERSE NO ACCIDENT"—CERNAN. Although he admitted he didn’t necessarily feel closer to God in deep space, Astronaut Eugene A. Cernan said he was convinced the universe "didn’t happen by accident."

"The earth looks big and beautiful and blue and white," he said of his quarter-million-mile perspective. "You can see from the Antarctic to the North Pole and the continental shores. The earth looks so perfect. There are no strings to hold it up, no fulcrum upon which it rests."

"You think of the infinity of space and the infinity of time. You feel a little selfish . . . like you are looking back at earth as God must be looking now and as He must have when He created it."

"The recent "moonwalker" aboard USS "Ticonderoga" said, "I am convinced of God by the order out in space."

MELODYLAND HOTLINE NOW TOLL-FREE NATIONWIDE. "Melodyland Hotline," sponsored by the Melodyland Drug Prevention Center in Anaheim, Calif., receives more than 6,000 calls each month. From January 1, 1973, the calls—from any part of the nation—will be toll-free.

Served by a W.A.T.S. (Wide Area Telephone Service) line, the national telephone number 800-854-3234 will put experts in touch with many in despair over drugs and seek to help them overcome their problems.

George Wakeling, a co-founder and director of the drug-prevention center, said an extensive referral service will assist people in every state. In California the number is 800-422-4424.

NAMES IN THE NEWS—Former Astronaut James Irwin lent his voice to three choirs from the U.S. at a Protestant open-air Christmas Eve service in "Shepherd's Field" just outside Bethlehem on Christmas Eve.

HARRY S. TRUMAN, the thirty-third president of the United States, died December 26 in Kansas City following a brief illness. He is survived by his daughter, Margaret, and by his 87-year-old wife, Bess, whom he met in a Sunday school class when they were youngsters.

DR. GEORGE L. FORD, director of religious-life activities and director of operations and corporate relations for Greenville College, has been named director of World Ministries Communication of the Free Methodist church.

DR. O. DALE EMERY has been elected to an administrative post within the Wesleyan church. A successor will be announced to take his place as executive director of the Christian Holiness Association in Indianapolis.
From various reading materials on the subject, it seems to be a foregone conclusion that a man has an inalienable right to blow his top anytime he chooses, for this gives him inner release and therefore it's beneficial for him. However, none of this literature has a thing to say concerning the rights of his wife or children, who are the recipients of this venom. What have you to say about their rights?

I have no idea what you have been reading.

No person—man, woman, or child—has any right, inalienable or otherwise, to pour venom on anyone else, in the home or wherever.

As to this "blowing the top," that's just exactly what it usually is. The expression of emotion has a place in human life, be that emotion positive or negative. But that expression may—and must—always be under control.

Whatever value the "inner release" may have can easily be offset by the fact that the uncontrolled expression of emotion can also intensify and deepen that emotion.

This is probably why, when Paul wrote, "Be ye angry, and sin not," he added, "let not the sun go down upon your wrath: neither give place to the devil" (Ephesians 4:26-27).

In the same context the apostle warns against grieving the Holy Spirit and says, "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking be put away from you, with all malice: and be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you" (verses 30-32).

We have had a discussion on divine healing. Some said we should never pray for the healing of someone and end the prayer with, "If it be Thy will, Lord." Nowhere in the Bible does it say to pray that way.

Now we know that not all people are healed. Some people are even healed when they do not as much as pray for themselves. How should we pray for healing?

Pray that God will heal "according to His will."

There is more than a verbal difference between "If it be Thy will" and "According to Thy will." The latter expresses the conviction that God wills health and wholeness. Yet it places the intent and purpose of the prayer within the scope of the time and means the Lord may choose to accomplish His purpose.

Certainly no true Christian would desire anything contrary to the will of God. Part of our problem is that we cannot always discern the specific application of His will to the circumstances of our lives.

This is probably why James 5:14 directs the person who is ill to "call for the elders of the church: and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord."

The old English terminology here is confusing to many. It does not mean to pray above him, but to pray about him. In this context, "gifts of healing"—which are within the sovereign disposition of the Holy Spirit (1 Corinthians 12:7-11)—are given, and "‘the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up'" (James 5:15).

The faith God honors is expectant but not insistent. It is always content to ask "according to His will."

In Genesis 1:26, when God said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness," to whom was He speaking? Also when He said in verse 28, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth," was this to all mankind or to Adam and Eve?

There are two explanations of the plural in verse 26:

1. It is an intimation of the New Testament truth that God is Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.
2. It is the Hebrew "plural of majesty," in which use of a plural form intensifies the meaning of the word.

Both are possible, and both may be held to be true. They are not necessarily mutually exclusive.

The command to be fruitful, multiply, "replenish" (Hebrew, "fill") the earth, and subdue and have dominion over it was given to Adam as representative of all mankind.

The full meaning of this command, as it worked out in view of man's sin, is given in Hebrews 2:6-9. "But now we see not yet all things put under him" (verse 8).

God's original design was damaged by human rebellion. This is at least one reason for the "ecological crisis" we hear so much about today.

"We see not yet all things put under... But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour; that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man."

In Christ's final and certain triumph, "the regeneration" (Matthew 19:28) or "restitution of all things" (Acts 3:21), we shall see the creation command fully carried out (Romans 8:19-23).
Last fall the Somerset, Ky., church held its mortgage-burning service. The church was organized in 1926. The present building was begun under the ministry of Rev. Ernest Hopper and completed under Rev. J. Carter Roberts' ministry. It was dedicated by the late Dr. Hardy C. Powers, March 11, 1953. Since 1962, Rev. A. A. Farris has been pastor of the church. Extensive remodeling, as well as the addition of an educational unit in 1966, has brought the total property value of the church and parsonage to $115,000.

Pictured (front row l. to r.) are District Superintendent Dean Baldwin, Kentucky District; Pastor A. A. Farris; Dexter Burton, Thomas Burton, Rev. Lawrence Wesley, Edd Rogers, Chester Durham, Hoy Keith, members of the board; Mrs. DePrato and Mrs. Mary Vaught, charter members of the church.

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(Continued from page 25)

Mindelo, 4750 kc., at 6:45 p.m., Fridays; and Radio Barlavento, 3960 kc. and also on FM at 9:45 p.m., Wednesdays. The program will be carried in the United States over WMMW, Meriden, Conn., 1470 kc., at 10:30 a.m., Sundays; and WKFD, Wickford, R.I., 1370 kc., at 10 a.m., Sundays.

Speaker de Barros is the son of Rev. and Mrs. Luciano Barros, who were among the first converts of Nazarene mission work starting on the islands in 1940. He has been dean of the Nazarene Bible School at Mindelo, St. Vincent, in the Cape Verde chain of islands. He also pastored the Mindelo church.

Mr. Barros has pastored for more than 12 years, has served as district NYPS president, and was on the district advisory board for six years.

Barros married the former Miss Maria Manuela Chantre. For 10 years, Mrs. Barros has taught at the Nazarene Bible School. She has served as Sunday school superintendent at the Mindelo church.

The Barroses have two children—a son, Paulo, eight; and a daughter, Helena, six. Two brothers of Jorge de Barros, Daniel and Samuel, are Nazarene ministers in the Cape Verde Islands.

Rev. Jorge de Barros will be moving to Kansas City, where he will continue to work in connection with the Portuguese literature and radio broadcast.

NEW CHURCHES ORGANIZED
ALABAMA, Dothan (Ala.) Northside. Reeford L. Chaney, district superintendent.

FLORIDA, St. Petersburg (Fla.) Westside. A. Milton Smith, district superintendent.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN, Basin (Mont.) Community. Ross E. Price, district superintendent.

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IT'S TIME TO START REHEARSING! 22
APRIL 22
EASTER SUNDAY

NAZARENE PUBLISHING HOUSE
POST OFFICE BOX 527, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI 64141
OUR FAMILY loves to vacation in the great state of Maine, the home of my birthplace. There we enjoy the sunshine, fresh pine odor, the water and serenity of the beautiful lakes.

Upon occasion, we try our hand at fishing—at least the boys try. I usually go along to row the boat.

While we were fishing one day at a familiar “perch spot,” a fellow pastor who was having great success nearby called over to Chip and quietly advised him, “If you rest your pole on the boat, you can’t feel the tug of the nibbles!” He quickly followed the suggestion and raised the rod to a more alert position. The experience became exciting!

Yesterday, I left my study to check on some work which was being done on the church grounds. While I stood looking over the situation, a somewhat unimpressive man in his late fifties walked up in a casual manner and inquired if I had a few minutes to spare.

I had not eaten lunch and it was past the noon hour. I also planned to attend a nearby holiness camp meeting service at two o’clock. My first impression was to think, Here’s another salesman wanting to take my time.

As I questioned him a bit, I sensed that perhaps this man was not a salesman and that I ought to take a few minutes to hear his “pitch.”

We went to my study. I invited him to be seated and asked of his problem. Reluctantly he began—but before he was finished, he told me of his law practice . . . of his family . . . of his three boys who were addicted to drugs and his little daughter who could possibly be experimenting . . . of his desperate marital situation.

He had driven from the Washington area to find help at the college about a block away, but found it closed for the summer. He “just happened” to go by our church and thought perhaps he’d try one more place.

That afternoon about 3:30, I finished telling him about the Saviour and His power to help him and his family to make life worth living. I prayed a simple prayer and he repeated it after me, confessing his sins and asking God to forgive him for Jesus’ sake.

He went his way with fresh tears of joy. In his hand was a Come Ye Apart, a copy of Good News for Modern Man, a copy of the Herald of Holiness, and the book by Johnny Spence, How to Lose at Golf.

He was not the usual “handout” type of fellow who wants a dollar to buy a loaf of bread and some meat (?). This man was desperate and God had directed him.

I went to the parsonage that afternoon a bit hungry, some errands undone, but with a thankful heart that I had been alert to a needy soul’s “tug.”

—Karl W. Ritter

Frederick, Md.
The 1968-72 General NYPS Council felt the need to expand the "ear" of the council. Last summer delegates at the General Convention meeting in Miami Beach, Fla., passed a resolution that two additional representatives be elected to the General Council by the General Council. The convention felt the need for a Latin-American regional representative and a North American ethnic group representative. From long lists of recommended persons, the NYPS Council, meeting in Kansas City, January 9-11, finalized the selections. José Pacheco from Mexico City and Bill Allen from Nashville were elected.

Immediately after the election (January 9), these new representatives were informed of their election. Arrangements were made for both men to be flown to Kansas City for participation in the remaining business of the General NYPS Council meeting.

José Pacheco lives in Mexico City with his wife, Pilar, and daughters—Wendy and Edith. José was born in Monterrey, Mexico, April 30, 1942. He completed his ministerial training at the Spanish-American Nazarene Seminary in San Antonio. He has done further studies at the Washington Business College and at the National University of Mexico (UNAM), where he primarily studied music.

José pastored both Monterrey Fourth and Sixth churches in Mexico before going to the Ixtapalapa Church, where he is currently pastoring. During his ministry, he has served as district NYPS president in North Mexico for five years. In Central Mexico he served as camps director one year and two years as district youth director.

At the First Nazarene Youth Camp in Mexico, held in 1971, José had the honor of being its elected administrator.

José is talented in many ways. One of the outreach opportunities of his church is athletics. José is leader of his church soccer teams. With a keen interest in sports, he is very excited to have as one of his board members Pedro Miranda, who represented Mexico in the summer Olympics in Munich, Germany, as a distance runner.

José is an asset to the General NYPS Council. He has clearly expressed a burden to represent his people.

Bill Allen has immediately proved himself a valuable asset to the council. Bill is representing all North American ethnic groups.

Bill was born in 1948 in Pike County, W. Va. He was raised in Charleston, W. Va. He has been married nearly three and one-half years to his wife, Barbara. Mrs. Allen has been teaching at the high school level for three years.

While taking classes in his senior year at Trevecca Nazarene College, Bill is pastoring the Nashville Rogers Chapel, a home mission-sponsored church.

Bill's special interests include youth work and painting. He is very athletic. At one time he was a high school pole vaulter. Bill has coached community basketball teams during the winter months as part of the church's outreach ministry.

Though pastoring an integrated congregation, Bill and Barbara's ministry is in a predominantly black community. Bill has served as a local NYPS president, quiz director, and district NYPS vice-president.

—Ron Fay, reporter
Help call our continent to Christ through effective evangelism materials

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