

Herald of Holiness

CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE

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Why I Became a Chaplain

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The High Cost of Things That Are Free

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Just

THEY SHALL BEAT THEIR SWORDS INTO
PLOWSHARES. AND THEIR SPEARS INTO
PRUNING HOOKS. NATION SHALL NOT LIFT
UP SWORD AGAINST NATION. NEITHER
SHALL THEY LEARN WAR ANY MORE



UNITED NATIONS BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY

SERVICEMEN'S ISSUE Servicemen's Sunday, November 9



General Superintendent Orville W. Jenkins

DO WE believe? The one thing which Jesus commended the most when He was here on earth was faith—someone who dared to place complete trust in himself. He said to the two blind men, “According to your faith be it unto you” (Matthew 9:29). Again He said to the Canaanite woman whose daughter was afflicted, “O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt” (Matthew 15:28). He also said to the father whose son had a dumb spirit, “If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth” (Mark 9:23).

Down through the centuries God has desired one thing of man above all else, and that is that man should trust Him. He doesn't require that we understand Him, or explain Him, or vindicate Him, but He wants our confidence and trust. Our chief duty and obligation to God is summed up in these words: “Have faith in God.”

Faith lies at the foundation of all of life. Regardless of what we do or where we live, every person lives by faith. The whole human race is held together by a system of mutual trust. At every turn and in every act in life we are called upon to trust.

Even our knowledge rests upon faith. Before we can learn we have to trust our teachers. We must accept from them what we have no power

LORD, I BELIEVE!

to prove. And when we have reached the full scope of our reasoning powers, we find that knowledge rests upon certain fundamental truths which no man can prove. The things most assured begin by demanding our faith.

If the demand of life itself be by faith, need we be surprised if faith be the first requirement in our holy religion? The Christian religion begins and continues with, *I believe!* The basic condition of salvation from sin through Christ is, *I believe.* Without faith it is impossible to please God. But without faith it is impossible to do anything. So, like that trembling father who stood before Jesus so long ago and cried, “Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief,” we too can reach out and trust Him. This He desires the most from each of us. □

Reflections on 24 years in
the military ministry

Why I Became a Chaplain



• By John T. Donnelly*
Chaplain, Lt. Col., USAF

IT MAY sound like an oversimplification to say that I became a military chaplain because God willed it so. But I believe God called me to this ministry, not once, but twice. The first time was at the beginning of World War II, and again at the close of the Korean conflict.

As a young minister, comfortable and quite secure, I became a chaplain because I felt a moral demand. I did not want to shirk my military obligation. Young men were being drafted and sent into the service. They had no choice; they had to go.

The government, through the tradition solidly grounded in our history, accorded me a draft-free status—I did not have to go. God did not accord me special privilege, however, nor permit me to be less responsible to the needs of my country. As long as men were sent out to defend America, I had to go with them to bring some of them to God.

I could not stand and watch the ever present scene, since 1941, of tearful families saying goodbye to a youthful, uniformed man on his way to World War II, or to Korea, and now to Vietnam, without sharply sensing the problems, the adjustments, the discipline, the fears, and the loneliness that he would soon sense.

But there was more than sympathy with the

man; there was the convicting force of the obligation and opportunity to serve.

There was the unfolding challenge of the pastoral ministry to the career man and his family. The opportunity to serve—to express the meaningful outreach of our blessed Lord to these people whose lives are constantly threatened by war, family separation, military obligations, and a mobile existence that cuts away the roots of community and family stability.

I have been faithful to the call of witnessing to men who serve their country in war and peace. I have made much of the opportunities. My freedom to preach, to witness personally to men where they serve, and to establish a religious program for all personnel has been a most rewarding experience—an extended ministry in a most challenging mission field, not only communicating the gospel message, but presenting Christ by precept and example.

The Results of a Military Ministry. As an air force chaplain, my career has permitted education, travel, association, and the opportunity to grow in understanding beyond a millionaire's dream.

It has permitted me to know many people—from the starving orphans of Korea to the nobility of England. It has permitted me the opportunity to observe and appreciate many customs, cultures, and nationalities; and, more important, to learn something from each. I have

*Chaplain Donnelly retired from the U.S. Air Force on November 1 and has assumed the pastorate at Cocoa, Fla.

seen the remains of history some thousands of years old, others centuries old, and some of this century. It has permitted me to see the wonders of the world, the works of man and the creations of God. It has permitted me to see the glory of a closing day—high above the clouds with a beauty which no man or camera could ever duplicate, or a day borne of brilliance beyond man's comprehension.

It has permitted me to see the best and the worst of man's effort; the results of his creative arts and ability and the consequences of tragedy and sorrow resulting from his actions. It has permitted me to see the results of man's creative advances, while nearby history records the scene from centuries past.

It has permitted me to see and to know the rich and the poor, the glutted and the starving, the sick and the strong, the gaunt of an old man's face and the unparalleled beauty of a happy child's smile.

It has permitted me to realize that basically there is little difference in the needs, the emotions, and the hopes of people whatever their location or nationality. Only the levels separate them as a result of their environment, their knowledge, and the level of their spiritual awareness. They all want food, clothing, shelter, security, freedom, acceptance, and love as part of the social environment in which they live whether it be a modern city in the United States, a farm in England, a houseboat in Germany, a rice paddy in Korea, or a grass hut in the steaming jungles of the South Pacific islands.

It has permitted me to see many sects, faiths, and religions which men follow through life to their destinies. It has permitted me to

Mother's Prayer

O God, would that those trusting brown eyes
 Never know the horror and hell of war!
 And that sturdy, perfect body
 Never upon far-off shore outpour
 Its lifeblood. (He's five now,
 And war is to him some exciting game
 Where "good" and "bad" soldiers compete.
 O God, how to explain brotherhood's shame?)
 But, God, whatever happens, let him be brave,
 Brave enough to walk with Thee
 Even when his spirit is faltering,
 And seek to know Thy will even when he
 Is confused by life, tempted, depressed.
 Then let him find comfort in a song.
 Not all of life's battles are fought
 On battlefields. God, let him be strong.

Irene S. Shoemaker
 Twelve Mile, Ind.

see firsthand history being written, whether good or bad.

It has been a fruitful ministry and rewarding, not in terms of material riches or those things that might be important to modern society, but rewarding in those values which have no price tag and cannot be bought.

Why did I become a military chaplain? What have been the results? Hopefully, the above may reveal how my call and my ministry have unfolded under the grace and blessing of God.

I have been going to school in the world of people that I might know them better. In knowing them, maybe I can serve them bet-

ter—even if only in a small way. In serving them, perhaps I can win some for my blessed Lord, "whom to know is life eternal."

As the pastor of a military parish, I have dwelt as a father among his children in every congregation, community, and assignment. How aptly Paul says to the Corinthians: "Ye have ten thousand instructors . . . [Ye] have . . . not many fathers . . . In Christ Jesus I have begotten you through the gospel!"

This is the real success of my life—the winning of souls for Jesus. And this is the result of my ministry to the military—feeding the lambs and the sheep of the Savior's flock. □



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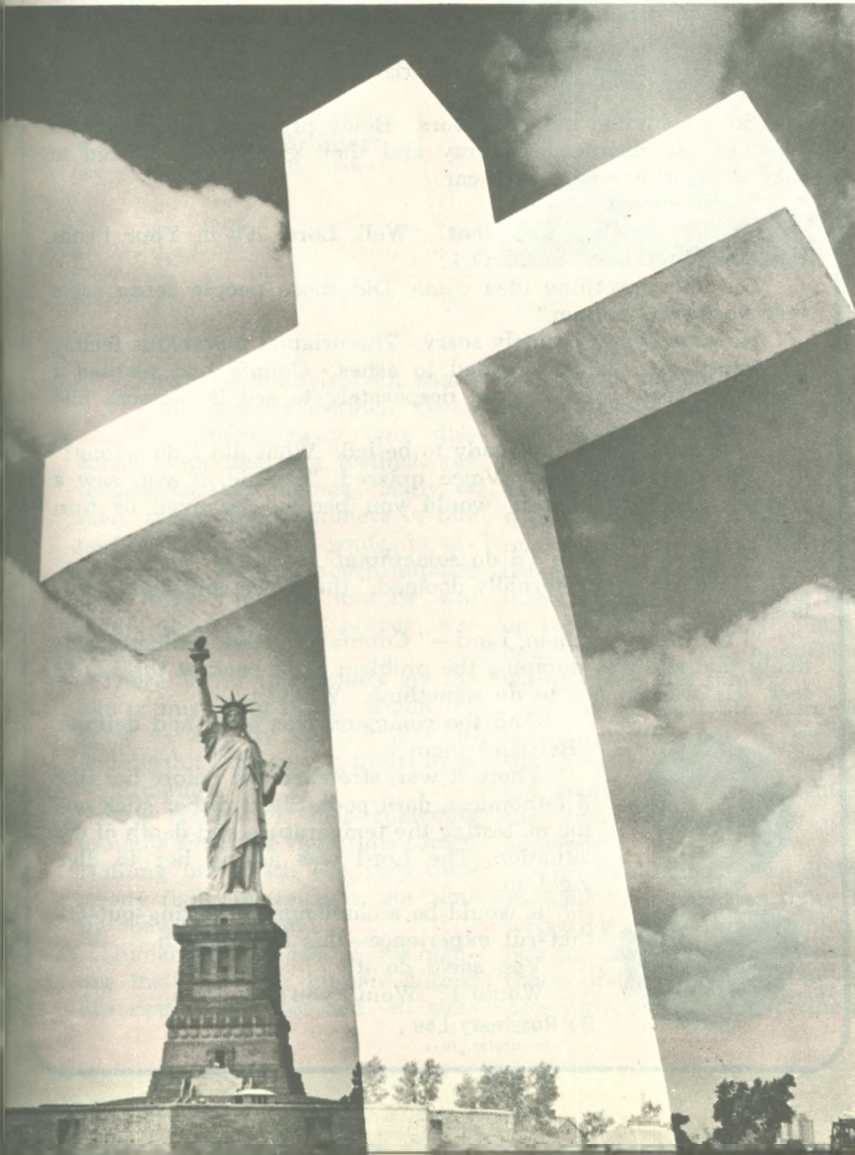
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THE HIGH COST OF THINGS THAT ARE FREE

*Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things . . .
but with the precious blood of Christ (I Peter 1:18-19).*

*Neither will I offer . . . unto the Lord my God of that which doth
cost me nothing (II Samuel 24:24).*

PHOTO BY DAVID S. STRICKLER



THINGS which we so often take for granted and as free may yet have cost someone a tremendous price.

I was convinced of this as I stood over the deck of the sunken battleship "Arizona" in Pearl Harbor while the guide explained that this national tomb was the final resting place of 1,200 gallant men and their officers who met death there, Sunday, December 7, 1941. I recalled the sound of the voice of H. V. Kaltenborn, who announced that tragedy over a nationwide radio hookup on that fateful day. Now after 25 years and more the oil slicks still rise to the surface of those waters.

My heart was filled with mixed emotions as I beheld the Hawaiian and United States flags fluttering in the trade winds, and realized to some extent what it had cost in American lives to keep them flying there. On of our tour members pointed out the name of a relative engraved on the wall of that now famous war memorial.

I

A few weeks prior to this we had stood with tear-dimmed eyes beneath the Filipino and American flags as they fluttered over the 17 acres of white crosses outside the city of Manila where Americans and Filipinos have memorialized those who died in that famous battle of Bataan and the defense of Corregidor.

We wept unashamedly as we remarked to our taxi driver that it had cost a supreme price to keep those flags aloft. He quietly remarked, "I had a brother in that 'death march' from Bataan."

We wandered through the hallways of that memorial and again our tour members found the names of relatives there. They had no white crosses in their honor. The great inscription reads: "Some there be which have no monument; their names live on." I wonder, do we really remember and appreciate their sacrifices?

I knelt before a white cross and read these words: "Here lies a comrade in arms, fallen in battle; he is known only to God." Those who buried his remains had been

unable to identify them. Then I remembered that he was representative of a host of men who were young like him, nor did they want to die. But I rejoice that they loved freedom more than life and were willing to purchase it for me at the supreme cost to themselves.

In the old fortress of the old city of Manila we viewed the torture chambers and saw the bullet-pocked wall where men faced the firing squads. All of which caused me to exclaim, "How costly is freedom!"

Too often we Americans take it for granted, forgetting that someone bought it for us at the cost of great sacrifice. It was Tom Paine who said: "Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as *freedom* should not be highly rated." Patrick Henry vowed that he preferred death to bondage.

Strangely enough, there are those among us today who would rather be safe in bondage. Yet other men sigh for lost insecurity, and the freedom that it carried, which they had not the sense to keep. It can be bought only through great risk and fidelity to high ideals.

Next to France, America is the most drunken of the world's nations. We are rapidly becoming unfit for self-government and ripe for a dictator's take-over. Remember, those who do not want the responsibility of self-discipline are ready for rule by tyrants.

In the third and fourth decade of this century even a nation of great industrialists and intellectuals like Germany kidded itself into thinking that it was the elite (*Herrenvolk*) of the world's populace. It was duped into grandiose ideas of Aryan superiority and plunged to the brink of ruin by a paper-hanging dictator. Let America not say, "It cannot happen here." Our affluence can easily beget a flabbiness that might sell us into the servitude of some *wild-beast demagogue* who is determined either to rule or ruin.

II

At Rome we paused for a look at the silent expanse of the Circus Maximus and realized that on that one spot more people died for their

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Faith at Home

Who? Me, Lord?

IF CONNIE asked once, she asked a dozen times, "Lord, do I really have to invite those new neighbors to church?"

She got the same answer every time. "Are you your brother's keeper?"

Like a fretful child, she posed excuses: "But, Lord, their children have impetigo and they're filthy. They'll steal anything you don't keep nailed down. They say nasty words to my youngsters. Why, with the least encouragement, they'll become an unbearable, everyday nuisance. Lord, do I really have to . . . ?"

Margaret, one of her dearest friends, drooled sympathy and remarked, "In our church people rarely bother bringing anyone—let alone undesirables. Oh, our members talk a good game, but precious little action is taken."

Connie recalled that Margaret's church was in a puzzling stage of no growth. Could that be the reason?

The Lord quietly interrupted her thoughts with, "Are the sins of hypocrites a good and right excuse for your failure, Connie?"

So she invited her neighbors. Being practical, she bought a huge can of disinfectant spray and then generously offered to take them in her very own car.

They refused.

At first she was indignant. "Well, Lord, it's in Your hands now. I did my best . . . didn't I?"

But the unsettling idea came, Did those people sense some reserve in my manner?

Now she was genuinely sorry. The original marvelous feeling of victory over herself turned to ashes. Connie had planted a wondrous seed. She wanted desperately to see it blossom into saved souls.

"All right, Lord, I'm ready to be led. What did I do wrong?"

The searching, inner Voice quizzed, "Connie, if you saw a tragedy about to happen, would you become involved or turn away?"

"O Lord, I'm sure I'd do *something!*"

"Here are souls eternally doomed," the Voice continued, "unless someone cares."

"I can pray for them, Lord—" Connie shivered, realizing suddenly that she was dumping the problem right back at the Lord's feet. He wanted *her* to do something. What?

And the command was clear and definite. "Befriend them."

There it was, stretched out before her like a fathomless, dark pool. She'd rather stick one toe in, testing the temperature and depth of the situation. The Lord was asking her to dive right in.

It would be a challenge—a getting-out-of-that-rut experience—this act of faith.

Yes, she'd do it!

Would I? Would you?



By **Rosemary Lee**
Worthington, Ohio

The Homing Instinct

• **By Olive W. Mumert**
Youngstown, Alberta, Canada



PHOTO BY MAX THARPE

BIRDS and animals both share the homing instinct. Some of them travel long distances with unerring instinct, returning to their homes. Many of them spend their summers in one part of the world and winter in another part. But an inborn impulse tells them when to migrate and guides them to their proper destination.

There is no uncertainty in the aim of migrating birds. Watch the geese as they fly south in the fall and north in the spring, in the huge V formation.

Fish return to their spawning grounds when the right time comes. Nothing but death can stop their steady fight upstream to the family spawning ground.

Humans possess less of this homing instinct. The human animal can readily get lost and—in spite

of superior mentality—may wander aimlessly, never managing to find his way home.

Yet in most humans there is the desire for home, for the place where they belong, where they can relax and be comfortable. We travel to new places, seeing nature's wonders, or visiting friends or relatives. But in the end the heart reaches out hungrily towards home and family.

In the spiritual life there is often an indifference in regard to the Christian's heavenly home. For too many of us are content—like the "hobo by choice"—to wander aimlessly.

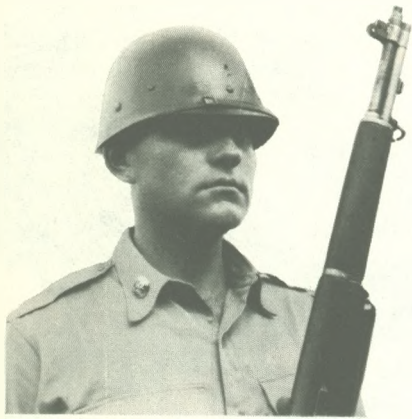
With Paul things were different. He said, ". . . this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize

of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus" (Philippians 3:13-14).

Watch those geese flying! Are they not reaching forward? They travel well above the earth, seeming to reach ahead, to have their sights focused on their destination.

It is time we took our eyes off of worldly things—wealth, pleasures, ambitions, and such—and turned them towards heavenly things. It is time we, as Christians, strengthen the homing instinct and set our sights on things above, with every movement aimed towards that heavenly home.

"Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith" (Hebrews 12:1-2). □



*A word from one
soldier to men
under arms . . .*

• **By Dean Fiedler**
Charlevoix, Mich.



WHEN

Shine That Shield

WHAT makes a fellow think that becoming a member of his country's armed forces is an excuse for letting his religion go? Of all the ways to make a mess of life, that's the surest. If you needed God back home in easygoing days, you need him no less now that you're in uniform.

Service life will test the reality of your Christian experience. Be sure of that. We can't snatch thousands of boys from their schools and farms and stores and offices, and bunch them together in camps or aboard ships, without the devil getting the very opportunity he is looking for. You're the luckiest boy in uniform if he hasn't been after you already. He will prove more than a match for you unless you accept God's help to lick him.

One of the grandest old fighters that the world has even seen, who knew a bit about soldier's ways and military equipment, listed the things that God has provided as protection against the attacks of Satan. Read it for yourself in Ephesians 6:10-18, and give special attention where he says, "Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked."

If you want to win in the war of right against wrong, be sure to shine that shield.

Your faith is the most precious thing you have and your strongest defense against your spiritual enemies. Prize it above everything else. Take no risks with it. Don't neglect it. Let nothing rob you of your faith.

Keep your faith bright by using the polish of prayer. Do that every day. Never let duty, and certainly not pleasure, keep you from your quiet time with the Lord.

You may have to make a little sanctuary in your heart when there are noise and disorder all around you, but you can do it if you will. Pray every day. Don't wait until you're in a tight spot before you seek the Lord. Keep regular appointments with Him. Shine your shield.

And here's another must: make daily use of the shine cloth of Bible reading. One of the sure ways to keep the shield of faith gleaming bright is to read God's Word.

When Jesus was in the wilderness and the devil focused all his fury upon Him, Jesus won victory by using the Word of God. Because our Lord knew the Scriptures, He had an answer for every Satanic lie.

You will find that a mind well-stored with Bible truth will be an unflinching safeguard when that old enemy turns his fire on you.

THE hope of all America hangs high. Based on statistics by the Veterans Administration, approximately 800,000 military persons will return to civilian life by the end of 1969. Not all, of course, will be Vietnam veterans, but a rather large percentage of them will. These, together with retiring personnel, national guard troops, and reservists, may constitute a military invasion on the home churches.

One question suspends probingly above us. Is the church really ready for them? What program exists in the local church to welcome them home?

A denominational program may not be the answer. The fact that each local church situation differs with its military constituents calls for a tailor-made response.

A welcoming ministry must accompany the return of military

Spare a moment some time, some place, to read your Bible.

If you are in doubt where to turn, here are some suggestions. In loneliness, read Genesis 28:18-22; John 14:25; Luke 4:1-13. In sickness, Psalms 23; I Peter 1:3-9. In danger, Psalms 91; Acts 27:18-25. At all times the Gospel of John will bring blessing to your soul.

As opportunity occurs, give the

Silence Is Golden

AN OLD German proverb states that "speech is silver; silence is golden." And the value of silence increases with time, for it is at a premium in this loud and noisy age.

John Drakeford tells in one of his books of a troubled man who went to his doctor and poured out his anxieties and his fears. After listening for a while, the doctor told his patient to take a day off and visit the beach. He gave the man an envelope and told him not to open it until he reached the beach.

On arrival at the beach, the anxiety-ridden man sought a quiet spot and opened the envelope the doctor had given him. On a small piece of paper the doctor had written: "Listen carefully."

Relating the experience later, the man told of what a rewarding day it was as he heard for the first time in years the lapping of the waves, the song of the bird, and the singing of the wind.

This troubled man soon found his problems dissipating and his pains vanishing. Silence had opened up new doors to his mind, his soul, and his body. And those opened doors brought healing.

This man's experience is a testimony to what Carlyle once said: "Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves."

Ann Morrow Lindbergh in her book, *Gift from the Sea*, tells of

(Continued on page 13)

• By Richard Neiderhiser
Kansas City

SERVICEMEN COME HOME ... are we ready for them?

personnel. The role of pastor and people must be that of understanding, assistance, and acceptance.

While a denominational program may not seem advisable, there are some things relating to the attitudes of pastor and people which are common to all churches receiving military persons returning to civilian life.

1. They are normal people. They would like to be treated that way. They want to be part of the civilian crowd.

2. Some may return with injuries. As much as possible, treat them as you always have.

3. Be excited about their return home. It's something to be thankful for.

4. Assure them of their place in the Christian mission of the church.

5. Encourage their continued spiritual and social development.

6. They will have some new ideas—about a lot of things. They have seen much of life at its worst. So they are not impressed by fanfare and fancy frills. The simple gospel makes an impact on them.

7. They will have some problems to solve—personal problems, jobs to find, housing to secure, adjustments to civilian society. Know when to share with them and when to let them be on their own.

In short, it should be the normal (but not routine) response by the church to minister to, and offer a participating ministry for, its returning military persons.

Perhaps the best way to sum it all up is to say, "Let the church be the church," fulfilling its purposes for all men in all situations of life. □

shield of faith that extra shine of Christian fellowship. It will mean much to you to worship with other men who share your beliefs and who are seeking to live for Christ. You can help them and they can help you as you gather to sing old-time songs and hymns, to unite in prayer, and to listen to the reading and preaching of God's Word. Go to worship service when you

can. It will do much to keep your faith bright.

One day in the goodness of God you will return home and to the home folks. Be sure to bring with you a character which has been protected and preserved by the shield of faith. You owe it to yourself. You owe it to those you love most. You owe it to your Lord.

So SHINE THAT SHIELD. □

Editorially Speaking

● By W. T. PURKISER

On Dealing with Defeats

The experience of defeat is never pleasant to consider. We would much rather think only of our victories. But if we are to be honest with ourselves and others and honest with our Lord, we may as well face up to the fact that most of us some of the time and some of us most of the time are not as victorious as we ought to be.

One of Charles Schulz's cartoon strips pictures Pitcher Charlie Brown walking off the mound after his ill-fated Peanuts baseball team had lost the game, 184 to 0. Charlie's discouraged question is, "How can we lose when we're so sincere?" But sincere or not, we may not win them all.

There is every indication, of course, that God's purpose for His people is a life of uninterrupted victory. That some enjoy such victory tends to prove that all can. Yet many do not.

Some of our defeats come from factors over which we have little or no control. Lack of sound judgment, ignorance, forgetfulness, maladjustments that may go back to childhood and early experiences, weakness of body and mind may all contribute to spiritual defeats.

Other defeats come from our own carelessness. Failure to cultivate a strong spiritual life through disciplined devotion, haphazard and unplanned living, preoccupation with secondary matters—these and many other factors may undermine the defenses of the soul.

THEN THERE ARE some defeats that should be called what they are—sins.

We should not, even for a moment, lose sight of the positive statements of Scripture: "Whosoever abideth in him sinneth not . . . He that committeth sin is of the devil . . . Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin" (I John 3:6-9).

The Apostle John wrote, "If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." To deny that such cleansing is needed is to deceive ourselves and lack the truth (I John 1:7-8).

The purpose of John's writing, in fact, is "that ye sin not"; and the grammar is such as to imply, "not even a single time." Yet in this same positive, unqualified context, John goes on, "And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and he is the

propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world" (I John 2:1-2).

That there is no mistaking the meaning here, note the apostle's careful choice of words. It is not "When every Christian sins" or even "When any man sins." The sin is not expected. There is no suggestion that it is necessary. The statement is conditional, and like every conditional statement, it implies the possibility of its opposite.

Yet when defeat comes, even to the point of impulsive and unpremeditated transgression of God's law, the case is not hopeless. There is an instant remedy. Immediate confession brings immediate forgiveness and cleansing. Christ is the "Mercy Seat" for His own in the moment of tragic defeat as well as "for the sins of the whole world."

It is true that some have not recognized this possibility. The result is either heartless condemnation to total backsliding of the defeated Christian or, what is even worse, the denial of the fact of sin when such a fact is perfectly obvious to all except the guilty party.

In either case, defeat which could be temporary then becomes permanent. Unconfessed guilt is hidden behind an even more pious front. Truth and reality take second place to pretense and saving face.

But God has so made us that we cannot live with unconfessed sin. So all sorts of defenses are built up to protect self-esteem.

The guilty soul becomes suspicious, critical, touchy, and defensive. Others must be torn down in order to build up the crippled ego.

In extreme cases, actual physical collapse takes place for which there is no medical cure. For while the conscious mind may reject the truth, the heart does not forget.

THERE IS BASICALLY only one way to deal with defeats of whatever sort and from whatever source. That is to be totally honest about the problems involved and to seek both the reason and remedy for the defeat in question. The relationship with God which the defeat itself would only momentarily disturb is destroyed completely by any dishonesty in dealing with it.

God makes no allowance for defeat, but He has made provision for it. The provision is in the atoning death of His Son, our Advocate.

Let no one accept defeat as inevitable or per-

manent. Even defeats can in the end strengthen the person who will face them honestly and forthrightly, for they reveal weaknesses against which there must be stronger guard.

But let us have no doubt as to the source of our victory. It is not in blithely denying the obvious. It is not our own strength of purpose and will alone. With Paul we may say, "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ" (I Corinthians 15:57). "And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith" (I John 5:4). □

Your Will Is You

For centuries, men have argued about the central core of the human self. Not all their theories have been completely wrong. Not many of them are entirely right.

Some will have it that the center of our being as creatures in the image of God is intellect, the capacity for thought. What distinguishes man from the animals, they have said, is the power of reason.

That we are—or ought to be—thinking beings is beyond argument. In a very real sense, As a man "thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Yet reason scarcely qualifies as the true center of personal existence. Like Paul during his "seventh chapter of Romans" life, the Roman poet Ovid wrote:

*My reason this, my passion that persuades,
I see the right, and I approve it, too;
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong
pursue.*

When there is a contest between reason and passion, reason almost always comes off second best.

Others find the core of human selfhood in the emotions, the feelings and desires that are so clamorous and so ever-present.

Again, we must admit that feeling is an important element in our total makeup. Emotions are powerful drives, and there would be little motion without e-motion.

Yet again the part must not be taken for the whole. To live by feelings, to be captive to the whim of the moment, is to wind up in aimless futility.

To be without feeling would be to be less than human. To be nothing but feeling would be sheer surrender to forces that may drag man lower than the beasts.

The third suggestion puts will at the center of our personal existence. While we still must not take the part for the whole, there is much to be said for this point of view.

Our reason and our emotions may be influ-

enced by a score of factors completely outside ourselves. But however we may be conditioned by environment and however strong the forces that push or pull us one way or another, the ultimate decision comes from within. Whatever has your will has you.

NOWHERE IS THIS more clearly seen than in the spiritual life. Conversion begins, for us, with choice.

Jesus said, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me" (Revelation 3:20). That He must knock before we open, we gladly concede. But it is equally clear that He will not come in until—on purpose—we open the door.

We can exercise reason. We are swayed by emotion. But our wills are ourselves.

This truth helps at a crucial point in the life of holiness.

It is possible for the intellect of the most soundly sanctified person on earth to be plagued with questions. Quite apart from the suspicious doubtings of a carnal heart, there are the doubts and uncertainties that are the expression of probing minds.

It is also possible for the emotions of the most soundly sanctified person on earth to be depressed. Feelings are conditioned by a multitude of factors, physical and psychological, which we but dimly understand and can do little to control.

But the will is the real you. When your will is on God's side, you are on God's side. The questions will come and go. The feelings will rise and fall. But the will can and must be fixed on one goal and one alone—the full purpose of God for our lives.

John Wesley wrote a letter to a Mrs. Bennis on January 18, 1774, in which he said: "A will steadily and uniformly devoted to God is essential to a state of sanctification, but not a uniformity of joy or peace or happy communion with God. These may rise and fall in various degrees; nay, and may be affected either by the body or by diabolical agency, in a manner which all our wisdom can neither understand nor prevent."

Dr. Roy S. Nicholson expressed it in charming colloquialism: "You may arise some morning feeling worse all over than you do anywhere else; but at that very time you can be as holy, in fact, as when you felt like you were floating around in some seventh heaven experience."

"A will steadily and uniformly devoted to God" is the real self, sanctified and sustained by the grace of God. We must wrestle with our questions and cope with our moods. But our "calling and election" is sure when the will is on God's side. □

"Foxhole religion" sometimes works . . .

A Letter from a Sailor to His Foster Parents

DEAR EDYTHE AND MARVIN:

I found the Lord! That's right! People have always said that the Lord works in strange ways, and I know for a fact, He really does.

You see, I was given a 42-hour pass the other day. Since it was a nice day I thought I would go to the beach.

I had been there for about four hours. The sky had gotten darker without my noticing it. All of a sudden it started raining and it was really coming down hard. I was soaking wet by the time I found a place out of the rain.

It was a cave. It went back about 100 feet. All I had to see with was my lighter. I looked around for something to build a fire with, because I was very cold. Then all of a sudden my lighter went out, and I couldn't get it lit.

I was in the pitch-dark for about four hours and scared to death—not only of the dark, but a storm had come in and the water wouldn't go down, and there was no way to get out!

Then for the strangest reason I said, "O God, help me!" At that very moment, all my fear went away! I had a warm sensation all over my body, and it wasn't dark in the cave anymore.

As a matter of fact I could see very clearly. But what caught my eye was a small, white stone which seemed to be glowing like a light bulb!

Then I was really scared! I shook like I've never shook before. The next thing I knew I was praying harder than anyone had ever prayed before! I must have prayed for hours. When I stopped praying and looked up, all the water was gone from the cave. I walked outside into the most beautiful weather that you have ever seen.

One of the warmest mornings that God has ever made was all around me. I fell to my knees and started crying. The first thing I thought about was a wonderful family named the Frenches, and how right they had been, and how I pushed them aside as if they were trash!

I thought of how much trouble I've made for you and how I turned a happy home into a home of hate!

Oh, you'll never know how sorry I am for what I've done to you and the kids, and I ask you if you will forgive me for all the wrong things that I have done!

I would have called you and told you the good news, but I didn't get out of the hospital until this afternoon. The most wonderful part, I came out with not even a sniffle, thanks to the Lord!

Another good thing happened to me. I took the fireman test and passed that! Now I'm an OCFN instead of an OCFA! Come the first of the month, I'll take the third-class test, and with God's help I'll pass that.

Oh, I wished you were here so I could tell you in person, but I guess this letter will have to do. I have to go on watch in about five minutes and three seconds, so I'll try and write more to you next time.

Love, RALPH

P.S.: Keep praying for me, like you have been and ask the church to pray too!

(Forwarded by Mr. and Mrs. Marvin French, San Jose, Calif.)

The High Cost . . .

(Continued from page 6)

faith than on any other location of this earth. They were wrapped in flax and dipped in pitch to become the flaming torches to light Rome's sensual orgies and nocturnal celebrations.

The ruins of the Colosseum give mute testimony to the extreme cost of our Christian faith. Not then did an iron cross stand in the place of Caesar's box seat. It was the historic meeting place of Christians with carnivorous wild beasts, maddened

with hunger to anxious destruction of their victims.

In the old Mamertine Prison we read the apostle's last testimony: "I am already being offered; the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith."

We drove the Appian Way to the catacombs, where the limestone tunnels run for 90 miles—many of the tombs still unexplored—where rest the bones of the multitudes who died for the sake of their faith.

Such experiences and sights make one cry out: "How costly is FAITH!"

These, too, loved something better than life itself. They sealed their testimonies with a martyr's death. I wonder, Have we who call ourselves Christians forgotten? The faith we take for granted was passed on to us at great sacrifice.

I stood outside the old city wall at Jerusalem and beheld a skull-shaped hill above and beyond a rock-hewn tomb. We had just concluded our Lord's Day sunrise service in the Garden and were rejoicing that Christ is risen.

But then in my reverie I could see three crosses silhouetted against a

A NEW MINISTRY FOR LAYMEN

darkened sky. On the midmost the Son of God was dying for the others and for me.

There God gave His Son, and there Jesus gave His life. On that hill His cross was raised that He, an innocent Sufferer because of human sin, might forever silence the blasphemy that FORGIVENESS is cheap. As John Moreland has stated it:

*The hands of Christ
Seem very frail,
For they were broken
By a nail.*

*But only they
Reach heaven at last
Whom these frail, broken
Hands hold fast.**

How costly is FORGIVENESS! It took the blood of the loveliest and best in all of God's universe to purchase it for us.

Right well does the English poet recall three significant hills in his own memory:

*There is a hill in England,
Green fields and a school I
know,
Where the balls fly fast in summer,
And the whispering elm trees
grow;
A little hill, a dear hill,
And the playing fields below.*

*There is a hill in Flanders,
Heaped with a thousand slain,
Where the shells fly night and
noontide
And the ghosts that died in
vain—
A little hill, a hard hill,
To the souls that died in pain.*

*There is a hill in Jewry,
Three crosses pierce the sky,
On the midmost He is dying
To save all those who die;
A little hill, a kind hill,
To those in jeopardy.***

Yes, life's blessings may be yours for the taking, but *don't ever forget* how much they cost someone so that you might have them for FREE! Silver and gold could not purchase them. Their cost was much higher than this.

Let us thank God and all who suffered to bring to us these blessings of FREEDOM, FAITH, and FORGIVENESS. And let us affirm with David: "Neither will I offer . . . unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing." □

*John Moreland, "His Hands," published in the *Personalist*, used by permission.

**Everard, "There Is a Hill," published in the *Personalist*, October, 1920, p. 63. Permission granted.



DR. MARK R. MOORE (left), president of Trevecca Nazarene College, presents Harry G. Hemmerly, president of Hemmerly Realty Co., Trevecca's "Dollar-a-Year Representative Award" for having secured two students and \$1,000 for the school.

ONE of the most popular topics for discussion these days in church deliberative meetings is that of lay involvement in the denominational program. In the past the ministry has been expected to carry all or a major part of the leadership and organizational burden of the church.

To say that the ministry desperately needs the help of the laymen in the total program of the Church is to say what everybody already knows. But how to get this involvement is a question for which the ministry everywhere would like a better answer than is generally known.

An answer to the question in one area of the Church's work has been found by Trevecca Nazarene College. It is the recently inaugurated Dollar-a-Year representative program. Adopted by the board of trustees, it calls for volunteers to serve in the dual capacity of student recruitment and fund raising.

Each of these representatives, working under the general supervision of the president and board of trustees and guided by the Director of Development and Public Relations, agrees to assist in recruiting at least two students and in raising \$1,000 from sources outside the church. At the end of the school year each individual who is successful in his endeavor is given special recognition at commencement exercises and a beautiful plaque containing a silver dollar—in keeping with the Dollar-a-Year idea.

Obviously, the challenge of this program is not the \$1.00 salary but the opportunity to serve the church and its youth. In this official relationship should be a challenge to all laymen, and especially all those laymen who are business or professional men and as such have financial contacts.

Laymen who accept the challenge of this opportunity are not looking for reward. But rewards of eternal significance will be theirs. Those who assist in the rescue and preparation of our precious young people serve both the present and future church and add infinitely to the riches of eternity.

—CHARLES L. CHILDERS
TNC, Nashville

Silence Is . . .

(Continued from page 9)

sitting with a friend by the seaside. Silence ruled their moments, for the sea and the surrounding atmosphere were so alive with refreshment and with renewal. She wrote of that experience: "The communication becomes communion and one is nourished as one never is by words."

It is another way of saying, "Silence is golden." And while the phrase is old, the meaning lingers.

Silence can be gold—and more. It can unlock the troubles that bother life and let them flow out into the

light of examination and prayer. In silence, healing thoughts can wash our minds. In silence, there can be fostered a new atmosphere in our souls—an atmosphere of peace and confidence.

Out of our silent moments can come renewal for all of life. Silence can touch our lives with spiritual influences. Silence can allow God to speak. And where God speaks, He speaks words of guidance, of encouragement, and of comfort. God speaks the very words our hearts need to hear if life is to be meaningful.

No man is adequate who does not linger for a while in silence. Such a man hears only the call of the world. And often that call is a call that leads to frustration, to anxiety, and to fear. Life needs the dimension of silence to set in proper perspective the priorities of life.

"Listen carefully," is good advice for all of us. Silence allows us to draw from spiritual resources which enrich our lives and lift us above the battle. And from such moments we come forth as conquerors. □

"FACE OF THE AMERICAN DEAD" IN VIETNAM

Sfc. Charles A. (Chuck) Jones, 29, died in action May 22 from wounds received on a combat mine-sweep operation near the village of My



Jones

Thanh, Kien Hoa Province, Vietnam.

He received multiple wounds to his neck, abdomen, and all extremities when a booby-trapped, 105-MM, Viet Cong mine exploded.

The accompanying photo of Sfc. Jones appeared in the June 27 issue of *Life* in the feature article, "Faces of the American Dead."

Jones is survived by his wife, Bernnice, of Modesto, Calif., three children, Crystal, eight; Terry, six; and Stuart, four; and his mother and stepfather, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Bullard, Marshall, Mo.

His funeral was conducted by Rev. Randal Denny, pastor of Modesto (Calif.) First Church, and Rev. Densel McFadden, pastor of El Paso (Tex.) Grace Church. □

SALVATION

The Father thought it;
The Son brought it;
The Blood bought it;
The Bible taught it;
The Spirit wrought it;
The devil fought it;
Faith caught it;
And I'VE GOT IT.

—Selected



Missions Is People

● By W. Lee Gann
Pearl City, Hawaii

ONCE again I am made to exclaim—
Missions pay!

As I sat cross-legged on a Samoan mat and watched the sparks jump from the campfire and rise between the cocoa and mango trees, I thanked God for the men, the method, and the money which brought the Church of the Nazarene to Samoa.

For over an hour I sat while more than 60 people ringed the great fire to sing and testify and thus bring to a close another day of activities at the third Samoan youth camp at Lotopa on the island of Upolu in Western Samoa. One by one they would stand, and in a language I could not understand, give praise to God and before sitting down lead in singing a hymn or chorus. A young man who came to camp a member of another faith closed his testimony by singing "The Old Rugged Cross." The melody and spirit of the song made up for what

was lost in words, and my heart responded with a glad "Amen!"

Yes, I know it is not as easy to get many folk inspired and motivated to give when it is called home missions; but anyone who could have been with me that week would know that missions is people by whatever label we choose to use.

Had you been there you would agree that the money invested, the eight years of life invested by Rev. and Mrs. Jarrell Garsee, and the leadership now given by Rev. and Mrs. Jerry Appleby have not and will not be wasted! Some of the finest and most promising young people to be found anywhere are coming through our Samoan churches in American Samoa, Western Samoa, and Hawaii.

Let Nazarenes everywhere pray for our Polynesians and at Thanksgiving time remember that missions is PEOPLE and missions PAY! □



THE JARRELL GARSEES . . .
as they appeared in the field.



THE JERRY APPLEBYS . . .
as they left for the field.

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NAZARENE CHAPLAINS IN ACTIVE DUTY

September 15, 1969

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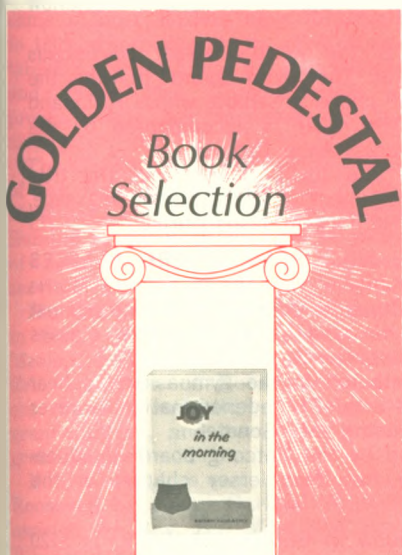
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JOY IN THE MORNING

By Kathryn Blackburn Peck

As the title suggests, these 59 poems are especially designed for those who have experienced heartache and tragedy. For all such who have wept in the valley of sorrow, the promise of "joy in the morning" comes as a bright ray of hope.

Mrs. Peck writes with the understanding of personal anguish and suffering induced by misfortune and illness. There is a depth of warmth and sympathy as well as the confidence and radiance which comes only to those who have traveled the lone road of distress and affliction and have emerged into the bright sunshine of unwavering faith and undimmed hope.

For your own spiritual uplift or as a gift to some beleaguered friend, here are gems of inspiration and devotion. 56 pages. Paper.

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NEWS OF RELIGION

You Should Know About . . .

THE DONELSON CHURCH, Nashville, was dedicated by General Superintendent V. H. Lewis, assisted by District Superintendent C. E. Shumake. Rev. Everett Robertson has been pastor of the church since 1957.

MOVING MINISTERS

David Dooley accepted the newly organized church at Woodstock, Va.

C. L. Elston from evangelistic field to Detroit Trinity.

T. J. Farlow from Grand Bay, Ala., to Brent (Ala.) Spencer.

Dale E. Galloway from Lawrence, Kans., to Portland (Ore.) Central.

Billy Jordan from Laurel, Miss., to Pearl River, La.

H. L. Kennedy from Tampa (Fla.) Sulphur Springs to retirement.

Robert Lambert layman from Livermore, Calif., to pastor Eureka (Calif.) Humboldt Hill.

Bob Madison from Science Hill, Ky., to Nashville Bethel.

Ben Marlin from Gainesville (Fla.) First to evangelistic field.

Nelson G. Mink from principal of Australian Nazarene Bible College to Arcata, Calif.



"Showers of Blessing" Program Schedule

Dr. William Fisher

November 9—"All This and Heaven Too!" and "This Means Happiness"

November 16—"All This and Heaven Too!" and "This Means Healing"

VITAL STATISTICS

DEATHS

WILLIAM D. PARSONS, 91, died Sept. 13 in Nampa, Idaho. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Jim Bond and Dr. John E. Riley. Survivors include his wife, Jennie; six sons, Lawrence, Phillip, Paul, Marion, Ralph, and Don; one daughter, Margaret Koolhof; 20 grandchildren; 16 great-grandchildren; and one sister.

MRS. VIRGINIA HARRIS, 53, died Aug. 31 in Marion, Ind. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. John W. Barrick. She is survived by her husband, Oscar; and one daughter, Mrs. Dolores Webb.

BIRTHS

—to Bruce and Donna (Smith) Mossman, Lubbock, Tex., twins, David Wayne and Deborah Kay, Sept. 10.

DIRECTORY

BOARD OF GENERAL SUPERINTENDENTS—Office: 6401 The Paseo, Kansas City 64131. V. H. Lewis, Chairman; George Coulter, Vice-chairman; Edward Lawlor, Secretary; Orville W. Jenkins, Eugene L. Stowe, Samuel Young.

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"OLD FASHIONED REVIVAL HOUR" CHANGES NAME, SPEAKER. The Sunday radio program of the late Charles E. Fuller now features David Allan Hubbard as permanent speaker and has changed its name to "The Joyful Sound," according to Daniel P. Fuller, son of the founder and director of the sponsoring Gospel Broadcasting Association.

Formerly called the "Old Fashioned Revival Hour," the new title, "The Joyful Sound," is a phrase taken from the program's theme song, "Jesus Saves" and from Psalms 89:15, "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound."

The worldwide radio program is the world's oldest continuous broadcast of the gospel. The format of "The Joyful Sound" features the popular "Old Fashioned Revival Hour" choral ensemble which H. Leland Green has directed for 25 years. The choir is accompanied by the famed pianist Rudy Atwood and organist Anne Ortlund.

According to the new speaker, "The Joyful Sound" was the title chosen because "it captures the excitement of the Christian message, the good news that God has shown His love in Jesus Christ."

SCHOOL DROPS CONFRONTATION, WILL PRAY BEFORE CLASSES BEGIN. The little New Jersey community of Netcong in western Morris County made plans to defy the U.S. Supreme Court's prohibition against public school prayer, but decided to read a prayer before classes officially begin and arrange volunteer attendance.

On opening day 300 students gathered in the gymnasium to hear the principal, Vincent M. Togno, read a brief non-denominational prayer that previously had been read before the U.S. Senate.

The change in plans was ordered by the Netcong board of education in face of a court attack by the New Jersey chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union.

FAKE PRIEST ROBS WIDOW. A widow in Burlingame, Calif., is \$120 poorer, bilked by a "priest" who said his hobby was installing burglar alarms.

"Father Michael J. McGurk" earlier performed Mass in a San Francisco home and got away with \$9.00.

The widow, Mildred E. Pichel, said the archdiocese of San Francisco has no record of any priest by that name—the man she paid in advance so he "could purchase the materials" for the burglar alarm. They have never come.

NEW PRESIDENT FOR ORIENTAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY. Dr. Wesley L. Duetzel is the new president of the Oriental Missionary Society headquartered at Greenwood, Ind. He succeeds Dr. Eugene A. Erny, who led OMS for two decades as president.

The new president has been with the agency 29 years, 25 of them in India as a missionary.

As president emeritus, Dr. Erny looks forward to a continuing ministry as he resumes the editorship of "Revival" magazine, a periodical he started during his missionary work in India.

"THE CHILDREN'S NEW TESTAMENT" POPULAR. Some 12,000 copies of "The Children's New Testament" have been sold a month ahead of the publication date, say the editors of Word Books of Waco, Tex. The publication is not a Bible story book but a wholly new translation, Word says.

Says Professor Curtis Vaughan of the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary in Fort Worth: "Translating the New Testament into the language of children is complicated both by the profoundness of the New Testament message and the strangeness of the New Testament world."

IT SAYS HERE:—America an ill-mannered country? Never! We pay more than \$10 million a year just to add the word "please" to our telegrams. —"Today's Secretary"

Late News

NAZARENE PIONEER DIES AT 102

Mrs. Edward E. Corson died at her home at Roosevelt, Okla., shortly before her one hundred and third birthday. She was born November 21, 1866, in Knox County, Mo., and attended the holiness college at College Mound, Mo.

Mrs. Corson and her husband became pioneer settlers near Roosevelt in 1903, where they were active in establishing schoolhouse Sunday schools and where Mrs. Corson began to preach while her husband led the singing.

The Corsons were charter members of the Hobart, Okla., Church of the Nazarene, and Mrs. Corson taught Sunday school until she was 90 years of age, driving 18 miles to each service.

Her husband preceded her in death in 1946. She is survived by a son, Merle, of Hobart; a daughter, Mrs. Erle Saunders, of Roosevelt. There are three grandchildren, 10 great-grandchildren, and two great-great-grandchildren.

Funeral services were conducted at Roosevelt by Pastor Garland Wallace, assisted by Rev. Bill Moss and Rev. Bill Gentry. □

OF PEOPLE AND PLACES

MR. AND MRS. JOHN R. CROSS of Weston, Ontario, Canada, celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary with a reception given by the Emmanuel Church of Toronto, where they have been active members since



HUSH PUPPY SHOES—4,000 of them—were donated by the Wolverine Shoe Company to the Grand Rapids (Mich.) First Church for distribution to Nazarene missionaries. Helping in the packing and shipping of the shoes were several churches in the Grand Rapids area and those shown in the photo. From left, they are, Dr. Jeriel Beard, local surgeon; Rev. Carl Baker, First Church pastor; Mrs. Fred Hawk, Michigan District NWMS president; Mrs. Bessie Oost, local boxwork chairman; and Mrs. Dorothy Woudstra, local NWMS president. Total value of the "puppies" amounted to \$32,000.

the beginning days 35 years ago. A daughter, Thora Williams, lives in Chicago; a son, Jack, Jr., resides in Bramalea near Toronto; and another son, Grant, is the pastor of the Church of the Nazarene in Erie, Pa. Approximately 125 friends and relatives were on hand for the occasion. □

NEWS OF REVIVAL

PASTOR DALE SIDLE reports a successful revival with Evangelist John W. Harrold in the Charlestown, Ind., church in which 50 persons went forward as seekers. Mr. Sidle has been pastor of the congregation for six years. □

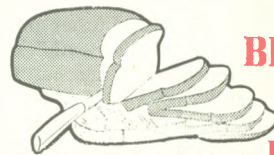


FIVE SISTERS from historic church. According to information furnished by Arthur McFall, of Peoria, Ill., the Maples Mill (Ill.) Church is the oldest active Nazarene church east of the Rocky Mountains. It was organized in 1902 and was then a part of the Fulton County Holiness Association. The five sisters pictured are, from left, Mrs. Lois Smith, Mrs. Mildred Caldwell, Mrs. Beulah Wilcoxon, Mrs. Ercell Baker, and Mrs. Gladys Wilcoxon. The latter is a charter member and church organist for the past 25 years. Maples Mill pastor is Rev. Glenn A. Jordan.



AN ADULT SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS with a vision is this one at the Wartburg, Tenn., church. In its monthly class meetings at the members' homes, they plan ways to sponsor and finance remodeling and upkeep projects on the church and parsonage. Teacher of the class is Mrs. Bessie Jones (third from right, front row). Other officers (from left, front) are Arthur Jones, class president; Ralph Jones, superintendent; Rev. Gary Jones, pastor; and Mrs. Gary Jones, secretary.

Others Need
**THE
BREAD
OF
LIFE**



1969
THANKSGIVING OFFERING
for World Evangelism

Next Sunday's Lesson

The Answer Corner

By W. E. McCumber

THE FAITH OF GOD'S REMNANT (November 9)

Scripture: Lamentations 3:19-40; Ezekiel 18 (Printed: Lamentations 3:19-33)

Golden Text: Lamentations 3:22-23

In exile a remnant of Judah learned the meaning of their judgment and began to trust God anew.

1. *God's mercy affirmed* (Lamentations 3:19-24)

The unnamed writer sees the captivity of Judah as an expression of God's mercy. They deserve to be utterly consumed but are preserved by His unfailing compassion. Divine mercy has stripped them of every false refuge, that they might recognize God as their sole, true Hope. Suffering has taught them to say, "The Lord is my portion . . . therefore will I hope in him."

2. *God's goodness affirmed* (Lamentations 3:25-33)

"The Lord is good," and therefore it is good for a man to reflect on the reason for his suffering, while he waits for His salvation.

Three things are affirmed in faith regarding the divine wrath that punishes: (1) The punishment is not final (v. 31); (2) God's mercy exceeds His anger (v. 32); (3) For this reason He is reluctant to inflict suffering, even to the point of suffering in His people's suffering (v. 33).

3. *God's holiness affirmed* (Lamentations 3:34-36)

That God is loath to afflict, and "will not cast off for ever," cannot mean that He has become indifferent toward sin.

Three examples of evil that "the Lord approveth not" are given (1) inhumane treatment of prisoners, (2) subversion of justice, and (3) fraudulent handling of business. Perhaps the exiles suffered these wrongs from their captors, and even practiced them upon their brothers.

4. *God's sovereignty affirmed* (Lamentations 3:37-40)

No evil forces can withstand the will of God. Whatever happens to men, therefore, has God for its ultimate cause (v. 38). As Luther put it, even the devil is "God's devil," subject to His controlling purpose. God rules the world!

Such faith destroys the complaining spirit and prompts honest heart-searching and genuine repentance (vv. 39-40). Then will wrath yield to mercy and the captive be redeemed. □

Conducted by W. T. Purkiser, Editor

We have been urged to write to NASA backing the astronauts in their Bible reading from space, and to send the letters through an independent radio program. Is this wise?

By all means, write to NASA (National Aeronautical and Space Agency) if you wish to do so. But send the letter direct to the Space Flight Center, Houston, Tex. 77000—which is all the address you need.

I see little advantage in getting your name on somebody's mailing list, particularly if you don't have personal acquaintance with the backers of the project.

My father raised us under a strict moral code and such things as decency and honesty are part of my bone, it seems—so much so that, when I read Exodus 3:21-22, it is hard to understand that this was not dishonesty to the point of stealing.

You are indeed fortunate to have had such a background.

Verse 22 in the KJV reads, "But every woman shall borrow of her neighbour, and of her that sojourneth in her house, jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment . . ." The same idea is found in 11:2; 12:35.

Actually, "borrow" is the wrong word

to translate the original Hebrew. It literally means to demand, or ask. It implies no repayment. It is translated "require" in II Samuel 3:13; 12:30; and Psalms 137:3, where there is no suggestion of a loan involved.

What the Hebrews took was just partial recompense for their years of slavery.

Why is the Church of the Nazarene opposed to having rummage sales?

Chiefly because we believe God's plan for financing His work is by tithes and offerings.

Commercialism in the name of the church can only cheapen the gospel.

What kind of God is He whose church has to be supported by selling cast-off articles of clothing or any of the used, surplus articles that gather around the home?

If you have such items to dispose of, and would like to be able to give an

offering to the church, why not have a garage sale on your own and donate the proceeds? Only, keep the name of the church out of the picture.

Long experience has shown that where profit-making suppers, sales, auctions, bingo, and what have you, are used to finance the religious program of the church, people tend to substitute these things for sacrificial giving of tithes and offerings.

Was the fall of Satan before, during, or after God created man? Did it have any effect on God's reason for putting the "tree of life" in the Garden of Eden, knowing that Satan would be there to tempt man?

Every indication is that Satan fell before man was created. This would, of course, preclude any literal identification of the Lucifer of Isaiah 14 with Satan, since Lucifer is identified as the king of Babylon (Isaiah 14:4) who had oppressed the kings and nations of the world (Isaiah 14:6-10).

The serpent was on hand before there were any human occupants of earth besides Adam and Eve (Genesis 3:1).

I suspect you mean "tree of the knowledge of good and evil" (Genesis 2:17) rather than "tree of life" (Genesis 2:9, 22), since it was the "tree of the knowledge of good and evil" that became the focal point of the serpent's suggestion to Eve.

The tree of life was apparently God's provision for perpetuation of man's

physical life in the Garden of Eden. It appears again in Revelation 22:2 and 14 as a symbol of eternal life.

There seems to be a twofold significance to the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. As Dr. Livingston suggests in the *Beacon Bible Commentary*, "The two opposites *good and evil* represent the extremes of knowledge and thus serve as an idiom for completeness—in this case, omniscience and power." Part of the incentive for partaking was that Adam and Eve would become "as gods" (Hebrew, *Elohim*, God).

But the tree also represented the limits which true moral life require. Power to choose implies power to choose wrongly. Paradoxically, there can be no freedom without limits.

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“By All Means...

JUST A CUP OF WATER

A SOUL dying of thirst! Mine. No one seemed to care. Then one of God's faithful children supplied a cup of eternal water, and the soul lived!

It wasn't great preaching that won my soul to God, nor fine organizations, nor beautiful buildings. It was the ministry of the Good Samaritan, the widow's pennies, the love and care for that little child.

It happened almost 23 years ago, while serving in the U.S. Navy. Fed up with all churches and calling all men hypocrites, I was staggering in the world of the wicked and (classified by many) the hopelessly lost. Still in my soul I cried for something, just a cup of cool, refreshing peace!

In the navy bakery as I rolled the dough, a different sort of sailor worked next to me. A sailor with such strange actions—no dirty stories, words, or habits. Strange! Very strange! When I questioned about his actions, he said he was a holiness preacher! A what?! Boy, oh, boy, I'll break this fellow down and prove him a fake like all the rest. Well, I tried, I really tried! But to no avail.

A few days later, penniless, friendless,

and staggering down the lonely streets of Charleston, I met my workmate, the holiness fellow.

“John,” he said, “would you eat supper with me? I'll buy it.”

Could it be true? The man I had laughed at, made fun of, and called names was buying food for me? True. As he quietly said his grace and ate, he didn't preach at me; he only showed concern for my lonely, wicked self. We finished our meal; he paid the bill, saying, “John, take care and don't get into trouble.” As he walked out the door, I sat there stunned, watching and saying to myself, *If ever I get religion, that's the kind I want!*

The taste of real Christianity was just enough that evening to send me searching for my friend's secret of happiness and joy. Now I can also say that for 22 years I have testified and preached holiness of heart everywhere I go.

Please, Lord, I pray, may I too give some soul just a cup of water today!

—JOHN C. FOLTZ
Mooreville, N.C.

SAVE SOME

1 Cor. 9:22