

August 16, 1967

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OF HOLINESS

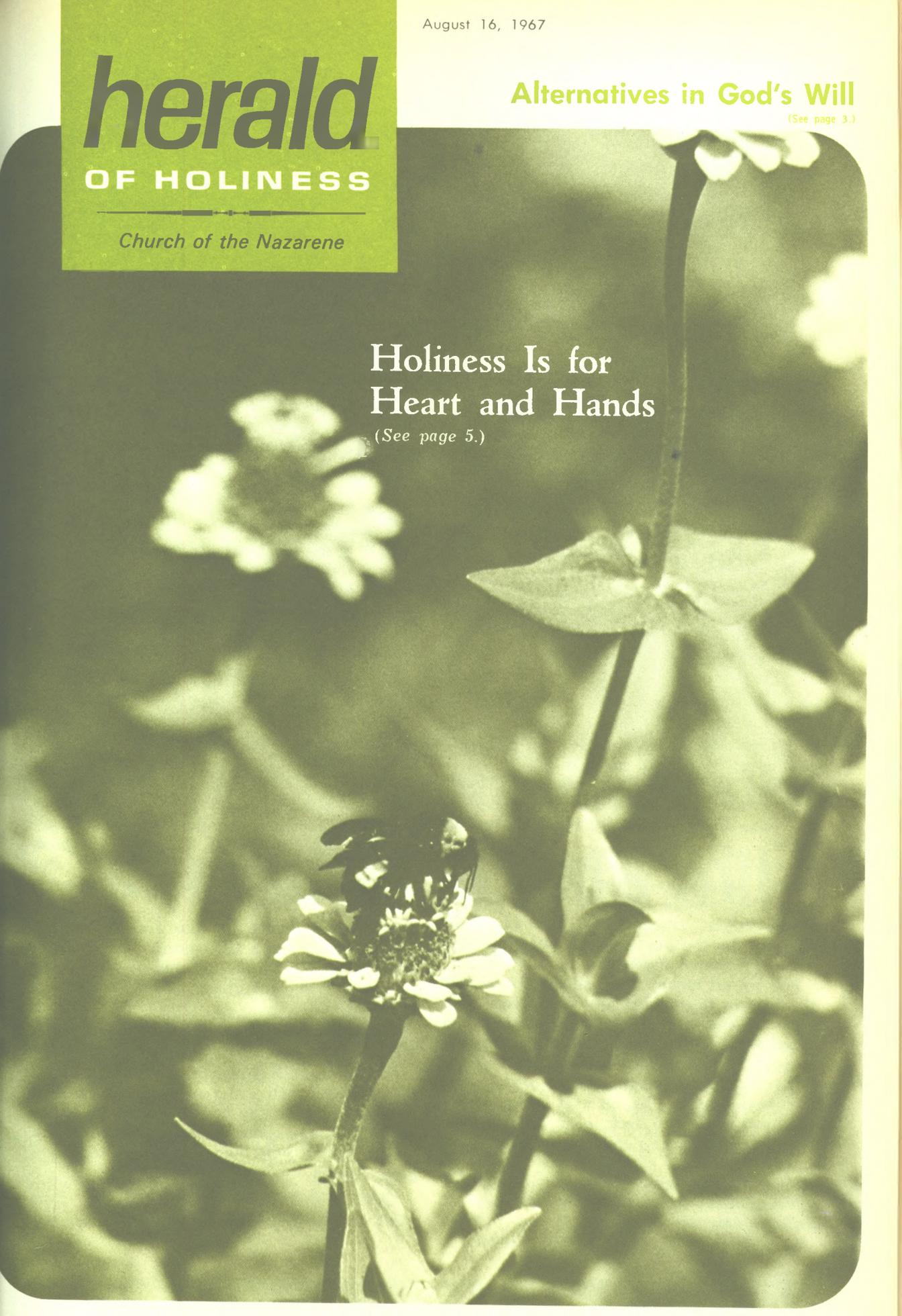
Church of the Nazarene

Alternatives in God's Will

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**Holiness Is for
Heart and Hands**

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General Superintendent Lewis

Do They Know You Are a Christian?

Do they know? By *they* I mean the people who know you or even those who meet you briefly in a business capacity.

Doesn't it seem like those around us should know this? It is such a vital, great, and glorious fact—being saved, sanctified, serving Christ.

They need to know it! Those people desperately need to know that you are a Christian. They should have the opportunity to see an honest, sincere, real, live Christian. You may be the one who can open the door of eternal life to them.

Yes, by all means, they should know, and it's up to us to establish this fact before their eyes. We owe it to them, to ourselves, to our church, to Christ, and these are reasons enough. So let's do something about it. Now!

Let's start by doing the simple, obvious, but important things to let the fact be known.

Do you work at a desk in an office? Then that place becomes an opportunity to let them know. How about placing a Bible neatly on the top of your desk? Or a slogan—motto—or verse of the day in a spot where they can see it?

Do you work on an assembly line? Then surely there is a spot where you can by some similar method let them know. *They need to know!*

Do you attend school? Then why not carry a Bible to school with your textbooks? Logical, isn't it? Since it is the great Textbook of life! Do it once a week. Pick the day. Put it on top of the stack. See what happens. *They need to know!*

Is there evidence in your living room or den that you are a Christian? The Bible, a picture, the *Herald of Holiness*, or some other way to say to your guest or neighbor—I am a Christian.

What I am saying is there are so many ways that we can let them know.

Of course, such things do not make a Christian. But if you are really one, then *they need to know*, so you can follow up the opening which may come with the testimony and advice which will lead them to Christ and your church.

They need to know! Do they?

It's up to you!



Our Freedom Can
Help Us, or
Hurt Us, Depending
On How We Use It

PHOTO BY ELDEN RAWLINGS

Alternatives in God's Will

• **By Michael Hutchens**

Eaton, Ohio

We often hear, when a person dies or is killed, or something happens to someone, "I guess it was just his time to go," or, "It must have been God's will."

This thought is often not a recognition of God's will as much as it is a remnant of the erroneous idea that God plans all events ahead of time, and nothing we can do can alter His operations. But the repeated use of the word "if" in the Bible reminds us that God has given us the freedom of choice in matters of salvation and in many other areas of everyday life.

Of course, our freedom is a limited freedom. For example, we cannot make ourselves of a different race. But even though freedom is limited, it is freedom nonetheless, and we often have the choice of several alternatives in finding God's will in a given situation. And we also sometimes have the opportunity to choose the best several times.

Our freedom can help us, or hurt us, depending on how we use it. If we use our freedom of action and step in front of a speeding car, for

example, we may have to suffer the consequences of misjudgment and the misuse of freedom. And in this case, as in others, we are mistaken to say that it was God's will to have done this. It was not God's will; it was our bad judgment.

Sometimes we make decisions without consulting God, and then blame Him when things go wrong. Other times, our eyes are blind to the signs of God's guidance, and in not seeing His guidance we make a wrong choice.

Looking at the matter from another perspective, it is good that God sometimes gives Christians several chances to make the right choice in a given situation. If He did not, the choice that we made on the basis of human error would be so binding and final that we could not rectify it. If the Christian youth mistakenly chooses to go to the wrong kind of college, or decides on the wrong occupation, God is merciful and often allows him another chance to make the better choice or offers him another alternative.

Of course, it is possible to miss the best in life, which is the will of God for our lives. It is possible to make the wrong choice so often, or be so late in deciding to choose the right, that the opportunity of the best choice is forever gone. This possibility shows the importance of making *right* choices, which "are the hinges of destiny."

But there are alternatives in God's will in the sense of various ways of getting to or realizing His will, and in that there are sometimes second chances to achieve God's will. If there were not, our freedom would be very narrowly limited. If there were not, error of judgment, or mistake, would be virtually impossible to rectify, and God's best once missed would be forever gone. If there were not, we would be put in the impossible situation of being expected always to make the right choice in every detail.

Of course, the Spirit-filled Christian can be expected to be led of God. But he is not driven or forced, nor is his human possibility of error put aside. Therefore he will make mistakes—mistakes which he must correct to achieve the best. But even these wrong choices can be used as stepping-stones, as avenues of growth and better and deeper understanding of God's will.

And through choice and human freedom, we can grow spiritually and draw closer to God.

50 Years Ago . . .

In the *Herald of Holiness*

Sometimes Overdone

The matter of propositions is sometimes overdone in revivals. Their number and character sometimes offend the taste and judgment of many of our best people. One of the best men we know, a gentleman of rare culture and unostentatious piety and great usefulness in the church, told us of some very indiscreet or extravagant propositions made to church members recently by a revivalist in his town to which he could not respond by rising. This was repeated several times, and, impelled by conscientious motives, this brother had to keep his seat. This rendered him uncomfortably conspicuous and the subject of remark and perhaps of misconstruction. He was even spoken to by parties who thought he should have stood up for the sake of his influence, even though his judgment and taste and scruples did not approve.

It is very easy to overdo this thing of making propositions in a revival. They should be rare and simple and very plain and eminently proper. Some hearers are more discriminating than others, and often decline to respond when their declination does not mean what the unthinking multitude may and probably will attach to it. Be very cautious in this matter and avoid a very easy but an exceedingly unfortunate mistake which is too often made. —B. F. Haynes, editor.

Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain (Psalms 127:1).

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• By John W. May
Fort Thomas, Kentucky

Holiness Is for Heart and Hands

Sanctification is the act; holiness is the state. Years ago I heard someone differentiate between the words with this statement: "Sanctification is a crisis or act following regeneration which all believers must experience if they would live holy lives." But we cannot have one without the other. Holiness not only involves the principle of *being*, but also the principle of *doing*.

"Holiness of heart" is a familiar phrase. The heart is one of the greatest forces known to man, the greatest motivator of man. A man with so-called "heart" can work wonders.

Jesus pointed up the value of a holy heart, and the danger of an evil heart. It is out of the treasure of a good and holy heart that great blessings flow.

We need but look about us anywhere in our world to see the results of the evil heart. Into the lives of many people has come defeat because of an evil heart of unbelief. Many have failed to accomplish a goal, even an easy one, because of a fainting heart. Many have failed to become sanctified because of a shrinking, or rebellious, or non-submissive heart.

It is said that three boys came upon an anchored boat and decided to go riding. Two of them jumped into the boat and one of them grabbed an oar to push off. The third companion retorted they weren't going anyplace, the boat was still tied.

This is the plight of many. They have done everything that needs to be done but "cut loose." The reason they are not sanctified is that they have never yielded their hearts completely, have never really cut loose from the

shorelines. A heart completely submitted and dedicated will make one a "deep-water Christian," resting on God in full faith. We may be sanctified only when we get out so far spiritually that we cannot touch bottom.

To such a yielded heart will come a rich experience in the work of sanctification. Only those who have launched out into the vast expanse of God's good will can know the reality and thrill of a holy heart. It is like riding the gently moving surface of the water on a calm afternoon.

But a holy heart alone would be disconcerting and frustrating. Holiness is also for the hands. The word "hands" is used here to express the principle of doing. In fact, the principle of being is tested and proved by the principle of doing. The greatest motivating force in the world is powerless if there is nothing to motivate, if there is no response.

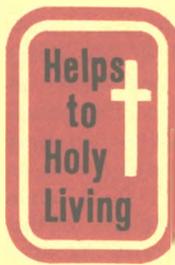
Really, the greatest proof of whether a man has the experience is not in his testimony, as necessary as that is, but in his daily life. People are impressed by what we are rather than what we say we are.

And here in bright, clear light is revealed the truth that holiness is more than a second trip to the altar. Holiness is for the hands. We prove our experience by activity as well as meditation and devotion. In reality devotion can be measured only by our daily walk.

So then the proof is in how we live, how we work, how we do. This is so in our personal experience, in our personal efforts at soul winning, and in our steward-

ship of time, talents, and possessions.

Stewardship is an important word to the sanctified. It is not, however, always understood by others. Recently I was called upon to explain and verify a church contribution receipt. The unknown voice from the Internal Revenue Service on the telephone wanted to know if the amount was a pledge. I hastily assured the caller that the receipt was for the amount contributed by the person during the year. Really, tithing is no question to those who are completely committed to Christ, to those whose pocketbooks are on the altar along with the rest of their possessions.

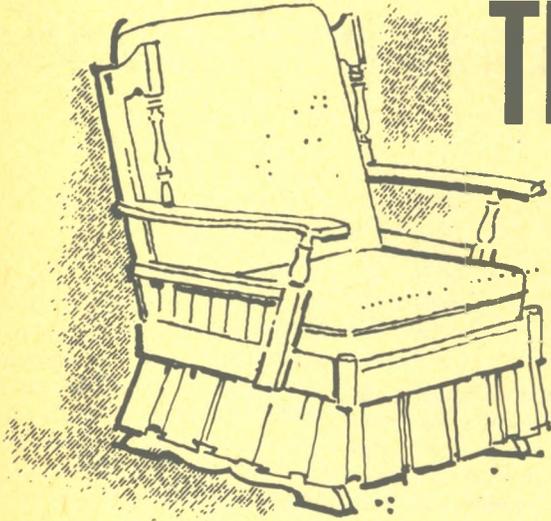


It is said that the Church goes forward on its knees. While this is so in preparation, the Church wins its battle by activity and involvement. It is by holiness in action in the "asphalt

jungles" of our cities that souls are won, and the Church does exploits for the Lord.

What we say may be misunderstood but what we do is clearly seen. An unknown poet put it this way, "I can see your hands in action, but your tongue too fast may run."

To be all that it should be, holiness must involve the total man, heart and hands. It must affect the devotional side of us, but also the action side. The mountaintop is necessary but so is the valley. There can be no substitute for holy hands engaged in holy service, and motivated by a holy heart.



The Right Prescription

• **By Beverly Wright**
Lansing, Michigan

There is an old maple platform rocker in our living room that has been recovered several times. For sentimental reasons I just never could sand out the small teeth marks on the wooden arms left there when our children were toddlers. In this chair I have laughed until my sides ached and cried until my heart would break. Sometimes it is an altar when I pray.

And now on this dismal, rainy Monday morning it has suddenly become a place in which to reminisce and thank God for the sunshine in my soul.

But it hasn't always been like this. Many times, during my years as a very young mother, I sat here and felt as utterly dismal as the dark clouds looked outside. Sometimes, after a long day of caring for our four preschool youngsters, my weary body would flop here, and I would find myself unconsciously humming the tune, "If I had the wings of an angel, over

these prison walls I would fly." Underneath the smile was the stark fact that my duties were becoming more insurmountable each day, and if I had wings—well, you know how the song goes!

A typical day would find me up early cooking cereal and cleaning spilled milk before my eyes were open. While I was cleaning the first glass from the floor, another was being spilled on top of the table.

After that there would be Tommy's bath. Since he was now feeding himself, cereal would be in his hair and ears. Then would come the other children, and then the kitchen to clean.

By the time the last child was washed and dressed, the first would be dirty. It was the same with the house: straighten the last room and the first would be a mess again.

Over the weeks and months, I recall growing increasingly uneasy about the resentment I felt. It became easier all the time to blame

my unhappiness on someone else.

Because their father worked late and couldn't be home for the evening meal or their bedtime, I silently blamed him for the children's messy mealtimes and bedtime tears. If he were here, or if we had a bigger home, a new washer, hired help, or at least a sitter more often, things would be different. But it was always, "Things would be different, if—"

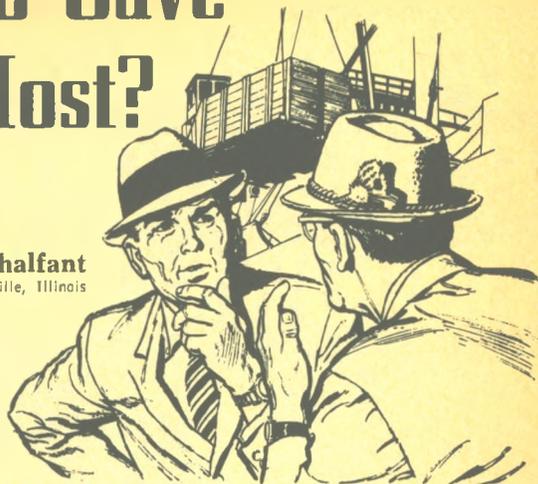
I really knew better than to entertain these unhealthy thoughts. But it was still easier to just sit in the old rocker and procrastinate.

And then one day when we were in the office for baby shots, I casually asked the doctor to prescribe some tranquilizers for me. Perhaps they would make me a more patient, loving mother. Perhaps in the morning they would relax me so that my thoughts would be happy ones instead of wondering what mess awaited me upon arising.

With a waiting room full of

Who Gave The Most?

• By **Morris Chalfant**
Danville, Illinois



people, the doctor patiently listened to me for over half an hour. He then refused to give me the tranquilizers, stating that they would just help me further to run away from myself.

To add insult to injury, here was this man telling me that I couldn't stand any of the household messes because they all represented the mess I was making out of my own life. Instead of tranquilizers, he prescribed two books, and I left resolving to get my pills elsewhere.

It was sheer lack of money that made me go to the library and check out the books, *Abundant Living* and *Growing Spiritually*, by E. Stanley Jones.

Or was it lack of money? I now wondered while rocking and reading a few weeks later. Perhaps God did care about me. Perhaps it was I who had gone away from Him. Maybe "things" didn't need to be different, just me.

How wise beyond his years the young doctor was in giving me the right medicine! I know he prescribes tranquilizers daily, and they are invaluable to certain patients for various illnesses. Why did he give me a different prescription?

The next few weeks were times of change as I matured in my Christian experience. There was no more "If things were different."

God was leading until the demands of four young children became delights. Like the day I ran for the flash camera to get a picture of one of the children with tomato soup all over him. Or the time I walked into a bedroom to see Band-Aids plastered all over the cracks in the wall. For economy's sake Band-Aids were usually reserved for dire need, but I laughed uproariously.

Today while rocking in the old chair I look back at the not always easy but good years since. Not much has changed. Our house is still the same small one, bulging at the seams with growing children and the accumulations of the years. My husband's hours haven't changed. Neither has the washer. But I changed, and so did my song. Now it's "Glorious Freedom."

TWO MEN were at a New York pier as an ocean liner was departing. Both looked pleased.

The second man, only slightly acquainted with the other, said, "You seem to be very pleased about something."

* * *

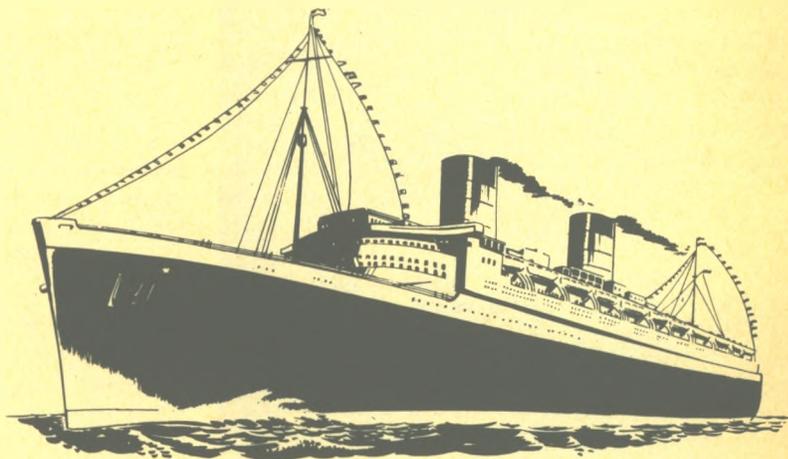
"I AM," was the reply. "Do you see that ship just departing? On that ship I have sent thousands of dollars' worth of hospital equipment for a hospital in China. I'm pleased that I had the privilege of giving that."

The giver was a wealthy businessman, and his gift a most worthy one. God rewarded him with a warmed, happy heart.

* * *

THE OTHER MAN said, "I am glad you made the gift. You know, I also have a gift on that ship. My daughter is there, starting for China as a Christian missionary."

The first man was a little abashed and exclaimed, "Man, I haven't given anything." The one gave of his riches; the other gave of his blood.



NO HELP FROM SECOND-STORY WINDOWS

• *By J. Winfield Fretz*
Waterloo, Ontario

When my wife and I worked in a Chicago settlement house during my graduate school days, we had on the staff a woman social worker who was repulsed at the sight of the grimy clothes, the filthy hands, and the smudgy faces of those who came to the community center from their poverty-stricken homes. A discerning young Italian staff member from the community used to characterize our fastidious worker as one who liked to help the needy by doing social work from a second-story window.

This incident has often come to mind as I think of the way we “righteous” people must impress those of our fellowmen whose lines have not “fallen . . . in pleasant places” as much as ours have. In a sociology course which I teach, there are analyses of alcoholism, drug addiction, sex perversion, white-collar crime, unwed mothers, adolescent delinquency, shattered families, and the various pathologies of the disturbed.

Along with the analyses are also summaries of successful efforts being made to help people with the above-mentioned problems. Among the better-known organizations are Alcoholics Anonymous, Recovery, Parents Without Partners, Divorcees Anonymous, and Big Brothers. People with these problems are all around us, yet we can't see them, can't hear their cries, or recognize their distresses. We just keep going to church, hearing good sermons, enjoying stimulating discussions in Sunday school classes, having good times at social gatherings, and supporting “good” causes. Besides, we gave the last gigantic community revival campaign our full support. What more can anyone expect of us?

Our neighbors, who are head over heels in distress with one problem or another, know we



PHOTO BY MACKAY

"The Foundation of God Standeth Sure"

(II Timothy 2:19)

are good people, righteous people, blameless people. They know we never miss going to church; that we don't drink, dance, or smoke, and that we are for peace. They know, also, that in our purity and goodness we look condescendingly upon them, that we half-pity and condemn them.

The fact is that we are not really allowing ourselves to become involved in people's problems in such a way as to identify with them. We, the good church people, show our disdain for their dirty lives by refusing to associate with the sinners, tax collectors, and harlots of our day. We must keep our own reputations above reproach. To associate sympathetically with wrongdoers might confuse other good people and give them cause to gossip and besmirch our good names. As one sincere woman remarked: "How can one help sinners without seeming to condone the sin?"

What is happening is that the Christian Church is being bypassed by those in trouble and wanting redemption. The alcoholic finds help in Alcoholics Anonymous; the divorced go to the Parents Without Partners for understanding; the delinquent find sympathetic friends in Big Brothers. Why don't they come to us, the good church people? Because they are convinced we don't really understand; that we don't really accept them in their hour of need, but only after they have cleaned up. They know that, despite our sympathetic words, our inner attitudes reflect unconscious condescension and condemnation.

We are not likely to help the alcoholic, the delinquent, the sex pervert, and the compulsive gambler by our reach from a second-story window, even if it is from the window of the church house.

How strange—when we feel self-assured
and buoyant,
We may not sense the presence of our
Lord!
Hearts filled with joy can have no need of
healing,
And eyes undimmed can never see His
Word.

But when with prayer and brimming eyes
we seek it,
His gracious will unfailingly we see;
And when we walk the lonely street of sorrow,
He takes our hand and guides us, blessedly.

God changeth not. His precepts are
forever,
Despite the threats that thunder through
the air.
His sure foundations stand—His own He
knoweth—
And, oh, He is as near as whispered
prayer!

• *By Kathryn Blackburn Peck*

Editorially Speaking

• By W. T. PURKISER

The Martyr's Life

Dr. Robert E. Speer, the great missionary-statesman of the last generation, once remarked, "It is far less important to die the martyr's death than to live the martyr's life."

This is not in any sense to minimize the heroism of those who, even in our day, choose to die rather than to deny their faith in Christ. The sudden engulfment of whole nations by a God-hating Communism has again made the martyr's death a terrible possibility for multitudes.

But the truth of Dr. Speer's comment comes through a bit clearer when we recall that the terms "martyr" and "witness" are from the same New Testament word. It is a term that means to give evidence or testimony. Those who die for Christ seal their testimony with their life's blood, and thus become "witnesses" or "martyrs" in a supreme sense.

When Jesus spoke of the coming of the Holy Spirit with power, it was to make His disciples "witnesses" or "martyrs" unto Him at home, in the surrounding community, and to the uttermost parts of the earth.

The martyr's life, even more than his death would be, becomes his witness. As one has said, "A Christian witness is one who is himself a part of the evidence of that to which he testifies." If it doesn't work in his life, there is little point in talking about it with his lips.

This is to say that "the true witness is more than a satisfied customer; he is a part of the product." Christ living in him as well as Christ speaking through him is the reality of his witness.

Alexander Stewart recalls a missionary in Japan telling about a convert who came asking him to visit a friend, living on a nearby island, who was in need of spiritual help. The request came when the missionary was nearly exhausted, and he suggested that the convert take the man a Bible.

"No, Teacher," replied the convert. "It is not time to take that man a Bible. Teacher, that man is reading you yet awhile. As Christ lives in you, so He will live in that man. As He fails in you, He fails in him. Teacher, as Christ lives or fails in you, so He lives or fails in a thousand homes on these islands."

All that night, the missionary said, the words kept ringing in his ears: "Teacher, as Christ

lives in you, so He lives in that man. As He fails in you, He fails in him. As Christ lives or fails in you, so He lives or fails in a thousand homes on these islands."

Not all of us occupy places of such strategic influence. But all of us must live the martyr's life through the power of the indwelling Christ, if Christ is to live redemptively in the hearts of those about us.

The High Use of Friction

It has been pointed out that the mechanical engineer not only attempts to eliminate friction or minimize it; he also uses it. It is friction between the belt and the pulley that transmits power by a belt-drive. It is friction between the brake band and the drum that stops the automobile and prevents the crash of a runaway.

The secret, of course, is the right use of friction. In the right place and at the right time, it is not only useful but essential.

Something of this sort works in the sphere of human relations. There is a kind of friction that destroys. It generates heat without serving a useful purpose. It blocks the smooth flow of power. But there is a kind and there is a use of friction in human affairs that is constructive and valuable.

Friction of one sort or another there is bound to be. The very differences that exist between people serve to make conflict inevitable. But when we come to understand it and accept it, we can put it to work.

Many a man would have crashed headlong in the pursuit of unrealistic goals if he had not experienced the "braking action" of those about him who were more level-headed than he at that particular moment. Many an unwise motion would have passed the board or the church if it were not for the reservations of some who insisted on second thoughts.

Criticism, however unkind it may be at the moment, can serve a salutary effect if the grain of truth in it is sifted out and used to profit.

God has made us different that we may interact with each other for the good of all. We have laughingly commented that the church needs more firemen and fewer brakemen—and there is truth in the observation. But deliver me from

He Cares

(1 Peter 5:7b)

*My Savior cares!
Let me not grow fainthearted,
Let me not fail
Along the pilgrim way.
His ear still hears.
His arm is strong to help me.
His love sustains,
However rough the day.*

*Be strong, my heart!
Though tests come unawares,
There is no need to fail Him,
Because my Savior cares!*

By Jean Leathers Phillips

riding the train where there are no brakemen.

The secret, of course, is getting the friction in the right place at the right time. Friction in the wrong place at the wrong time is nothing but trouble. In the right place at the right time, it can literally save our lives.

When we see that conflict is inevitable, we can seek the wisdom of God to help us make it useful. We will then learn the high use of friction.

The Holy Spirit and the Iron Curtain

The free world was startled earlier this year when Svetlana Alliluyeva, daughter of Russia's iron dictator Joseph Stalin, sought asylum in the United States after a brief stay in India.

Mrs. Alliluyeva left a daughter, fifteen years old, and a son, twenty-one years old, in Moscow when she left Russia, an aspect of her flight which she has said has been the cause of her greatest heartache.

All the motives behind this dramatic development may never be known to the public. There was undoubtedly the reaction of an intelligent and sensitive person to the restrictions of personal thought and liberty which are so integral a part of Marxist Communism as it has developed behind iron, bamboo, and cane curtains.

But it is equally clear that Svetlana Stalina has found some deep religious springs. She is described as a woman who found God unaided after prolonged soul searching. She is said to be

"a profound believer who has centered her life on God. Her faith is certainly her greatest strength." There is a report that she had been secretly baptized by a Russian Othodox priest as long as four years ago.

What direction Mrs. Alliluyeva's religious life may take is not clear at this time. What is evident is a fact we should not forget. No human barriers, however high or thick, can keep out the Holy Spirit of God in His unceasing search for souls for whom Christ died.

Other reports sifting out through cracks in the curtain bear witness to the same truth. There is a church "underground" in many world areas where the church "above ground" is repressed or controlled by alien forces.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF GOD is understood by different people in different ways. But this much certainly is true: God's final purposes will never be defeated by either earthly or demonic powers.

However it is brought about, there is coming a day when the kingdoms of this world shall become what indeed they already are in the divine purpose, the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ.

Although in a different context, the late President Woodrow Wilson years ago said, "Whether one generation witnesses it or not the glad day of revelation and of freedom will come in which men will sing by the host of the coming of the Lord in his glory, and all of those will be forgotten—those little, scheming, contemptible creatures that forgot the image of God and tried to frame men according to the image of the evil one."

Arthur Hugh Clough wrote:
*Say not, the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain. . . .*

*For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.*

More penetrating than the ether that bears light and radio impulses is the Spirit of the living God. Though unrecognized by multitudes, He is the Source of truth and conscience. People may resist Him, but they cannot evade Him.

It is at least passing possible that intercessory prayer for multitudes behind their various kinds of curtains might do at least as much as our ever-escalating efforts to preserve a "balance of terror" with the Communist world. There are others like Svetlana Stalina who may be found by the seeking, striving Spirit.



● **By Ilore Wilson**
Flint, Michigan

Back from Yesterday

The mystery of the whereabouts of Uncle Alex stirred my imagination as a little girl and was the big topic of family reunions for nearly forty years. The mystery was resolved after World War II in a most unusual way.

Uncle Alex was my father's oldest brother. There were seven children in the Clukie family living on a farm near Standish, Michigan, many years ago. Dad loved to tell about the lazy summer days when he and Alex fished in the little stream that ran through Standish. The only problem in their lives was their mother's blindness. My grandmother was a French Canadian of great courage, however, and kept her seven children well cared for despite her handicap.

Then, one bitter cold winter my grandfather died suddenly of pneumonia. Alex, the oldest child, was only twelve at the time. With no one to manage the farm, Grandmother had to sell it. She found a job as a cook in a private home, where she was allowed to keep her youngest child with her. But the other six children had to be split up

with different families around the state.

Yet the Clukie children kept in touch with each other and their mother through family reunions each year—except that no one knew what had become of Alex. They were sure he had been adopted by a family named Bird, but the Birds had moved out of state shortly afterwards and no amount of tracing could discover where they had gone. Dad wrote to the postmasters of cities in nearby states; he put ads in newspapers; he talked to the police—with no success.

I remember discussions around the table at Christmas when my aunts

and uncles would be together: "Alex must have died of diphtheria that first winter and the Birds just couldn't bear to tell us" . . . "More likely he was killed in the war somewhere in France" . . . "No, I feel sure he's alive somewhere." But nobody really knew, and to my generation Uncle Alex was an almost mythical figure.

I recall the summer day in 1946 when it all came to a head. I was grown-up by this time with a family of my own. The Clukie clan was holding its annual picnic in a park by the Augres River. From all corners of the state we convened, with our baskets of cold chicken and our homemade pies.

Grandmother Clukie had died a few years earlier, but there was quite a crowd of us now: her children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren, with their husbands and wives. But as far as Dad was concerned, there was still an empty spot at the picnic table. "It just isn't fair," he said suddenly, "that Alex can't be sharing all this with us."

Dad was an especially religious man. As a child I remember Dad

About the Author . . .

Mrs. Ilore Wilson, her family, and her parents' family have been members for many years of Flint (Michigan) First Church. The gripping story of Uncle Alex appeared first in the July, 1967, edition of "Guideposts." "Of all the miracles God has performed, with the exception of the salvation of our souls, none has been greater than His returning Uncle Alex to us," Mrs. Wilson said.

praying for me whenever I was sick. He had a gift for healing. Now for the first time, that afternoon, he began to talk about God's ability to heal a broken family.

Sitting there at the picnic table, he suggested a prayer contract to us: every day for a period of one year each of us would pray that—if Alex were alive—somehow, somehow, God would bring him back to us. We all agreed to take part.

Thus our year of prayer began.

And as we prayed, God—on His part—began to act. Later, looking back and comparing many notes, we were able to reconstruct the amazing sequence of events:

First, God brought a young Michigan man named Tom MacDonald to Lowry Air Force Base, way out in Denver, Colorado. There in Denver, Tom met a girl whom he liked very much. Her name was Millicent Bird. When Tom and Millicent became engaged, Tom suggested that he, Millicent, and her parents drive east to Michigan to meet his folks.

Millicent's father, Alex Bird, was delighted at the idea. He believed that he had never been to Michigan. The Birds were a happy, fairly typical family—except for one strange circumstance. Alex suffered from amnesia. He had absolutely no memory of anything that had happened to him before the age of twenty.

As the Birds and Tom planned their trip east, an unusual thing occurred. From Denver to Tom's home in southern Michigan is a straight drive over main highways. At an odd urging which none of them understood, they decided not to take this logical, direct route, but instead to make a long detour into Canada, come across the Straits of Mackinaw and down the whole length of Michigan. It was a roundabout way to go, but not one of them questioned it.

As they marked the road on their map, nobody noticed a little town called Standish through which their route now lay. But this is how it happened that in July, 1947, a week short of one year after a certain prayer campaign began, Alex Bird came back to his childhood home.

When their car approached the town of Standish, strange sensations began pricking Alex. As the grain elevator loomed on the horizon, those feelings grew stronger. At last where the highway crossed a little fishing stream, he could keep silent no longer.

"Slow down a second, Tom," he

said. "There's something about this town . . ."

Tom pulled over to the curb while Alex stared up and down the single main street. "Would you wait here just a minute?" he asked the others.

Then Alex stepped out of the car and walked slowly up the street he had not seen for forty years. Some of the houses looked vaguely familiar; others did not. In front of the old corner grocery he paused. What was there about this store?

He shook his head and continued on down the sidewalk. So many times in Denver he had been seized by this same feeling of half-remembered places. So often he had eagerly approached some stranger, only to meet with a blank stare. So many hopes, so many disappointments. And so how could this little town in faraway Michigan have any meaning for him?

He turned and retraced his steps. But a second time in front of the little grocery he stopped short. Taking a deep breath, he walked in.

A very old man looked up from behind a crowded counter.

"I, uh—" Alex stopped, embarrassed. "I need a few packs of gum."

"There on the left," the old man said. He stared at Alex curiously. Alex' heart gave a bound. After all these years, was someone going to recognize him?

"You got a brother named Joe Clukie?" the grocer asked.

Alex' heart sank. "No. My name is Bird."

The old man shook his head. "Well, you sure are his double then," he replied. He dropped the gum into a sack. "Joe was in here recently on his way fishing up north. Lives down in Flint now."

Alex reached for his package, disappointed. But the grocer gripped the little sack, eyes far away. "I've got a picture of Joe taken the year his pa died." He rummaged in a cluttered drawer and drew out a curling, yellow photograph. It showed a man and a woman standing stiffly in their Sunday best near a staircase of dark-haired children. Alex took the picture, but it told him nothing.

"That's Joe there," the grocer said, coming around to the front of the counter. "And this little shaver is Bill. He lives in Bay City now." His finger moved to the top of the staircase. "The oldest boy's name was Alex. He used to come in here for his ma. She couldn't see too good, the mother couldn't."

Alex was struggling with a tightness in his throat. "And where does Alex Clukie live?" he asked.

The old man shook his head. "A lot of folks would like to know that!

Alex turned up missing—oh, years ago—after their pa died."

From the only restaurant in Standish, Alex placed phone calls to William Clukie in Bay City and to my dad, Joseph Clukie, in Flint. Dad was out on his stonemason job and it took Mother a while to find him. And so it was Bill who arrived first at the little cafe in Standish.

Bill recognized his older brother at once, but to Alex it was a stranger who seized his hand so warmly, talking about a daily prayer and a solemn agreement and a whole family waiting. Then Dad arrived and Alex had to believe, for seeing him was like looking into a mirror. Dad was shorter, but they had the same straight black hair, the smiling brown eyes, the dark complexion inherited from their Canadian mother.

Dad brought them all back to Flint to spend the night, and it was there that I first met my fabled Uncle Alex. He was a man in a daze. He still did not remember the brothers and sisters who now crowded around him. He never did recall his childhood completely, nor any part of his life with the Birds.

But a remark by one of the others would bring back isolated incidents. That first evening Dad suddenly cried out:

"Alex, remember the time you backed into the stove? You've got a scar like a C on the back of your right leg!"

Alex pulled up his trouser leg. There on the calf was a crescent-shaped purple mark. "So that's what it was," he said slowly; "I always wondered."

Somehow this physical, tangible link with his past seemed suddenly to make it real for Alex. The crinkles around his eyes deepened; he moved around the room clasping one hand after another in a joy too deep for words.

His wife was as thrilled as he. Again and again they urged us to visit them out in Denver. And so we did, many, many times in the years that followed. But no reunion ever topped the one we had that first summer, a year to the day after the promise was made. Again the air was sweet with pies, the baskets heavy with chicken. But this time the empty place at the table was filled. Before we started eating, Dad spoke for us all:

"For a whole year we've said a prayer, every one of us, every day. I've said it so often I didn't think I could stop. But I've got a better prayer now, just 'Thank You, God. Thank You!'"

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By Paul Culbertson

LOVE AS CREATIVE CONFLICT

Citing a particular book or author in this column in no sense represents a blanket endorsement of every idea in that book, or of all that the author has written. This is mentioned because today we are to examine a provocative idea set forth by an extremely controversial Anglican priest, G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, who served as a chaplain with the British troops in France during World War I.

Studdert-Kennedy's theological ideas range all the way from a Roman Catholic view of the Lord's Supper to some equally unacceptable "liberal" views concerning portions of the Old Testament.

What is meant by the word "peace"? If peace means simply the absence of all conflict, is not its attainment a hopeless and even undesirable dream? Is not conflict between persons inescapable in life? Whenever two independent, thinking, strong-willed persons get together, a clash of minds and wills seems bound to occur sooner or later. Can there be any growth without opposition and conflict?

One possible answer is that peace is the absence, not of *all* conflict, but of that variety of destructive conflict which is motivated by Satan and the carnal mind. Satan, the arch-enemy of all that Jesus Christ represents, engages in such conflict, and motivates sinful men to join him. Such destructive conflict results in a loss of value and seeks to liquidate all persons who are viewed as enemies.



Culbertson

But conflict may also be constructive and creative. It can be motivated by goodwill, lead to the enhancement of value, and the blessing of persons. Here is an exciting and helpful definition by Studdert-Kennedy: "Love is the joyous conflict of two or more free, self-conscious persons, who have no desire to destroy, dominate, or possess one another but who, through the clash of mind on mind and will on will, work out an ever-increasing but never finally completed unity."

To lift all the inevitable conflicts of life to a creative level is the hope of our world. Unaided man cannot do it by himself. The grace and power of Jesus Christ are needed. Then, and only then, can conflict be

sublimated to a moral, spiritual, and creative level and become an expression of genuine love. By what means can this worthy and necessary goal be achieved?

1. We must first allow God, by His Spirit, to "remold your [our] minds from within" (Romans 12:1, Phillips) and remove the sinful, egocentric "will to destroy" those with whom we are in conflict. Only then can we engage in conflict and at the same time honestly desire the "blessings and not the blasting of the beloved enemy."

2. We must seek to develop the virtue of patience. The great hazard in creative conflict is that one or more participants will exhaust their supply of patience. Then the tendency is to regress to a destructive level and ruthlessly move against the opponent.

So, grant us, Lord, the patient heart

*To climb the upward way,
Until we stand upon the height
And see the perfect day.*

3. We must seek to distinguish between persons and their behavior. Some kinds of behavior, in ourselves and others, must be destroyed. But we must seek and care for the growth of persons, including ourselves, even when we are using all vigorous and legitimate means to change or eliminate certain undesirable behavior patterns.

4. We must develop such a sufficient sense of security in God that we don't always "have to win." In true creative conflict, no one wins. The outcome is an ever-increasing but never finally completed unity.

5. We need to realize that the primary distinction between creative and destructive conflict is the motivation: love *versus* hate; the blessing, not the blasting, of the other person. At the same time, the means employed in conflict must be consistent with the ends sought. So let us be sure our motive is love and our weapons are weapons of love.

The home is a miniature society. In it are found all of the basic conflicts of human relationships: man *versus* woman; one generation *versus* the next; the strong *versus* the weak. As we in our homes, with God's help, lift all the inevitable conflicts of life to a moral, spiritual, and creative level—as an expression of healthy love—there will be hope for our troubled and bewildered world.

Vital Statistics

DEATHS

REV. ROBERT DOUGHTIE, sixty-three, died May 26 at Durango, Colorado. He had been president of Revival Films, Inc., since 1960. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. H. C. McCoy. He is survived by his wife, Edna; and three children, Edwin, Robert E. C., and Mrs. Edith J. Newman.

WILLIAM HOWARD ERLER, forty-six, died July 7 at El Cajon, California. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Wm. S. Hanna. He is survived by his wife, Eloise; one daughter, Terese Lee; one son, Howard Eugene; one sister; and four brothers.

REV. GEORGE A. FINCH, ninety-four, died July 16 at Nampa, Idaho, after a lengthy illness. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. I. F. Younger and Rev. A. E. Woodcock. He is survived by his wife, Bertha, and three children.

EARL RAYMOND HARRIS, seventy-two, died July 7 at Bethany, Oklahoma, following a serious auto accident. Funeral services were conducted by Dr. Harold Daniels, Rev. A. LeRoy Taylor, and Rev. Marselle Knight. He is survived by his wife, Floy; two daughters, Earlene Shaffer and Jo Ann Woolpert; one sister; and five grandchildren.

MRS. ALLIE HIXSON, eighty-one, died June 21 at Fort Smith, Arkansas. Funeral services were conducted by her pastor, Rev. James M. Stewart. She is survived by five daughters: Mrs. Jewel Treat, Mrs. Pearlina Brawdy, Mrs. Virgie Cox, Mrs. Leta Lockwood, and Mrs. Dorothy Stevens; seven sons: Carl, Evert, Guy, Marvin, Wadren, Wayne, and Roy; one sister; one brother; twenty-seven grandchildren; thirty-six great-grandchildren; and five great-great-grandchildren.

LA NITA JEANNE McDOWELL, eight, died May 5 at La Puente, California, following a lengthy illness. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Hal Glover, Dr. L. Guy Nees, Rev. Wilford Heizer, and Rev. David Reed. She is survived by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene McDowell; one sister, Shelley; and a grandmother, Mrs. Olava Hamlin.

JAMES EDWARD (JIMMY) SULLIVAN, twenty-four, died June 26 at Portland, Tennessee. Funeral services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. Clifton Hale. He is survived by his wife, Judy; a daughter, Julie; his parents; one brother; and two sisters.

Announcements

MARRIAGES

Miss Rebecca Joy Trissel and Mr. Meredith Alan Mortimer at Huntington, Indiana, June 23.

Miss Elaine McVay and Mr. Edward Thompson at Petersburg, Texas, June 10.

BORN

—to Rev. Robert A. and Galen (Townsend) Britt of Kansas City, Missouri, a daughter, Jill Renae, July 12.

—to Howard and Carol (Woods) Steward of Nampa, Idaho, a son, Wallace Michael, June 11.

—to Morgan and Jane (Churchill) Reichart of Muldrow, Oklahoma, a son, Kenneth Morgan, July 9.

SPECIAL PRAYER IS REQUESTED

—by a Christian lady in Idaho for a son and daughter-in-law.

—by a Christian mother in Michigan for her son who is in the hospital.

—by a lady in Indiana that the Lord will increase her faith and that her children will be saved.

Nazarene Camp Meetings

August 18-27, Indianapolis District, district campgrounds, R.R. 1, Camby, Indiana. Workers: Rev. Don Scarlett, Rev. and Mrs. Calvin Oyler, musicians. Dr. Remiss Rehfeldt, district superintendent.

August 21-27, Tabor Nazarene Camp, Tabor, Iowa (National Route 275). Workers: Dr. W. T. Johnson, Rev. Forrest McCullough, the Jim Main family, singers. Dr. Gene E. Phillips, district superintendent.

August 25—September 3, New York District, at new district campgrounds, Red Hook, New York, located at northwest corner of Taconic Parkway and Route 199 (take Route 199—Red Hook exit from Taconic Parkway). Workers: Dr. Ray Hance, Dr. Harvey Hendershot, Singer Kenneth Masterman. Rev. J. H. White, district superintendent.

District Assembly Information

HOUSTON, August 23 and 24, First Church, 46 Waugh Drive, Houston, Texas. Pastor Hugh Dean. General Superintendent Powers. (N.W.M.S. convention, August 21 and 22.)

INDIANAPOLIS, August 23 and 24, Nazarene Campground, R.R. 1, Camby, Indiana. Pastor J. L. Pence. General Superintendent Young. (N.W.M.S.

convention, August 22; N.Y.P.S. convention, August 21; Sunday school convention, August 25.)

KANSAS CITY, August 23 and 24, First Church 6401 Rockhill Road, Kansas City, Missouri. Pastor C. William Ellwanger. General Superintendent Williamson. (N.W.M.S. convention, August 22; N.Y.P.S. convention, August 21.)

NORTH ARKANSAS, August 23 and 24, Huntington Avenue Methodist Church, Monroe at Vine Street, Jonesboro, Arkansas. Pastor James Robertson. General Superintendent Lewis. (N.W.M.S. convention, August 22; N.Y.P.S. convention, August 21; Sunday school convention, August 21.)

TENNESSEE, August 23 and 24, First Church 510 Woodland Street, Nashville, Tennessee. Pastor T. E. Martin. General Superintendent Benner. (N.W.M.S. convention, August 22; Sunday school convention, August 21.)

Directories

BOARD OF GENERAL SUPERINTENDENTS

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Kansas City, Missouri 64131
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HUGH C. BENNER
G. B. WILLIAMSON
SAMUEL YOUNG

From District Assemblies . . .

NOTES HEALTHY INCREASE

Colorado Nazarenes increased by 339 during 1966-67, and contributed nearly \$1.2 million, according to Rev. E. L. Cornelison, who was also elected to a four-year term as district superintendent.

The Colorado District assembly was held July 12-14 at Lakewood, Colorado. Dr. G. B. Williamson, general superintendent, presided.

Plans are being formed to establish one new home mission church per year, using students from Nazarene Bible College, which will open this fall in Colorado Springs.

Mrs. Frank Cook was elected president of the district N.W.M.S.

Ordained were Rev. Larry Lewis, son of General Superintendent and Mrs. V. H. Lewis, Rev. R. J. Spivey, and Rev. LaVerne Wilson.

Elected as delegates to the General Assembly were Rev. E. L. Cornelison, Rev. L. J. Du Bois, Rev. Loren Madsen, Rev.



GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT V. H. Lewis preached the dedicatory sermon and Rev. Harold W. Morris, superintendent of the New Mexico District, officiated during the dedication of El Paso (Texas) First Church. The building, which will accommodate 1,000 in educational facilities and 550 in the sanctuary, was constructed by Nazarene contractors. The cost of the relocation was \$335,000. There is an indebtedness now on the property of \$150,000. Rev. Fred Fike is pastor.

Bill Sullivan, and Rev. Ray Hawkins (ministerial); Willis Brown, Dr. Joe Diffe, Dr. Lloyd Smith, Don Toland, and Jarrell Gunstream (lay).

MORE MICHIGAN NAZARENES

In his sixth report as superintendent of the Michigan District, Dr. Fred J. Hawk disclosed that membership had increased 408 and that Nazarenes there "gave \$14,000 more to the General Budget than ever before in our history."

The fifty-fourth assembly was conducted July 12-14 at the Indian Lake campgrounds near Vicksburg, Michigan. Dr. Coulter, general superintendent, presided.

In a missionary tribute, the district contributed \$15,000 to construct a chapel in Jinetogo, Nicaragua. A simulated building was constructed on the platform, and was dedicated to Rev. and Mrs. Russell Birchard, who have been missionaries to Nicaragua for more than thirty years.

Dr. and Mrs. Hawk were presented a \$2,000 love offering to go to Jinetogo for the dedication of the chapel when it is completed.

Mrs. Hawk, who was reelected president of the district N.W.M.S., is a sister of Mr. Birchard.

Elected as district secretary was Rev. Joseph Trueax, and Rev. David K. Ehrlin was elected church schools chairman.

Dr. Fletcher Galloway was newly elected to the district advisory board.

Ordained were Rev. Walter Jay Buck, Rev. Leon Empie, and Rev. Eldon Raymond. The elder's orders of Rev. W. L. Silvers and Rev. Wesley W. Manker, from the Pilgrim Holiness church, were recognized.

Elected as delegates to the General Assembly were Dr. Fred J. Hawk, Rev. Harry Stanley, Rev. Paul Moore, Dr. Louise Robinson Chapman, and Rev. David Ehrlin (ministerial); Dr. L. D. Mitchell, William Damon, Gerald Decker, Edwin North, and Ned Comfort (lay).

NOTE OHIO PROGRESS

One new church was organized and nearly a million dollars was contributed by Nazarenes on the Northwestern Ohio District, according to Superintendent Carl Clendenen.

Sessions for the eighth annual assembly were held July 12-13 at the campground near St. Marys, Ohio. General Superintendent V. H. Lewis presided.

Mr. Clendenen, who was elected to a four-year term as superintendent by a near-unanimous vote, indicated there were thirty additional areas where he felt churches should be organized.

A unique ground-breaking for a new church at Napoleon, Ohio, took place during the home missions service. Earth from the site, held on the platform in a large container, was broken which officially launched the building program. An offering of \$4,200 taken during the assembly paid

"Showers of Blessing" Program Schedule

August 20—"A Personal Pentecost," by Orville Jenkins
August 27—"The Spirit-filled Life," by Orville Jenkins
September 3—"A Great Promise Given," by Orville Jenkins
September 10—"The Promised Filling," by Orville Jenkins

NEW "SHOWERS OF BLESSING" STATIONS

WFIV	Kissimmee, Fla.	
	1080 kc.	9:30 a.m. Sunday
WRLD	West Point, Ga.	
	1490 kc.	3:30 p.m. Sunday
WLBS	Centreville, Miss.	
	1580 kc.	10:00 a.m. Saturday
WLEC	Sandusky, Ohio	
	1450 kc.	8:45 a.m. Sunday
WLEC-FM	Sandusky, Ohio	
	102.7 meg.	8:45 a.m. Sunday
WHSM	Hayward, Wis.	
	910 kc.	8:30 a.m. Sunday



DR. GENE PHILLIPS, superintendent of the Iowa District, preached the dedicatory sermon at the recently completed Maquoketa, Iowa, church. The church began three years ago in a rented hall. Now the property, which includes the above church plus a parsonage, is valued at \$60,000. Pastor Clinton Lamar indicates the indebtedness is \$30,000.

off the debt on the Napoleon property.

The district contributed 12.9 percent of its giving to world evangelism.

Ordained was Rev. Larry W. Fox.

Delegates elected to the General Assembly are Rev. Clendenen, Rev. M. G. Martini, Rev. Howard Sylvia, Rev. Paul G. Bassett (ministerial); Lincoln Robinson, George Jetter, Vincent Seely, and Leslie Fritzman (lay).

OF PEOPLE AND PLACES . . .

ROBERT Hale and **Dean Wilder**, midway through a seventy-five-concert summer tour of Nazarene churches, sang to a full house at Kansas City First Church, July 13, and appeared the following morning in General Board chapel. With them was **Ovid Young**, accompanist. All three are full- or part-time teachers at Nazarene colleges. Hale teaches part-time at Eastern Nazarene College, Wilder at Northwest Nazarene College, and Young at Olivet Nazarene College.

PASTOR ROGER Williams of Peoria, Arizona, writes of a week-long "prayer retreat" which resulted in deepening spiritual commitment on the part of Nazarenes in Peoria. Dr. Louise Chapman spoke frequently during the week, and helped direct early morning prayer meetings, a week-long program of self-denial, and a night of prayer. Forty-one Nazarenes participated in the spiritual renewal time, the idea for which, said Williams, was "born in the heart

of the pastor's wife." The week-long prayer emphasis was followed by a "holiness revival" with Seminary Professor **Ralph Earle** as speaker.

MR. AND MRS. Herbert A. Henderson, Sr., of Kansas City, Kansas, celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary, August 5, during an open house at their home. Mr. Henderson was a licensed minister until his retirement.

HAROLD J. WADLEY, a Pasadena College graduate, was awarded one of three proctorships in anesthesiology at the close of his first year as a medical student at Loma Linda University.

He is a member of Monrovia (California) First Church, where his father, **Rev. J. D. Wadley, Jr.**, is minister.

REV. JAMES T. WILLIAMS, pastor and evangelist for fifty years, has retired from the active ministry in Nashville, Tennessee. He has served in Ohio, Tennessee, and Georgia.

MAJOR SHURAL G. Knippers, a Nazarene chaplain assigned to the Air Force Academy near Colorado Springs, indicated recently there are eight cadets, two professors, and two airmen attached to the academy who are also Nazarenes. Major Knippers is the first Nazarene chaplain to be assigned to a military academy.



Knippers

REHFELDT RESIGNS

Dr. Remiss Rehfeldt, superintendent of the Indianapolis District and former secretary of the Department of World Missions, has resigned his position.

He told the district advisory board in a July 25 meeting that he had "recently accepted a responsibility which he feels is God's will," but did not elaborate on what it would be.

In his resignation **Dr. Rehfeldt** referred to a *Manual* provision regarding a minister joining another denomination, but did not indicate which denomination he was joining.

The advisory board accepted the resignation with regret.

Dr. Samuel Young, general superintendent in jurisdiction, named as interim superintendent **Dr. Leo C. Davis**, formerly superintendent of the Southwest Indiana District, who retired a year ago. He will serve until the district assembly, August 23-24.

Election of a new superintendent will take place at the assembly.



DISTRICT Superintendent A. Milton Smith preached the dedicatory sermon for the Little Rock (Arkansas) Cedar Lane Church recently. The church, which has 6,200 square feet of floor space, and a seating capacity of 400 persons, cost \$29,500. The pastor, **Rev. Douglas D. Elliott**, served as building contractor.

NEWS OF RELIGION

You Should Know About . . .

WHO POPULARIZED the "God is dead" story? According to the *Wall Street Journal* (July 12), the theory proposed, among others, by Thomas J. Altizer of Emory University, was an esoteric controversy until *Time* magazine used it as a cover story. The issue sold more newsstand copies than any other issue last year, and provoked 3,500 letters.

SKITTISH PUBLIC-RELATIONS men, working on an advertising campaign for New York's not-yet-blooming lottery, scrapped a proposed slogan that went, "The lottery means better education—you can bet on it."

While the money (what is left after operational expenses) is to go for education, school officials felt that children shouldn't be exposed to a colloquialism like "You can bet on it."

Although the lottery has received public approval, getting across the moral barriers has been awkward. The director of the Protestant Council of New York City, Rev. Dan Potter, affirmed: "The lottery is morally wrong. That's all there is to it."

Reflecting the earthy feelings of not a few New Yorkers, one man-on-the-street was overheard to say:

"You wouldn't hardly think that important men like those government fellas would go betting to get their money."

THE CHURCH of God (Anderson, Indiana) merged two overseas missions boards during its recent international convention, which does away with a duplication, on a racial basis, of its missionary work. The agreement placed all overseas mission activities under the Missionary Board located in Anderson.

A LONGER-ACTING, stronger drug than LSD has hit the psychedelic market. STP, which "makes your motor run smoother" according to hippies, has been referred to as "a real mind-bender . . . the caviar of psychedelics," and "a megahallucinogen."

A twenty-three-year-old Ontario, California, woman swallowed three blue-spotted white capsules of STP and later told police:

"I saw myself on fire and then I began to feel the pain of fire. . . . If I closed my eyes I knew I would die. . . . I was in hell."

She is now a patient at the Patton State Mental Hospital.

PROFITS FROM gambling, according to a report by the President's Crime Commission, now run from \$6 to \$7 billion a year.

"Public apathy about organized crime—and the resulting lack of effective state and local campaigns to eliminate it—are the chief reasons organized crime flourishes in the United States," warned Commission Chairman Nicholas Katzenbach.

Another Crime Commission study points out "a minimal annual expenditure of \$100 million for the handling of chronic drunkenness offenders."

In 1965, the report said, two million arrests—one of every three in the nation—were for public drunkenness.

AIMED AT TAKING the panic out of black-white relationships, a plan forwarded by James L. Johnson, a writer and author who is also executive secretary of Evangelical Literature Overseas, resulted in a \$1,000 award from the *Christian Herald*.

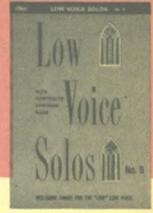
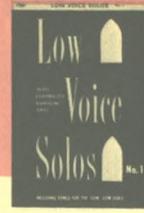
Neighborhood block groups which would establish standards for the neighborhood as a whole should be set up a year before the first Negro family moves in, Johnson suggested.

The groups would begin by talking about better means of property upkeep, and would develop what Johnson called "a sense of togetherness without which no integration plan can possibly work."

After the groups had been established, and lines of communication opened, a Negro family would be encouraged to settle in the neighborhood, and join with the block group.

Mr. Johnson's proposal is appearing in the current August edition of the *Christian Herald*.

Pillenas
MUSICREATION



Low Voice Solo Collections

LOW VOICE SOLOS No. 1 75¢

Contains 30 sacred songs with resounding messages of hope and faith compiled by R. W. Stringfield. Included are "Oh, What Love!" "Jesus Is Mighty," "I Know Who Holds Tomorrow," "It Took a Miracle."

LOW VOICE SOLOS No. 2 75¢

This book includes selections, such as "He Will Not Fail Me Now," "A Miracle of Love," "He Giveth More Grace," "The Crystal Fountain" and 27 others.

LOW VOICE SOLOS No. 3 75¢

32 songs of deep devotion and praise, including "So Send I You," "He Became Poor," "Nearer, Still Nearer," "Sweeter Than Them All," "All Things in Jesus."

LOW VOICE SOLOS No. 4 75¢

32 challenging sacred numbers, which include "Near to the Heart of God," "The Garden of My Heart," "Down from His Glory," "He Knows Just What I Need."

LOW VOICE SOLOS No. 5 75¢

An interesting variety of songs from "I Want to Be like Jesus" and "O Perfect Love" to "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" and "Roll, Jordan, Roll." Includes 30 complete numbers to choose from.

LOW VOICE SOLOS No. 6 75¢

Floyd W. Hawkins compiled this group of 30 numbers and has included "Now I Belong to Jesus," "When God Speaks," "Hold to God's Changing Hand," "How Much I Owe."

LOW VOICE SOLOS No. 7 75¢

These 32 numbers will add variety to your repertoire and contribute a meaningful spiritual message. Includes "Jesus Led Me All the Way," "He Will Keep," "He Is So Great," "Children of the Heavenly Father."

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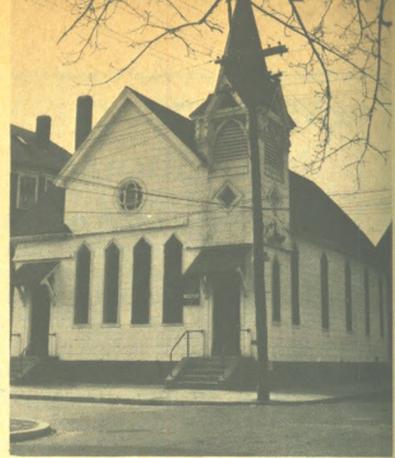
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HISTORIC COMMUNION SET—A silver pitcher and two chalices, in left photo, equipment for Communion services in which the cups were passed between communicants, were property of one of the oldest groups which was to become a part of the Church of the Nazarene. Known as the People's Evangelical Church of Providence, Rhode Island, the congregation was given the Communion set November 27, 1889, by the "True Ten Circle of King's Daughters," an auxiliary group in the church. Mr. and Mrs. William Jacobs (center), members of what is now Providence First Church, where Rev. Ross Cribbis is pastor, delivered the Communion set to the International Center archives recently. The set will be on display in the archives room. Receiving it is Dr. B. Edgar Johnson (right), general secretary, and R. R. Hodges (left), archivist. The photo on the right is of the Providence church, constructed in 1891.

THE BLADE OF A RIGHTEOUS SWORD

What is the religious justification of the right of self-defense against aggression? Dr. Frederick Brown Harris, who opens the Senate's sessions with prayer, wrote recently in the *Washington Star* an answer, entitled "The Blade of a Righteous Sword."

THERE IS nothing inherently good or bad about a sword. The quality of sharpened steel may depend on whether it is in the hands of a surgeon or a bandit. Earth's greatest Teacher admonished, "Put up your sword; for he that takes it shall perish by it." That sword was drawn in anger and vengeance. It was a bad sword. But Jesus also said, "I am not come to bring peace, but a sword." That sword unsheathed against evil was a good sword. All depends upon the purpose for which the blade is to be used.

Without swords, coerced men are compelled to cry peace when there is no peace and to surrender the most heavenly things to the most hellish forces. There is a sword bathed in heaven. If swords are in the hands only of those who cannot be trusted with them, then the only peace possible between the lion and the lamb, which, it is prophesied, shall some day lie down together, is for the lamb to lie down inside the lion. There are present-day appeasers of evil who would label that arrangement peace. But a peace dictated by unethical force is the peace of slaves.

A nation must be strong to make its word for peace effective. A peace gained by constant retreat because of the threatening blackmail of superior force is not peace, but war. It will be a day of mourning for all the free world if ever our nation, whose potential force is the greatest, refuses to back to the hilt its belief in universal brotherhood and to use its terrible swift sword against aggressors ready to pounce on new victims.

There always is enough bad in the world to shatter any dream of an ethical peace, unless that ill will has a restraining fear of the power of organized good will. To weaken the national striking power is to vote to make it inevitable that the democracies shall be forced to do the bidding of moral perverts who have been allowed to fashion a preponderance of swords.

Of course, force never is the last word. At best, it but clears the way for the constructive agencies of friendship, good will and co-operation to do their healing work, so that at last swords can be turned into plowshares. But when you face men who have put the state on the throne, instead of God, you cannot conquer

them by kindly example or a friendly smile. No gentle charms can stay the fangs of the cobra when it is ready to strike. To allow callous devilry—whenever it is powerful enough—to trample righteousness into the mire at will, while the forces of good stand impotently by, is a tragic travesty of justice and judgment.

In England, before World War II, a group of influential clergymen, ignoring Germany's rearmament, led a movement utterly to renounce the sword of defense.

Declaring they were willing to risk all on meeting Hitler's threat with understanding and good will, they secured hundreds of thousands of signed pledges of a virtual refusal to take up arms. That futile policy, sincerely followed, helped to bomb the churches of which these preachers were the ministers and to fill the land with lamentations for the mangled and the dead. That crusade was a definite factor in Britain's unpreparedness when the foe struck. Time tragically proved it was no hour to exchange a clean sword for an olive branch.

In America, a man stood up in a free pulpit to preach. He quoted detached sentences from the Christ whose hand held the lash when His Father's House was made a den of thieves, and whose eyes were often as a flame of fire. The preacher declared that evil, no matter how diabolical, was never to be resisted with any physical weapons. Rhetorically, he asked, "What has a sword ever accomplished worthwhile?"

In a pew was a worshiper in whose heart was an aching void and in whose home was a Gold Star, speaking of the valor of a young crusader who marched forth with a righteous sword and came not back. At the church door, following the service, that worshiper said to the clergyman: "I can tell you one thing that the righteous sword has done."

"What?" asked the minister.

Replied the listener with deep feeling: "The sword in the hand of those who have resisted militant evil has given you the right to stand here today and to proclaim your convictions without fear of being liquidated."

The one who had publicly said that rampant evil was never to be resisted by force paused for a moment and then acknowledged, "I am afraid I cannot refute that."

There is no refutation in God's world and man's for the flash of the righteous sword!—*Reprinted by permission from the "Washington Star."*

Next Sunday's Lesson

By A. Elwood Sanner

DEMETRIUS OPPOSES THE GOSPEL (Temperance) (August 20)

Scripture: Acts 19:21-20:38 (Printed:
Acts 19:23-28, 35-39)
Golden Text: Matthew 6:24

What forces, both evil and good, did the gospel expose in Ephesus? How may we better bring the gospel to bear upon entrenched evil, such as the liquor industry?

SYNOPSIS: Paul is in the midst of his Ephesian ministry. We could wish for more information on that period. What horrendous suffering did he experience (II Corinthians 1:8-10)? What about his relationships with Corinth at this time? Did he write the Philippian letter from an Ephesian prison, as F. F. Bruce believes? These questions aside, we know that Paul's ministry here was extremely fruitful but hazardous. Two words describe it—*revival* and *riot*.

THE GOSPEL AND REVIVAL

For some time Paul had planned to come to the great city of Ephesus. Always eager to preach the gospel, which is the omnipotence of God for salvation, the apostle penetrated the heart of this wicked metropolis. Smashing idolatry, he touched the exposed nerve of love for money. What a bitter evil it is which corrupts men for profit!

THE GOSPEL AND RIOT

Angry over the loss of income from his neglected silver shrines, Demetrius created a stir among his colleagues and threw the city into an uproar. The lives of Christians were put in jeopardy. Paul himself would have faced the great mob (the amphitheater seated 25,000) if friends had not forcibly restrained him. The wise, firm hand of a town clerk, who enforced law and order, quelled the riot.

NEWS ITEMS: The F.A.A. recently reported that one-third of the fatal accidents in noncommercial aviation can be traced to alcohol. Examination of 900 pilots killed in such crashes revealed that 300 had consumed more than two ounces of liquor or two bottles of beer. From 1963 through 1966, over 4,000 persons were killed in 2,084 private plane crashes. . . . One of America's leading psychiatrists recently reported that premarital sexual relations have greatly increased mental illness among young people.

O God, give us a revival of riot proportions in our day!

The Answer Corner

Conducted by W. T. Purkiser, *Editor*

What is our basis for adhering to the set pattern of the events in the last week of Christ, particularly His crucifixion on Friday and resurrection on Sunday morning? Is it scriptural, traditional, or what?

It is both scriptural and traditional. Mark 16:9 clearly states that Jesus was raised from the dead "early the first day of the week." The original makes it even stronger than the English, since it reads, "And rising early on the first day of the week [literally, the first of the Sabbaths], he appeared first to Mary the Magdalene."

All four Gospels state that the Crucifixion occurred on "the day of preparation," *paraskeue*, which was Friday in the Greek of the New Testament (and still is in modern Greek).

The unqualified statement is made

eleven times in the New Testament that Jesus was raised from the dead on "the third day" (Matthew 16:21; 17:23; 20:19; Mark 9:31; 10:34; etc.), which would then be Sunday.

There is only one reference set against all this evidence. That is the allusion to "three days and three nights" (Matthew 12:40), which, as F. F. Bruce has pointed out, was a common expression for "a very short time."

You need to remember that not every traditional belief is wrong, nor is every new theory correct, however loudly some may argue for it.

What the federal government subsidizes it may regulate. Our colleges are accepting grants from the government to build some of their specialized buildings. Shouldn't we build our colleges without federal funds, thereby maintaining separation of church and state? Let's dare to be different and pass up these handouts.

I admire the spirit of independence that would dare to be different. I'm also in favor of the separation of church and state.

But the problem isn't quite as simple as your question suggests. As Dr. Willis Snowbarger, executive secretary of the Department of Education of our General Board, has pointed out, if we refuse to accept the subsidies that are available on equal terms to all non-public colleges, we can neither accept all the students we have nor offer them the facilities they need.

We have to decide whether we will accommodate only a limited number of students and see an increasing percentage of our young people go to public institutions, or whether we will accept grants and low-cost loans where available without restrictive limitations or strings attached.

Actually, there are no strings attached to the grants now available to our schools that would in any sense hinder the maintenance of a Nazarene college program and atmosphere. If there were, we should quickly and flatly refuse them.

Another matter is that grants such as these are made from funds that are not likely to be permanent. They are part of the more or less temporary measures taken to alleviate drastic shortages in the facilities of higher education at the present time.

Government agencies in America have accepted the ideal of the best possible education for the greatest possible number of our youth. But the facilities of public education at the college level are totally unequal to this task. The church-related college therefore is contributing far more to the educational enterprise than it will ever receive (or wish to receive) from any branch of government.

I don't like some trends in government functions and taxing practices any more than I suspect you do. But our hope of changing them or checking them is not, as far as I can see, in standing aloof from the situations with which we have to live. There is much more to the separation of church and state than the decision to bypass available government grants for educational purposes.

In the requirement for Star N.W.M. Societies, the first point is membership equal to 75 percent of the church membership or a 7 percent net increase. Does this refer to the total N.W.M.S. members as in points 3 and 4, or does it apply to the active N.W.M.S. members as in point 5?

Dr. Mary Scott, executive secretary of the General N.W.M.S., informs me that point 1 refers to total membership,

which includes associate and junior members.

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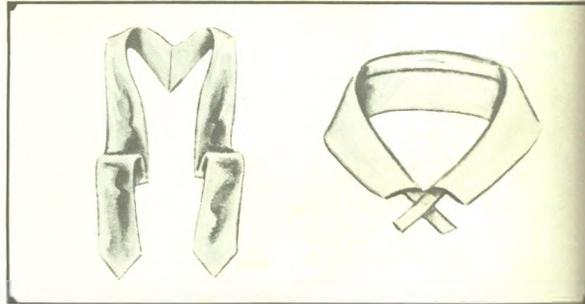
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