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May through December 1998 the two magazines will be joined "back to back" . . .
A delightful way to prepare for the change.
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The subscription drives for the new Holiness Today will begin this fall.
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Career Missionaries Appointed by General Board

The 75th session of the General Board commissioned 14 career missionaries in its final plenary meeting. For the second consecutive year the number of non-U.S.A. missionaries (8) outnumbered those from the United States (6). With these appointments, there are now 107 missionaries from non-U.S.A. countries, and our missionary family now comes from 30 different world areas.

The new missionaries are:

Antoine and Wilma Holleman are assigned to the European Nazarene Bible College, where he has been teaching since 1996. The Hollemans are from the Netherlands and have two children.

Cinda Kammermann, assigned to Kazakhstan, has served for two years under an internship contract in Russia and in Kazakhstan.

Don and Cynthia Moore, assigned to Bulgaria by the Eurasia Nazarene Bible College, where he has been teaching since 1996. The Hollemans are from the Netherlands and have two children.

Alfredo and Rute Mulieri, assigned to Venezuela, have served in Venezuela. Alfredo is from Argentina and Rute is from Brazil. They have 14-year-old twin daughters.

Philip and Ruth Park, assigned to Thailand, have served since 1995 under a specialized assignment contract in Thailand. The Parks, who are from Korea, have two sons.

Linda Russell, assigned to Russia, has been a NIVS in Moscow as a teacher of a foreign language class.

Jan and Sheryl Weisen, assigned to

New missionary appointees (first row, l. to r.) Linda Russell, Sheryl and Jan Weisen, Cinda Kammermann, Wilma and Antoine Holleman. (Second row, l. to r.) Rute and Alfredo Mulieri, Cynthia and Don Moore. (Third row, l. to r.) Ruth and Philip Park, Lumae and Samuel Yangmi.

Miriam Hall Retires as Children’s Ministries Director

Miriam J. Hall, Children’s Ministries director for Sunday School Ministries, retired February 27 after 21 years of distinguished service at the International Headquarters. Hall was elected the first Children’s Ministries director in 1977.

During her tenure, Hall developed and refined the concept of total ministry to children. Under her leadership, several new programs for children were created and two professional organizations, Nazarene International Education Association (NIEA) and Nazarene Children’s Pastors’ Association (NCPSA), were started.

Hall is the author of three books: New Directions for Children’s Ministries; Jesus, the Children’s Friend; and If I Were a Child Today. Beginning in 1995, she served with the Billy Graham Institute of Evangelism to develop the interdenominational emphasis on children, “Celebrate the Child.”

Hall holds a B.A. from Olivet Nazarene University (ONU) and an M.A. from the University of Northern Colorado. ONU honored her with both a doctorate and the “O” Award.

She and her husband, Herbert, will continue to reside in the Kansas City area.
Readers Write

Herald Filled with Sunlight

Who would have believed that the Herald would ever become so energizing. Spirit-filled, relevant, interesting? You and your colleagues, of course! Sorry I left out brilliant. Unlike the Herald of the past, the modern Herald is filled with wonderful sunlight.  

Marvin Carmony  
Terre Haute, Ind.

Enjoys “Question Box”

Reading the answers in “The Question Box” of the Herald conducted by you has been important to me. I have enjoyed your truthfulness and in-depth analysis of many of the questions asked.  

Jessie A. Ernest  
Boulder, Colo.

Simplicity and Stillness Issue

Your January 1998 Herald of Holiness is wonderful. Being a Nazarene for 65 years, I am striving for “Holiness . . . The Message of Hope.” We Nazarenes—the more we change, the more we stay the same. God bless you as you lead us for the future. I love our young people, God, and our church.  

Granny Boyd  
Richardson, Tex.

I want to congratulate you for the January Herald of Holiness. The combination of articles and powerful quotes were exactly what this soul needed. I was reminded of the words of John Oxenham, who wrote:

More grace is wrought in quietness  
Than any is aware.

How can we hope to be people of holiness if we have not spent time quieting our souls before our Saviour and knowing the depth of His love for us? Thank you for the reminder of this need in our lives.  

Barbara Moulton  
Scarborough, Ont.

Merger—a Great Idea

Herald of Holiness and World Mission magazines are greatly appreciated by me. The thought had crossed my mind several times that it would save some duplications and, perhaps, more people would read about our church’s mission work were they combined. It was pleasing to learn earlier last year that was going to be. Today I read in January’s issue that Franklin Cook will be the new editor of the merged magazine. He was quoted as saying, “The printed page will call the reader to discipleship, which is Christ-centered in a holiness context, and to mission, which is the beating heart of the church.” Applause is due all involved with selecting a person such as Franklin Cook. Thank you for the willingness to make changes while staying with the same message.

Patricia Goldsmith  
Fairbanks, Alaska

Deep Roots—Great Shade

I really enjoyed your article in the January issue on the change that needs to take place in the church. If we are going to effectively transfer the message of holiness to the future, we need to look for the new to make this happen. When the church started, we were aggressive and leading the way; now we lag behind in fear of losing something. Let’s bring back the cutting edge spirit that we began with and take the message of holiness to the future. If Christ decides not to come back for a while, we better get...
follow by sitting three hours under the "best teaching" (?) on unconditional eternal security by Dr. Charles Swindoll (probably the most favorite Evangelical writer read by Nazarenes. His books are used as elective studies in this denomination's 9:30 A.M. Lord's day period.) Are not both faulty scriptural interpretations equally unacceptable to Wesleyans?

The plea: "We . . . have to be as committed to the challenge of change as we are loyal to the heritage of holiness" lost much desirability following the reading of the above acknowledgment.

The scales tip precipitously toward loyalty "to the heritage of holiness" at the risk of being labeled as "maintaining the status quo."

J. Ray Shadowens
Houston, Tex.

The Herald—Link to Nazarenes

Thank you for the wraparound reminder to renew my subscription, and please find enclosed my check for three years. The Herald of Holiness is important in that it's my tie to the Church of the Nazarene. I married a man of Calvinistic persuasion, and out of respect for him, I attend his church with him. I was mistaken in my opinion that it would not be of great consequence. While I appreciate the Christian fellowship, there is a serious vacancy and incompleteness without the teaching and preaching of the second, definite work of grace in the Holy Spirit's sanctifying power. God's faithfulness is true and never failing, and He enables me by His Holy Spirit to live victoriously the life of holiness unto the Lord, and I want to share it!

Name withheld

Sanctification and Tongues

In "The Readers Write," page 14 of the February Herald, I take issue with the letter from the person on tongues and sanctification. It is a sad day when Christians call others dangerous. I have seen some Nazarenes who I would call dangerous but not the whole denomination. After all, when the Nazarene church started, it had Pentecostal in its name. Each church group has its own way to express the second work of grace.

Dale M. White
Lincoln, Nebr.

Thanks for Holiness Emphasis

Thank you for the emphasis that the Herald places on our Nazarene distinctive—the doctrine of holiness. I came to the Church of the Nazarene not having heard of this tenet of our faith; hence, I was overjoyed when I came into the experience at the altar of Stony Point Church of the Nazarene, Kansas City, Kansas, on March 15, 1992.

Thank you again for a publication that gives emphasis to this distinctive of our faith!

Ruth N. Hepner
Kansas City, Kans.
Superintendent's
VIEWPOINT

Wes Tracy, Thank You!

by James H. Diehl

The Church of the Nazarene has been blessed over the last almost nine years to have Dr. Wesley D. Tracy as editor of the Herald of Holiness. With this April issue of the Herald, Dr. Tracy retires from the assignment. Therefore, I say to him, Congratulations, Wes, on a job well done!

Wes Tracy has so many different sides, and each of these sides has been revealed from time to time through his writings in the Herald. Let me illustrate:

Wes has a tremendous gift of putting words together in order to communicate thoughts and ideas. I believe the correct word for this skill is “wordsmithery.” Contemplate some of the quotes that have been chosen from his editorials across more than eight years, and you will see what I mean.

- “I believe after Calvary, God has the right to be trusted.”
- “I like Wesleyan spirituality. At its best, it has always taught self-surrender. The self is not annihilated but is made whole by the sanctifying Spirit. It is then to be offered as a humble gift to God and our fellow-man.”
- “The challenge of making the family what it should be shoulders into our living room, pulls up a chair, and refuses to leave.”
- “When the teaching and preaching of the doctrine of sanctification becomes a whirligig of abstractions, it’s time to look behind the doctrine to the experiences of God’s people, which gave birth to the doctrine in the first place.”
- “Without preaching, Christian, Protestant, Wesleyan worship—like a structure that ends with a comma—dangles incomplete.”
- “It is time to come home. . . . Come home to Christian simplicity, discipline, and holiness of heart and life. . . . The worldly culture will try to sweep you back into its whirlwind of shallow gratifications, its deadening maze of greed and lusts, its ‘cosmic diversions and plastic pleasures.’”
- “He [God] will do whatever it takes to save us. He just won’t quit.

CHRIST IS THE ONLY ANSWER I KNOW OF FOR OUR BOTCHED CIVILIZATION WALKING EYE-DEEP IN HELL.”

His love will not let us go. I’m not teaching “irresistible grace,” but I am saying that God’s determination to save you is stronger than you have ever imagined.”
- “Marketing the church produces traffic, but not necessarily commitment.”
- “The world is getting into the Church faster than the Church is getting into the world.”
- “Pastors are among the most tenderhearted, sensitive persons that God created. The Lord gave them a pastor’s heart so that we would have gentle shepherds to guide us when we get careless or reckless. That’s smart on God’s part, but it makes pastors really vulnerable.”
- “If you have a song, won’t you please sing it? If all you can do is hum, whistle, or belt out an old love song from the flappers generation, maybe, just maybe, God can transform it into a hymn clothed in the shekinah of His love.”
- “You can toss out your cozy dreams of a sleepy little ivy-colored college that is more of a sanctuary from the sanguine hubbub of life than it is a rescue station. Discard any notion that a Nazarene campus is a place where good-natured kids go to hear mild-mannered profs spin fluffy, seminoble theories of long ago, detached from the agonies and hopes of contemporary life. We don’t have Currier and Ives colleges anymore. They have caught the vision and have gone ‘apartnering’ to make quality Christian education happen everywhere.”
- “Christ is the only answer I know of for our botched civilization walking eye-deep in hell.”

These quotes are back-page-of-your-Bible quality!

But then there is another side to editor Wes Tracy. I laughed out loud recently when I was reading “The Question Box” with the following question and Dr. Tracy’s answer. Question: “I really cheered when I heard that the General Assembly voted to make it OK for Nazarenes to attend movies. Don’t you agree that it was long overdue?” Answer: “Good grief. I hope you stop cheering long enough to read this column, because your interpretation is wrongheaded . . . .” The rest of his classic answer can be found in the October 1997 issue of the Herald (and I hope you will go back and re-read it!).

I discovered still another side of Wes Tracy several years ago when we both were in attendance at a regional
conference in the Dominican Republic. He has a sense of humor! I hardly noticed that he had a small camera with him. Evidently he used it quite extensively. Several weeks after returning home, I received a package of pictures in the mail with “Tracy captions” placed on each one with sticky notes. One picture of an incredible rainstorm pounding down around the open-air tabernacle where we were conducting the conference simply said, “Humidity: 240%.” Another shot shows me raising my hand and saying no to a street vendor while Dr. Louie Bustle is in the background walking the other way. Caption: “God loves you and has a wonderful plan for . . . Dr. Diehl strikes philosophic pose, but Sister Bustle can’t get the camera to work.” Possibly Wes Tracy can apply for a job as a political cartoonist for the Kansas City Star now that he is going to have some spare time on his hands!

Another side of Wes Tracy is that he is a first-class professor at Nazarene Theological Seminary. He also is husband, father, grandfather, and friend. He knows how to pray. He also laughs a lot. He is a committed, sanctified Christian. He really loves the Church of the Nazarene.

Possibly I said it as well as I am able to say it a few weeks ago when I wrote to him with these words: “Thank you for your strong commitment to Christ and the church, for your clear and concise way of writing, for tackling some extremely difficult questions in ‘The Question Box,’ for addressing so many delicate and controversial issues in the Herald, and for maintaining a warm heart and a sense of humor through it all. You exemplify what E. Stanley Jones meant when he wrote, ‘The Christian is ever about the business of toughening his hide without hardening his heart.’”

Thank you, Wesley Tracy, for the life that you have invested in all of us. Thousands of Nazarenes are further up the road because you came by and walked among us.

Two Tickets to Paradise

Victor Schreffler

A funny thing happened to us last Christmas. Here’s how it came about.

While being swept along in the “December daze,” our family decided to give something special to Jesus. But what does a mom, a dad, and three kids (15, 10, 8) give to the King? We tried to talk about it, but you know how it is when you have two brothers and a sister in the same vicinity—conversation often suffers the distractions of territorial warfare. Just the usual stuff, you understand: “Mom! He’s touching me!” “Dad! She’s looking at me!”

With younger children in the home, serious conversation is sometimes hard. Then it hit us.

Why don’t we give Jesus an entire day without conflict for a birthday present?

Christmas was only a few days away. The situation was desperate. We immediately began practicing.

That’s when I began to realize something as husband and father. The need for me to referee relationships became painfully obvious. Suddenly, I could no longer be passive. I had to become a warrior.

If there was to be peace, I had to hunt it down—tracking down the motives behind the words spoken, stalking solutions to disagreements, blazing a trail through uncharted territories of servanthood and selflessness.

And that’s when I found them—two tickets to paradise.

The first was this: Goal-centered team prayer.

Having agreed that family peace would be a great thing to give Jesus, we began praying together for the grace to do it. It wasn’t always comfortable. Like stopping the car to ask forgiveness for a sudden skirmish and then reaffirming the commitment to harmony.

The second ticket was this: We turned the TV off.

I realize this may sound like “blasphemy” to many folks, but a strange thing happened when the little blue box was unpowered. I became more alert to what was going on with the kids. I found I didn’t mind their interruptions as much when I had a book in my hands as when watching a program. We actually played a board game (all the same, three days of Risk can become tedious). And family devotions didn’t feel like an intrusion into the evening.

We also discovered the incredible restorative powers of an evening of family reading—something so close to utopia I wonder that it can be permitted. Yet I found nothing in Scripture to forbid such practice.

If you’re a dad, you have a lot of values vying for ascendency in your mind. It’s hard to decide what’s really important.

All I can say is, during those Christmas holidays, I discovered a rewarding sense of identity as father that eclipses almost everything else I do. Focused praying for family peace and a radical reduction of TV time turned out to be two tickets to paradise for us. You might want to try them sometime.
Dry leaves rolled across my driveway, and one leaf caught my gaze. It reminded me of myself—single and driven by life forces like that wind-driven leaf!

I had just been widowed, and I felt blown around by forces outside myself. God had given me the strength I needed to endure the loss of my husband. But now, was I being blown around like the leaf?

Back ing the car from my driveway, I rec olled the past few weeks and the soothing gestures from friends and family. They had delivered tasty food and caring words. Then . . . silence, long silence. That’s when I knew it was time for me to begin my new life. So I did.

My friend Kay and I met at a small café for coffee and conversation. This will ease the transition, I thought as Kay smiled and told me about her daughter’s wedding. Friends. Visits. Conversation. Activities.

It was when we were saying good-bye at the doorway that her words hit me with cold impact: “Jim and I are coming back here tonight for the buffet they have every Tuesday evening. We always sit in the corner booth. So cozy!”

Corner booth. Buffet. With her husband. The message numbed me. My husband and I used to enjoy the buffet and sit in that corner booth too! “How nice!” I managed to say as the numbness deepened. Somehow, I managed to smile and wave as though her sincere words had been normal for me to hear. I would never tell her otherwise. She was kind and had not intended to remind me of my aloneness.

Driving home, again I stared at the leaves rolling across the driveway. Will my life be like the helpless leaves from now on? I thought, hoping not.

I pictured myself as a wind-blown leaf that refused to just be blown around!

After I was seated in my favorite chair by the front window, I read in the newspaper that our church was having a visiting evangelist Saturday afternoon. While I was married, I would have said, “Let’s go hear him. OK?” We would have gone out afterward for a snack too.

Now I pondered my plight and the wind-blown leaf. I thought about another single woman and phoned her. “Want to hear the evangelist, then go out for dinner Saturday?” I asked, hoping Margie would be able to say yes.

“Sure!” she said.

And that Saturday was special. From then on, I called people to make plans for dinner out, sharing rides to and from church, going to community events, driving to visit relatives with a friend—or making other arrangements to enrich life for us. Each time I invited someone, I pictured myself as a wind-blown leaf that refused to just be blown around! My invitations to others have resulted in their return requests for me to go places with them. God had given me strength to combat loneliness. Philippians 4:13 says it clearly: “I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me” (NKJV).

I have become a leaf that resists the winds of adversity. I thank God daily for the strength and the guidance to find companionship with friends. When I travel alone, those I visit become my temporary family. I have seen new parts of the country. Alone. I am able to make quick travel plans that may take a couple or a family longer to schedule.

Now I see the rolling leaves in a new way. They are examples of single people who have resumed life after adversity blew hard times into their lives.
For a widow, spring can feel like fall, like a harsh November day with a biting wind.
WHERE ARE THE

Shortly after I am seated in church, my eyes dart across the congregation to see if I can find her. I especially like it when she wears the light purple suit with a white blouse. Her fluffy gray-white hair looks like an angel’s halo to me. She is always sitting with a friend or three and participates in every part of the service. I see her on Sunday mornings and evenings, usually Wednesday nights too. She is a model of faithfulness, love, and generosity. Her husband, Dr. Howard Hamlin, died over 14 years ago, leaving Maxine to try to continue their lifestyle—as a single.

I know she has tried everything she knows to make the most of her widowhood. Her high energy level puts younger folks to shame. Her determined efforts to memorialize her beloved with a beautiful bell tower for the church were completed with flair. Her willingness to help others is constant. Some days she delivers homemade peanut clusters or a bouquet of flowers to a shut-in. She lifts spirits with her cheery telephone calls and hospital volunteering. Yet, I, along with her many friends, know she still has moments of deep loneliness.

Widowhood creates a depth of hurt and shock that is not matched by any other loss. As a bride walks down the aisle to be married, rarely is she aware of the statistics that three of every four brides will eventually experience widowhood. No preparation—social, economic, or emotional—is generally made for this eventuality. When life seems to be progressing so naturally, it is difficult to plan for death.

It is not a new phenomenon. History reminds us of some famous widows like Mary

THREE OUT OF EVERY FOUR BRIDES WILL HAVE TO COPE WITH WIDOWHOOD.
Todd Lincoln, who had a difficult time adjusting; like Jackie Kennedy Onassis, who searched for continued love and fame; like Wanda Knox, who determined to continue her husband’s desire to spread the gospel in the wilds of New Guinea.

Attitudes toward widows have changed. History reveals customs that governed how a widow was to be cared for. In some cultures, the deceased husband’s brother was expected to marry the widow and take her into his household. In another culture, the widow threw herself upon the pyre that was consuming the body of her husband. In some Asian countries, the aged widow was revered and honored as a sage. In some European countries, many widows were left in dire poverty and forced to live in “poorhouses” that provided almost no comfort and much social stigma.

Some of that has changed. Young widows are expected to marry again. Older widows seem to have opportunities to continue a rich life without the constant burden of intense poverty. Yet more changes need to be made.

During a recent dialogue with several widows, two recently widowed, several disturbing aspects of widowhood were discussed. Some suggestions were also made.

**Social Changes**

Lonesomeness continues as a recurrent theme. Today, many widows want to live independently as long as they can. Some take on jobs; some volunteer for church or community projects. But even with activities, the sadness remains and is revealed in comments like, “I suddenly realized I wasn’t first with anyone anymore.” “I’m alone so much that I think I’ll burst if I don’t have someone to talk with. I’m suffering from suppressed conversation.” “Here I am in a club I didn’t even know existed. And I don’t like it.” “I know I’m a fifth wheel, but I have to get out some.” “I really don’t care if I ever get dressed up again. He was my inspiration to try to look good.” The social issue is a massive one.

Church should be a haven from the bitter pain of loss. In reality, it sometimes accentuates it. The issue of where to sit is not an easy one. Jeannette slowly entered the sanctuary wondering, “Where will I sit?” At first she thought she would sit on the opposite side that she and her husband had always enjoyed. Then, for some reason, she chose to sit in the same row and the same seat. No sooner had she sat down than two friends joined her—one on her left and one on her right. That spot has remained “hers,” and she has never had to sit alone yet.

Velma declared, “What do people do who don’t have a church? My Sunday School class is my family. I love them, and they accept me. I never feel in the way.” What Velma did not detail were the acts of love and kindness she spreads to others. She keeps in touch by phone or personal visit. She does not wait to be asked; she seeks ways to serve. In fact, she is so compassionate to the sick, weak, and afflicted that some call her service “Angel Duty” for Jesus.

 Withdrawal is a strong tendency for some who are mourning the loss of a partner. Although this is a recognized step in the process of grieving, sometimes it is caused by the way people tend to ignore the bereaved, almost pretending that nothing has changed. Next to the horror of being ignored are the bad questions that are asked, like “How
What Widows Can Do

One way to adjust to widowhood is to find areas of interest and ways to serve Christ through serving others. Nothing provides permanent insurance against financial problems nor freedom from loneliness. But joy can be found in serving. Albert Schweitzer once wrote, “I don’t know what your destiny will be, but one thing I know: the only ones among you who will be really happy are those who have sought and found how to serve.”

Look over these suggestions and mark the areas you would like to explore: church greeting, choir singing, Sunday School teaching, calling, writing, crafting, transporting people, missionary supporting, neighboring, caregiving or relieving, cooking for others, baby-sitting, letter writing, church library organizing, Bible memorizing, encouraging others, cleaning house for another, ironing, share baking, gardening, volunteering in public schools/hospitals/nursery, attending church faithfully.

What the Church Can Do

The Bible admonishes us to care for widows and orphans. Here are some of the positive steps churches can take to protect, guide, and support their widows.

1. Form a Widows’ Support Group. This group can set its own time and place of meeting. It gives the widows a place to interact, to organize helpful material, and create an immediate source of help for new widows. Meetings can include Bible studies, special speakers, music, or meals. They can encourage each other because they understand each other.

2. Counseling for widows is needed. They need to share their deepest concerns and interact with someone who is knowledgeable in the areas of emotional and personal needs.

3. A financial-legal expert could be provided by the church. The mass of decision-making and confusion of voices needs to be organized by one who understands the language of law and financial processes, including help with insurance claims.

4. A widow needs a network of repairpersons who can be trusted not to overcharge and to complete jobs such as leaking faucets, ill-fitting doors, electrical and plumbing problems, and car repairs.

Business and Legal Dilemmas

Although lonesomeness and the social issues loom large in the hearts and lives of widows, some of the most crippling problems rest in financial and legal demands. It is devastating to be required to make decisions that can affect the long-term future when you are still in shock and trauma. “I don’t know who our lawyer is or how to contact our insurance agent.” “How can the bank hold our money when it was in both our names?” “How do I change our joint registrations into my name only?” “Why didn’t someone tell me to order 10 death certificates instead of 2?” “I can write a check, but I don’t know anything about our investments.”

Evelyn, a widow who for over a year daily cared for her ill husband before he died, confessed, “I would have talked with my husband about these issues if I could have. I knew I needed more information. However, the days he was feeling better, I didn’t want to trouble him with questions that would imply his death was soon. On the other days when he was so sick, he
was too sick to even take his medicine without help, let alone talk about finances and records. I felt like I was in a trap. I wanted to talk with him because I knew I didn’t know enough about our family business, but I couldn’t find the right time to talk with him before he died.” Fortunately, Evelyn found a wise friend in the church who she could trust with her business and her confidences. He understood the legalese and the necessity of observing deadlines.

Jeanette added, “Just when I was the most distraught, muddled, and befuddled, I was asked to make decisions when I had no ability to make them. Letters arrived. Action was required. Correct information was not easily available. Finally I just said, ‘Just keep those extra benefits.’ Then, fortunately, my son took off work and went with me from one office to another trying to get my business, joint ownership, taxes, and claims in order. What does one do without a faithful son?”

Consider the modeling of Jesus, the Son, who looked compassionately on His mother, Mary, and asked John to care for her. He was patterning His request from the admonitions in the Bible. In the Old Testament we read, “Do not take advantage of a widow or an orphan. If you do and they cry out to me, I will certainly hear their cry. My anger will be aroused and I will kill you with a sword; your wives will become widows and your children fatherless” (Exodus 22:22, NIV). “Seek justice, encourage the oppressed. Defend the cause of the fatherless, plead the case of the widow” (Isaiah 1:17, NIV).

And, in the New Testament, we read, “Give proper recognition to those widows who are really in need. But if a widow has children or grandchildren, these should learn first of all to put their religion into practice by caring for their own family and so repaying their parents and grandparents, for this is pleasing to God. The widow who is really in need and left alone puts her hopes in God and continues night and day to pray and to ask God for help” (1 Timothy 5:3-5, NIV).

Whether they are vibrant and energy-filled, or weak and frail, widows need our love and attention. If, in fact, we are the family of God, all of us can find ways to make the widow’s life merrier!

Author Gloria Willingham is the primary caregiver for her widowed mother, Grace Ramquist. For dialogue and discussion, these widows met with the author to address the issues of widowhood: Evelyn Beals, Elizabeth Jones-Ketner, Lorene Korody, Veima Pittman, Cleona McGuire, Grace Ramquist, Esther Simpson, and Jeannette Wiebecke.
Summary of Actions Taken During the 75th Session of the General Board

The General Board of the Church of the Nazarene met in Kansas City February 21-23, in its first regular session since election at the 1997 General Assembly. Of the 66 members, 44 are new this quadrennium.

Some of the significant actions taken by the General Board include:

**Personnel**

- Elected Hardy Weathers as president of Nazarene Publishing House.
- Reelected International Headquarters officers and division directors:
  - Jack Stone, general secretary and headquarters operations officer
  - Robert L. Foster, general treasurer and headquarters financial officer
  - Michael R. Estep, Communications Division director
  - Bill M. Sullivan, Evangelism and Church Growth Division director
  - Jerry D. Lambert, education commissioner
  - Talmadge Johnson, Sunday School Ministries director
  - Louie E. Bustle, World Mission Division director
- Ratified the election of the regional directors:
  - Richard Zanner, Africa Region
  - A. Brent Cobb, Asia-Pacific Region
  - John M. Smee, Caribbean Region
  - Mario Zani, Mexico/Central America Region
  - R. Franklin Cook, Eurasia Region
  - Bruno Radi, South America Region

- Approved the nomination of International Headquarters ministry and services directors:
  - Nina G. Gunter, general NWMS director
  - Fred Fullerton, general NYI director
  - David G. Hayse, Mission Personnel director
  - Ray Hendrix, World Mission Literature director
  - Dave Anderson, Nazarene Communications Network Productions director
  - Randy Cloud, curriculum director, Sunday School Ministries Division
  - David Felter, Adult Ministries director
  - Lynda Boardman, Children's Ministries director
  - Curt Bowers, Chaplaincy Ministries director
  - Wilbur Brannon, Pastoral Ministries director
  - Tom Nees, Multicultural Ministries director
  - Don Walter, Pensions and Benefits Services U.S.A. and Pensions and Benefits International director
  - Steve Weber, Stewardship Development Ministries director

**Missions**

- Appointed 14 career missionaries.
- Changed the name of World Mission Radio to World Evangelism Broadcast.

**Other**

- Changed the name of the Book Committee to Beacon Hill Committee.
- Approved the establishment of director of curriculum, a new position in the Sunday School Ministries Division.

Nazarenes Enter Three New Countries

The General Board approved plans for the Church of the Nazarene to enter three new countries immediately, as follows:

- Nepal (Eurasia Region)
- Benin (Africa Region)
- Togo (Africa Region)

With this action, the Church of the Nazarene now has a presence in 119 world areas.

General Superintendent’s Report to General Board Looks to New Millennium

During the plenary meeting of the General Board on Sunday evening, General Superintendent James H. Diehl, reporting on behalf of the Board of General Superintendents, challenged all Nazarenes to embrace “the most momentous days of their lifetime—the closing of one millennium and the beginning of another. Such a transition has never happened in our lifetime or in the history of the Church of the Nazarene.”

Diehl reiterated the quadrennial theme, “Holiness . . . The Message of Hope,” saying: “[God] is the Source of our hope. He is the God of our future. May we courageously lift the trumpet to our lips, giving a certain sound to people everywhere that we are a holiness denomination; that holiness and hope are part and parcel of the same message.”

In his address, Diehl gave highlights of the various divisions and ministries of the International Headquarters as well as the work of the Board of General Superintendents. “The events and statistical reports of 1997 show that our church is healthy and progressive in all areas,” Diehl said.

Diehl closed his report by reminding Nazarenes to lift their eyes to the future, encouraging them to march toward the next millennium with faith that is grounded in the past but focused on the future. “The future will be less scary if we plunge headfirst into the present that God has given us,” he said.

“Today is the future that we feared yesterday. Now that we have arrived, we are comforted to know that God is here too. Under the banner of ‘Holiness and Hope,’ let’s harvest the fields where the grain is ripe. Let’s remember that God raised us up a century ago to spread scriptural holiness across the land, and that our work is not done yet.”
NWMS Hosts Council and Coordinators Meetings in February

The General NWMS Council met February 11-13 in Kansas City, which was followed by a two-day meeting of the international regional representatives of the General Council and their regional program coordinators.

“The NWMS, the dynamic voice of missions in the local church, is mobilizing workers in the harvest fields of the world,” said Nina Gunter, general NWMS director, in her annual report. “The seeds of the gospel are being planted, and God is giving the harvest.”

In her report, Gunter announced that the first 40 scholarships from the NWMS 40th anniversary project—NWMS International Student Scholarships—had been awarded just days before the meeting began. Gunter also challenged NWMS leaders to involve young people in 2 hours of service each week to break the weekly cycle of 20-hour viewing of television.

General Superintendent William J. Prince conducted the vote for the general director. The council gave Gunter a unanimous vote for another quadrennium of leadership as general director.

In the report of the general president, Beverlee Borbe noted: “I can tell you that the people at the grassroots level are enthusiastic about their denomination and the world mission program. It has been exciting for me to be with the people, feel their heartbeat, and to sense their zeal and devotion for the work. It has also been helpful because it has given me the opportunity to observe their needs.”

Others highlights included:
- Franklin Cook, Eurasia regional director and editor of Holiness Today, presented an alabaster urn from Italy to Gunter in honor of the upcoming Alabaster 50th anniversary offering. He also explained how the transition would take place from the Herald of Holiness and World Mission magazines to the newly merged Holiness Today.
- The JESUS Film Project was presented to the council. Because of the multitude of needs, Borbe presented a prayer plan for the project to the council, which was readily accepted.
- The program coordinators and council representatives from the six world mission regions reviewed NWMS plans and programs from an international perspective, exchanging promotional ideas and sharing creative ways for taking an idea from one culture and making it applicable in their own.

One of the main concerns voiced was the lack of materials in various languages. Because a number of these languages overlap from one region to another, the program coordinators, regional representatives, and General NWMS Office will network to eliminate duplication of efforts, saving time, decreasing costs, and providing a selection of items in a variety of languages.

“There was a spirit of cooperation and determination among the members of this committee,” said Gunter. “The group examined the problems facing the NWMS outside North America and attempted to hammer out solutions. The NWMS delivery system will be strengthened as a result.”

Nina Gunter presented a plaque to Paul Gamertsfelder for his key role in initiating Work and Witness.

Gamertsfelder, the first man elected to the General NWMS Council in 1972, was given the challenge of devising a plan to involve more men in missions. His idea, known as Men in Mission and now called Work and Witness, has become a popular and widespread mission ministry in the denomination. Statistics for the first nine months of 1997 indicate 351 teams of 6,619 members donated 402,906 labor hours on Work and Witness trips.

Nina Gunter, general NWMS director, said, “It was my privilege to serve on the General NWMS Council with Paul Gamertsfelder. It was obvious to the council that God was leading him in the development of Men in Mission. Nothing has done more to build excitement in missions than Work and Witness.”

General NWMS Council (front row, l. to r.): Doris Dickey, East Central U.S.A.; Beverlee Borbe, general president; Margaret Eversley, Caribbean; Patricia Joliff, Asia-Pacific; Eunice Brubaker, North Central U.S.A.; Margaret Rossiter, Canada; Mary Winkle, Northwest U.S.A.; Raquel de Hildago, Mexico/Central America; Nina G. Gunter, general director. (Back row, l. to r.: Bob Prescott, Eastern U.S.A.; Louie E. Bustle, World Mission Division director; John Wilcox, Southwest U.S.A.; Elaine Danker, Eurasia; Joan Benjamin, Africa; Jane Bowers, South Central U.S.A.; Sue Fox, Central U.S.A.; Nazir Celestino, South America; and Dennis Moore, Southeast U.S.A.)
U.S.A./Canada Superintendents’ Retreat Focused on the Harvest

“The Harvest Challenge” was the theme of the annual superintendents’ retreat held February 7-10 in San Diego for general superintendents, district superintendents from U.S.A./Canada, and their spouses. During the four-day event, the participants heard messages by general superintendents on different aspects of the harvest: “The Harvest Challenge,” “Comprehending the Harvest,” “Compassion for the Harvest,” “Communicating Harvest Hope,” and “Celebrating the Harvest.”

The retreat program, led by General Superintendent Paul G. Cunningham, highlighted changes in the new Manual and papers by six district superintendents on relevant issues.

Three district superintendents were honored by their colleagues upon their retirement: Ralph West, Louisiana; Maurice Hall, Southern California; and Jack Shankel, Northwestern Ohio.

On behalf of the district superintendents, Clarence Kinzler gave a tribute to the Board of General Superintendents and their wives. In the “Statement of Affirmation,” Kinzler closed with these words: “We affirm God’s goodness, kindness, gentleness, and love that we sense and catch when we are with you . . . We deeply appreciate your leadership and counsel to each of us . . . Please accept our affirmation and go in the strength of it.” The tribute included special gift expressions from the districts.

The retreat committee consisted of Paul G. Cunningham, William J. Prince, Jack Stone, Tom Bailey, and Clarence Kinzler.

A number of activities were planned and conducted for the superintendents’ spouses by a committee composed of Connie Cunningham, Evelyn Prince, Judy Bailey, Sue Kinzler, and Charlene Goble.

General Secretary Jack Stone commented, “A great spirit of unity and commitment prevailed throughout the retreat.”

Hardy Weathers Elected as President of NPH

C. Hardy Weathers was elected president of Nazarene Publishing House (NPH) during the first plenary meeting of the General Board on February 21.

Weathers was one of two names on the ballot, which was presented to the General Board by General Superintendent Paul G. Cunningham.

Cunningham formally introduced Weathers to the General Board in the Sunday evening plenary meeting, describing him as a “man with a vision.” Weathers, in accepting the position, told board members, “I have discovered a treasure in Nazarene Publishing House—common people who believe in what they do and have proven that with their expertise and tenure.”

Weathers, currently the vice president for enrollment development at MidAmerica Nazarene University (MNU), served as marketing director of NPH for six years and the director of Beacon Hill Press for one year.

Weathers received a B.A. from Southern Nazarene University; an M.A. from the University of Missouri, Kansas City; and a D.H.L. from Mid-America Nazarene University. He and his wife, Lucille, live in Olathe, Kans.

Nazarene Giving Sets Records

Nazarenes set two giving records in 1997, according to statistics released by the General Treasurer’s Office. Contributions to the World Evangelism Fund (General Budget) were $36,801,320. This is an increase of 4.3 percent over the previous year and represents the greatest annual amount to the World Evangelism Fund (WEF) in the denomination’s 89-year history. Part of this total included $9,866,393 contributed to the 1997 Thanksgiving Offering, the most ever given in either the Easter or Thanksgiving Offerings.

“This is exciting news and a generous expression of Nazarene faithfulness to God and others,” said Steve Weber, Stewardship Development Ministries director. “At a time when contributions have taken a downturn in some denominations, Nazarenes continue to give faithfully for others. We have so much to be thankful for!”

Weber added that while it is apparent many Nazarenes continue to give to the Thanksgiving and Easter Offerings to support the WEF, a study of the data reveals more than 50 percent of the $36.8 million given in 1997 was raised through faith promise giving.

Contributions to Mission Specials (Ten Percent Giving) in 1997 were almost $17.8 million, which is an increase of 6.8 percent over the previous year. This brought the amount given for others through the general church in 1997 to almost $54.5 million, an increase of almost 5 percent over 1996.

“Traditional methods of giving may be changing, but not the giving itself,” Weber said. “Nazarenes are willing to put their money where their hearts are, and their hearts continue to be focused on taking the message of holiness to all the world.”
ENBC Hosts Two Conferences

European Nazarene Bible College (ENBC) was the venue for a Consultation on Ministerial Education and a Leaders’ Conference in January.

Some 180 pastors, teachers, missionaries, administrators, and students attended the Leaders’ Conference held January 19-22. They came to renew friendships and explore the conference theme, “Worship: Believers in the Presence of God.”

Stephen Green, senior pastor of Pasadena, Calif., First Church, preached six sermons on “life as liturgy.” Wesley Tracy, former editor of the Herald of Holiness, directed five seminars on worship.

“Nothing could have been more timely,” said Jacob Overduin, Netherlands District superintendent, “given the current ferment about worship styles in Europe’s postmodern culture.”

“The Leaders’ Conference met definite needs for information and encouragement for many,” said ENBC Rector Jeanine van Beek.

More than 50 educators, pastors, missionaries, and superintendents from 20 countries attended the consultation on European theological education. Antonie Holleman, director of ENBC’s extension education program, served as facilitator for the event.

Conferees confronted the opportunities and challenges of educating people in our European churches who are answering God’s call to ministry. Reports were received from the extension education centers on 14 districts.

“This first consultation was a historic event,” said Jerry Lambert, education commissioner. “The heroic efforts of our Nazarene pastors and missionaries in our extension centers in harness with the splendid resources of ENBC is a winning combination and will make a difference for years to come.”

For 20 years, MidAmerica Nazarene University (MNU) has been partnering with ENBC. Four persons from MNU who participated in the consultation were President Richard Spindle, Academic Dean Corlis McGee, Religion Department Chairman Frank Moore, and Missions Professor Randy Beckum.

“A lot of hard work lies ahead,” said Larry Kromer, dean of ENBC, “but the districts and the college are operating with shared vision, and we are expecting great things from our God.”

A worship team of ENBC students launched the opening service of the Leaders’ Conference.

Update on Mexico Tragedy

The latest information on the people injured in the van accident in Mexico in January, which took the lives of missionary Jim Johnson and Oklahoma dentist Fred Siems Jr., is as follows:

Amanda Siems, 9, daughter of Fred Siems, is in a back brace and still experiencing some pain from her injuries.

Donna Marchant, wife of Ken Marchant Sr., who is a General Board member and Texas legislator, suffered broken collarbones, a broken leg, a broken back, and a head injury. She will be hospitalized for a lengthy time for inpatient neuro-therapy.

Ken Marchant Jr., 14, is paralyzed from the neck down and remains hospitalized.

Dallas Marchant, 12, who has a broken leg, has undergone a procedure to slow the growth of the other leg so it will not be longer than the injured one.

Les Finney of California is at home recuperating from several fractured ribs, using a walker to move around.

Richard Wynn of Indiana, originally reported to have no injuries, is in a back brace due to a cracked vertebra, but he is recovering well.

The Nazarene family is urged to continue to pray for those injured as well as the families of the deceased.

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Glorification

ROB L. STAPLES

Rob L. Staples has made a career of teaching the Christian faith as a pastor and as a professor at Southern Nazarene University and Nazarene Theological Seminary.

In Scripture, the words “glory” and “glorification” are rich in meaning. In the Old Testament, “glory” belonged to God alone. When Moses prayed to be shown God’s glory, God hid him in a cleft of the rock so that he could not see God’s face (Exodus 33:18-23). But the New Testament proclaims that the glory of God has been revealed to us in Jesus Christ (2 Corinthians 3:18-23). The Epistle to the Hebrews speaks of Heaven as that which Je­sus went to prepare for us and remains to be realized in the rest of humanity. Heaven is that which Jesus went to prepare for us when He returned to the Father (John 14:3). Heaven, then, is the consequence of His resurrection and ascension.

The “life everlasting” has been described in different ways in the biblical and historical traditions. Many Catholics have longed for the “beatific vision” of seeing God face-to-face. The Epistle to the Hebrews speaks of a “rest” for God’s people, a meaningful metaphor for people who struggle and labor in this life. But “rest” may not be everyone’s aspiration. In a world where human labor is often an unfulfilling drudgery, many people long for creative tasks that are meaningful, for work that is artistic rather than drab, where in the words of Kipling in L’Envoi,

Each for the joy of the working, And each, in his separate star, Shall draw the Thing as he sees It For the God of Things as they are!

And in a divided world, torn by strife, where there is loneliness and alienation, a meaningful metaphor for many people today is that of “commu­nity.” Concepts of beatific vision, rest, and creativity emphasize individuality. Of course, individuality is significant. Unlike the various forms of pure mysticism, Christianity looks for a fu­ture where there is interpersonal dialogue and relationship rather than the loss of identity through being ab­sorbed into the Absolute. But, as we already see in this present life, true indi­viduality develops only within community. The corporate dimension is the controlling one. The Bible is rich with images depicting life everlasting as an active participation with all the redeemed in a perfect fellowship, with Christ as the center.

Heaven is beyond our human ability to fully comprehend. Furthermore, to the corporate must be added the cosmic, for the whole creation shares in God’s redemptive plan. For the completion of that divine plan we wait “in eager expectation” and “in hope that the creation itself will be liberated from its bondage to decay and brought into the glorious freedom of the children of God” (Romans 8:19, 20-21, NIV). “Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus!” (Revelation 22:20, NKJV).
So you live next door to a Lutheran family. Do you know what they believe? Do you know what your Methodist, Lutheran, and Episcopalian friends believe? How do these beliefs differ or correlate with Nazarene beliefs?

*What Is a Nazarene* will help you understand our own Nazarene roots as well as the similarities and differences with other Christian faiths.

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**The Hunger of Your Heart**

Written by a variety of writers from the Christian Holiness Partnership including Janette Oke, Les Parrott III, Henry Gariepy, and others, this book will inspire you to discover the deeper life—to stand in the presence of His infinite glory. For every believer struggling with inner sin, for every Christian who is not yet whole—and knows it, for every novice disciple who seeks satisfaction for the deepest hungers of the heart, the Father has given a path to abundant living.

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**Love Made Perfect**

*Foundations for the Holy Life*  
By William Greathouse  
*Love Made Perfect* defines the abstract and gives fullness and meaning to entire sanctification. For many people discovering perfect love seems a frustrating and futile search, but in the form of exposition and exercise Dr. Greathouse has prepared a Wesleyan, biblically sound approach to teaching the message of holiness. Wes Tracy contributes vital end-of-chapter exercises to create a deeper study of the book and bring the material to practical application.

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**What Is a Nazarene**

By Wesley Tracy and Stan Ingersol  
So you live next door to a Lutheran family. Do you know what they believe? Do you know what your Methodist, Lutheran, and Episcopalian friends believe? How do these beliefs differ or correlate with Nazarene beliefs? *What Is a Nazarene?* will help you understand our own Nazarene roots as well as the similarities and differences with other Christian faiths.
"Congratulations!" the ultrasound technician announced. "You’re expecting twins."

Twins? Doug and Judy didn’t know whether to celebrate or commiserate. Slowly, the unexpected words sunk in and their meaning became clearer. The Lord was changing the couple’s well-planned ideas about life at Nazarene Theological Seminary—and in a big way!

This pregnancy was not supposed to happen—not to the Herberts. Doug had promised himself he would be smart about his seminary experience. He wouldn’t work full-time. And there wouldn’t be any siblings for one-year-old Ryan until the master of divinity was securely in hand.

Doug Herbert spent the summer of ’93 adjusting to the thought of becoming a family of five. Finding a spending months there, not just days or weeks.

Doug confessed that he struggled with anger and resentment. "God, what did we do to deserve this?" he anguished. "Where are You, and what do You think You’re doing? If You want to take our babies, why don’t You just do it and stop prolonging the agony?"

The Herberts really had no other choice but to return home to Canada. Judy was flown by a twin-engine air ambulance at a cost of $7,200 (U.S.), while Doug followed soon after in their family car. Seminary classes were dropped, hopes and dreams shattered.

Doug, the youngest of five children, was raised on a hay, grain, and dairy farm close to Edmonton, Alberta. The winters, cold and harsh, presented challenges in caring for the animals, but Doug’s memories of his life at home are warm and pleasant and cozy.

He has a rich Nazarene heritage: a grandfather who was a pioneer pastor in Canada; two uncles, pastors in Canada and the States; and an aunt, Lenora Pease, a missionary to India.

Doug’s parents, devout Christians, faithfully attended the Camrose Church of the Nazarene, even though it was located 30 miles from their farm. The small church, which struggled for survival, later closed. After attending an Evangelical Free church for three years, the Herberts joined the Stettler Church of the Nazarene about 35 miles away.

Doug remembers with fondness his mother’s prayers, their twice-a-day family devotions, and summertime family church camps. He became a Christian as a child and can never remember openly rebelling against God.

As a young teen, Doug had inklings to be a “spiritual leader” of some type. His call—although he never visualized himself in a pastoral position—was finally solidified in his third year at Mountain View Bible College, about 125 miles from home. Seminary, at that time, was nothing more than a pipe dream.
Doug and Judy met in college, dated for three years, and married in 1988, the fall after Doug graduated. Moving to Calgary, Alberta, Doug served as youth pastor for the next three years. With strong encouragement from his pastor, Larry Dahl, to attend NTS, Doug returned to the family farm to work and save money.

Doug, Judy, and baby Ryan made the 1,800-mile trek to Kansas City in January of 1993 so he could begin his studies. They quickly settled into the seminary community and became a part of the church family at Overland Park Nazarene.

One Sunday evening, the Herberts sang with the choir “God Will Make a Way.” They listened with wonder to testimonies of how God had worked in people’s lives and delivered them from impossible situations. Little did they know in just a few weeks they would face their own opportunity to prove that God will make a way.

During the “longest month of their lives” when Judy spent more time in the hospital than at home, Doug testified: “In spite of our deep struggles and numbness of faith, God was indeed making a way for us. When we were too tired and frazzled to pray or think clearly, God moved our church family at Overland Park to pray and come alongside us with a thousand expressions of love and concern. Judy and I were not buoyed up by the strength of our own prayer lives or our own faith, but by theirs. The longest and most desperate month of our lives became in some ways the best and most important month, for our God proved to us that He really does make a way.”

Back home in Canada, the Lord continued to make a way. The doctors administered a new medication to stop the labor. And it worked! No more hospitalizations until delivery time. Canadian health care covered all medical costs. And Judy’s mother enjoyed “grandmothering” as she cared for her daughter and family.

Then on December 7, two little tykes arrived, safe and healthy. Jordan and Joshua—the “miracle twins,” Doug called them—were further evidence that God does make a way.

Decision time. Now what was Doug to do? Return to NTS? With three tiny lads? As a non-U.S.A. citizen with limited work hours? How could he possibly make it? Did God really want him to finish seminary?

For some folks, the decision would have been easy: stay home. In fact, one family member discouraged Doug from pursuing his education in Kansas City. But, to this young man of God, there really was no other option. He felt the Lord’s call to finish his degree at NTS. “It wasn’t a tough decision at all,” he stated.

In May 1997 Douglas Herbert graduated from NTS summa cum laude, the only graduate with a 4.0-grade average. Yes, God had made a way—and even threw in an all-A report card as a bonus.

Today, Doug is pastor of the Trenton Church of the Nazarene in Nova Scotia. “We’ve been welcomed with open arms, and the church is responding with enthusiasm to my pastoral ministry,” Pastor Herbert wrote. “I can’t think of another time in my life when I’ve been so happy, and Judy and the kids are genuinely happy too.”

And the Lord has blessed them with a sweet lassie, Christina, born in Trenton. Doug adds, “All this is another indication to me of the fact that when one decides to trust God wholeheartedly, he or she is never disappointed. God deserves—and receives—all the praise for any good thing I have done, for I am only an instrument in His hands. My prayer is that I may always be an instrument of honor for Him.”

Doug Herbert is one more example the song “God Will Make a Way” is a reality—and always shall be.
Our Palm Sunday parade always ends at the altar, just as it did 2,000 years ago.

But first the parade: Jesus approached the Mount of Olives on that fateful day. The Mount would be of special significance in that it would be from that spot that He would ascend into heaven. It would also be to that spot that He would descend at the second coming. It was, furthermore, from that spot that He dialogued with the disciples concerning the second advent.

Special places mean special memories. When we approach “the mount,” we recall times when God revealed unique truths. It may be the spot where we first met Him, the home church where we first heard the gospel, the camp meeting where we consecrated our all, the baptism waters where we witnessed to His grace, the Communion rail where we revived the soul with heaven’s food.

So it was that Jesus came to the Mount of Olives—memories, forecasts, hopes, and victories yet to be.

Jesus asked for a donkey and colt. It states in Scripture that the colt had never been sat upon. Why? Because this animal was reserved for the sinless One—Jesus. He alone was the One who would ride it, for no other was good enough.

Yet the other beast of burden—the taller of the two animals, the donkey—had no rider either. Why? Because it is reserved for you and me. We are invited by this Christ to join Him in the Palm Sunday parade. He will take the lesser animal, suffering the most shame, enduring the height of humiliation. But we, too, are asked to ride through that scene. Did He not say that we would be hated for serving Him, despised as He was? He invited us to carry not a couch but a cross, warning us ahead of time that The Way was the path of suffering.

How interesting that in the first coming, Jesus rode on a lowly animal. Yet in the Second Coming, Jesus will ride on a white horse.

Likewise, as in the first parade, Jesus invites us to ride along in hu-
miliation on a humble beast. In the Second Coming, the saints will ride on white horses—our own stallions.

In order to know the final victory, we must presently triumph above the taunts. It is the Cross, then Easter. It is the death, then the Resurrection. First the ridicule, then the rulership with Christ as King.

Ride with Him now in order to rule with Him then.

As Jesus approached the city, crowds gathered, shouting, exclaiming to the skies: “Our King has arrived! Blessed be the heavens. Hosanna in the highest. David’s reign is being restored!”

Where did these masses come from? I believe they included those whose souls had been brought to life by Jesus throughout His ministry.

No doubt Zacchaeus was there. At first, he hid behind sycamore leaves; now he waved palm leaves to celebrate his own conversion experience.

Do you see the lad with the empty lunch pail? He had poured out everything, taking the gamble he would go hungry for life! With that, Jesus fed mobs. The boy had tracked down the Master from that day onward.

And the leper. What would you do if you had pink, fresh toes in place of stumps? And 10 moving fingers where nothing but ugly scars had been? Your face was no longer caved in, but whole—beaming and fresh. Surely this one was ripping off the leaves to make a roadside carpet for Jesus.

Lazarus would have been at the front of the parade. After all, he had stunk in graveclothes, having been given up for rotted tissue within the tomb. Now he was bouncing, prancing, dancing, serving as major at the front of the shouting band.

Mary and Martha would not have been far behind—perhaps with kettles and pans, beating them with wooden spoons, keeping tempo to the excitement.

Such a sight: the woman with the broken alabaster box, the boys and girls blessed by Jesus, the woman healed from disease, the lame one left at the poolside—now jostling about in healthy frame, novices to the faith, veterans of the way.

Some conclude that these people were fickle, that later—within five

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The Donkey

When fishes flew and forests walked
And figs grew upon thorn,
Some moment when the moon was blood,
Then surely I was born.

With monstrous head and sickening cry
And ears like errant wings,
The devil’s walking parody
Of all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,
Of ancient crooked will;
Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb,
I keep my secret still.

Fools! For I also had my hour;
One far fierce hour and sweet:
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet.

—G. K. Chesterton

And you? Do you join Jesus on the road to the Cross, the Tomb, and the Resurrection?

Continued on page 31
Pontius Pilate:

One Way or the Other

By Kenneth L. Gibble
Consider Pontius Pilate.
What we know of him isn’t much. From Josephus, Jewish historian of the first century a.d., we learn that Pilate served as Roman procurator of Judea. His 10 years in office would indicate he did a reasonably good job; most of his predecessors and successors didn’t last that long.

Josephus says that on one occasion Pilate used military force to put down a Jewish protest. It was this retaliation that stirred up enough furor to have him recalled to Rome.

But it is not for these details that we remember Pilate. Our interest focuses on one day, a day that stands in the middle of time itself. We see a beaten, solitary figure standing before Pilate, and we wonder: what is going through Pilate’s mind? Does he have any idea who this Galilean rabbi really is? Why did he make an attempt to set Jesus free? Was it because he was frightened by his wife’s dream? Or was Pilate simply a pawn of fate?

We cannot know the answer to these questions, of course, but each generation of Christians asks them. And there is a reason the questions keep getting asked, a reason rooted in the humanity we share with Pilate, the doubts we have about our own decisions, and the dreams that haunt our sleep. We wonder not because we care that much about Pilate but because we care about ourselves, and we wonder whether, at the last, we are not also a pawn of fate, of life itself.

There was no answer for Pilate, if indeed he asked himself that question when Jesus stood in front of him with a ribbon or two of blood trickling down His bruised cheeks. But maybe Pilate didn’t ask it then because he didn’t know this Jew from Moses, and it was part of the unpleasantness of his job to head off trouble at the pass anyway.

What Pilate can’t figure out is why these Jews don’t just settle down and let the Romans run the show for a while. Why do they insist on taking their religion so seriously? Pilate looks at the silent prisoner who stands with His hands tied behind Him.

“Are you the king of the Jews?” Pilate’s face wears an ill-concealed sneer. Silence. Pilate’s stomach tightens and he notices, to his great disgust, that his voice sounds a little too shrill when he asks his next question: “Don’t you hear what these ... people ... (he gestures with a contemptuous wave of his hand) are accusing you of?”

The wretched figure in front of him sways on His feet ever so slightly, but says not a word.

And now Pilate sees the whole thing, sees the ravenous looks on the faces of the accusers, and he knows they want this upcountry rabbi lynched, for heaven knows what reason, and they won’t take no for an answer. And he sees, too, that their charges are trumped up. There’s no one to speak on behalf of the accused, and He won’t say a word to defend himself.

Pilate believes in law and justice. What’s right is right. And what’s wrong is dragging some poor soul in here who’s had the bad judgment to make enemies of men who play for keeps.

Maybe there is a way out. Pilate will release the prisoner in keeping with a custom invented years back by a predecessor who had a good eye for public relations. But it doesn’t work; the growing mob insists on its option. Release the murderous radical Barabbas instead of Jesus, they demand.

And now Pilate feels the perspiration gathering on his upper lip. Things are getting tight. And a voice inside his head asks at last, “Why me?” Or maybe the voice is saying, “Woe is me!” which, when you think about it, is pretty much the same thing.

Continued on page 30
For three years, 11 Galileans and one Judean had walked the dusty streets of Israel with a man called Jesus. Every step of the way, they went with the sense that they were sharing in something dramatically new in the history of their people. They had left homes, families, and vocations to follow Jesus wherever He led and watched with growing anticipation as He gradually unveiled a vision of a new and all-encompassing kingdom. They followed in the shimmering hope that He was “the Messiah, the Son of the Living God.”

Not everyone shared their enthusiasm. To many of the Jewish religious authorities, He was a threat to the status quo. To the Romans, He was a threat to peace and tranquility. Precisely when Jesus’ followers thought He was on the verge of triumph, they saw their dreams and hopes crushed when He was unjustly put to death on a Roman cross.

The circumstances were made all the more painful because the execution was carried out on a grim Friday the Jews called Passover. This blessed day was supposed to be a time of holy celebration of liberation for their nation. If they only knew . . .

One of the 12, the Judean called Judas Iscariot, was so blinded by his own treasonous guilt and extinguished faith that he left the scene and committed suicide. The others had all gone into remorseful seclusion on that day, punishing themselves over and over again for their lack of courage in the face of danger to their long-expected Messiah. Gone were their hopes that He would somehow lead them to a new and better day for the people of Israel. If Friday had been shocking in its pain, Saturday was bleak in its hopelessness. Their earlier eager faith flickered and died.

But now it is early Sunday morning, less than 50 hours after the greatest disappointment any of the followers of Jesus had ever known. The Galileans have, one by one, reluctantly come back to a designated meeting place in Jerusalem. Their grand dreams have vanished, and the purple rays of dawn remind them once again of all the decisions they had put off during their “great adventure.” The demands of home, family, and work are crying for their attention. What will they do now?

Their somber conjectures are interrupted by a knock at the door. They fearfully assume it will be followed by a band of Roman soldiers breaking down the door in search of the followers of Jesus.

It’s only Mary Magdalene . . .

And yet, with her simple message, the course of history changes forever. “They have taken the Lord out of the tomb, and we do not know where they have put him . . .” Two of the 10 men now in the room, Peter and John, look at one another for a brief moment and then begin a footrace that will lead them from penetrating fear to everlasting faith. They speed to the tomb of Jesus as fast as their legs will carry them.

John, who is younger and faster than Peter, arrived first and cautiously looks inside. Peter, out of breath from this unplanned exercise, lumbers up to the cave that held the Lord of all the Ages and walks right in. He immediately sees something neither of them had expected, something that crosses 20 centuries of subsequent
human history with its wonder and power and still transforms lives today: the graveclothes are empty!

The strips of cloth that had so carefully wrapped the body of Jesus are lying in the same twists, turns, and folds they had when they held His body, but now they hold nothing. A new kind of light slowly begins to dawn in John's heart and is soon to shine for Peter as well. What does it all mean? The stone door designed to seal Jesus in is cast aside, the graveclothes are empty, the tomb is vacant, and soon they will know why with invincible certainty. JESUS IS ALIVE!

It is not simply subjective illumination or sentimental idealism. David McKenna writes,

The physical facts of the Resurrection are in. Jesus, who was crucified on Friday, is gone from the tomb on Sunday... “He is risen!” (Mark 16:6) is all that God needs to say. Centuries of natural, historical, and prophetic revelation peak in these three words. Angels bow, demons flee, and humans tremble before the Truth. This is the Good News—Jesus Christ is alive and our hope is not in vain.¹

On this most special of Easter Days, Jesus comes in person to the room where 10 of His 11 followers have gathered, showing them that He indeed has risen. That evening He invites Thomas, the one who had not been present earlier in the day, to thrust his hand into His side where a Roman spear had gone. It is an invitation never accepted. The living evidence stands before him. The only words that leave Thomas's lips are, “My Lord and my God!”

Now it is 1998, and the graveclothes are still empty. Through all the centuries, men and women have tried to sift through the evidence to grasp the power of this truth that transcends all other truths. Some have tried to ignore it; others have tried to discount its meaning. Some have tried to rationalize it away; others have simply forgotten it, and too many have never heard it, but the Truth never goes away. The graveclothes are empty, the tomb is vacant, and Jesus lives.

Consider this corresponding and equally compelling truth. William Barclay wrote, “The Christian life is not the life of a man who knows about Jesus, but the life of a man who knows Jesus.” For those who accept Him as Savior and Lord, this Jesus becomes the Friend better than any other, the Hope of all the ages, the Redeemer of past, present, and future, and the ultimate Promise Keeper. Oscar Reed summed up the glorious benefits that Jesus Christ, the Risen Savior and Lord, provides to those who belong to Him:

It is a great thing to be possessed of such a faith. It colors our whole life. Forgiveness is real; sin is vanquished; and death is defeated. Those who for 2,000 years have believed in Him are safe in His keeping. They are more fully alive than ever before because they share the resurrection life and power of their risen Lord.²

The world urgently needs this great Good News. Easter is not about bunnies or flowers or Easter eggs. It is the celebration of the glorious pinnacle of the intervention of God in time and space history to redeem from sin and death all who respond to His glorious grace. The message is ours to share. Let the hallelujahs ring forever!

Reference Notes
The symbol of Easter from a worldly perspective is the Easter bunny, and from the Christian perspective it's the Cross. Both symbols hold significance for me.

Around Easter when I was seven years old, I was, as usual, in church on a Sunday evening. I sat on the edge of the pew swinging my legs, as seven-year-olds do. However, at the end of the service, I tried to stand but couldn't—my legs buckled under me. I had an odd feeling of pain and heat in my ankles and knees, and I didn't like it. My mom carried me to the car. I didn't know that this was just the beginning of a week that would remain forever in my memory.

As soon as our family doctor had examined me, he sent me straight to Providence Hospital in Washington, D.C. He suspected rheumatic fever was the culprit.

Rheumatic fever first attacks the joints, causing inflammation. Most patients who survive rheumatic fever in childhood are left with damaged hearts.

Our doctor's original suspicion was confirmed—I was checked into the hospital with an acute case of rheumatic fever, apparently brought on by an earlier strep infection, which had been treated with antibiotics. Coincidentally, a team of seven doctors and research specialists were at work in that very hospital, undertaking a project on rheumatic fever. I was an interesting case study for them because my illness progressed unusually rapidly. I just remember lots of people standing around my bed in a circle talking about me as if I weren't there.

As the week wore on, I began to wish I really wasn't there. The pain was unbearable. Movement aggravated the already inflamed joints, and being absolutely still was a tall order for a seven-year-old. The terrible pain and heat that started in my ankles and knees progressed to my hips, and by midweek attacked my arms and shoulders. A hand held a few inches above my knee could feel heat as if I had a bad sunburn, but the heat came from deep in my joints. I remember that Wednesday night clearly. Any movement set off a new shock wave of pain. I cried and screamed for someone to help me until late in the night, when I was finally sedated.

In just three days, the disease had enveloped every joint in my body, and I was in serious to critical condition. If the illness did not stop its onslaught, I could expect heart damage or even death.
Meanwhile, on the home front, my church gathered for the usual Wednesday evening prayer service, but this time they had an urgent request—the pastor’s daughter was seriously ill. Unless the progress of the disease was stopped, she would likely not survive. They prayed.

Later that night, my mom, like Jacob, struggled with the Lord. Finally, she prayed those words most Christian parents dread, “She’s Yours. I dedicated her to You. Take her if it’s Your will.” She was immediately filled with a sense of peace—not a knowledge that I would live or die, only God’s “peace that passes understanding.” We believe that I finally fell asleep that night about the same time she gave my future to God.

Thursday morning, the rheumatic fever was gone. All traces of the disease had vanished.

My medical research team was surprised—so much so that they kept me in the hospital through Saturday morning trying to figure out what had happened. The poking and prodding when I was sick was nothing compared to what I went through after I was healed.

I cried and screamed for someone to help me until late in the night.

And that is exactly what happened—I was miraculously healed overnight, with only a wobbly walk for a few hours. When Mom came in to see me, I was bouncing on the bed. I had none of the usual residual signs of rheumatic fever—no heart troubles, nothing—just a complete healing. My parents knew it; my church family knew it. Somehow everyone had a very firm grip on this fact except the medical experts. They would not accept the fact that God heals and, particularly, that He had healed me. Finally, they decided that I had not had rheumatic fever at all and removed it from my medical records. The original diagnosis was changed to “migratory juvenile rheumatism.”

On Saturday morning, I was released. When I got home, I found a pink stuffed rabbit from a special friend at church. I named it Bunny Bunny (give me a break, I was seven). I still have that rabbit. It’s in appalling condition. The fur is dirty, one of the legs hangs at an uncomfortable-looking angle (the result of some battle with a sibling), and, if it tips over, the head falls off, leaving what looks like a bent coat hanger coming up out of the body! Nonetheless, Bunny Bunny is precious to me. She represents life.

On that Easter long ago, God gave me a special gift. This Easter, I will gently pick up Bunny Bunny and thank Jesus for His death on the Cross that made not only my healing possible, but gave me new life in Him.

---

God’s grace is generosity extraordinaire, love without limits. This book challenges us to embrace the thoroughly biblical truth that there’s no bottom to God's ocean of grace.

Dr. Luis Palau

Too many Christians live in fear that God is sizing up every action, tallying their mistakes, and sternly waiting to lower the hammer. Dare we hope for anything more?

Excellent for personal study or small groups, this compelling and intense look at grace will lead the serious believer into a deeper commitment and will teach laypersons what we in the Wesleyan tradition mean by the “holy life.” To hope that the God of heaven and earth will extend His grace upon us and to strive to fully comprehend this gift are vital parts of seeking a lasting relationship with the Lord.

Al Truesdale is professor of philosophy of religion and Christian ethics at the Nazarene Theological Seminary in Kansas City. He is the author of several books, including last year’s acclaimed If God Is God… Then Why? Bonnie Perry is an author and frequent speaker at writers’ conferences.

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One way or the other is the choice he has, Pilate knows. One way is to play it smart, to do the expedient thing, let them have their pound of flesh from this Galilean nobody who'll be forgotten inside of three weeks.

The other way—defy these jackals in the name of justice or obstinacy—do the right thing, save the prisoner's neck, and maybe his own soul in the bargain. The price? Quite possibly recall to Rome to face disgrace.

Half to himself, half to those who stand waiting, Pilate asks: "What shall I do with this Jesus?"

And the answer thuds against his ears: "Let him be crucified!"

So Pilate makes his decision. And the question comes again: Was Pilate a victim of the times, the circumstances, a pawn of fate itself? Or doesn't that plea hold up? Was he, rather, a man who chose wrong? Take your pick... it's one way or the other.

But before you choose, take one final look at the Roman procurator. See Pilate standing in front of the crowd. He has called for water, and as it is poured out, he washes his hands and cries, "I am innocent of this man's blood; see to it yourselves." And now, look away quickly, for it is an embarrassing sight. Such a pathetic, futile gesture.

But, of course, Pilate could not know he would be remembered through the ages as a spineless villain. And if he really believed he had no choice in the matter, then why the water and washing of hands?

Deep down, Pilate knew it was no good. His hands would never be clean, any more than his conscience would. Pilate realized that there are choices that can never be unmade.

But we shed no tears for Pilate, you and I. It is ourselves we worry about. We ask, "How free am I?"

My body, with its limitations and its susceptibility to heart disease or high blood pressure or cancer, is determined by heredity. My psyche has been conditioned by the way my parents treated me in my early years. I am controlled by economics, by decisions of politicians, by a thousand other factors I am helpless to change. I am victim. I am pawn!

That is one way to look at it.

But there is the other way. It means acknowledging certain undeniable limitations you and I face, but nevertheless accepting the burden of human freedom. It means hearing the beat of a different drummer and daring to march to it. It means making choices, even when the right answers are far from clear. It may mean accepting the role, not of the procurator, but of the crucified. It means recognizing that some decisions make it impossible for us to go back again.

It's true, of course, that part of life is what happens to us. But it's also true that to some extent we become what we choose to become.

It's faith that saves us in the end. Faith that our choices are not just leaps into the dark but leaps into the everlasting arms. It is faith that teaches us we were destined to be more than victim, more than pawn, nothing less than free men and women.

And it is faith, too, that assures us that Christ himself made the free choice to come to us in love, and that in this coming, God was present and is present, reconciling the world to God's self.

"Are You One of Them?"

"Then saith the damsel that kept the door unto Peter, Art not thou also one of this man's disciples? He saith, I am not" (John 18:17).

I wonder if Peter had turned to look, might he have seen that the damsel only wanted to be one of them too?

I know that the One who sees every question would have met her at Pentecost.

It's certain that aglow with the Answer she would have come running pigtails flying to tell those still trying to warm themselves at the world's little bonfires.

—Dorothy Purdy
days—they turned on Jesus and deserted Him at the Cross. Why so? Another option would be to conclude that they knew nothing of the unjust grillings of Jesus on Thursday night. They had eaten part of the 500 redeemed ones Jehovah's righteous remnant. They were rans in preparation for the Sabbath to begin at dusk.

These were not fickle; they were the righteous remnant. They were part of the 500 redeemed ones Jesus appeared to after Easter. They may have numbered 120 on Pentecost Day in the prayer meeting's Upper Room.

And you? Today do you join Jesus—humbled, giving what you have in the way of sweaters and palm leaves, rejoicing in a doomed planet, following Him all the way through the Tomb into Resurrection morn?

So it was that the parade wound itself through the Kidron Valley, inside the city walls, down alley-way corridors to the Temple of the living God. “And Jesus entered into Jerusalem, and into the temple” (Mark 11:11).

Such awe, quietness, and overwhelming space within the ugly, old, and gorgeous environs of the place of prayer. Presently, the mob became still. Jesus bent His frame before the altar. One by one, the remnant followed suit. “...and now eventide was come...”

Wrapped around the shoulders of the Master were the arms of a once-lier. Some fellow once blind, now sighted, stepped over legs to plant a kiss of peace upon His cheeks. A tiny boy inched close to Jesus’ robed side. Zacchaeus sobbed in thanksgiving—such a parade, such a blessing!

Thus the parade ended, as it always does when in holy celebration, at the altar of heaven. And among the lowly bent, may heaven find me, may heaven find you.

Tangerines—Love in Masquerade

Michael reached into the man's mouth, found the offending bone, and removed it.

Tangerines. Dr. John, the New Orleans jazz/blues piano player, tells of being in a drug rehabilitation clinic for his heroin and cocaine addiction. For years he hadn't been able to quit taking drugs, in part because he feared the withdrawal would kill him.

One day he was following a nurse to the narcotics box when another nurse walked in the room and offered him something else—a tangerine. “I don’t know why it turned my life around with a tangerine, but it did,” the musician said in an interview. “It worked.”

His recovery began immediately after that encounter.

Michael Pitts, a musician of another sort, had a different experience with a tangerine. He was in Calcutta, at the House of the Dying Destitutes—a place where people who literally have no one and no place to care for them go to die.

He saw a young man in his 20s lying on a cot trying to feed himself, but he was too weak. Lunch was a small bowl of rice, curry, and fish. Most of the man's food was smeared on the front of his shirt because his arms were too weak to get the spoon from the bowl to his mouth. Michael sat on the cot next to him and fed him. Neither spoke the other’s language.

Within moments, the dying man appeared agitated and held his mouth at a twisted angle.

A fish bone was caught in the back of the man’s throat, and his arms were too frail to pull the bone out. He could only whimper. Once Michael figured out the problem, he reached into the man’s mouth, found the offending bone, and removed it. The man didn’t want any more rice and fish after that.

But there was one more part of lunch. Each patient also had half of a tangerine. Michael pulled apart the sections and fed them to the man, who clearly enjoyed this part. A rare smile crossed his face.

While Michael fed him the last of the tangerine—the only food that the man actually swallowed—he saw something waving. Two cots from him was another emaciated man, weakly motioning to Michael. The second man had his half of a tangerine in his hand and gestured that Michael could take it and feed it to the man he was helping. The first man beamed his appreciation.

Tangerines. A nurse offers one to a fearful man and it gives him hope. A destitute offers one to another destitute and it gives him joy. Hope and joy. Relief from suffering. Results of people giving whatever was in their hands at the moment. Love masqueraded by citrus—whole or in sections.

“I will never, never, ever say again that I have nothing to give,” Michael said.
### General Statistics

**THE CHURCH AT WORK**

**GENERAL STATISTICS SEPTEMBER 30, 1997**

**CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE**

**FROM THE OFFICE OF THE GENERAL SECRETARY**

*68 reported stats  
**33 reported stats  
****Includes regional directors and their wives.

**PLEASE NOTE:** WORLD AREAS REPORTED CERTAIN TOTALS ONLY.

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**April 1998**
Sometimes I wonder what parables Christ would tell us today, as He watches us attempting to make our churches more appealing. Might He ask us to gather at His feet and listen as the disciples once did? I can almost hear His voice, low and commanding, telling a story something like this:

Imagine a great orchard filled with a multitude of fruit trees. Leafy branches swing toward the ground bearing plums, peaches, apples, and oranges.

And, there in the orchard, the harvesters stand, their baskets clutched in ready fingers. As they look around, they see baskets of various sizes and colors. Large baskets, small baskets, round, square, triangular, blue, red, gold, green, and silver.

Then, instead of picking the ripened fruit from the trees around them, the harvesters begin to pick from each other’s baskets. “I am sure,” one says, “that this apple would be happier in a blue basket than a red one.” “That basket has more than enough peaches. It can surely spare a few for my small basket,” comments another. “Hey, baskets are supposed to be square, not round like that one!” interjects yet another.

So they travel through the orchard, intent on filling their baskets from the baskets of others, while the fruit above their heads remains untouched by their efforts.

What will the orchard owner say at the end of the day when all the fruit is gathered together as one? Will He be pleased with his harvesters? Will He care which basket has the most fruit? Or will He weep at the folly of His workers as He looks to His orchard and sees the multitude of apples, oranges, peaches, and plums still left unharvested?

It seems that in our churches we are too often preoccupied by efforts to attract other Christians to our services. We insist that everything be in the right place, that our programs be attractive, and our worship polished. A Christian family visits our church, and we make every effort to convince them to stay. We call. We hope. We give them church pamphlets describing our many programs. But what about those who dare not darken the church’s door? What about the vast unharvested orchard of our neighborhoods, our workplaces, the streets and alleys near our church?

I pray that we’ll not be like the foolish harvesters, laboring to make our churches more appealing to Christians, hoping to attract only them, while the world remains untouched. Let us instead do something definite to reach those ripe for the gospel, helping the unsaved to become a part of God’s great harvest. For in the end, it matters not how much is in each basket, but, rather, how great is the total harvest.
Q. A friend has been pressuring me to stop going to the Nazarene church and go with her to the Boston Church of Christ. I had never heard of them. I went to what they called a “Bible Talk.” I didn’t find out much—except that they all but told me I would have to be rebaptized into their church if I wanted to be saved. Can you tell me more about this group?

A. It seems to happen every generation—some charismatic leader tells devoted followers that God has called him to “restore” the New Testament church. The Restorationists usually claim that they go by nothing but the Bible—all creeds, doctrines, and other churches are sinful and false.

When assurance that you belong to the one true church is added to the Restorationist appeal, even more persons are attracted. Some are those who are tenderhearted and easily led. Some, like Joe and Louise Krainock, just want desperately to please God. “We had hearts that would give up anything and go anywhere,” they said. They did just that, sacrificing careers, family, money, and precious years until the abuse drove them out. Others, weak in self-confidence, are eager to give up freedom and responsibility and let someone else make choices for them.

The new radical restorationist “prophet” is Kip McKean. He established the Boston Church of Christ in 1979. The new name is the International Church of Christ (ICC), and it has churches in 60 countries, all located in cities of more than 1,000,000. Each city has just one church since the ICC claims that the Bible prescribes “one city, one church.” The largest churches in the U.S. are in Boston (5,500), New York (6,000), and Los Angeles (7,000). Worldwide, the ICC has some 85,000 members.

The beliefs of this outfit include:
1. God has chosen ICC to restore New Testament Christianity.
2. ICC is the one true church. Kip says that ICC is “God’s true and only modern movement.”
3. The Bible and nothing but the Bible is to guide the one true church—creeds, doctrines, and theologies are mere man-made error.
4. No one can be a Christian who is not baptized. And it is extremely unlikely that anyone can ever be saved who is not baptized in the ICC.
5. Every Christian must submit to a spiritual director or “discipler.”
6. Tithing is mandatory, extra offerings required.
7. Evangelism—bringing someone new to the “House Church,” “Soul Talks,” and “Bible Talks” each week—is the first duty of all members.
8. Unquestioning obedience to one’s discipler and to the church hierarchy is demanded. One is not only to obey and confess all sins to one’s spiritual director but should emulate that person, sometimes down to copying clothing and hairstyles.

ICC and its “king,” Kip McKeen, are rooted in both the Restorationist movement and the Charismatic movement, and they seem to have picked up the worst, not the best, of both groups. ICC sprang from the Church of Christ, which is the conservative wing of the Restorationist Movement in America that started with Alexander Campbell and Barton Stone some 200 years ago. The Disciples of Christ represent the moderate-to-liberal wing of the movement.

A revival at the Crossroads Church of Christ in Gainesville, Florida, in the 1960s brought McKean into the church. The Crossroads Church has since denounced McKean, who claims that the Church of Christ is dead. He has, in fact, swept many Church of Christ congregations into his movement.

What McKean has borrowed from the Charismatic movement is the discipling techniques of the Shepherding Movement, which set new lows in spiritual and psychological abuse of the most sincere seekers. According to many former members, that abuse is being repeated every day in the ICC. The Krainocks said, “The methods of control have got to stop. [They have] caused so much spiritual destruction in so many people’s lives that it makes us sick.” The manipulation starts with deceptive recruitment and can end with the person under the complete control of the hierarchy, whose top members are answerable to nobody. That alone is a recipe for abuse.

Q. Is it true that when John Wesley started out he taught and practiced speaking in tongues?

A. That is one far-fetched notion. Wesley was an Anglican priest till the day he died. He liked things done decently and in order. He opposed excessive emotionalism (called “enthusiasm” then). He even insisted that his preachers not “yell” when they preached. The modern tongues movement started after Wesley had been dead for 115 years, but even if it had been around, it would likely not have appealed to him. I have studied his sermons, textbooks, journal, and 3,000 of his letters and have found not one hint that he believed in tongues-speaking.
When the alarm sounded at 4:20 a.m., I arose in a state of predawn disillusionment. By five o’clock, I was on my way to work. It was May 21, one day before the Memorial Day weekend. As I crossed the Ohio River, I began my morning prayer. I asked the Lord to be with my dad and grandfather, who were traveling together that day.

My work day as operations supervisor for an overnight express company started well. It continued to run smoothly until a coworker announced, “Mike, the State Highway Patrol is on line one.”

I picked up the phone, figuring a company driver had been in a fender bender. “Are you the son of David Beegle and the grandson of Rev. Ray Beegle?” The patrolman’s voice was kind. After I confirmed my sonship, he said, “I’m afraid I have bad news. Your father and grandfather were killed in an accident.”

I stumbled to my car, wanting to reach Mom before a stranger contacted her with the announcement. She had been through open-heart surgery, and I wasn’t sure how she would handle this horrible news.

Weaving through traffic, I sped home. I was in shock for most of the ride, but then the pain broke through and I sobbed. To lose Grandfather was heartbreaking, but bearable. He was ready to be with the Lord. To lose Dad was a tragedy. As far as I knew, Dad was an unsaved man.

I had seen Dad only a few days before. We had said a quick good-bye, which I was used to. During my childhood, his job had carried him around the globe, and we had always been saying good-bye. Nevertheless, I could always count on him sitting in the stands at my little league games. He was a big man with a big heart. Although he kept his feelings to himself, he still showed his love in numerous ways.

The last time I’d seen Grandfather, we’d read John 14. Grandfather and I had a special bond. I spent countless hours listening to this retired Nazarene minister talk about God’s goodness.

He had spread the gospel all through Ohio and had even held a revival with “Uncle” Buddy Robinson. At one of his revivals, I had fallen on the altar and accepted Jesus as my Savior with my grandfather praying over me. Years later, I slipped away from the Lord, but when I returned, my grandfather was again at my side, helping me pray through. Only this time Mom was with us, asking Jesus into her life. What a great time it was. But it just wasn’t complete without my dad.

Dad had accepted Christ at a young age but had gradually turned from the Lord. Grandfather never pushed him, but he did show Dad abundant love and compassion.

In the spring of 1991, I felt a strong pull toward my dad. As I prayed, I began uplifting him as I had never done before. Dad was in great need, and only Jesus...
I stumbled to my car, wanting to reach Mom before a stranger contacted her with the announcement.

It was if a 10-foot wall was between us. Talking to him about his soul would be difficult.
Too often, when we try to speak to our culture, we merely adopt the culture of the moment rather than present the gospel to the culture.

When I recently asked a group of pastors what areas they wanted help with in their preaching, most replied, “To preach sermons that really hit my people where they live.”

At one time I would have agreed this was one of the primary purposes of Christian preaching—to relate the gospel to contemporary culture. Now I believe it is our weakness.

In leaning over to speak to the modern world, I fear we may have fallen in. Most of the preaching in my own denomination struggles to relate the gospel to the modern world. We sought to use our sermons to build a bridge from the old world of the Bible to the modern world; the traffic was always one way, with the modern world rummaging about in Scripture, saying things like, “This relates to me,” or, “I’m sorry, this is really impractical.” It was always the modern world telling the Bible what’s what.

This way of preaching fails to do justice to the rather imperialistic claims of Scripture. The Bible doesn’t want to speak to the mod-
ern world; the Bible wants to convert the modern world.

We who may have lived through the most violent century in the history of the world—based on body counts alone—ought not to give too much credence to the modern world. The modern world is not only the realm of the telephone and allegedly “critical thinking” but also the habitat of Auschwitz, two of the bloodiest wars of history, and assorted totalitarian schemes. Why would our preaching want to be comprehensible to that world?

The modern world must be made to understand that it is nothing more than that—just a world. By that I mean the modern world is an ideological construct, an intellectual fabrication, a way of construing reality that has lasted for about 200 years, mainly in Northern Europe.

and in some of its colonies. It is now losing its grip.

Modernity has arrogance built into itself. Beginning as a search for certain and irrefutable knowledge, a quest for the “facts,” it likes to think of itself not as a point of view but simply as the facts. Therefore, all other ways of construing the world must converge with modernity on modernity’s terms—or be labeled “prima-

tive,” “narrow,” or “tribal.” While humanity has received many gifts from modern, scientific, technological ways of thinking, we are now realizing that modernity was not without its losses.

Unfortunately, too often Christians have treated the modern world as if it were a fact, a reality to which we were obligated to adjust, rather than a point of view with which we might argue.

When we speak of reaching out to our culture through the gospel, we must be reminded that the gospel is also a culture. In the attempt to “translate” the gospel into the language of the culture, something is lost. We are learning that you have not said “salvation” when you say “self-esteem.” “The American Way” is not equivalent to “the kingdom of God.”

You cannot learn to speak French by reading a French novel in an English translation—you must sit for the grammar, the syntax, and the vocabulary and learn it. So you cannot know Christianity by having it translated into some other medium like Marxism, feminism, or the language of self-esteem. Christianity is a distinct culture with its own vocabulary, grammar, and practices. Too often, when we try to speak to our culture, we merely adopt the culture of the moment rather than present the gospel to the culture.

Our time as preachers is better spent inculturating modern, late-20th-century Americans into that culture called church. When I walk into a class on introductory physics, I expect not to understand immediately most of the vocabulary, terminology, and concepts. Why should it be any different for modern Americans walking into a church?

This is why the concept of “user-friendly churches” often leads to churches getting used.

In leaning over to speak to the modern world, I fear we may have fallen in.

There is no way I can crank the gospel down to the level where any American can walk in off the street and know what it is all about within 15 minutes. One can’t do that even with baseball!

The other day, someone emerged from Duke Chapel after my sermon and said, “I have never heard anything like that before. Where on earth did you get that?”

I replied, “Where on earth would you have heard this before? After all, this is a pagan, uninformed university environment. Where would you hear this? In the philosophy department? Watching Mr. Rogers’ Neighborhood? No, to hear this, you’ve got to get dressed and come down here on a Sunday morning.”

It is a strange assumption for Americans to feel they already have the equipment necessary to comprehend the gospel without any modification of lifestyle, without any struggle—in short, without being born again.

The point is not to speak to the culture. The point is to change it. God’s appointed means of producing change is called “church”; and God’s typical way of producing church is called “preaching.”
In giving to

FAITH
PROMISE

how much can I trust God for?

“D o Faith
Promise? You want
Roy and me
to tell the
church about faith promise?”

I couldn’t believe what I had
just heard. After all, we were fairly
new Nazarenes. We had barely
learned what NWMS meant. Much
less faith promise.

But the NWMS president was
serious. She really wanted my hus­
band, Roy, and me to plan the an­
nual faith promise program.

After much prayer, research, and
study, and with the assistance of
the pastor, we approached the con­
gregation of the Grove, Oklahoma,
Church of the Nazarene armed
with information about mission
stewardship—General Budget
(now called World Evangelism
Fund) and faith promise. Roy
talked about the former; I talked
about the latter.

For the basis of my “speech,” I
used the pamphlet “God Taught
Me to Give” by Oswald J. Smith.
Having almost memorized it, I de­
ivered it as though I were Dr.
Smith. The phrase “How much can
I trust Thee for?” leaped out at me.
The words penetrated my mind
and heart, indelibly etched on
both.

I don’t really know what Roy
and I did for the Grove congrega­
tion, but I know I came away with
a different perspective about our
faith promise giving.

A few years earlier, Roy and
I had reached a spiritual
low. Survival became a pri­
ority. And to survive we knew we
had to make a change in our
church home. We began searching
for a congregation where we could
freely worship God and serve
Him, where we would be accepted
by the church family, where we
could enjoy Christian fellowship
without bondage or spiritual abuse.
Though changing was difficult, we were drawn to a Nazarene church through the influence of a young man at Roy's work. After our first visit, we were astonished to see so many people we already knew.

At the same time, I faced surgery. The pastor ministered to me, even though I was a total stranger. He prayed with me before surgery and provided support for my family during the operation. The church folks prayed for me, sent cards, phoned, and visited.

Our hearts were won; the quest for a church home was over. Our dread of going to church and fear of displeasing someone was gone. Our chains of bondage fell away.

We began learning about the Nazarene denomination immediately. We took the membership class and became active in Sunday School and men’s and women’s ministries. We joined the NWMS and began reading the mission books. When we got a firsthand glimpse of missions through a Work and Witness trip, our knowledge about missions greatly expanded.

Roy had taken an early retirement a few years earlier, which meant our financial situation had changed drastically. We had worked our budget so we could live comfortably, yet we were forced to be wise stewards of our money. Tithing was no problem, but extra giving, such as for faith promise, was another story. We only managed to give a small amount each month to missions.

Then the NWMS president at Grove Church of the Nazarene abruptly entered our lives and disturbed our neatly constructed budget.

As I prayed about our faith promise commitment, I struggled with the “how much”—how much faith should I have, how much should we commit, how much could I trust God for? Will I have faith for it to come in, or would I simply pay it and cut somewhere else? I thought. As a result, the Lord impressed us to make a commitment beyond our budget, one that would stretch our faith.

A few days later Roy and I were shopping at a mall in Tulsa. In Penney’s I spotted a winter coat and tried it on. Looking at the price, I hung it back on the rack. Roy urged me to buy it, since I really needed a new coat and liked it. I told him no, but that I would think about it while we had lunch. I dismissed the coat from my mind. But as we left the mall, we exited through Penney’s and past the coatrack. I paused, slipped the coat off the hanger, and took it to the cash register. When the clerk rang up my purchase, I mentioned that the cost was much less than I had calculated. She responded that the coat would be on sale the next day and since the newspaper advertisement was already out, she was giving me the discount. My first faith promise payment.

The next month, my daughter used our home for a garage sale. I pulled out some throwaways for the sale, and they actually sold. Enough for my next faith promise.

In December, for a lark, I joined two other women and rented a booth at a craft show. I made several things from scraps, such as buying a used denim jacket for $2.00, decorating it, and selling it for $35.00. The crafts netted me enough to pay my expenses, make two faith promise payments, and have a little extra.

One month we received an unexpected check in the mail—the exact amount of our monthly faith promise commitment. Later we received a reimbursement for an overpaid escrow payment, just a few dollars short of the next faith promise commitment.

In June our refrigerator’s compressor failed two weeks after the warranty expired, much to our dismay. But to our joy, the company honored the warranty, and we didn’t have to pay even for a service call. Our next faith promise payment.

Need I say that my faith has been encouraged and strengthened? It’s not that Roy and I are needy or selfish people. We’re willing to sacrifice. The question is “How much can I trust Thee for?” He provides.
could fill that void in his life. Although he was being prayed for, it appeared that no one, including me, moved to bring him back to Christ. As my determination to reach Dad took hold, so did fear. It was as if a 10-foot wall was between us. Talking to him about his soul would be difficult.

Girded with the belt of truth and bearing the shield of faith, I went home one day and asked Dad if I could talk to him. I thanked him for being a great dad and for always doing so much for me. As I told him what God had led me to do, the wall between us crumbled. I told him if anything happened to him, I wouldn’t know where his soul was. Tears filled his eyes as I asked him to accept Jesus. He softly said, “I’m sorry, Son. I’m just not ready yet.”

One morning, during the service at Springdale Church of the Nazarene in Cincinnati, a couple of my friends joined me in praying for Dad at the altar. The chorus came to mind, “Don’t tell them Jesus loves them until you’re ready to love them too.”

I left church knowing I needed to spend time with Dad to show him how much he meant to me.

In July we visited the Upper Peninsula of Michigan for our first outing together in a long time. At night we fished and watched satellites race across the sky. During the day, we played catch while bald eagles soared overhead. The week was tremendous. On our way home, I asked him how he felt about the church. He didn’t say much, but I sensed his anger at the subject of religion.

My pastor heard about my burden for Dad and asked me to testify. I asked the congregation to pray for Dad, and many did. Now my church was bearing the burden with me.

In August Dad attended the district camp meeting with Mom and me. He listened, but I saw no response. As summer ended, I noticed Dad’s spirit beginning to break. Two months later, Mom and Dad visited my church’s revival. I hoped the message would reach him. I trusted Dad would make the right decision.

As I pulled into the driveway at Mother’s house, I asked God to give me the strength to tell her about the accident. I took her on the back porch and tried to break it to her gently.

The state trooper arrived with the details. The car had veered off the road and struck a tree. As he drifted in and out of consciousness, Dad had told the paramedics to go help his father. A few feet away, my grandfather asked them to help his son. They both passed away a couple of hours later, my dad with a smile on his face. They were buddies to the end, father and son.

Over the Memorial Day weekend, I tried to reason it out. I just couldn’t understand why God had let this happen. The shock consumed me. Although I had known this day would come for my dad sometime, I had led myself to believe I was the only instrument left to bring my dad to Christ, and I had failed.

Eventually, the shock turned to anger at my failure. As the grief and anger waged a war in me, I began to shut the Lord out of my life. Finally, with my wife’s help and care, I turned to Jesus once again and began to listen to Him.

I reflected on the last year of Dad’s life and thought of how he had changed. I had witnessed an awakening and the love God had for His lost son—my dad. Dad had to come back to the Lord his way, not my way. I later learned that on the eve of his mother’s funeral, Dad had told a church member he was giving his life to Christ.

I know I wasn’t perfect in doing God’s will, as I had to realize the winning or losing of Dad’s soul was not up to me. What counted was that I stepped into the arena and fought for him. He had done the same thing for me many times. And in the process, I learned that even though we may not have assured victory in all situations, we can still have assured faith.
Lay Couple Honored

Jack and Georgie Kinsey were recently honored by the Irving Faith Church of the Nazarene, Irving, Texas, for more than 45 years of service as lay leaders.

According to their pastor, Steve Hendrix, they have served in almost every capacity from Sunday School superintendent to VBS refreshments coordinator. “It’s impossible to write the history of Faith Church without using the names Jack and Georgie Kinsey,” Hendrix said. “Their fingerprints are all over this church, and the impact of their lives upon this body of believers will live on forever.”

New Church Dedication

Central Church of the Nazarene in Portland, Oreg., recently dedicated a new $1.4 million facility.

Douglas W. Brumbaugh, pastor, reports that since relocating, the church has increased by 70 in attendance in just a few months.

Three large crosses erected on the property draw attention to the 70,000 motorists who pass the complex daily. The city’s local newspaper stated, “The crosses are indeed a landmark.”

General Superintendent Emeritus Donald Owens gave the dedicatory address. Special guests included Gerald Manker, district superintendent, and Ralph Neal, former pastor.

Correction

In the January 1998 issue of the Herald, it was reported that Rev. John Johnstone was ordained on the Virginia District. The report failed to mention that Rev. Debra Johnstone was also ordained along with her husband, John. We regret this omission.

As a church we must minister to those who serve our country and challenge them to be missionaries in uniform.

Come alongside and let Chaplaincy Ministries know your servicemember’s address, send them a Servicemembers’ Readiness Packet, and keep in contact with them.

“God and the soldier all men adore
In times of danger, if not before;
When all things are righted
God is forgotten and the soldier is slighted.”

Chaplaincy Ministries
6401 The Paseo, Kansas City, MO 64131

Home page
www.nazarene.org

Military coordinator home page
www.keynet.net/~shirley

1/800/233-8962
Glimpses of the Church in Ephesians

The Price of Freedom

ROGER L. HAHN

In him we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of our trespasses, according to the riches of his grace, which he made abundant for us in all wisdom and insight by making known to us the mystery of his will (Ephesians 1:7-9a).*

Freedom is highly acclaimed in virtually every culture and corner of our world. However, there is a price for freedom. A song I heard as a teen declares, “Freedom isn’t free. You’ve got to sacrifice; you’ve got to pay a price for your liberty.” The good news of the gospel is that freedom from sin is available in Christ. That freedom came with a price, but it is not our price to pay. Christ has “paid in full” for our liberty through his suffering, death, and resurrection that we remember during Passover Week and in the Easter season.

As Paul piles together phrases to describe the church in the opening verses of Ephesians, he mentions the Church as the fellowship of those who have been set free. The expression he uses in Ephesians 1:7 is “We have redemption.” In the Greek world, the word redemption referred to the process of buying a slave out of slavery for the purpose of setting that slave free. In the Greek Old Testament, the same word was used to describe God’s deliverance of Israel out of bondage in Egypt. Jews celebrated (and still celebrate) that freedom every spring with the Passover Festival.

The fact that Paul describes the Church as those who have “redemption” or freedom also tells us something of his understanding of life without Christ. For the apostle, the life of sin is a life of slavery. No matter how attractively sin may present itself at the moment of temptation, in reality, it is an abusive owner. No matter what temporary pleasures sin offers, Paul knew that a person tires of its fetters and desires the freedom for which God created us. That freedom is now available “through his blood,” that is, the death of Christ was the price paid for our authentic, Christian liberty. Our freedom is not free, but it was Christ’s sacrificial death, not our sacrificial obedience, that wins it.

Paul also explains this freedom as “the forgiveness of our trespasses.” Though the Greek New Testament has two words for forgiveness, the word used here is very rare in Paul’s writings, appearing only here and in Colossians 1:14. Its literal meaning is “letting go of.” This is a beautiful and insightful picture of forgiveness. God releases or lets go of our sins. He does not hold them against us any more. If we could really discover God’s forgiveness, we would be able to learn to let go of the things people have done to us and to stop holding our own failures against ourselves. However, such freedom-producing forgiveness was only possible through the death of Christ.

This freedom that is free for us but cost the death of Christ characterizes the “riches of” God’s “grace.” Verse 8 goes on to declare that God lavished or made this grace “abundant for us.” The wealth and richness of God’s grace is a common theme in Ephesians. Most people try to hide the wealth they may have for fear of someone else trying to take it from them. God operates in a completely opposite fashion. He advertises His wealth of grace throughout Scripture in hopes that people will try to obtain even more of it.

This lavishing or making abundant God’s grace for us was provided by the death of Christ. In Ephesians 1:9a, Paul also states that God accomplished this “by making known to us the mystery of his will.” In other passages, the apostle describes the “mystery” or “the mystery of God’s will” as God’s call on his life to share the gospel with the Gentiles. This is Paul’s first hint in Ephesians of the price that we pay after Christ sets us free. We cannot and, thus, do not pay for our freedom in Christ by obedience. However, Ephesians 2:10 suggests that God created us and Christ freed us in order that we might obey. A life of obediently sharing the gospel never earns our salvation. But it is the least any person who has been set free can do.

It is also important that Paul’s discussion of the church in these verses is corporate. We usually interpret our freedom individually. That is true, but not the whole truth. We have been set free from sin to be a community of free people. That requires us to allow God to make the church a freeing and forgiving community.

For further study: (1) Study the similar passages in Colossians 1:13-14. What additional insights do you gain from Colossians? (2) Study Romans 6:15-23. How do these verses help you understand sin as slavery? (3) Study Romans 8:16-27. Describe God’s ultimate vision for freedom found there.

*Scripture quotations are the author’s own translation.
Deaths


VALT CHANEY, 92, Abilene, Tex. Dec. 11. Survivors: son, Lawrence; daughter, Melba Bates; Wynelle Holden; Patsy Mullens; 9 grandchildren; 17 great-grandchildren.

Geraldine V. Chappell, 86, Decatur, Ill. Dec. 24. A medical missionary, Miss Chappell served in the Reynolds Memorial Hospital in Washim, India, for 36 years. She was on her way to the mission field in 1941 when she was detained in the Philippines and held as a prisoner of war at a camp in Santo Tomas until 1945. Survivors: sister, Genelee Fleener; several nieces and nephews.

Wallace Doyle Cornelison, 80, Albertville, Ala. Jan. 19. Survivors: wife, Ethel; daughters, Monte Kilpatrick, Sarah Smith; Doylene Coffey; stepdaughters, Joyce Hughes, Kaye Williamson; brothers, Tom and Fred Cornelison; sisters, Vera Harmoning, Jeanette Limbaugh; 11 grandchildren; 10 great-grandchildren.


Billy G. Meek, 59, Fort Worth, Tex. Dec. 10. Survivors: wife, Mary Ann; sons, Eric, Steven; daughter, Carolyn Preston; parents, Henry and Cletis Meek; sisters, Martha Foster, Esther Smith; two grandchildren.

Frederick F. Meyers, 62, Deland, Fla. Jan. 16. Survivors: wife, Roberta; sons, Jeff Scott, John, Jonathan; brothers, Joseph, Arthur; sister, Florence. Funeral service at 7 December 14 at the Raleigh Fitzkin Memorial Hospital, and in Indiana for one year. Survivors: son, John; daughter, Barbara Teague; three great-grandchildren.

William E. Rumbarger, 75, Mount Pleasant Mills, Pa. a boy, Hunter Adam, June 16.

Barbara, mother, Mildred; son, Gregg; daughters, Gina Raye, Ginda Reynard; seven grandchildren.


Robert S. Stinnett, 86, pastor of several years in Texas, Oklahoma, and Mississippi, died Jan. 28 in Sand Springs, Okla. Survivors: wife, Agnes; sister, Kathleen Choy.


Earl W. Transue, 72, Corpus Christi, Tex. Jan. 28. Survivors: son, Michael; Steven, Stanley, Charles; sisters, Thelma McMilton; Golda Harris; two grandchildren; John W. Weers, 65, Orlando, Fla. June 16. Survivors: wife, Dorothy; sons, Joe, Jerry; daughter, Brenda Hutchko; brother, Leo; sisters, Tommiea Lu Leisure, Julia Porter; four grandchildren.

Elsie Frederick Young, 79, Sun City West, Ariz. Jan. 12. Survivors: wife, Arth, Miller; son, Kevin Young; daughter, Priscilla Hixson; sister, Ruth Lindbloom; five grandchildren.

Births

To ART and CHRISTINA (WEHR) BRAGG, Rainbow City, Ala., a boy, Joshua Pepe, Sept. 25.

To Brian and RANA (URHU) DAVIS, West Point, Neb., a boy, Brock Ramon, Dec. 15.

To SCOTT and JOETTA (MORTON) DINGMAN,Bradley, III., a girl, Christina Grace, Apr. 23.

To Joel and KATRINA (BANERJEE) FREED, Mount Pleasant Mills, Pa., a boy, Devin James, Feb. 2.

To MARILYN JANE WALTER and GARY LEE DAVY, Jan. 3 at Selinsgrove, Pa.

Birth Announcements

APPLE VALLEY, CALIF., CHURCH will celebrate its 40th anniversary Apr. 19 at 10:30 a.m. service followed by dinner and a 2 p.m celebration with special music. Former pastors, members, and friends are invited. Send greetings, photos, and memorabilia to: Anniversary Committee, P.O. Box 2536, Apple Valley, CA 92307.

CHARLESTON (W.VA.) FIRST CHURCH will celebrate its 70th anniversary June 19-21. Former pastor Dr. J. D. Wallace speaking Friday evening. Saturday's events include a 10:30 a.m. celebration service and 2:30 p.m. activities.

SONOMA VALLEY, CALIF., CHURCH will celebrate its 50th anniversary July 26 with a 10 a.m. celebration service followed by dinner on the grounds.


MYRTLE CREEK (OREG.) CHURCH will celebrate its 50th anniversary Aug. 16 with former pastor Jim Sanders speaking.


STANLEY LOUE DAVY, Jan. 3 at Selinsgrove, Pa.

Announcements

BRAZIL, INDIANA, CHURCH will celebrate its 60th anniversary Apr. 15. A celebration with family and friends will be held at 2 p.m. Apr. 18 at the Bicknell Manor. Greetings may be sent to 607 Alton St., Bicknell, IN 47591. The Inkicks have 8 children, 19 grandchildren, and 9 great-grandchildren.

To JAMES and DONNA (ROYER) PARDEW JR., Indianapolis, Ind., a boy, Devin James, Feb. 2.

To BLAIR and TOLLY (STOUT) SPINGLE, Venice, Fla., a girl, Bethany Lauren, Dec. 18.

To RONald and JENNIFER TAPSCOTT, Anderson, Ind., a girl, Morgan Taylor, Jan. 20.

To STEVE and HEIDI (WINTER) TRACHT, Olathe, Kan., a boy, Tanner James, Dec. 29.

Marriages

TACTIC ANN RIZZO and MILLES ANDREW ZINN, to West Sayville, N.Y. PATRICIA ANN SHENMY and JOHN STANLEY TROUTMAN, Nov. 21 at Selinsgrove, Pa.

MAYLENE JANE WALTER and GARY LEE DAVY, Jan. 3 at Selinsgrove, Pa.

Anniversaries

REV. MAX and ANGELINE (CROSE) BIXNER, Bicknell, Ind., will celebrate their 60th anniversary Apr. 15. A celebration with family and friends will be held at 2 p.m. Apr. 18 at the Bicknell Manor. Greetings may be sent to 607 Alton St., Bicknell, IN 47591. The Inkicks have 8 children, 19 grandchildren, and 9 great-grandchildren.

To JOEL and KATRINA (BANEY) FREED, to SCOTT and JOETTA (MORTON) DINGMAN, to BRIAN and RANA (URHU) DAVIS, to RANDY and JENNIFER TAPSCOTT, to BLAIR and TOLLY (STOUT) SPINGLE.

Former pastors, members, and friends are invited to attend and/or submit material for a book of memories. Submissions should be sent by July 1. For more information, contact Donna Nelson, 541-863-7340. Farmington, Ore., and the church, P.O. Box 2636, Myrtle Creek, OR 97457, 541-863-3715.

OXNARD, CALIF., CHURCH will celebrate its 50th anniversary June 13-14.


LUTES MOUNTAIN, N.B., CHURCH will celebrate its 50th anniversary July 26 with a 10 a.m. celebration service followed by dinner on the grounds.


MYRTLE CREEK (OREG.) CHURCH will celebrate its 50th anniversary Aug. 16 with former pastor Jim Sanders speaking.

FOR THE RECORD
Moving Ministers
LARRY BELEW, from associate, Wichita (Kans.) First, to pastor, Manhattan (N.Y.) Lamps Church.
JOHN DAVID BELL, from Eckhart, Ind., to Niles, Mich.
GREGORY P. BROWN, from Mobile (Ala.) First, to Knoxville, Tenn.
LARRY L. CALE, from Sistersville, W.Va., to Clendenin, W.Va.
KEVIN L. CLEMENTS, from Granite City, Ill., to special assignment, Richmond, La.
LARRY L. CALE, from Sistersville, W.Va., to Clendenin, W.Va.
BRUCE C. DEPPENING, from special assignment, Fauquier (Va.) Valley Church.
TERRY L. GRAHAM, from student, Carson City, Nev., to pastor, Santee, Calif.
LARSON HILTZ, from Grove City (Pa.) First, to pastor, Newton, Iowa.
MICHAEL K. GRANGE, from student, Atlanta, Ga., to pastor, Hamilton, Texas.
LOREN R. EDWARDS, from Cedar Falls, Iowa, to Ashley, Neb.
PHILIP A. HURLBERT, from associate, Elyria (Ohio) Community Church.
RANDALL S. HARRELL, from associate, Richland, Tex., to pastor, Frivilette, Kansas.
RUDGER D. DEVORE, from Ashland, Ky., to Owensboro (Mich.) First.
PAUL DRAKE, from pastor, Evansville (Ind.) Beacon Church.
LOREN R. EDWARDS, from Cedar Falls, Iowa, to Newton, Iowa.
TERRY L. GRAHAM, from student, Nazarene Bible College, to pastor, Tuttle, Okla.
RICHARD M. GREEN, from associate, Houston, Texas, to pastor, Dallas, Texas.
PARKER H. HUESTON, from associate, Charlotte, N.C., to pastor, Charlotte, N.C.
JONATHAN L. MARTIN, from Morrillton, Ark., to pastor, La Crosse, Wis.
MARLIN D. LUDWIG, from student, Carthage (Mo.) First, to pastor, Carthage (Mo.) First.
GEORGE S. WATTERS, from Mifflinburg, Pa., to pastor, Lebanon, Pa.
JARA T. TRINO, from Costa Rica to Malawi (Africa).
HEDDRICK M. THOMPSON, from Wichita Falls, Texas, to pastor, Waco, Texas.
THOMAS G. SHAW, to pastor, Columbus (Ohio) North Church.
GEORGE S. WATTERS, from Mifflinburg, Pa., to pastor, Lebanon, Pa.
SUNRISE S. HURST, from pastor, Anderson, Calif., to pastor, Long Beach, Calif.
Marilynn R. HOLTZ, from Midwest City (Okla.) First, to pastor, Midwest City (Okla.) First.
GARY H. PECK, to pastor, Cleveland (Ohio) Garfield Heights Church.
ALFRED M. PENNINGTON, from special assignment, Fauquier (Va.) Valley Church.
JOHN L. PERRY, from pastor, Newton, Iowa, to pastor, Yankton, S.D.
R. E. (GENE) WILLIAMS, from Wichita Falls, Texas, to pastor, Wichita Falls, Texas.
JARRED A. MOODY, from Fulton, Ohio, to Orrville (Ohio) Harvest Hills Church.
DAVID L. NELSON, from pastor, Brookton, N.Y., to pastor, Fremont, Ohio.
TIMOTHY L. ODOM, from Little Rock (Ark.) Rose Hill to Gaylord, Mich.
KATHRYN PALMER, from student, Nazarene Bible College, to pastor, Abbeville, S.C.
GARY H. PECK, from pastor, Cleveland (Ohio) Garfield Heights Church.
ARTHUR PERKINS, from pastor, Orrville (Ohio) Harvest Hills, to evangelism.
GEORGE PRIOR, from general assignment to associate, Overland Park, Kansas.
RICHARD M. GREEN, from student, Houston, Texas, to pastor, Dallas, Texas.
JERRY D. PORTER, secretary; John A. Knight, chairman; Paul G. Cunningham, vice-chairman; Richard J. Warren, treasurer; Orville W. Jenkins, executive director.
JERALD D. JOHNSON, from pastor, Holmesville, Ohio, to pastor, Lima, Ohio.
WILLIAM J. PRINCE, from associate, Wichita (Kans.) First, to pastor, Manhattan (N.Y.) Lamps Church.
TRISHA HUNT, from pastor, Alexandria, Va., to pastor, Alexandria, Va.
Bruce H. HUSTON, from associate, Philadelphia, Pa., to pastor, Philadelphia, Pa.
GARY H. PECK, from pastor, Cleveland (Ohio) Garfield Heights Church.
RICHARD M. GREEN, from student, Houston, Texas, to pastor, Dallas, Texas.
JERRY D. PORTER, secretary; John A. Knight, chairman; Paul G. Cunningham, vice-chairman; Richard J. Warren, treasurer; Orville W. Jenkins, executive director.
JERALD D. JOHNSON, from pastor, Holmesville, Ohio, to pastor, Lima, Ohio.
WILLIAM J. PRINCE, from associate, Wichita (Kans.) First, to pastor, Manhattan (N.Y.) Lamps Church.
TRISHA HUNT, from pastor, Alexandria, Va., to pastor, Alexandria, Va.
Bruce H. HUSTON, from associate, Philadelphia, Pa., to pastor, Philadelphia, Pa.

Moving Missionaries
BOUDEWIJN, JACOB and INGRID, from Holland to South Africa.
CAMPBELL, ROY and CAROLINE, from Gladstone, Mo., to Russia.
CUNNINGHAM, FLOYD, from the Philippines to Gladstone, Mo.
EICH, JORG and CHRISTA, from Germany to the Africa Regional Office.
FIRESTONE, BRIAD and NANCY, from the Dominican Republic to the Caribbean Regional Office.
JARA, TRINO, from Costa Rica to Malawi, Malawi.
JONES, AL and KITTY, from Ethiopia to Spokane, Wash.
MEONTEJO, DANIEL and FILOMENA, from Cape Verde to Sao Tome, Sao Tome.
NEAL, WARREN and JANET, from Papua New Guinea to Kansas City, Kansas.
NEIDRHERIS, RICHARD and LUCILLE, from Japan to Overland Park, Kansas.
NELSON, JOHN and JANICE, from the Philippines to Kansas City, Mo.
PERKINS, DOUG and ELAINE, from Mozambique to Colorado Springs, Colo.
REYNOLDS, PATI, from Guatemala to Olathe, Kansas.
RICH, DWIGHT and CAROLYN, from Ecuador to New Delhi, India.
SIMPSON, AUDREY, from Romania to England.
SKUY, NICOLE, from South Africa to North Vancouver, B.C.

DIRECTORIES
BOARD OF GENERAL SUPERINTENDENTS: Office: 6401 The Paseo, Kansas City, Mo. 64131. James H. Diehl, chairman; Paul G. Cunningham, vice-chairman; Jerry D. Porter, secretary; John A. Knight, chairman; Paul G. Cunningham, vice-chairman; Richard J. Warren, treasurer; Orville W. Jenkins, executive director.
NPH Presents: Features Stan Tolier’s new “Lifestream” product line.

SATELLITE PROGRAM GUIDE

MAY 1998

SUNDAY

M TUESDAY W F S

3 4:00 p.m.-5:00 p.m. NCN Sunday Join in morning worship at Shawnee, KS Church of the Nazarene, led by pastor Jeren Rowell (broadcast on every Dish TV Network system nation-wide).
4 5 6 8 9

10 4:00 p.m.-4:15 p.m. NCN News in Review 4:15 p.m.-5:00 p.m.

WMVM

Features include World Mission Radio, the Brownings from the Holy Land, missionaries Bob and Bessie Black, the Global Mission Update, and more. (A rebroadcast of April 28.)

11 12 8:00 p.m.-9:00 p.m. Bridges Demonstrates creative uses of recreation equipment to appeal to youth.

17 18 19 8:00 p.m.-8:15 p.m. NCN Presents: Moments Together Join the inspirational Nazarene Evangelists Celebration in a Gaither-style format.

24 4:00 p.m.-4:15 p.m. NCN Presents: Moments Together Join the inspirational Nazarene Evangelists Celebration in a Gaither-style format.

25 26 8:00 p.m.-8:15 p.m. NCN News in Review 8:15 p.m.-9:00 p.m.

WMVM

Features on Asia-Pacific Nazarene Theological Seminary, NVS, the Papua New Guinea Kudjip Hospital, and much more.

Compassion NOW!
Missionary Sam Yangmi talks about the exciting and critical work among young boys of Thailand.

4:00 p.m.-5:00 p.m. Profile Guest Harold Ivan Smith gives new insights for Grief Recovery.

27 28 29 30

Notice
Vital Statistics are printed as soon as possible after they are received. When submitting information, please include your name and phone number and send to:

Herald of Holiness
Attn: Vital Statistics
6401 The Paseo
Kansas City, MO 64131
E-mail: <herald@nazarene.org>

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6401 The Paseo
Kansas City, MO 64131
E-mail: <herald@nazarene.org>
The Last Word

The Last Word—at least my last Herald editorial. I guess I’ll try to think up some wise words to leave as a “profound legacy.” Or I could place my last wisdom bits alongside the last words of great people so I could bow out in great company. Now what was the last word of Mother Teresa? Or John Wesley, Martin Luther, Abraham Lincoln, or Dag Hammarskjöld?

To do such a thing would be to take yourself too seriously. The mission and ministry of the Herald is certainly far greater than the work of any one editor. That’s why I want this last word to focus on a group of my friends—the unsung staff that makes the Herald go.

I’m not a good manager. I’ve read a lot of management books, but I still never got the hang of it. I’ve never claimed the spiritual gift of “administration.” But I have had some wonderful people to work with.

J. Wesley Eby, the current managing editor, is a most talented person when it comes to organization, grammar, writing, and editing. He has the best eye for layout and design of anyone who has served on the editorial staff during my tenure. The Herald has been better to look at lately, and Wes has had a lot to do with that. He is also a self-starter, never watching the clock, just working away until the deadline is met.

All my professional life, I have had office assistants. Some were good, but none matched the skills, efficiency, professionalism, and dedication of Carolyn Hampton, the administrative secretary at the Herald. She graduated with honors from MVNC, made a perfect score on the battery of tests given to prospective employees, and her daily Christian life makes the Herald a nice place to work.

Mark Graham was the first person I invited to join the Herald staff back in 1989. What a choice. He is the best news reporter, researcher, and newswriter that I have ever seen. He can stare down a balky computer, too, and trick it into working. He’s not much of a trout fisherman, though.

For my first five years, Judi Perry handled secretarial duties at the Herald. She left to give full-time attention to her family. Judi had the knack of creating a positive atmosphere that those around her appreciated. Her counsel about the vicissitudes of life as parent and grandparent was sought by us all. And what a sense of humor.

Bonnie D. Laflin (in nine years I never thought to ask what the “D” stands for) is not on the Herald staff. She is on the NPH art and design team. But throughout my tenure, she has had as part of her Production Department assignment the basic layout and design for the Herald. Without fail she has steadily and competently and cheerfully worked to make the Herald communicate visually. Bonnie has seen the Herald work (and all her work at NPH) as a ministry.

These are the folks with whom I have worked most closely at the Herald. Every one of them would tell you that I am not much of a manager. If you asked them if I had the gift of administration, they would chuckle, maybe laugh out loud. But if you asked if I was one of their friends, I like to think they would say yes.

Friend first, boss second makes sense. I could never have pulled off Machiavellian maneuvers anyway.

I work better in a group of friends. I can’t cope in a constant kerfuffle of office politics. Thanks to all my staff members for offering a atmosphere in which I could do my best work.

I even have a Bible verse to support this idea. Jesus said to His team, “I no longer call you servants . . . I have called you friends” (John 15:15, NIV). He also told them in verse 14, “You are my friends if you do what I command” (NIV). Hmm? . . . I wonder why I never noticed that before—too late now, though. This is the last word.

* * *

An intriguing adventure awaits our Herald readers during the upcoming months. For the rest of 1998, the Herald and World Mission will be dating. The marriage will be consummated next January.
1997—2001 Church of the Nazarene Manual
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