RALPH TWIGGIER, INNKEEPER

THAT REMINDS ME OF A STORY

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Stressed-Out Christmas

LET THE WHINING BEGIN.

“Christmas is just too hectic.”

“I was so busy with the church play and all the parties and programs that I just couldn’t get into the Christmas spirit this year.”

“I didn’t even get my shopping done. Everywhere I tried to shop, hordes of dumb people who didn’t even know what they wanted clogged the aisles.”

“What Christmas means to me is that a lot of relatives show up at my house expecting to find gifts under my tree and food on my table.”

“Would you believe that Uncle Lester and Aunt Fostoria insisted on bringing their Labrador retriever with them? ‘He’ll be no trouble; he can sleep with us in the guest room.’”

“On Christmas Day, when things had simmered down a bit, she noticed that one of the cards was left over. Wondering just what Christmas greetings she had sent to 47 friends and relatives, she read the card. She stared unbelievably at the words, ‘This card is just a note to say A Christmas gift is on the way.’”

Talk about a stressed-out Christmas. Care to guess what she was doing the day after Christmas?

Remember the stress test invented by psychologist Thomas Holmes? He developed that scale that helped you measure the stress in your life. Job loss was 35 points, getting married 50 points, moving to a new city 25 points, etc. He surmised that just living through a typical Christmas season produced 14 stress points. You would then add up all the points, and if your score was 200 or more, you were in grave danger of a nervous breakdown.

Bridget Kuhns (Homiletics, October—December, 1994, 45) took Holmes’ scale and applied it to the Virgin Mary on the first Christmas. She calculated that any pregnancy is worth 40 points, an unplanned pregnancy adds 20 more. And how many stress points do you get for having to tell your parents that you are a virgin—and pregnant? Mary moved in with Elizabeth for three months. That’s 25 points on the Holmes scale. Marrying Joseph produced another 50 points. The family argument that Kuhns says must have happened when Joseph failed to make a reservation in Bethlehem during the holiday season chipped in another 35 points. Giving birth earns another 39 points. Kuhns also added points for changes in sleeping and eating habits, 31 points on the Holmes scale.

And then there were all those guests during the Christmas season—angels and shepherds coming and going and three kings from the East calling on the little family.

Holmes reported that people get sick at the 200 point level. Poor Mary. Bridget Kuhns calculated her stress status at 424!

I guess I shouldn’t let waiting in the gift-wrap line for 20 minutes ruin Christmas for me. However, if Charlie, my granddaughters’ cat, tries to climb the Christmas tree again this year, I just may freak out.

And you thought your Christmas was high-stress.

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We Need Some Encouragement!

by James H. Diehl

The apostle Paul had just about had it! He had been on a long and tiring sea voyage from Cyprus to Attalia, a seaport on the southern coast of what is today Turkey. Paul and his two traveling companions, Barnabas and John Mark, then made the difficult journey to Perga. While in Perga, the bottom really fell out!

First, Paul contracted a dreadful physical disease. Some scholars believe it was a form of malaria while others suggest it was a painful eye disease. Whatever it was caused extreme pain and brought Paul to the throne of prayer, repeatedly asking God to remove this "thorn in his flesh." The answer God gave Paul was one all of us also have heard at some point in our lives, "My grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness" (2 Corinthians 12:9, NIV). Lloyd Ogilvie believes that Paul’s decision to go to Antioch, 3,600 feet high in the mountains, was to recover.

A second and possibly more painful thing happened to Paul while he was in Perga. One of his missionary companions, John Mark, left him and went back to Jerusalem. The fact that this young, "first-term missionary" defected and went home was upsetting enough. But, to realize John Mark was the cousin of Barnabas (his other missionary companion) only complicated the situation. All three men were, without a doubt, suffering greatly.

Paul had intense pain in his body, the added pain of a broken relationship with John Mark, plus a relationship strain with Barnabas. What a way to go to Antioch and to go to church! Acts 13:14 tells us, "On the Sabbath they entered the synagogue and sat down" (NIV). After all of that, who wouldn’t want to sit down?

Being in that kind of pain, distress, and turmoil, Paul heard the leaders of the synagogue say, "Brothers, if you have a message of encouragement for the people, please speak" (Acts 13:15, NIV). Paul rose to speak, and what a message of encouragement he gave! The first full sermon preached by Paul about Jesus Christ was given with special emphasis placed on salvation by faith and not by the works of the law. His message was so encouraging that "on the next Sabbath almost the whole city gathered to hear the word of the Lord" (v. 44, NIV).

In spite of terrible circumstances and disappointing people, Paul refused to preach about those things but lifted his focus to Jesus Christ and preached a powerful message of encouragement. I believe the same request is being made today in every Nazarene church in the land, "Brothers, if you have a message of encouragement for the people, please speak."

All of us know that circumstances are bad everywhere. All of us know that many people are more disappointing than ever. All of us know the majority of news and conversation is focused on the negative. If ever there was a time to stand and give a message of encouragement, it is today!

Pastors, I challenge you in the name of Jesus, preach a message of encouragement to your people! Your people have been beaten up enough during the week by others, so leave the club (or ball bat) outside. In most cases, our people don’t need more guilt—they need a message of encouragement focused on the great Liberator—Jesus Christ.

Sunday School teachers, I also challenge you in the name of Jesus, teach a lesson of encouragement! Refuse to allow your teaching to dwell on all the terrible circumstances around you and the people in our world who upset you. Sure, they need to be mentioned, but place the focus of your teaching on the great Encourager—Jesus Christ. People should leave your class feeling in their hearts that there is hope concerning the pain, distress, and turmoil they are experiencing. Don’t send them away feeling more hopeless than they were when they came.

Two thousand years ago, angels broke into the midnight sky and gave a message of encouragement to the shepherds on a hillside, "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people" (Luke 2:10). Some years later, Paul refused to preach about his aches and pains but gave the people a message of encouragement. Now it is your turn. Now it is my turn.

Write it in the flyleaf of your Bible, place it on the pulpit, or place it on the teaching lectern—"Brothers [and sisters], if you have a message of encouragement for the people, please speak."
Millhuff’s Math

I wonder how the Rev. Doctor Millhuff figured that if an evangelist was paid $1,000 per week for 26 weeks (earning $26,000) that he or she would only have $18,000 left after Social Security and income tax (October, page 31)? According to my calculations, given current tax rates, the evangelist would have about $21,000 left, not $18,000.

Felicia Bertrand Smith

Editor’s note: I spoke with Rev. Millhuff about this, and he said that he included, or meant to include, “health insurance” in his original comment in addition to the taxes cited. Given the fact that the health insurance plans that the editor knows about run between $5,000 and $8,000 per year, not even $18,000 would remain.

Use Real Figures, Please

You’ve got to be kidding. Chuck Millhuff says that evangelists should be paid $1,000 per meeting and it will give them about $18,000 annually after social security and taxes. Then he says that $1,000 per revival is “still far below what the average pastor is being paid in cash salary.”

I don’t know who he considers to be an average pastor. I checked the cash salaries of the pastors on my district and found the average cash salary to be just $10,928. The median cash salary is $11,457. In fact, there are only seven churches on my district that pay a cash salary over $18,000 annually.

The Sept. Herald contained the figures for all the U.S. districts. The overall salary average was just $12,297, which is far below $18,000. In fact, the Herald figures state that the average total compensation including salary, housing, and benefits is just $23,374. That is $2,626 below what Millhuff considers should be a cash salary of an evangelist.

I don’t begrudge paying an evangelist well. I just think we should use real figures.

Tom Lorimer
Fort Madison, Iowa

I truly appreciated the October article “Evangelists in Dialogue.” However, there was one glaring mistake. This inaccurate statement related to pastors’ salaries. One evangelist recommended that a church pay a minimum of $1,000 per meeting since many evangelists average only 26 meetings per year, therefore a gross salary of $26,000. Certainly they are worth that and more! So far, so good.

However, then the same evangelist dropped the ball by asserting that such an annual salary is “still far below what the average pastor is being paid in cash salary.” If this is true, there must be a large number of below average pastors in the Church of the Nazarene...

A quick check of my district journal reveals that last year one of the 95 pastors on our district exceeded $26,000 cash salary, and four or five others got close. The average was about $10,000 cash salary, slightly below the denominational average of $12,297.

Instead of comparing the evangelist to a hypothetically false pastor’s salary, it seems better to challenge our people to give liberally to our evangelists because they provide their own home, pay utilities, have lots of travel expense, are away from home a lot, and cannot always get meetings during the summer or around holidays.

Please don’t misunderstand my letter as a lack of gratitude for what our people do for pastors. My people are very giving to me, and every Sunday I’m humbled and grateful for what I receive, knowing it comes from the faithful giving of tithes and offerings from some wonderful laymen. I just want our discussion to be accurate.

Gary A. Williamson
Oakland City, Ind.

Editor's Note: Rev. Millhuff says that he meant “cash salary plus benefits,” not just cash salary.

Mentoring

I read your article “Mentoring Moments” with joy and thankfulness (Oct. 1994 issue).

As a grandfather of 12 and a father of 6, I sensed much love, God’s love, in your airplane experience with a mother and her two children (and expecting again). I both laughed and cried about their situation, but most of all thanked God for the compassion and understanding you conveyed in a difficult environment. The mother of those children will not soon forget the kindness of “Grandpa” on that airplane trip, and though the names are unknown, I truly believe that somehow the Holy Spirit will do His work in her heart. I, too, will pray for them!

God bless you!

Pat Codispote
Millville, N.J.

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The International Board of Education invites those who are preparing to teach in a Nazarene college, university, or seminary to submit a current vita, which will be made available to the undergraduate and graduate institutions of the church. Listed below are known needs for the 1995-96 academic year. Since all needs cannot be anticipated, other openings may occur in teaching, administrative, or staff roles. Nazarene colleges are equal opportunity employers.

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For further information please contact:

Dr. Jerry D. Lambert, Education Commissioner
International Board of Education
Church of the Nazarene
6401 The Paseo
Kansas City, MO 64131
816-333-7000, ext. 2226


816-333-7000, ext. 2226
**Mentoring Moments**

I love the Herald of Holiness and read it from cover to cover. I enjoyed your article “Mentoring Moments” in the October issue, but I was somewhat upset by the use of the words “screwed up” that you used twice in your article . . . [we] hear these words so much in the language of the world. I am praying that you will see this as constructive criticism, it is what I intend it to be. I will continue to enjoy the Herald. God bless you all.

Wanda Wagoner
Folllansbee, W.Va.

**Snake Handlers**

About Dr. Daniel Spross’s August Herald article against snakehandling, I feel as much as much older Isaac Watts did about Charles Wesley’s hymn “Wrestling Jacob”—who told Charles that it was of more worth than his own verses. Much that my former students have written is of more worth than my own scribblings, including the Herald’s recent editorial on contemplative prayer. Nazarenes and other Holiness people are being discipled every month by this missile we call the Herald of Holiness.

About the Spross article, it could have mentioned that Luke 10:19 is not a centuries-later addition to Luke, as the passage about picking up “snakes” is in Mark 16:18—and that Jesus in Luke says to the “seventy-two” whom He had sent out, “I have given you the power of the enemy [Satan, v. 18]; nothing will harm you.” The various interpretative helps given by Spross on the spurious passage would apply also to this one. Besides, this was said to the “seventy-two” Jesus might not have meant to say it to all believers for all times.

Kenneth Grider
Olivet Nazarene University

**Dancing**

Just wanted to say how much I appreciated your answering the question on dancing in the September issue of the Herald (The Question Box). There’s a misconception floating around concerning the General Assembly’s last action on the subject. You gave a sound and direct answer. Thanks for making the Herald such a practical and great magazine.

Sharon Thornhill
Royersford, Pa.

**Victorian and Feminist Imagination**

Reading “Holiness and Halloween” caused me to reflect on what exactly bothers me about most Christian discussions of this topic. Focusing narrowly on “occult symbols” such as Halloween costumes or “V for vampire” seems to me to be missing the larger question, which is “How shall we prepare our children to live in a world where the people they meet have dangerous religious beliefs?”

We certainly won’t do it by accepting the neopagan’s version of history: the Middle Ages as a time of witches’ sabbaths and the covert handing down of druidic traditions. Anyone who studies medieval history and literature (as I did, at a fine Christian university) will find many important and spiritually nourishing examples of Christian thought, theology, art, and literature. (Your other October article, “By Grace Alone,” has a more realistic assessment of this period, . . .) Popular and legal interest in witchcraft was not at all common until the Renaissance and the early modern period and had little or no influence on traditional American Halloween customs. Most of contemporary neopaganism is based on Victorian and feminist imagination and reconstruction of what they wish earlier periods of history had been like.

Gloria Wall
Mountain View, Calif.

**Trick-or-Treat**

Jesus was probably born in the spring, rather than the winter. Christmas trees have been called idolatrous. Santa Claus doesn’t exist. These facts don’t keep me, as a Christian, from celebrating Christmas. Eggs and bunnies are from pagan fertility rites. Plastic grass and chocolate aren’t connected to the resurrection of Jesus Christ. That doesn’t keep me, as a Christian, from celebrating Easter. Parents in our church still bring their children to the annual egg hunt on our church lawn. So Halloween has historical connections to witches and Druids. I don’t decorate my home with witches and goblins, and I’m not a Druid. My children don’t dress like Satanists on Halloween. And I, as a Christian, will not let ancient history or popular practice keep my children and myself from having a great time trick-or-treating this year. “Though the wrong seems off so strong, God is the ruler, yet.” Do we believe that, or not?

Ken and Mary Chamberlain
Ozark, Mo.

**Dove Award**

I found the question in October’s 10-Point Quiz regarding the “Christian” Dove Award winner in poor taste and unnecessary. Doesn’t the news media do enough to publicize and seemingly glat at these unfortunate events? God help us to pray for those who have fallen that they will be restored to His grace and not to add an additional kick when a soul is down.

Eva Wood
Bentonville, Ark.

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**Eva Wood**
Foundations of the Faith in Philippians

Walking in the Light

Roger L. Hahn

Roger L. Hahn is professor of New Testament at Nazarene Theological Seminary.

Therefore, as many of us as would be perfect, let us set our minds on this goal, and if any one of you should set your mind differently, God will reveal this to you. But in any case, the goal is to stay in step with the light we've already come to (Philippians 3:15-16).

"So, nobody's perfect," my second grader responded casually. He had missed almost every problem on an arithmetic assignment. I was trying to rebuke him without destroying his self-esteem, but his response made it clear that his self-esteem was not in danger. I found myself more disturbed by his lackadaisical attitude than by his mathematical inability. His attitude seemed so typical of our culture. Not only do most folks consider perfection impossible, many regard the pursuit of it to be harmful! In sharp contrast, Philippians 3:15 makes clear that the apostle Paul was very interested in perfection and in pursuing it.

The apostle addressed his exhortation to "as many of us as would be perfect." The power of these startling words is missed by most modern translations of the New Testament. Many versions translate Paul's word "perfect" in verse 15 as "mature." Perhaps they hope to avoid the appearance of a contradiction with verse 12 where Paul describes a Christian being all that he has achieved perfection. There is no need to suppose that Paul contradicted himself, nor is it necessary to protect him from the suspicion of inconsistency.

Authors of the Greek New Testament often omitted the verb "to be" as they wrote, and this is what Paul did in verse 15. Literally translated it reads, "Therefore, as many of us as ----- perfect." The context is anticipating the future, and so it is best to supply "will be" or "would be." Paul was also ready to shift from his own spiritual life to embrace the spiritual lives of his readers. Verse 15 shifts from the "I have not already reached perfection" of verse 12 to the plural "as many of us as would be perfect."

The modern translations do catch part of Paul's meaning when they use the word "mature" in verse 15. The biblical concept of perfection is not absolute perfection. Rather, biblical perfection means being all that one can or ought to be at any given moment. The focus is on the maturity that can be expected at each stage of life. This truth offers the dynamic possibility of celebrating all that God has done in our lives up to now while always expecting Him to do much more.

The word that best describes a Christian being all he or she can be at a given moment and still having the potential for growth is the word "Christlike." In verse 12, Paul denies that he has already become totally like Christ. But Christlikeness is still his goal, as verse 15 shows. "As many of us as would be perfectly Christlike let us set our minds on that goal." However, Paul is interested in more than just thinking about Christlikeness. The Greek verb he used meant "thought that led to action." Christlikeness isn't a subject for us to mull over; it is a life to be lived. Paul's own life provides a beautiful example of how thinking about Christlikeness can move into living the life.

Not everyone will respond to this vision of Christian perfection. However, the apostle had no plans for a church-wide Christlikeness assessment plan. He was confident that if one set his or her mind "differently," God was best equipped to communicate the dangers of such thoughts and the actions to which those lesser thoughts would lead.

There is great danger in beginning the pursuit of perfection or Christlikeness and then giving up before the journey is over. Bitter cynicism is almost always the unhappy result. That is why Paul included verse 16. The verse is awkwardly constructed in Greek, but one could well paraphrase his thought as, "Walk in the light you've received." Anything less dishonors both God and ourselves.

The Advent season reminds us that the life of Christ was not static. He grew and developed until His goal of obedience was completed on the Cross. The Christmas season offers us the joyful opportunity to both think about and live out the life of Christ in our world.

For further study: (1) Romans 12:3 speaks of the way we set our minds.

Christian perfection isn't a subject for us to mull over; it is a life to be lived.

Study Romans 12 and list the characteristics of Christlikeness that are called for. (2) Reflect on the meaning of John 1:14 in relationship with Christ's birth and with Luke 2:41-52, especially verse 52. (3) In the light of Christ, examine your faithfulness in walking in the light God has shed on your path. Identify areas of life in which your obedience must be brought up to date.

*Scripture quotations are the author's own translation.
Caravan 1994 Phineas F. Bresee Award Recipients

The general Caravan office is delighted to announce the recipients of the 1994 Phineas F. Bresee Medal, the highest award children in the church of the Nazarene can earn.

If your local church would like to join this fun-filled and exciting program, contact Caravan, 6401 The Paseo, Kansas City, MO 64131.

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*Awards approved as of July 1, 1994.*
Margo and Ginger
A Story of Love, Grief, and Faith
by Sherri Langton

Margo: lively; fun-loving; intelligent; confident.
Dead.

A seminar on violence and its erosion on the lives of children has drawn a group of educators to a suburban Denver country club. Somehow between the coffee, tea muffins, and first two lectures, the educators have passed a silent verdict on men who batter women into gruesome statistics. Now the group listens as Ginger Green describes her daughter, Margo, and the violence that deflated her 22 years to a memory.

Ginger is warm, soft-spoken, graceful. She smiles a lot and likes to hug people. She is transparent when she speaks, confessing sorrow and questions and anger, but also explaining forgiveness and faith in Christ and helping others—the stuff of her survival.

How can this mother, a member of Denver First Church of the Nazarene, peel back the layers of healing and revisit the worst day of her life? How can she crusade against domestic violence before strangers? Not by maternal grit, Ginger will tell you, but by the power of God that yields good out of grief.

Ginger knew little about this truth before Margo’s murder, though she was otherwise deepening in her faith. In 1985, she and her husband, Chuck, were invited to Denver First by their son, Chase. Ginger relished the church’s depth of Bible teaching. Her love of people and skill as a graphic arts designer placed her in several ministries.

Margo, however, was a different story. Her husband, Eric, was obsessed with her. In addition to belittling and criticizing her, he controlled Margo’s activities and kept her from attending church with her parents.

Ginger reflects on Margo’s isolation during her marriage to Eric:

“He raced motorcycles on weekends, and he always wanted her to be there in case he got hurt. Margo spent many hours studying on the bleachers while Eric raced. This happened most Sunday mornings, so Margo and Eric did not go to our church for four years. The rare times they did attend, they went with Eric’s parents to their church.”

After Eric tried to knife her in early 1991, Margo separated from him and began attending a divorce recovery workshop series at Denver First. Though the church ministered to her spiritual and emotional needs, they could not protect Margo from Eric’s smoldering temper.

On Monday, May 13, 1991, five days before Margo was to graduate from college, Eric followed her to work and gunned her down in full view of downtown commuters. The gun was still hot from seven rounds when Eric pointed the muzzle to his head and fired an eighth time.

In smooth, split-second gunshots, suicide compounded murder; graduation plans shifted to funeral arrangements; and the Green family plunged into grief.

Ginger replays her reaction to Margo’s murder many times. She and Chuck were standing in the parking lot at Margo’s apartment. Two detectives were waiting to drive them to the hospital where Margo had been taken.

“I was crying, and I was upset. Chuck couldn’t comfort me enough. He was trying to hug me. I needed to get control of myself. I said, ‘Dear Lord, You’ve got to be with me.’ I leaned over the trunk of the car and started saying, ‘Jesus.’ The Lord blessed me with a peace.”

Pastor Harold Fleshman, the church’s hospital chaplain, met the family at the hospital and stood at their side while they identified Margo’s body. He remained with them the rest of the day.

As news reports saturated television and radio, Denver First formed a cocoon of love around the Greens. The church prayed, they called, they visited, they wept.

Until this time, Ginger had not
been exposed much to death and how to comfort the bereaved. “I knew that people brought food,” she admits. “That was the extent of my knowledge of how people help someone going through grief. I was amazed and overwhelmed and helped in so many ways by just being surrounded by people. They didn’t have to say a word to me. They were just there.”

General Superintendent Jim Diehl was Denver First’s senior pastor when Margo was murdered. Though the news grieved him, he was encouraged that he had talked with Margo just five weeks before her death. Dr. Diehl recalls, “Margo had attended divorce recovery classes for eight weeks at Denver First. The last night, I had the privilege of praying with her as she gave her heart, her hurt, and her all to Christ. How thankful I was!”

Over the next few days, Dr. Diehl spent many hours with the Greens talking with them, praying with them, and crying with them. He also gave this wise counsel: “There is no way that what happened to Margo was good. It was bad. It should never have happened. But God can take bad and turn it into good if we will give it to God and give God time.”

Like children uttering their first awkward words, the Greens gave their grief to God. And God responded in Romans 8:28 fashion. He began the following Saturday. It was gowns and mortarboards at the University of Colorado at Denver, where Margo would have graduated magna cum laude. The Greens decided to brave the graduation ceremonies and accept Margo’s diploma on her behalf.

Lucy Branch, senior public information specialist at the college’s of-
office of public relations, was the family’s escort that day. She was moved by the Greens’ desire to pick up Margo’s diploma publicly, but she was especially drawn to Ginger.

Lucy remembers, “I felt like I really wanted to get to know her, and I wanted to do something that would be meaningful, that would give her daughter’s death some kind of meaning. I just didn’t want it to have happened in vain. And I don’t know why I felt like that.”

After graduation, Lucy suggested an idea to her director: a lecture series on domestic violence in Margo’s memory. The school would schedule a main speaker and invite Ginger to be a guest speaker.

Lucy explains, “The university wanted to do something because when I presented this idea to my director, he thought it was really great and that we should do it. . . . I just really felt that we as the entire university should have something in [Margo’s] memory, something that would help keep other women from going through the same thing.”

The following September, four months after Margo’s death, the Margo Green Lecture Series on Domestic Violence began.

Ginger’s first speech was a mix of motherly desire and emotional drain. “I wanted people to think well of Margo,” she confides. “I wanted to be a good representative of her, and I wanted what I said to be meaningful. But the shock was beginning to wear off, the anger was beginning to subside. Reality was setting in. The fact that she was really gone was starting to sink in. The fact that I was so nervous helped me to not cry.”

Eager to help others, Ginger has agreed to speak at the lecture series every year since its inception. The response has been “fantastic,” according to Lucy Branch. She thinks the impact of Margo’s death on the university will remain indefinitely: “We want to be known as an institution that wants to do something about violence against women.”

As the Greens continued giving their grief to God, God continued to respond. Sometime after Ginger spoke at the lecture series, she received a call from Douglas County High School, where Margo had attended.

The school has a peer-counseling program in which students help other students with problems. Ten students, selected from many applicants, take a semester-long class and learn from various speakers about grief, suicide, domestic abuse, and other issues.

Douglas County asked Ginger to speak on grief and domestic violence to the group of peer counselors. The response was so positive, the school invites her to speak to a new group of counselors each year.

In her talk on grief, Ginger tells how it feels to endure a significant loss, and describes the shifting phases of grieving. Based on what she learned from Denver First’s compassionate outreach, she shares tangible ways to help someone who is grieving.

Yvonne Tricarico, a counselor at the school, sees this as critical for today’s teens: “We have any number of kids at a given time who are dealing with a death in the family or a parent who may be dying. They’re dealing with the death of a student they knew. . . . These kids, pretty generally, by the time they’re in high school, know someone who has been shot or killed.”

The first time she spoke at Douglas County, Ginger saw the impact of her talk on one student in particular: “Tears were running down her face as I was talking. I felt really bad. I found out later that her mother had died two years before.

“I went back last year, and the same girl was there. I went through my talk, and she came up to me afterward and we hugged each other. I said, ‘I’m so sorry. I didn’t know that you had just lost your mom. I really felt bad about that.’ She said, ‘That’s OK. I’m doing a lot better now.’”

“Then she asked me, ‘How are you doing?’ I, too, could say, ‘I’m doing better.'”

In the teen years, kids not only know about grief but also know about domestic violence. Margo was 14 when she met Eric (he was 21). The seeds of their doomed relationship were evident while they dated. Yvonne believes Margo had been given insights on Eric’s pattern of control and anger, she could have been helped.

“At any given time,” Yvonne says, “we have 20 kids—and I’ll say girls ‘cause it usually is girls— whose boyfriends are hitting them. And I think it’s important to reach those kids and let them know that’s not all right.”

Because Margo was a teen when she met Eric, Ginger feels a special
desire to reach teenage girls about domestic violence. "That age is so vulnerable. They're so loving, and even though they like to seem like they know it all, they're in need. They need to have people around them to show them and just guide them a little bit. . . ."

"I feel like if I can touch one girl each time I speak, that's one girl who won't have to go through what Margo did."

Yvonne thinks the power of Ginger's influence is having a ripple effect on peer counselors. "Those 10 kids, in turn, would have many contacts a year—probably 30 or 40. So you multiply what she's doing times the influence that those kids have in the general student population. It's really effective."

God knows all about the ripple effect in making good out of grief. What He began at a university and continued at a high school has spread. Since Margo's death, Ginger has spoken to United Way, the Junior League, other high schools, Denver First's National Christian Women's Conference, the Colorado State Patrol, and Project Safeguard.

This fall, the ripple became nationwide. The CBS network aired a three-hour special on violence in America, with one hour devoted to domestic violence. Included in that hour was "Legacy and the Loss," the story of Margo and the scholarship fund her parents established in her honor at Douglas County High School.

How does Ginger feel about the increased exposure? She is pleased that people are still interested in Margo, but also surprised.

"It's been three years since Margo died," Ginger remarks. "I would have thought by now people would have forgotten about her. It's heart-warming that they care. It shows us that even though we thought she was special, others feel the same way."

Since the Greens' first commitment of their grief to God, He's been making good on a promise that people have tested for generations. Ginger is learning that it is a promise of strength and comfort with unlimited mileage this side of heaven.

Sherri Langton is the assistant editor of Bible Advocate magazine and a freelance writer who lives in Denver.
Advent Celebration

Christmas lights
blazon the
cemetery's
iron gates.
Strange place
for such
celebration:
Who there sees
or cares?
Like Christmas Eve's
restless sleepers
Do the silent celebrants
await the morning
breathlessly
Watching for
Messiah's coming
When both Advents'
Joy and expectation
Will be fulfilled?
So be it.
Deck the gates!
We celebrate Christ's
coming.
—Nancy Spiegelberg

Star Trek

Have you seen a star? And did you follow.
Fixing your dim gaze on that fair light?
Has it brought you from a distant country,
Stumbling in the darkness of your night?
Has it routed you through dreary deserts?
Has it led across the wilderness?
Has its beckon lured from the crowded,
Throngs ways of mankind's carelessness?
Did it stay at last above a cradle
And a mother and a babe? Oh then
Tell me—did you kneel? And did you worship?
Knowing you had found your Bethlehem?
—E. Ruth Glover

After Christmas

the holly and the ivy
turkey
so sorry
another trolley
don't touch!
the holly and the ivy
Can I have it, Mummy?
ham
cherries
cake
Christmas crackers
the holly and the ivy
more cards
jelly
chocolate chip cookies
DON'T TOUCH!
Where's Santa Claus?
I want Skipper
not Barbie
sage or rosemary?
Onions
breadcrumbs
the holly and the ivy
the holly and the ivy
THE HOLLY AND THE IVY
neither shall
I meet You
under the mistletoe
around the
red ribboned wreath
in the candles' glow
nor in church
the slow oven
20 for dinner
perhaps
I can greet You
after Christmas,
Christ

—Merle Lamprecht
'Twas the Night Before Jesus Came

Faye Cooper found the Lord at age 53. She died at age 56. She was a devout Christian, and as her pastor, Rev. Joe Norton, said, "a voracious reader. She 'inhaled' the Herald of Holiness, World Mission, missionary reading books, Standard, Sunday School quarterly, and anything else we could give her."

Shortly before her death, on a sleepless night in a nursing home, she wrote this poem-parody of "The Night Before Christmas."

'Twas the night before Jesus came and all through the house
Not a creature was praying, not one in the house.
Their Bibles were laid on a shelf without care
In hopes that Jesus would not come there.
The children were dressing to crawl into bed,
Not once ever kneeling or bowing a head.
And Mom in her rocker with baby on her lap
Was watching the late show while I took a nap.

When out of the east there arose such a clatter.
I sprang to my feet to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash!

What to my wondering eyes should appear
But angels proclaiming that Jesus was here.

With a light like the sun sending forth a bright Ray,
I knew in a moment this must be the day!
The light of His face made me cover my head.
It was Jesus! Returning just like He had said.
And though I possessed worldly wisdom and wealth,
I cried when I saw Him in spite of myself.

In the Book of Life, which He held in His hand,
Was written the name of every saved man.
He spoke not a word as He searched for my name.
When He said, "It's not here" my head hung in shame.
The people whose names had been written with love,
He gathered to take to His Father above.
With those who were ready He rose without a sound.
While all the rest were left standing around.

I fell to my knees, but it was too late;
I had waited too long and thus sealed my fate.
In the words of this poem the meaning is clear.
The coming of Jesus is drawing near.
There's only one life and when comes the last call
We'll find that the Bible was true after all.

—Faye Cooper
News

BY MARK GRAHAM and BRYAN MERRILL

Flood Affects Nazarenes in Houston

At least 12 Nazarenes were among the 10,000 persons who fled their homes because of heavy rains and flooding in southeast Texas. There are, however, no Nazarene fatalities, according to Tom Nees, Nazarene Disaster Response (NDR) director.

At least three Nazarene church properties were damaged by water.

Five families in the Conroe, Tex., Church were forced from their homes by flooding, according to pastor Robert Sweitzer. The home of James and Donna Ross was flooded to the roof line. The home of James’s parents, Mike and Carol Ross, was enveloped by high waters. Marvin Griffin’s family of four and his sister’s family of three also were displaced.

Nazarene elder John Frazier, who operates a landscaping business, suffered a complete loss of his home, four trucks, and all of his business equipment.

More than 25 inches of rainfall were recorded in Conroe Oct. 15-19.

“The ground was saturated,” Sweitzer said. “The dams were all overflowing, which caused most of the flooding here.”

The worst flooding was in the San Jacinto River basin, northeast of Houston, Tex. The river overflowed to at least 13 feet above flood stage. Lake Houston was recorded at 7 feet above flood stage. Lake Conroe was at least 10 feet beyond its flood line and 3 feet beyond its 100-year flood level.

Flood waters surround Webster, Tex., NASA Church of the Nazarene’s activity center (left), old sanctuary, classrooms, and parking lots. Five families on the Houston District lost their homes.

The church parking lot also was flooded. At least 10 families in the NASA Church were isolated in their homes by the high waters.

The Galena Vida Nueva Church also sustained damage.

“We toured the affected areas, meeting with flood victims, and praying with them in their devastated homes,” said Morsch. “They were overcome by the thought that someone would come from NDR and show support.”

Anyone wishing to respond to the flooding in Houston may send contributions for the NCM fund to: General Treasurer, for “Houston Flood,” 6401 The Paseo, Kansas City, MO 64131.

Los Angeles Plans Centennial Celebration

The official centennial celebration of Los Angeles, Calif., First Church of the Nazarene is scheduled for Sunday, October 29, 1995, according to Jack Stone, general secretary. The theme for the event is “Celebrating Our Heritage: A Church with a Mission.” All six general superintendents plan to attend.

Anniversary activities are being planned by a centennial committee chaired by pastor Ron Benefiel. The committee is composed of leaders from First Church, other southern California Nazarenes, and Stone.

The anniversary day will include a Sunday morning service focused on First Church. A special afternoon ceremony will focus on the denominational significance of the work in Los Angeles. As many as 5,000 persons are expected to attend the afternoon service.

Los Angeles First Church was co-founded by Phineas F. Bresee and J. P. Widney at a meeting held October 30, 1895. The church was the first of a denominational group established throughout the western United States. That group merged in 1907-1908 with denominations from the East and South to form the present denomination.

“This centennial has denominational significance since Phineas Bresee was the first general superintendent of our denomination,” Stone said. “Not only did he begin the church in L.A., but he was one of the very strong, active agents in reconciling the different holiness bodies that came together.”

Los Angeles First Church will join a handful of Nazarene congregations who have commemorated their 100th anniversaries. Other centennials have been celebrated in recent years in Providence, R.I., and Lynn, Mass.

“A celebration of our roots—our ministry to the poor and our doctrine of purity of heart—will help us to realize our purpose and direction,” Stone said.

Los Angeles is publishing a quarterly newsletter to keep interested persons informed of plans as they develop. For more information, contact First Church of the Nazarene, 3401 W. Third St., Los Angeles, CA 90020; or phone 213-385-6345.

Seminary Recruits Development Director

R. Keith Crutcher, retired vice president of General Motors, was elected director of development by the Nazarene Theological Seminary Board of Trustees Sept. 26. He assumed his duties Oct. 1.

Crutcher will work with President Gordon Wetmore and other seminary personnel in developing and strengthening the funding base of the school.

Paul Prentice, pastor of the Houston Southwest Church, serves as district NDR director. Warren Foxworthy, pastor of the Woodlands Community Church, was named flood project coordinator. They were joined by J. V. Morsch, Gulf Coast NDR director, to assess the needs and determine the scope of the NDR response.

Several Nazarene churches were close to the flooded areas. The Conroe church reported more than two inches of standing water in the church fellowship hall, several classrooms, and the parsonage.

The NASA Church of the Nazarene had eight inches of water in its fellowship hall and former sanctuary. The church attempted to sandbag the morning of the 18th, but waters rose too quickly.

The church parking lot also was flooded. At least 10 families in the NASA Church were isolated in their homes by the high waters.

The Galena Vida Nueva Church also sustained damage.

“We toured the affected areas, meeting with flood victims, and praying with them in their devastated homes,” said Morsch. “They were overcome by the thought that someone would come from NDR and show support.”

Anyone wishing to respond to the flooding in Houston may send contributions for the NCM fund to: General Treasurer, for “Houston Flood,” 6401 The Paseo, Kansas City, MO 64131.

He will maintain collaboration with the U.S. and Canada colleges and universities of the Church of the Nazarene.

A member of Detroit, Mich., First Church, Crutcher served as a member of the NTS Board of Trustees until his election. He is the son of Nazarene elder and evangelist Estelle Crutcher.

Crutcher and his wife, Sondra, make their home in Birmingham, Mich.
Thrust Cities Prepare Well

The 1995 Thrust to the Cities programs are well on the way to meeting their collective goals of 60 new works for the year, according to Michael R. Estep, Thrust to the Cities director. The cities of Houston, Cape Town, and Johannesburg report a total of 28 new works begun in preparation for their respective campaigns.

Houston reports that seven church-type missions have been initiated this year. The Houston Thrust is being coordinated by Henry Mills. General Superintendent Emeritus Raymond W. Hurn is the honorary chairman.

The Cape Town Thrust reports two fully organized churches and three preaching points started since June. Neville Williams serves as the Cape Town Thrust chairman.

The Johannesburg Thrust reports a total of 16 news works started in the last few months. These include 2 church-type missions, 2 extension Bible classes, 5 preaching points, and 7 contact points. Wally Marais is the Johannesburg Thrust chairman.

The Thrust to the Cities program was instituted in 1985 by the Board of General Superintendents. The 10-year program goal was 435 new Nazarene urban works. To date, the program has spawned 508 new works.

The Thrust to the Cities program is scheduled to conclude at the close of 1995.

Boards Elect New Members

Three boards of the general church recently elected new members, according to Jack Stone, general secretary.

Jesse Middendorf, pastor of Kansas City, Mo., First Church, was nominated by the Board of General Superintendents to serve on the Board of Pensions and Benefits USA. The nomination was ratified by a mail vote of the U.S. caucus of the General Board. Middendorf succeeds Hiram Sanders, who resigned from the board upon his election as president of Nazarene Bible College.

The Nazarene Theological Seminary Board of Trustees recently elected two new members, C. Eugene Fuller, Central Florida District superintendent, succeeds Eugene Simpson, who was recently elected to the General Board. Margaret Bailey, a layperson at South Charleston, W.Va., First Church, replaces Keith Crutchler, who was recently hired as development director for the seminary.

Nazarene Bible College recently filled two vacancies on its board of trustees. Larry Leonard, pastor of Orlando, Fla., Central Church, succeeds Dan Casey, who was elected to the General Board. Franklin York, a layperson at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, First Church, fills the vacancy left by Jan Sanders, who resigned upon the election of her husband as president.

Koop Meets with Nazarenes

More than 500 senior adults joined the Mount Vernon Nazarene College community Sept. 8 for an open forum with former U.S. Surgeon General C. Everett Koop. The program of the Lecture Artist Series coincided with the East Central Regional Senior Adult Day sponsored by the college.

Koop served the nation as its chief public health spokesperson from 1981 to 1989. He now serves as senior scholar at the C. Everett Koop Institute at Dartmouth College, his alma mater.

In his dialogue during the forum, Koop spoke to several contemporary health issues.

Koop declared the Clinton health care plan "absolutely dead" while acknowledging that the administration had effectively brought the issue to national attention. "Americans have been moved to action by the threat of a plan going into effect," he said.

Koop also spoke grimly on the issue of AIDS. "I don't believe there will ever be a cure for AIDS. There may be a drug developed to treat it, but that is years down the road."

"As a society, we need to get over the tremendous prejudice against the victims of AIDS. Until it touches all our lives, until everyone knows someone who has died of AIDS, we won't get over the prejudice. We must separate the sin from the sinners."

Regarding sex education, Koop said it was a necessity in today's society. "Parents say it is their right and responsibility to teach their children about sexuality, but few of them ever do it," he said. He urged parents to "explore what is being taught and discuss it with your children; then discuss that message in the context of your own beliefs."

On the banning of public smoking, Koop said, "Wherever there is such a grass-roots effort, you can be certain there is substantial money changing hands under the table to stop it." He continued to say that tobacco companies "are making more than enough money to survive by what they sell overseas."

Planned Giving Staff Increases Training

The administrative team and eight regional representatives of the Planned Giving Office met for training in Louisville, Ky., Sept. 23-24. The meetings included the sharing of methods for assisting Nazarenes in accomplishing their charitable giving.

The training seminar was held in conjunction with the Christian Stewardship Association Conference Sept. 25-28. The Planned Giving staff continued their training by taking advantage of workshops on taxes, "giving" tools and agreements, and solicitation of planned giving.

"This was one of the most productive times we have had together," said one of the staff members.

Participants were: Roger Alexander, trust adviser; Harold Allen, property manager; and field representatives Clayton Bonar, W. T. Dougharty, Arthur Evans, Robert Gray, George Gribben, Blair McKim, James Tapley, and Charles Wilkes.

Planned Giving provides free information and assistance to Nazarenes desiring to support local churches, district causes, educational institutions, and general church ministries. It works directly with trusts, agreements (reversible and irrevocable), and annuities.

Further information is available by phoning 1-800-544-8413, or writing to: Planned Giving, 6401 The Paseo, Kansas City, MO 64131.
Tropical Storm Nets Church in Georgia

What began as a disaster response to the worst flooding in state history has developed into a new Church of the Nazarene in Albany, Ga., according to Tom Nees, director of Compassionate Ministries, Canada and the U.S.

“We met with two local pastors and several laymen to design an appropriate disaster response,” Nees said. “We could not have imagined then that, as a result of the plans laid on that Monday, a new church would be established within a month.”

In July of this year, Tropical Storm Alberto brought several tornadoes and unprecedented amounts of rain to the southeastern United States.

A few weeks before the flood, Steve Baker, pastor of Albany First Church, and Louis Maderas, pastor of Albany Grace Church, met with residents of a neighborhood not yet reached by either congregation. They were looking for opportunities to begin ministry in that area.

When the storm hit and the Flint River overflowed, most of the neighborhood was evacuated.

As Nazarenes across the country began sending emergency supplies, household goods, volunteers, and relief donations, the Nazarene Disaster Response committee began looking for a storage and distribution site. Through a series of contacts, the committee leased a building that could serve as both a relief site and meeting place, according to Nees.

The site was a boarded-up bar and lounge in need of restoration. Nazarene volunteers from Chattanooga, Tenn., East Brainerd Church; Marietta, Ga., First Church; and Nashville, Tenn., Whispering Hills Church helped to restore the site. They built a platform, pulpit, and altar, and cleaned and painted the structure.

As volunteers responded to the needs of flood victims, they invited them to join in gospel services.

With the assistance of volunteers, weeknight services began Aug. 15. On Aug. 19, an open-air meeting was held. More than 100 persons attended during the week. Several conversions were reported.

Rev. Earl Horne, a Nazarene minister and city councilman from Hihihi, Ga., drove in to make calls in the neighborhood. He then preached for the first Sunday service Aug. 21. Rev. Horne plans to continue nurturing the new congregation.

The WordAction Adult Curriculum Committee convened in Kansas City earlier this year. Members are (l. to r., front row): David Felter, Roger Hahn, Paul Livermore, Phil Hamner, Morris Weigelt; (second row) Dan Groy, Mark Goodwin, Dennis Cartwright, Randy Cloud, Ken Bible; (third row) Dan Corp, Alexander Varughese, Robert Barnson, Frank Moore, Muriel Ablade; (back row) Rebecca Laird, Jean Baliev, Gay Leonard, and James Edlin.
Nazarene Colleges Continue Positive Enrollment Trend

For the fourth year in a row, Nazarene colleges and universities in the U.S., Canada, and Great Britain are reporting an overall increase in enrollment, according to statistics released by the International Board of Education. The total enrollment of 14,248 represents an increase of more than 1 percent over last year's figures.

Enrollment of traditional students increased by 44, for a total of 10,475. Traditional students are those enrolled in undergraduate, campus-based, four-year baccalaureate programs. Enrollment of nontraditional and graduate students also showed increases.

“This is a record enrollment for the denomination,” said Jerry Lambert, Nazarene education commissioner. “The increases over the last four years indicate that Nazarene institutions are responding to demographic changes and remaining flexible to provide for the educational needs of the church.”

Mount Vernon Nazarene College showed the greatest gain in total enrollment, boasting an increase of 121 students. MVNC led all Nazarene schools in gains of both traditional and nontraditional students. This was the third straight year that the school has posted attendance records.

MVNC also posted the highest increase in full-time equivalence (FTE) with 109. FTE is a designation used by postsecondary schools to measure the relationship between headcount and credit hours.

With 2,440 students, Point Loma Nazarene College remains the largest of the Nazarene schools, despite a 2 percent drop in enrollment from last year. The decline is only the second in the last 22 years for the Southern California school.

Olivet Nazarene University showed the greatest increase in the enrollment of graduate students with a gain of 91.

Lambert reports that continuing strength in enrollment is perhaps the result of several factors reported by college presidents to the Council of Education at its last meeting. These are: evidence of deep spiritual renewal on several campuses, an emphasis on spiritual formation through small groups, a fresh commitment to the global mission of the church, and a new responsiveness in answering the call to ministry.

“Another encouraging factor is that there are strong indications of church commitment to colleges through Education Budget payments and several recent sizable gifts,” Lambert said. “This strong support makes it possible for Nazarene youth to prepare to answer God’s call to serve Christ and the church.”

Eight of the 12 institutions showed increases in fall enrollment: MVNC (+121), ONU (+75), NBC (+53), NTC (+53), MANC (+11), SNU (+6), CNC (+2), and TNC (+1). Five Nazarene schools showed increases in total FTE: MVNC (+109), MANC (+29), NBC (+21), NTC (+11), and CNC (+2).

The Nazarene Book Committee met this summer in Kansas City. The committee oversees the selection and development of books published by Nazarene Publishing House. Members include (l. to r.): H. Ray Dunning, Neil B. Wiseman, Wesley Tracy, Ray Hendrix, Phyllis Perkins, Paul Skiles, C. Neil Strait, Stephen Green, Robert Foster, and Franklin Moore (not pictured).
Maxwell’s Suffering Ends

John Maxwell, 47, Nazarene elder, pastor, and former missionary to South Africa, died Saturday morning, Oct. 8, at Fred Hutchinson Cancer Research Center in Seattle, Wash. Death was the result of complications from leukemia.

Maxwell was a graduate of the University of Southern Mississippi and Nazarene Theological Seminary. Messages may be sent to the family in care of the Mission Division, 6401 The Paseo, Kansas City, MO 64131.

Alexander Dies at 66

Career missionary Douglas R. Alexander, 66, died at his home in Lenexa, Kans., Sept. 16. Death was the result of cancer. Services were held Sept. 19, at Nall Avenue Church of the Nazarene.

The family suggests memorial contributions be made to the Doug Alexander Scholarship Fund at Nazarene Theological College, Johannesburg, South Africa. He is survived by his wife of 41 years, M. Anne (nee Esselstyn); three sons, James, Robert, and David; his mother, Gertrude; his brother, Glenn; his sister, Phyllis Stanford; and four grandchildren.

Alexander was scheduled to retire in December following 36 years of missionary service in the Church of the Nazarene. His most recent assignment was at Nazarene Theological College in Johannesburg. He also served in Swaziland and Mozambique. In addition, Alexander worked with the Bible Society of South Africa for 10 years on the translation of the Tsonga Bible.

He pastored a Nazarene church in Frankfurt, Germany, from 1976 to 1978. He also pastored Montreal First Church from 1956 to 1958.

Alexander graduated from Eastern Nazarene College in 1953 and from Nazarene Theological Seminary in 1956. He was ordained on the Canada Central District in 1957.

Messages may be sent to Mrs. Alexander at: 9642 Halsey Rd., No. 105, Lenexa, KS 66215.
Fragrant Offerings

REBECCA LAIRD

Rebecca Laird is a professional writer and editor in Madison, New Jersey.

“The gifts you sent... are a fragrant offering, an acceptable sacrifice, pleasing to God.” (Philippians 4:18, NIV).

On my way to the basement, laundry basket in hand, my mind returned to a phrase from Sunday’s sermon. “Offer your best to God,” the minister had proclaimed. With two young children, I strive to survive. Rationally, I know that finishing each day with everyone fed, healthy, and loved is success. Still, I too often hold to the hope of having it all—a tidy house, a completed “to-do” list, happy children, quality time with my husband for adult conversation, and time left over for pursuing my dreams.

But that Sunday challenge grabbed hold of me. What was the best I could offer to God in this cluttered phase of life? On the first step on my way downstairs, I bent down to pick up a dirty bib. On the third step, I cringed as I added a pile of wet washcloths to my load—near the bottom I discovered the finger paint-smeared shorts my four-year-old daughter had worn to preschool. “Some offering I have to give.” I shrugged as I trudged across the cement floor.

As I pulled the string on the hanging bulb in order to sort my pile of messy clothes, insight flooded my mind just as light illumined the basement. I’d been focused on what I had to give to God. I had mistakenly thought that the dirty, wet clothes in my hand were what I had to offer to God. I’d missed the point. Offering my best wasn’t about living a sanitized, clutter-free, nicely perfumed life and offering God perfection; it was about living my life in the present, aware that my every task, however menial, could be done wholeheartedly. Going about my daily chores recognizing that even doing laundry could become an offering was how I could offer my best to God.

I’m not the first nor the last to struggle to find meaning in the many daily, menial tasks of life. In the late mid-18th century, Jean-Pierre de Caussade wrote The Sacrament of the Present Moment to encourage a group of nuns that “God speaks to every individual through what happens to them moment by moment.” By living in the here and now, by choosing to fulfill the tasks at hand, however simple or mundane, it is possible to experience God’s presence and pleasure. As de Caussade implores, “Let us unceasingly impress upon every soul that the invitation of this gentle, loving Saviour expects nothing difficult or extraordinary of them, He only asks that their good intention be united to His, so that He may lead, guide, and reward them accordingly.”

De Caussade’s words bring to mind a simple-hearted, hardworking nun I observed years ago while on a retreat. As the many guests finished eating and piled up dishes to be washed, a lone nun stood quietly with her arms elbow-deep in sudsy water and listened to a troubled woman pour out her woes. The sister listened intently, empathically, and methodically washed plate after plate. I marveled at her patience and acceptance of such unending, thankless chores. I asked, “How do you do it, day after day, washing all those dishes, and still having the patience to listen?”

She looked at me with clear eyes and replied, “I just imagine that I am dipping my hands in the pool of Bethesda.” (See John 5:1-9.) By focusing her attention on stirring up God’s healing waters, she did her daily chores with serenity and cultivated a listening ear, thus offering restorative care to those she encountered.

Back in my own basement, on laundry day as I folded the warm, fragrant clothes, I felt God’s pleasure. I’d done a simple thing out of love for the others entrusted to my care.

That was the personal best God asked of me. Doing the task of the moment as a wholehearted offering to God and for those whom I love is a worthy but difficult spiritual goal. God doesn’t require fancy offerings from hands full of gold. God requests simple offerings from hearts turned Godward. De Caussade says it so plainly, “God is only asking for your heart.”

December 1994
Lincoln Cheats Government. That's what Horace Greeley shouted from the pages of the *New York Tribune* one day in 1848.

"We propose to attack this abuse," he wrote.

What abuse? "The amount of miles charged and mileage pocketed by each member of Congress." According to the rules, senators and congressmen could only charge the government for the "official distance"—the shortest mail route between the two locations.

Abraham Lincoln, senator from Illinois, was one of those accused of "overcharging." According to Greeley, Lincoln had been paid $1,300.80 for traveling 1,626 miles, when the shortest mail route to Springfield was 780 miles, or $676.80. The most influential editor in the United States accused "Honest Abe" of cheating the government out of $624.

Did Abe cheat? The reader will have to decide.

In Lincoln's defense, it needs to be noted that the law was often interpreted to mean that members of Congress could be paid for mileage by "the usually traveled road." In Lincoln's case, that meant going north to Chicago, taking a steamboat across the Great Lakes to Buffalo, and the train south to Washington.

What does the story tell us? That depends on your point of view, but here are some possibilities:
— congressmen are about the same now as ever,
— free speech is vital to a democracy,
— reporters and legislators have always been at odds,
— news reports don't always tell the whole story,
— things sure have changed in the last 150 years,
— a proper view of history helps us understand the present.

One thing is certain. Whatever we decide the story means, and however we decide to use it, it sticks to the memory like Kansas clay sticks to your boots.

**Storytelling: An Ancient and Honorable Tradition**

Always hungry. Sometimes starving. A small tribe lived in the far north before the turn of the century. They did not have enough food to sustain anyone who could not contribute to the tribe. Thus, the final gift you could give your family when you became totally unproductive was to go out into the forest and die alone. If you couldn't walk, a loving relative would carry you to your rendezvous with death.

But if you could tell the stories of the clan, they wouldn't let you go, even if you could do nothing else. You and your stories were so important they would guard you to keep you from following the ancient custom. For the stories of the past held the future in them. Their history. Their religion. Their customs. Their very life was in their stories.

**The Power of a Story**

The Hebrews understood the importance of a well-told story. The heroic accounts of their history, the tender moments of their faith-journey, were handed as carefully as fine china from one generation to the next—by means of the story. Men told the brave exploits of the past to wide-eyed children as they sat around the fire. Mothers rocked their children to sleep with the stories of the faithful in the lullabies of tradition.

Who could forget that Ruth was the great-grandmother of King David or ignore the courage of Esther once you'd heard their stories? The Feast of Purim took on special meaning for the Jew in the light of Esther's brave words to her older cousin, Mordecai, "If I perish, I perish" (Esther 4:16).

Jesus raised the art of Jewish storytelling to a new level. When the Pharisees and scribes grumbled and said, "This man welcomes sinners and eats with them," Jesus didn't defend himself. Instead, he told three stories: one about a woman who misplaced a coin; another about a shepherd who went looking for one wandering sheep; and a third about a father who had two boys (Luke 15).

On another occasion, when an expert in the law asked Jesus, "Who is my neighbor?" Jesus replied by telling a story. He said, "A man was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho, when he fell into the hands of robbers." And before He was through, He challenged the man by asking, "Which of these three do you think was a neighbor to the man who fell into the hands of robbers?" (Luke
10:29, 30, 36, NIV, emphasis added).

In the first set of stories, Jesus illustrated how people reveal the things that are important to them. Our Lord used the second story to bring a man to the point of decision. By seeing himself in the story, the “expert in the law” could decide whether he wanted to expand his definition of neighbor.

But Why Tell a Story?

Time, we’re told, is the most important currency we have to spend. Why take the time to tell a story? Good question. Let’s look back and see if a review will give us any hints.

Stories capture attention: Abraham Lincoln has a revered place in the history of the United States. His honesty is more than legend, it is historical fact. Thus, residents of the U.S. would not expect an honorable newspaper editor like Horace Greeley to accuse Lincoln of padding his expense account. If we know anything about Lincoln, the story should capture our attention. Not much progress can take place on any level—physical, mental, emotional, or spiritual—unless people are paying attention.

Stories let in the light: There seems to be an edge to the lawyer’s question that led Jesus to tell the story of the good Samaritan. Perhaps the man wanted to justify himself. Or he may have been looking for an argument. Maybe he wanted a chance to make Jesus look like a
fool. Our Lord disarmed him and lifted the shades of darkness by telling a story that had so much truth to it the man saw life differently. We’re not told how he responded, and Jesus seemed content to let the story do the work instead of preaching a sermon to the man.

Stories aid memory: The practice of exposing the elderly to die alone seems barbaric. We have laws against that kind of abuse. But, we must not judge that tribe from the comfort of our plush homes—in countries where the government helps the very poor.

We can, however, learn from their attitude toward the storyteller. Their tribal traditions would continue as long as the people knew the stories. Children probably will not get very far in a book on systematic theology, but they will remember a well-told story. Most of the rest of us are like children in this respect.

Storytellers Aren’t Born, They’re Made

Did you ever go fishing with a good storyteller and then listen in while he told your friends about the trip? As he talked, you could hear the wind whisper through the pines, feel the slap of the waves against the side of the boat, and sense the surge of excitement as the “big one” got away. And you thought all you did was sweat and swat mosquitoes!

The storyteller made the trip sound so thrilling he could have signed up volunteers for the next trip on the spot. Wouldn’t it be great to be able to tell stories like that—stories about things that really matter?

“But, I could never do it,” you’re telling yourself.

Don’t be so sure. Don’t give up on yourself. You, too, can become a storyteller. And best of all, you can use your new skills not only to entertain people about your fishing trip, but also to guide them in the ways of the faith, and perhaps, lead them to know Jesus as their Savior.

For, you see, storytelling is not a gift that falls from heaven and lands on a few lucky people. Everyone can learn to be a good storyteller.

How?

Here are some suggestions on how to begin:

• Use stories you enjoy telling. Begin with comfortable things. Our old shoes and our own backyard are the things that relax us. Tell stories about life, its joys and sorrows. Tell stories about God’s mysterious ways. People can identify with those things.

• Tell the story like you’re enjoying it. Your enthusiasm will entice others to “get on board” with you.

• Use picture language. Think of new ways to describe an event. Unleash your imagination. When you help people look at even a common experience from a new angle, you take them on a new adventure.

• Get to the point. Decide what you want to accomplish with the story and delete everything from the narrative that doesn’t help you drive to that result. Especially when using a story to teach, to train, or to encourage, don’t let the story get cluttered up with a lot of unnecessary detail.

• Pay attention to the tension. The tension, the mystery, the unknown, are your best friends when you tell a story. In some ways, storytelling is like telling a joke—getting the punch line in the right place is crucial. And, getting to it before people get bored is vital too.

• PRACTICE! That’s right, practice really does make perfect. You may find it helpful to write out your story and read it in front of a mirror. Of course, you may want to do it while the family is out shopping. Some creative folk have practiced in front of their home video camera. But however you do it, practice.

• One more thing. It’s OK to take notes with you when you tell the story to your Sunday School class, or wherever you plan to use the narrative. Keeping dates, places, names, times, and events straight is important. But never read the story to your hearers. Even an awkwardly told story is more effective than one written by an expert and read aloud.

By the way, did I tell you about the time . . .

Editor’s Note: If you want to get started at storytelling this Christmas, why not read Mele Brock’s Christmas story written especially for the Herald (page 24). Read it several times until you can tell it to your family on Christmas Eve, your Sunday School class Christmas party, or . . . you decide.
'Twas the season to be both generous and jolly. It being Tuesday, store aisles were jammed with customers, shamelessly admitting our age in order to claim a discount.

Arms loaded, I was standing in line, listening to a piped rendition of “Joy to the Mall, the Card Has Come” (or some such garbled version of a Christmas carol) when a friend joined me.

As I explained that four new babies in the span of one year had doubled the number of our grandchildren, she stared at me, then blurted, “Surely you don’t buy for all of them!”

“Well,” I said, repressing laughter, “it would be tough deciding which one to leave out.”

Still, my friend had a point. Juggling a fixed income in order to buy gifts for grandkids who appear to already have everything (and no doubt discard while still useable) can be a challenge. It can also make you a little hard-nosed.

While I love giving good gifts to our grandchildren, I cannot keep straight what name or logo should appear on which school bag or the seat of whose jeans. I don’t even try. Chances are, I couldn’t afford 15 of them anyhow.

Further, I am not responsible for making sure their Christmas wish lists come true. I did that already. It is now their parents’ turn. Besides, with granddaughters who copy whole pages (complete with order numbers) from a toy catalog and a grandson whose list reads like a Gart Bros. inventory, who can afford to look at lists? (In fairness, he did write, “Just kidding, Grandma,” beside motorcycle.)

Even if we could afford the highest priced items on each of their lists (which we usually cannot), it hardly seems fair to rob young parents of pleasure by loading the Christmas tree with gifts larger than they can afford to buy for their children.

Why not, instead, give small gifts that they can experience, use up, or simply enjoy:

- A gift certificate for a favorite fast food or pizza restaurant (find out in advance what the favorite is).
- Tickets for wholesome entertainment such as the zoo, or a Christian concert.
- Lunch out for just the two or three of you.
- Subscription to a Christian magazine.
- Devotional book.
- Books chosen with each child’s interests in mind.

Although I once caught my neighbor, a grandmother to 42, purchasing 13 dolls all alike, buying in quantity is seldom the way to shop for gifts. Better to consider each child individually, even if we must get to know them through phone calls or letters.

Consider, too, those gifts that only a grandparent can give. Young people, especially, will thrill to a gift of old coins, jewelry, or other keepsakes that have been handed down through the family. Make or buy a special box for each treasure and include a handwritten or typed account of how each came to be special.

Buy a blank book with a pretty cloth cover and write down your family stories. If possible, include snapshots of the parent who grew up in your home. Or put together a small photo album of family pictures selected just for your grandchild. Have you hung on to those old slides? For a more costly but long-lasting family gift, select the best and have them put on videotape, complete with narrative.

Finally, I can remember a time when I would gladly have traded my cherished Pinocchio book for some firsthand knowledge of Jesus.

Christian grandparents, really, if we haven’t a dime to spend on our grandchildren, the gift of a Christian heritage will outlast any fast-fad trinket you can buy. So will the sharing of spiritual insights, the gifts of love, time, listening, and telling them of Jesus, God’s Gift to all.

Unlike this heap of stuff I’ve tramped all over town and trekked the malls to buy, those kinds of gifts don’t have to be wrapped.
Ralph Twigger, Innkeeper

by Melea J. Brock

Ralph untied the ribbon and opened the box. Inside was a pocket watch he had admired and a fine gold fob chain.
This is a story to be read aloud as you gather around the table, a warm cozy fire, tuck your little ones into bed, or even at a Christmas party. Some stories fall best on the ear as they are spoken. Tell and listen with your heart, and you will find the heart of the story.

Ralph Twigger had been caring for Debra's two boys, Josh and Jeremy, since March. He saw them off to school in the morning, helped with homework in the afternoon—all in exchange for a home-cooked meal. There had been a few adventures. A man in his 70s is bound to forget a few lunches. Then there was the end-of-the-year party when Ralph served as a "Room Mom" for both boys' classes.

They were enjoying the holidays just like a family. The fourth of July was a picnic in the park with fireworks. Halloween was a hoot when all four of them dressed up as crayons. Thanksgiving was real nice, too, with lots more to be thankful for than just Swanson's Frozen Dinners.

But right after the Thanksgiving meal, the boys pulled out coloring books, crayons, construction paper, glue, and glitter. Ralph soon figured it out: a ritual to usher in the Christmas season had descended upon this home. They'd barely finished the pumpkin pie when the Christmas carols began flowing.

"Help us, Ralph!" Josh, the oldest, was great at getting Ralph to try anything once.

"No, thank you. I'm no artist." Ralph was starting to feel a sad ache in the pit of his stomach that he hadn't felt for a long time. He did not enjoy Christmas. He had stopped celebrating it when his wife, Rachel, died.

"Please, Ralph. Mom got you a Christmas coloring book and crayons too!" Jeremy held them up for display.

"What?"

Debra giggled as she handed him a cup of eggnog. Ralph hated eggnog, but politely took a sip. "It was the boys' idea. They said you like to color."

He swallowed the funny-tasting concoction, trying not to breathe. "Well now, that's because the boys need some help from time to time with their coloring assignments." He sounded a bit angry, and the boys picked that up in his voice quickly.

"What's wrong, Ralph?"

The clock was sounding the hour of nine and his excuse for leaving this pre-Christmas celebration.

"I think we've worn Ralph out, boys."

"I am a little tired," he said, relieved that he had an excuse for his premature exit. As he walked over to the door, Debra met him there with an armload of leftovers.

"Here you go," she hugged him and whispered in his ear. "Thank you, Ralph, for all you've been to me and the boys. We love you."

His tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth. That sad feeling was there.

"Bye. See you tomorrow, Ralph." Jeremy and Josh were waving the paper chain.

He knew he was about to cry. He couldn't even say good night. In seconds, he was back in his apartment. He slammed the plastic containers of leftovers on the counter. "Rachel. Rachel, I can't do this without you!"

He muffled the loudness of his voice with his hand.

This was her time of year. Rachel was so alive at Christmas. She loved everything about it. Their home looked like a Christmas card. Perfectly wrapped packages spilled out from under a tree that looked like snow had fallen on it. Gingerbread men marched in and out of the branches among hundreds of German hand-blown glass ornaments. Rachel dragged him to every Christmas event the city offered, except church. He always found a way to wiggle out of religious programs. Christmas Eve was the hardest. "Is there room in the inn, Ralph?" She never pushed her beliefs. And sadly, Ralph never accepted them.

"No," he'd say in too stern a voice. "There's no room in the inn." Then, an uncomfortable lump would rise in his throat as Rachel headed to church unaccompanied every Christmas Eve. After she left, he felt so alone, so separate from her. Now that same old uncomfortable feeling was back. But this time it lay in the pit of his stomach. How was he going to get through this Christmas?

No one gets a tree this early! He peeked out the window as Debra and the boys dragged the tree up the apartment stairwell. He'd refused to go with them, but he had to help now. They were about to fall down the stairway with the thing.

"Oh, Ralph, thank you. Isn't she a beauty?" Ralph had heard Rachel use those very words for more than 40 years.

Silently, he helped with the stand. The boys wanted the tree in their room, but agreed that the best place for it was in front of the living room window.

"Everyone will see it!" said Jeremy.

"Great. Everyone." For the next month, Ralph would see this tree every day as he cared for the boys. And by the looks of all the boxes, the entire apartment would be transformed by midafternoon.

"How about lunch and some tree trimming, Ralph?" Debra could make scrubbing floors sound exciting, but not this—not trimming a tree.

"Please!" The boys were begging in a way that he had such a hard time refusing.

"I've got repairs waiting for me, but thank you for asking." He was proud of himself. He'd managed a polite response. It's going to take days to get the sap off my hands.
Thanksgiving passed, and the boys returned to school. But every day brought more invitations:
“How about some Christmas shopping?”
“I don’t buy presents. I send money orders.”
“Want to come caroling?”
“I’m too old to carol!”
“We’re baking Christmas cookies.”
“Gotta watch my sugar intake.”
“Ice skating?”
“Are you kidding?”

He was cranky and short with the boys. He even refused their school Christmas pageant. It was confusing to Josh and Jeremy, but they loved Ralph. Finally, the boys decided that when school let out for Christmas vacation, they would confront Ralph. “We’re gonna find out why Ralph hates Christmas.”

The boys were quiet that morning, and so was Ralph. He received no invitations to any Christmas folderol, which suited Ralph just fine. After school, at 3:10, two boys bearing tissue-wrapped clay creations knocked on Ralph’s door.

“You can open it, Ralph,” suggested Josh in a monotone.
“You sure? Isn’t there a rule against early present opening?”
“Nah, go ahead. You might as well,” Jeremy sounded so sad.

Caught off guard, Ralph opened the gifts. “Oh, boys, these are very nice.”

“It’s a dinosaur,” said Josh.
“And a little bowl you can use for tiny watch parts or paper clips,” said Jeremy.

That lump was back in his throat, and his stomach churned. He wanted to throw his arms around the boys and tell them that these gifts were the finest presents he’d ever received. Instead, he sat there and mumbled, “Thank you.”

The boys looked at each other, and Josh elbowed Jeremy. It was time.

“Ralph, we have something very serious to ask you.”
“All right. I’m ready.”
“How come you hate Christmas?” Two little cherub faces stared at him. He couldn’t tell these boys the truth. They were too young to understand death and disappointment.

“Now, come on guys. I’m no worse than Ebeneezer Scrooge or that green fellow in Dr. Seuss’…”

“The Grinch,” they both chimed.

“Yes, the Grinch or . . . or . . . the innkeeper in the Christmas story? Tell me, am I?” His mean voice was back.

There was a long pause—uncomfortably long for Ralph.

“I’m sorry I have to say this, Ralph,” said Josh calmly. “But you’re just like Scrooge and the Grinch.”

There was a little pause in the list. “And the innkeeper?” Ralph asked.

The boys gave a resounding, “Yes.”

“You have no room for Christmas in your heart,” added Jeremy.

The indictment was delivered by two tiny messengers. Guilty. It was one of those rare moments of truth when a person has an opportunity of a lifetime to change.

But Ralph sat there numb. Speechless. Stomach churning. Finally, he went to the kitchen and poured a glass of chocolate milk. “Would you like some chocolate milk?” The boys shook their heads no. He returned to some work while the boys colored.

In silence, they made a Christmas card for Ralph, which they stuck in the refrigerator next to the chocolate milk.

It was five o’clock. Debra was home now. The boys gathered their backpacks and headed next door. Ralph heard the door shut and reached for the phone.

“Oh, hi, Ralph.” There was a long pause before Debra spoke again. “I see. We’ll miss you. You take care and have a good weekend. The boys will see you on Monday. Bye.”

Ralph knew this was the best thing. Although he’d miss Debra’s cooking this weekend, he needed a break from the boys and they needed a break from him. He stood up and felt a little queasy. Wonder if that chocolate milk was sour? He definitely felt a dull headache too. Ralph opened the fridge and found the card leaning against the milk carton. In a child’s scrawl, it read, “Merry Christmas, Ralph. We love you. Jeremy and Josh.”

Grabbing the carton of orange juice and a box of Ritz crackers, Ralph headed for bed. He ate crackers, drank orange juice, and watched the news. Then it started—a sneezing attack, from out of nowhere. Fortunately, he had a box of tissues nearby. He sneezed and sneezed until his ears popped and his head pounded.

“I think I’m sick,” Ralph moaned as he searched the bathroom cabinet for cold medicine and a thermometer. He was sick all right. It’s just a 24-hour bug. I’ll be fine by Monday. But he wasn’t fine. In fact, he was delirious with fever. At eight o’clock, the boys knocked and rang the doorbell. But they couldn’t raise Ralph.

“What do we do, Josh, call the police?”

“No. Maybe Ralph ran an errand and got stuck somewhere. We’ll give him 20 minutes.” The boys stared at Ralph’s apartment door as Josh’s watch ticked off the minutes. Then they pounded on the door and rang the
bell over and over again. In a moment of consciousness, Ralph called their names, faintly.

“What was that?” said Josh.

Jeremy’s ear was pressed against the door like Josh’s. “What? I didn’t hear anything.”

“I thought I heard Ralph’s voice.”

“Maybe he’s hurt!”

The boys ran back to their apartment and called their mom at work. She was home in 10 minutes. They used the extra key Ralph had given them and found him, burning with fever.

“Rachel, Rachel. I’m sorry."

“Rest now,” Debra said, feeling his forehead. “You’re very sick, Ralph.”

“Mom, why is he calling you Rachel? She’s dead.”

“It’s the fever, boys. Get me some wet washcloths, and I’ll call the doctor.”

Ralph recovered fully in a few days. He was a bit embarrassed, but grateful to the boys and Debra for nursing him back to health. How could he thank them?

He began pulling out boxes that had been hidden away for years. One was marked “train set.” Yes, those boys are gonna have a train for that tree. He dug through the box marked “tree,” pulling out carefully wrapped ornaments for Debra. She’ll love these. Then he saw it: a present. On the tag, Rachel had written, “To my husband of 43 years. Love, Rachel.” His hands trembled, and the heavy feeling in his stomach was back. Ralph untied the ribbon and opened the box. Inside was a pocket watch he had admired and a fine gold fob chain. Inscribed on the inside were the words, “Is there room in the inn?”

Ralph was overcome with the beauty of the gift and the words Rachel had left behind. He sobbed and hugged the watch close to his heart. Rachel had found her way into his old heart. So had those little boys and their mother, but never Jesus.

“There are so many things I regret. I’m too mean and bitter and old to let Him in. How do you let in Someone you’ve spent your life ignoring? I don’t know how.” He paused, groping for words he’d never said before. “I don’t know how to let You in.”

There was no one else in the apartment at the time. But, clear as a bell, he heard the gentle answer: “Ask Me in, Ralph.”

Ralph showered, shaved, and dressed in his bow tie and a new sweater from his sister. The watch fob gleamed below his sweater band. He knocked on the apartment door and held out two packages in grand presentation.

The door opened, and Ralph said the words, “Is there room in the inn?”

The boys tackled him as Debra giggled with delight at Ralph’s polished appearance. There was a twinkle in his eyes she’d never seen before. She hugged this dear man who had become like a father to her. “There is always room for Ralph Twigger.”

Rachel would have loved the scene. There was Ralph, sitting in church on Christmas Eve, sandwiched between two little boys and their mother. Beaming from ear to ear, he sang at the top of his voice, “Joy to the world, the Lord is come.”

And He had come... and made His home in Ralph Twigger’s heart.

**Editor’s Note:** Right-Side-Up Stories for Upside-Down People has been the working title and label for Melea Brock’s storytelling work since 1982. Her storytelling has taken her to adults and children in civic and women’s groups, prisons, rest homes, conferences, retreats, schools, churches, storytelling concerts, and more informal settings such as family rooms and backyards.

In addition to storyteller and freelance writer, Melea boasts of other creative forms in the roles of wife and mom. She and her family—husband, David, and son, Tim—are active members of the First Church of the Nazarene in Pasadena, California. The Brocks make their home in an old 1920s farmhouse in La Crescenta, California.

This story, “Ralph Twigger, Innkeeper,” was created especially for the Herald of Holiness.

For more information concerning Melea’s story work, contact Right-Side-Up Stories, Melea J. Brock, 260 S. Lake Ave., Suite 185, Pasadena, CA 91101 (818-957-8822).

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**Resources for Growing Christians**

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**Adventure and Romance... with a Christian Heartbeat**

**New Fiction**

**A Shadow from the Heat**

By Margaret E. Kelchner, author of *Father of the Fatherless.*

Deep into the vast reaches of the Southwest desert Tesla’s abuser flees, dragging her behind—with Wes, her brother, in relentless pursuit. With danger on every side, Wes must cling to God’s promise that He will be a “shadow from the heat.” Will that promise be enough?

**The Shining Light**

By Ruth Glover. Worth and Abbie knew that it would be a struggle to carve out a new existence in the Saskatchewan Territory—where the summers were short and toilsome and the winters long and lonely. They also knew that together they could overcome any adversity. But can Abbie hold onto the dream alone?

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**December 1994**
**God’s Pitcher**

Paul Skiles—youth minister, musician, arranger, athlete, administrator, communicator, layman, and churchman—officially retires from the post of Communications Division director at Nazarene Headquarters at the close of this month. The following tribute was prepared by Mark Graham.

It sounds so simple and so naive,” says Paul Skiles as he reflects on more than four decades of service to the Church of the Nazarene. “I didn’t start out with a specific career plan in church work. I thought I was going to be a teacher.”

Paul didn’t realize it then, but he would be a teacher to many, although not in a classroom.

Paul Skiles is a Nazarene through and through. His mother was present at Pilot Point, Texas, in 1908 when the Church of the Nazarene was officially organized. His father came from a Mennonite Brethren in Christ background, and the young family followed that tradition until Paul’s parents settled in the Church of the Nazarene with their three sons, Albert, Paul, and Richard. Paul was 11 years old.

**Awaiting a Call**

Paul wanted to be involved in ministry, but he knew he hadn’t received what he considered a “call” from God. “When I was growing up,” says Paul, “if you had a call to Christian service, it meant you were either going to be a pastor, an evangelist, or a missionary. I knew God wasn’t calling me to be any of these, so I kept wondering, ‘Why doesn’t God want me?’”

Paul’s lack of a formal “call” bothered him—especially as he watched others, like his friend and Pasadena College roommate, Phil Steigleder. “Phil knew from early childhood that God had called him to be a missionary and never had any doubt,” says Paul. “I finally got to the place where I knew God wasn’t calling me in a specific sense, but I figured, maybe He won’t object if I try to find a place to help. So when the opportunity came, I tried to do what I could.”

**Playing and Pitching**

As a boy growing up in the orange groves of Southern California, Paul learned to do two things particularly well—pitch a softball and play trombone. His parents wanted him to play an instrument. “There was a trombone teacher available for lessons. He was a Christian guy and a really good tutor,” says Paul.

Just out of high school in 1944, Paul enlisted in the navy. He was assigned to the navy band program and sent for further training to the Naval School of Music in Washington, D.C. There, he was scheduled to be shipped out to a combat zone at least a half dozen times, but his ability as a fast-pitch softball pitcher kept him stateside. He led the Naval School of Music to its first championship in history. “We didn’t have 10 guys in the 1,000 musicians at the school who were athletic, or cared to be, so I was a rare bird,” says Paul.

“What’s a Nice Girl like You . . .” Eventually assigned to the Naval Air Station in Ottumwa, Iowa, Paul met Maxine Grim. They were married in 1947. Together now for 47 years, Paul and Maxine complement each other perfectly. Maxine, the homemaker, Christian mother, and Paul’s biggest supporter, has been an integral part of the Skiles team. Together they would raise two children, Paula and Scott. Paula, with husband, Kelvin St. John, would serve 10 years as a missionary to Guatemala. Scott, lead social worker in the emergency department of Stanford University Medical Center, and his wife, Melissa, are active in the Golden Gate Nazarene congregation in San Francisco.

Out of the navy, Paul went to Pasadena College where he was (naturally) a music major. Upon graduation, he found that sports and music would open doors in the church.

“I was doing some things musically and got noticed. That’s when I was invited to join Ponder Gilliland in my first assignment in Bakersfield (Cali—
—Paul Skiles

fornia]. I went on to Eureka and Santa Ana where I was music and youth director, and the one who did just about anything else that was needed.”

In 1952, at the age of 25, Paul Skiles was first elected to the General NYPS Council. “It was the first time the NYPS had agreed to have younger representatives on the council,” says General Superintendent Jerald D. Johnson, who, along with Charles Muxworthy, was elected with Skiles as one of three at-large delegates in 1952. “The three of us were overwhelmed with the wisdom of our older peers—men like Ponder Gilliland, Eugene Stowe, William Greathouse, and Timothy Smith.”

Beulah Park

In 1953, Paul was invited by George Coulter, superintendent of the Northern California District, to serve as a full-time district youth director. Coulter became a lifelong friend who, years later, would head the denomination’s World Mission Division and eventually become a member of the Board of General Superintendents. He would figure prominently in bringing to fruition one of Skiles’s dreams for youth involvement in the church.

For seven years, Paul directed summer camps on the old Northern California District. The remainder of each year he was on call to all congregations on the district to help with activities for children and youth. The camps at Beulah Park in Santa Cruz, California, served as a turning point in the lives of many young people (see accompanying sidebar).

When the call went out for someone to direct music at the first NYPS International Institute at Estes Park, Colorado, in 1958, Paul was a natural choice. He would go on to organize and direct International Institutes in ’62, ’66, and ’70 and would produce the first truly “international” Institute in Fiesch, Switzerland, in 1974.

“People could see that I liked kids, and the kids seemed to think that was OK.”

I FIGURED, MAYBE GOD WON’T OBJECT IF I TRY TO FIND A PLACE TO HELP.”

Paul in the late ’50s at Camp Beulah where he greeted campers each morning, noon, and night with his bugle.

summer, at the General Nazarene Young People’s Society Convention in Kansas City, delegates chose a 33-year-old layman (the youngest person elected to the post) as their executive secretary. Paul would lead the youth organization of his denomination for the next 13 years—through some of the most momentous times in the history of America. From there he would go on to serve as director of Media Services for 16 years and eventually become director of the Communications Division at Nazarene Headquarters.

But Paul will always be remembered and loved best for his leadership to the young people of the church.

“My daughters were teens when Paul was NYPS executive secretary,” recalls Wes Tracy, Herald editor who served for a championship season as Skiles’s catcher for a church softball team. “My girls would have done anything for Christ that Skiles urged them to do. If ever there was a ‘hero’ for young people in the Church of the Nazarene, it was Paul Skiles.”

Michael Lodahl, author and professor of theology at Northwest Nazarene College, was a teen when Paul Skiles was director of youth for the denomination. He came to know Paul through Conquest magazine. “Paul’s articles in Conquest were important to me in my spiritual development, especially in my understanding of sanctification,” says Lodahl. “Paul was just a great communicator to us kids.”

“My main concept of ministry was to channel the energies of youth into the total evangelistic mission of the church,” says Paul. With this idea in mind, Skiles proposed the original concept of what is
today Youth in Mission to then World Mission Executive Secretary George Coulter.

Evangelistic Ambassadors

The NYPS program was directing much of its efforts into training young people for future service, according to Paul. He wanted young people to apply what they were learning in evangelistic ways now.

“To show you how simple things were in those days, the beginning of ‘Ambassadors’ was just an agreement between myself and George Coulter. I went to Dr. Coulter and asked him, ‘I am looking for some place to put young people to work evangelistically. Do you have anywhere and that was it.’ Fine-tuning of the program was done by the General NYPS Council and the Department of World Mission.

Launched in the summer of 1963 as “Nazarene Evangelistic Ambassadors,” the program (still a joint venture between NYI and the World Mission Division) continues to provide Nazarene students with opportunities for service around the world.

A Legacy

“When I look back now, some of my most satisfying moments are when I notice, scattered around the church, young people of that era who are continuing to serve in significant ways,” says Paul.

Terry Read, former missionary to Brazil and Haiti, now teaches missiology at Nazarene Theological Seminary. He was a member of one of the early groups of Nazarene Evangelistic Ambassadors in 1966.

“...called ‘The Shoe!’ I’d hardly set my foot down on the “grounds” before I was swept into the spirit of the Northern Cal Camp Meeting... onto the platform to sing in the largest youth choir I’d ever seen...” and “...“who’s that guy down there waving his arm and playing the trombone...” the call that God placed upon my life...”

Paul Skiles as many remember him—directing a great choir or band of young people at a Nazarene General Assembly.

Remembering Paul and Beulah Park

by Norm Shoemaker

For a number of years now I’ve been telling people that it only takes one to make a difference! How do I know? Because it only took ONE to make a DIFFERENCE in my life. I know that God doesn’t play favorites, but he sure “smiled” on me that day in the summer of ‘57 when my life-path intersected with a guy by the name of Paul Skiles. Prior to that fortuitous weekend at Beulah Park Campground I had met lots of church folks and even some great leaders, but for me there is one—Paul Skiles.

It was the summer I graduated from high school. A group of college men were standing out in front of Klassen Dorm on the old Pasadena College campus, and I was hanging around on the fringes hoping that some of their prowess would rub off on me. They tolerated my presence because I didn’t get in the way. Someone said, “I think the Northern Cal Camp Meeting begins this week.” Another replied, “Yeah, I think you’re right. Let’s go!” Since I was standing nearby, they invited me to join them. I couldn’t imagine why anybody would want to drive 500 miles to go to camp meeting. In Pasadena, camp meeting meant long services on hot August nights with hundreds of Lamb’s Funeral Home fans beating the air. But with nothing better to do... I went!

We drove all night, arriving in Santa Cruz the next morning. After a few rides at the Santa Cruz boardwalk, we drove the final remaining miles to Beulah Park. Even the name “Beulah” sounded foreboding to this shy, timid 16-year-old they called “The Shoe!” I’d hardly set my foot down on the “grounds” before I was swept into the spirit of the Northern Cal Camp Meeting... onto the platform to sing in the largest
A Man Named Paul

by Russell D. Bredholt, Jr.

I have been thinking about how to write this tribute so that it doesn't sound like hyperbole, and that is a problem when the subject is Paul Skiles.

Paul’s “larger than life” reputation began shortly after he was chosen to lead the youth of the Church of the Nazarene in the 1960s and into the 70s, but his impact on our church goes beyond the work he did with youth. There is some award-winning and enduring communication around “Our Church Can Be Your Home,” because of Paul. His work with the International Laymen’s Conference, as well as the time spent with the military personnel of our denomination will be remembered for years to come.

Those who have had the privilege of knowing Paul personally or who have been in one of his “gatherings” have found it a wonderful experience just to be in his presence.

As a person of strong character and integrity, with more creativity than might be found in a roomful of persons, Paul’s life has always been a model of Christian stewardship. The role of a layman in a denomination that is somewhat tilted toward the clergy can be a difficult one to play. Paul, however, has played the part to near perfection. We call this kind of person a “churchman.” That’s what Paul is and will continue to be into retirement. He’ll also have more time to practice the trombone—as if he needs it.

If ever there was a person who exemplified the holy life, it’s Paul Skiles. We know that it is not what life does to us that shows what we are made of, but rather, how we respond to life’s circumstances. Through good days and other times, Paul’s life has reflected a Christlike spirit, serving to strengthen my faith and that of others around him.

I am a privileged person to have enjoyed both Paul’s friendship and the opportunity to work with him. Years ago, I offered to help, and Paul gave me a meaningful place of service. He has my deepest gratitude.

The Church of the Nazarene is a better denomination because Paul said, “Yes!” when it called nearly 35 years ago. They may fill Paul’s position, but they cannot replace him.

We wish Paul all the best. He deserves nothing less.

Russell D. Bredholt, Jr., is a lay member of the Church of the Nazarene. He resides in Winter Springs, Florida.

Communications

Paul’s accomplishments didn’t end when he left the youth area in 1973 to become director of Media/Communications. He took what was then principally a production company for slide and audiotape materials and shaped it into a division capable of handling film, video, still photography, and more. Media International (Paul says, “Thanks largely to Dave Anderson”) has developed into the principal group that plans much of the communication logistics for major meetings of the church—from General Assembly to Youth Congress.

One of Paul’s accomplishments while in Media Services was being involved in the “Welcome to the Church of the Nazarene” campaign for radio and television. “I like to think that it helped show our people how to effectively promote their church via the media.”

Skiles is proud that World Mission Radio—a cooperative venture between NWMS and Media International—has grown from production of programs in 4 languages to almost 40. Again, Paul says, “Thanks largely to Ray Hendrix.”

When Paul started “doing his thing” in the late ’50s and ’60s, there were not many youth ministers in the denomination. Paul was an adult (and a “cool” one, at that) who was willing not only to talk to young people but also to grab a ball and play with them. He engaged them in serious con-
versations about their lives and challenged them to be active in service for God—not in some distant future—but today.

Honest Confrontation

We live in a different social milieu today than the one in which Paul Skiles began ministry. But Paul has an underlying philosophy that—valid then—remains valid today. “I still think there is value in honest confrontation with biblical truth,” he says. “There are a lot of open and serious kids out there who are searching for the truth. To those who would minister to them, I can think of only one thing to say: ‘Be believable.’”

These are thoughts from a man who is known for his gifted ability with words, but whose life has spoken more loudly than his language about things like honesty, integrity, compassion, and a willingness to reconcile others to God and to one another.

Paul has served with 19 of the 30 members of the Board of General Superintendents and on almost every committee at Nazarene Headquarters during his 34 years in Kansas City. He is known for his congeniality and his willingness to work for consensus. Always the gentleman, Paul is a low-key person who works hard to find points of agreement.

“I like to think that I have made a contribution at Headquarters by my tendency to respect the opinions and viewpoints of others,” says Paul. “At the same time, I have tried to seek to nurture the development of colleagues to whom I have a responsibility.”

“Mr. Nazarene”

“Paul has been a model in so many ways,” says Jerald D. Johnson, longtime friend and general superintendent. “That he has been an exemplary churchman, no one will dispute. He is, without question, ‘Mr. Nazarene.’ Furthermore, his life has reflected all the church believes and teaches. For these and other reasons, I have not just treasured the friendship but have endeavored to emulate his life.”

Golden Glove

Look around Paul’s office and you won’t see a lot of clutter. You will see a photo of Maxine and his five grandchildren, Alissa, Anne, Kristen, Kyle, and Zachary. There are mementos of trips to other lands, such as Europe and the Far East, where he directed retreats for military personnel.

There is a copper engraving of an elephant on the wall. Is he remembering a trip to Africa or is he disclosing his political leanings? (Paul has been known to occasionally listen to Rush Limbaugh.) And then, there on the credenza, bigger than life, is a battered softball glove—bronzed to keep it from falling apart.

It is a metaphor for Paul’s life, a reminder that he has played hard and has contributed all he could to assure that God’s team is victorious.

“In looking back, it is interesting that I didn’t plan my career,” says Paul. “I just tried to do what was there to do, and that led to other things.”

“Whatsoever your hand finds to do, do it with all your might,” says Ecclesiastes 9:10 (NIV). In doing this throughout his life, Paul Skiles has been an example to thousands.

With the energy and talent he possesses, Paul would have succeeded in whatever vocation he chose. The Church of the Nazarene should be grateful that he was willing to follow God’s unique call and chose to be a pitcher for our team.

Paul and Maxine will continue to reside in the Kansas City area in retirement. Their address is: 5700 W. 87th Terr., Overland Park, KS 66207.

Devotional Moments in Word and Song

Praying in His Presence

“From the Psalms”

Each selection is interwoven with instrumental music and prayers spoken from the Psalms. Together they form a rich fabric of styles and sounds with both devotional impact and contemporary listening appeal. Whether heard in one sitting or in daily segments, the recording is designed to inspire, edify, and encourage.

Readers will enjoy the meditations and prayers found in the devotional book subtitled “Enjoying Constant Communication with God.” It supplements and enhances the recording, encouraging a life of simple, natural prayer in God’s personal presence.
Living with the Lord’s Prayer—Part 3

E. Dee Freeborn teaches practical theology and spiritual formation at Nazarene Theological Seminary.

I can’t get them out of my mind... their large saucer eyes see, but seem vacant. Little faces are twisted against the pain of hunger and starvation. They are the starving children of the world, dying by the thousands every day for lack of bread. When I pray “Give us this day, our daily bread,” I think of them.

As we have been journeying together in the Lord’s Prayer, I have come to a renewed appreciation for the profound depth of this simple prayer. I learned it by heart from my mother when I was about 8 years old, and here I am, 50 years later, still learning what this prayer means.

This phrase concerning bread is the pivotal petition in the prayer: it is the heart and center. It is so simple and straightforward—or so it seems. Actually, this request raises some intriguing questions about the seriousness of our commitment. Its spotlight pierces the hidden darkness of our unexamined motives and values. It cuts with surgical precision to heal our foolish, culture-driven, anxiety-laden goals and aspirations.

It’s not just a prayer for bread, Bread first of all includes the idea of bread made from grain, but also bread as nourishment in general. The New Testament is replete with occasions of both meanings, bread being broken, blessed, and served, and bread as nourishment, sustenance. To pray for God’s name to be hallowed, the Kingdom to come, and His will to be done, and then pray for daily bread highlights God’s concern for our material and everyday needs. As Jan M. Lochman points out, “The prayer in no way takes us outside of very concrete everyday life” (The Lord’s Prayer, Eerdmans, 1990, 85).

Over the centuries, other interpretations of bread have included identifying the bread with the Lord’s Supper, seeing it as a reference to Jesus himself (“I am the bread of life” in John 6), and as pointing to the spiritual food of the Word of God, to true teaching and doctrine. While the petition includes material bread, it certainly is also pointing to something beyond, to God as the source of our life. Brother John of Taize observes, “The biblical vision... takes seriously the things of this world, while at the same time looking behind them to the presence of God which gives them existence and meaning. It emphasizes communion with God, trust in God, as the fundamental reality which sustains us on our journey” (Praying the Our Father, Pastoral Press, 1992, 42). When I pray and live this petition, I sit down to a bountiful dinner with a different perspective. With a spirit of thanksgiving I am only too aware that all I have comes from God.

What does it mean to pray “give us this day, our daily bread”? Though this phrase has caused students of the Bible some real headaches, most seem to agree that it means “the bread I need for the day.” The Old Testament Exodus story and the manna from heaven is in view here. The manna was “real bread” from heaven. It was sufficient for each day, “daily bread” so to speak, but was worthless if hoarded. This petition calls me to live fully in each moment and to find God in each new day.

Further, the Lord did not teach the disciples to pray “give me this day my daily bread” but “us” and “our.” There is a world concern here. And so the children’s faces appear again and again when I pray.

As you pray and live the Lord’s Prayer, here are some questions for your prayer journal. Find a quiet time and place to be fully in the presence of God as you meditate on the questions and listen for His answers.

(1) What bread are You offering me for my own faith journey today? (2) What nourishment do I need from You now? (3) To what extent do I need to live in the moment and not so many years ahead? (4) To what degree has the consumer mentality of my culture clouded my ability to be satisfied with “daily bread”? What do You want me to do about it? (5) Am I a world Christian? What do You want me to do about the “lack of bread” in my world?

Here I am, 50 years later, still learning what this prayer means.
Making Memoires That Count
by Debra Fulghum Bruce (Gospel Publishing Company, 1994, 176 pages. HH088-243-3458, $7.99)

Debra Fulghum Bruce has compiled this collection of inspirational, practical anecdotes from her life as a Christian wife and mother that will be both a guide and an encouragement to parents who want to instill faith in their children solid Christian values.

The desire of a Christian parent’s heart is to help his or her child become a peacemaker, accept differences, and handle disappointment. Bruce touches on a wide variety of life’s experiences that we can use to teach our children. A few of the other subjects explored include talking with children about death, speaking with sensitivity, respecting others, dealing with the “blues,” family devotions, and helping children learn to pray—each presented with helpful suggestions and Scripture references we can claim for strength and support.

This book is not a “You should” or “You shouldn’t” manual. Rather, it is an encouragement to parents (and grandparents too) that, if our spiritual eyes and ears are open, we will find numerous opportunities to nurture, instruct, and encourage our children in the Christian walk as we go about our daily lives.

—Judith Perry

New Father’s Survival Guide: Devotions for the First Year of Parenthood
by Dean Nelson (Augsburg Fortress, 1994, 128 pages. HH080-662-5910, $9.99)

As a professional writer, Nelson found the discipline to keep a daily journal from the time he learned of his wife’s first pregnancy until his son’s first birthday. From his labor, he culled a witty collection of anecdotes, emotions, impasses, and stress points common among first-time papas.


In 30 short, fast-moving chapters, Nelson illustrates his theme that “all potential fathers do have one point to share: becoming a father is a faith issue.” Although the book has a slow beginning, the Nelson humor eventually wears down defenses until the reader is both laughing and crying at the common experiences of early parenthood.

Don’t expect any “how-to” tips, as the title suggests. This is a spiritual formation guide to help the new father keep his inner life in order. Every chapter begins with a scripture and ends with a prayer. And in between, Nelson dishes up heaping helpings of everyday life, laced with humor and flavored with Christ.

—Bryan Merrill

A Churchmouse Christmas
Produced by Don Wyrizen, Lilennas. (HHMC-88, $4.95)

A Churchmouse Christmas is a musical that tells the story about several churchmice who learn a number of lessons—about God’s love and other things, like not stealing, how Jesus was born, and how God’s love helps you each day.

The story takes place when a little mouse gets a new “Christopher Churchmouse” book and reads it with her grandma. The story tells her about how Jesus was born. The little mouse loved hearing about Jesus and of what He did for us when He died on the Cross. After hearing the story, she invites Jesus into her heart.

All of the songs on the tape are good, but my favorite is “The Gimme Song.” It is a funny song about mice who get greedy at a party. They all come home sick, except for the ones who don’t stuff themselves with food. I give this
song a 10.

I probably would give this entire musical a 10. You will enjoy it especially at Christmas, but it would be good to listen to any time of the year, because it teaches you a lot about God’s love.

—Joey Graham

Blue Ridge Country Christmas
Produced by Jack Jezzro, Crystal Sea. (HHTA-4024C, $10.88, cassette; HHDC-4024, $14.88, CD)

According to legend, on the night that Joseph Mohr planned to perform his own special Christmas work in his village, the church organ was broken, so he resorted to a guitar for accompaniment—an action for which he was reprimanded. But his classical “Silent Night,” can still stir sentiment when presented on a guitar. Blue Ridge Country Christmas presents this song, along with a variety of other religious and a few secular carols that will be a hit with persons who enjoy country music.

Recorded in Nashville, the album offers a nice change from the nondescript symphonic versions of the music that we hear every holiday season. The musicians are talented and most of the arrangements are refreshing and enjoyable.

The album utilizes most of the instruments of contemporary country music—acoustic and electric guitars, steel guitar, bass, piano, drums, and fiddle—but it also features nice harmonica segments on a number of arrangements. Blue Ridge Country Christmas would make a nice Christmas present for that hard-to-shop-for relative or boss who enjoys country music. While you’re at it, pick up one for yourself. It will get you in a toe-tapping mood for Christmas.

—Bert Bailey

Love’s Unseen Enemy: How to Overcome Guilt to Build Healthy Relationships
by Dr. Les Parrott III (Zondervan, 1994, 221 pages, HH031-040-150X, $15.99)

This is a treasure—a self-help book that is straightforward, well written, and truly helpful. In this book, Dr. Les Parrott III unmasks guilt as the enemy of “authentic, loving relationships” and gives the reader “the weapons . . . to fight guilt, as well as the tools . . . to build healthy relationships.”

First, Dr. Parrott examines the differences between false guilt and true guilt. He then discusses how we develop a conscience, how a healthy conscience can benefit from “guilt pains” without being destroyed by legalism, how feelings of guilt contribute to a crippling sense of shame, and how true guilt can lead us to “godly sorrow” and genuine repentance. After demonstrating the intimate connection between love and guilt, Dr. Parrott identifies the four “relational styles” and includes “self-tests” to help readers identify their own styles. He concludes with both spiritual and practical applications.

Dr. Parrott is associate professor of clinical psychology and director of the Center for Relationship Development at Seattle Pacific University. With an M.A. in theology and a Ph.D. in clinical psychology from Fuller Theological Seminary, he brings a unique perspective to his subject. His numerous anecdotes and case histories give the book an air of authority and also make it a pleasure to read.

—Rhonda Wheeler Stock
THE TWO MRS. CHAPMANS

by Stan Ingersol, Denominational Archivist

By Louise Chapman's death in 1993, many regarded her as the Mrs. J. B. Chapman. And yet the wife of Chapman's youth, the mother of his seven children, and his companion for 37 years was Maud Frederick. The two women who graced his life in marriage were pioneers: Maud as an early revival and home missions worker, Louise as a missionary and church leader. They shared characteristics but lived very different lives.

Maud Frederick Chapman

Maud Frederick was born on her grandfather's farm near Longview, Texas, on December 3, 1880. Her mother died when Maud was six. Her father moved his family of small children to Palestine, Texas, where she attended public school. At 15, she was sent to a school in Waco. She entered the state teacher's college at Huntsville at 17, finished a one-year course, then became a schoolteacher.

She was influenced by Methodist revivalists in spite of a Baptist heritage. Her conversion, at 16, was in a meeting led by the famed Methodist preacher Sam Jones. Maud was baptized and joined a Baptist church. She became a Methodist in 1899, however, after being sanctified under Will Huff's ministry. Her new pastor, John Paul, was a popular Holiness leader.

She met J. B. Chapman in early 1902. A young preacher, he was holding a revival in Troup, where she was visiting. Her diary does not mention their first meeting, but that spring she joined the Chapman-Tetrick evangelistic party for several weeks. The diary soon mentioned "Brother Jimmie." That fall and winter, she taught school at Iron Bluff and White's Chapel, quitting a month before C. B. Jernigan performed their wedding service on February 18, 1903. Her new husband preached later that very night. The next day, they took a train to Indian Territory (now Oklahoma) and started a revival.

Their early marriage was spent in Oklahoma, briefly in Phillips, then at Durant, where they planted a church. Poverty was the lot of early Nazarene home missionaries, but Maud's photograph shows a spirited woman.

Lois was born in Durant. Other babies followed: James (who died at five months), then Grace, Harold, Brilhart, Gertrude, and Paul.

The years brought other changes. In 1904, their group, the Independent Holiness Church, became part of the Holiness Church of Christ, which united in turn with the Nazarenes in 1908. J. B. Chapman's star gradually rose: president of the HCC's General Council, then Nazarene district superintendent, president of colleges in Arkansas and Texas, pastor of Bethany First Church, editor of the Herald of Holiness, and, in 1928, general superintendent. They relocated their home often. There was also grief: Brilhart died young, at 25.

Because of Maud Chapman's maternal duties, she and her husband were apart frequently as he spoke to churches and camps, and later presided over assemblies. She went with him when possible, but they were separated for 10 months in 1931 when he visited districts around the world. "Never again" he vowed upon his return. After that, she always travelled with him overseas—to Japan, Asia, the Mideast, Europe, and the West Indies between 1933 and 1940.

While J. B. Chapman enjoyed the quality of his wife's testimonies, her ministry grew wider than the local church. She spoke to groups about Nazarene missions after visiting the fields. She also influenced his ministry of words: he never published his own writing until she first read and approved it, and she gauged his sermon when he preached and signaled if it should end. He ended prematurely once when she accidently coughed.

Lois married Fred Lehrer. They were parents of Fred, Jr., a Baptist minister; and Jim Lehrer, newsman (The MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour) and writer, who recorded personal memories of "Grandfather Chapman" in A Bus of My Own.
Maud Chapman grew ill in California in 1940. After she improved they went to their next appointments in Oklahoma, but she developed pneumonia and died in Oklahoma City on February 14. She was buried in Bethany.

J. B. Chapman wrote a few days later: “My wife always wanted a home. [Each time] we thought we were settled . . . God, in His providence, stirred up our nest . . . [This] was always a sacrifice to her, and in delirium during her last sickness, she would still murmur, ‘I want a home.’ Thank God, she has found it now, even though it was her lot to be a pilgrim and a stranger upon this earth.” His book, My Wife, was a vehicle for his grief and a tribute to her life and their marriage.

Louise Robinson Chapman

Two years later, J. B. Chapman married Louise Robinson. Chapman’s wives shared a common piety and deep love for the church, but their lives differed significantly. Maud, married 37 years, died relatively young. Louise lived to 100 but was single for all but 5 years. She was an independent woman most of her life, and the church in a real sense was her family.

MY WIFE ALWAYS WANTED A HOME. . . THANK GOD, SHE HAS FOUND IT NOW.”

Louise Robinson was born October 9, 1892, in a log cabin near La Center, Washington. Her family was unchurched, but she was converted in her senior year of high school in a country Baptist church. She taught school for four years. She united with the Nazarenes and perceived a clear call to preach in 1915.

She entered Northwest Nazarene College the next year, where she was befriended and influenced by president H. Orton Wiley and dean Olive Winchester. She struggled to claim the grace of entire sanctification but was unable until she accepted God’s call to be a missionary in Africa. She graduated with honors in June 1920, was ordained to the ministry that summer by R. T. Williams, and left for Africa in October. Audrey Williamson has noted that Louise Robinson’s career can be understood only from the standpoint of one who took, with utmost seriousness, the ordination charge: “Take thou authority.”

Louise was stationed at Sabie, Transvaal, for four years. In 1924, she went to Endzingeni, Swaziland, to superintend the Girls’ Training School. There she eventually cared for hundreds of young women. Some of her students became evangelists and Bible teachers, others preachers’ spouses. She instructed them in English and Zulu, led their Bible studies, and taught practical skills. When the buildings were no longer sufficient, she constructed new ones. By 1930 she was helping train preachers at the Men’s Training School. She pastored the local church at different periods and for many years supervised about 15 outstations in the area. Evangelism was her favorite task. “Africa is all I see,” she wrote, “and her people are, to me, the most beautiful of all the tribes of earth.”

Louise Robinson returned to the United States on furlough in 1940. World war delayed her return to Africa. She married J. B. Chapman on June 20, 1942, ending her missionary career. She was nearly 50.

She brought to her marriage a convivial personality and shared with Chapman the storyteller’s art, passion for evangelism, and a common experience in the preaching life. She traveled with him constantly and spoke on missions at assemblies where he presided. She was with him when he died at their home at Indian Lake in Michigan in July 1947. For her, the marriage was all too brief.

In 1948, she was elected president of the Nazarene Foreign Missionary Society. Every bit of Louise Chapman’s preaching skills and missionary experience were poured into that job in the next 16 years as she planned, organized, promoted, and spoke. NFMS membership tripled during her tenure, rising to over 225,000. She visited the fields, built the Alabaster program, and throughout her presidency served on the General Board.

Her advocacy of missions continued in retirement. She continued visiting mission areas until her health no longer permitted. At Casa Robles, the missionary retirement center where she settled, she was united with friends of many years standing. Her mind was filled with cherished memories, her years with J. B. Chapman among the dearest. She died at 100 on April 12, 1993. Her published writings included Africa, O. Africa (1945), partly autobiographical; The Problem of Africa (1952); and Footprints in Africa (1959).
THE LIGHTS OF HANUKKAH

by Chip Ricks

Light from thousands of candles will be seen this month through the windows of both Jewish and Christian homes. For those celebrating Hanukkah, the lights will stand as a reminder of a time in Jewish history when the Temple in Jerusalem was restored for the worship of God, and the seven lamps of the menorah once again shone brightly. For those celebrating Christmas, the lights will announce to the world the birth of one who declared, “I am the light of the world.”

The Jewish celebration is too often ignored by Christians—perhaps because we know so little about it—yet, Jesus celebrated the festival and called our attention to it by His teaching. The lights of Hanukkah can have deep significance for those of us who observe the birth of Christ.

Hanukkah is the one Jewish holy day not rooted in biblical narrative. The story of its origin is found in the apocryphal book I Maccabees. In the century following the death of Alexander the Great, Judah was caught in conflicts between Syria and Egypt. During a period of Syrian rule, Antiochus Epiphanes, in an effort to unite his kingdom, decreed that everyone must worship his Greek gods. When the Jews refused, the king ordered them to sacrifice hogs and unclean cattle on sacred altars, to leave their sons uncircumcised, and to defile themselves with unclean, profane practices.

A huge statue of Zeus was placed in the Temple at Jerusalem, and swine were sacrificed on the altar of God. Pagan troops entered the holy of holies; they erected altars to Greek gods in towns throughout Judah. Books of the Law were burned, and Jews found in possession of Holy Scripture were put to death.

When one of the king’s officers entered the town of Modein, he tried to force the priest, Mattathias, to offer a sacrifice to Zeus. The aged Jew answered, “Even if all the nations that live under the rule of the king obey him, and have chosen to do his commandments, departing each one from the religion of his fathers, yet I and my sons and my brothers will live by the covenant of our fathers” (I Maccabees 2:19-22).

When a weaker Jew obeyed the officer, Mattathias killed them both. He then fled to the mountains from where he led a rebellion against Syria until his death. The struggle for liberation, however, was carried on by one of Mattathias’ five sons, Judas Maccabaeus. A period of guerrilla fighting ended in the capture by the Jews of the last Syrian stronghold in Jerusalem. Judas Maccabaeus marched victoriously into Jerusalem and with his men rebuilt the altar, the sanctuary, and the entire interior of the Temple. They made new holy vessels, provided incense for the altar, and brought in a table for the shewbread. The beautiful menorah, the lampstand of pure gold with seven lamps molded together without a seam, was returned to its proper place.

On the 25th day of Chislev, 165 B.C., three years from the day Antiochus Epiphanes had desecrated the Temple, the menorah was lighted and the eight-day purification ceremonies began. To their dismay, the priests discovered they had only one small flask of holy oil—enough to burn for one night. Legend says, however, that the oil burned continuously for eight days and nights. Like the descent of fire from heaven upon the altar of Solomon’s Temple, so the miracle of the lighted menorah was God’s confirmation of the cleansing of the Temple.

Judas and the congregation decreed that the festival commemorating the event would be observed every year on the 25th day of the Jewish month of Chislev.

Whether or not the legend of the replenished oil is true, the menorah is an important part of Hanukkah (known also as Festival of Lights or Feast of Dedication), and significant for us as Christians.

We are told about this lampstand of pure gold in Exodus 25:31-40, including the instructions God gave Moses for making it. When completed, the central shaft of the candlestick stood higher than the six branches. The artwork on each of the seven lamps consisted of the three stages of the almond—the bud, the flower, and the ripened fruit. The central shaft had four complete sets of these three stages, while the six branches had three sets each.

Because the menorah was not to be duplicated for use outside the Temple, those celebrating the Festival of Lights in the first century A.D. burned various numbers of lights in their windows or before the doors of their houses. Some chose to light one lamp
for each member of the family; others chose to light one lamp for each day of the festival—either in ascending or descending order. Not until the fourth century did the special Hanukkah menorah as we know it today, with its eight branches representing the eight days of purification and a central shaft to hold the servant candle, come into being.

On the night when Jesus was born, surely no light shone brighter than the star of Bethlehem to celebrate the dedication of a temple not made of stone. Later, John the Baptist came announcing Him whose birthday we celebrate during the Festival of Lights. John declared that Jesus Christ was the “true light that enlightens every man” (John 1:9, RSV). Jesus himself said, “I am the light of the world; he who follows me will not walk in darkness, but will have the light of life” (8:12, RSV).

Many who were blind received their sight at the touch of Jesus’ hand. One man in particular was chosen of God to illustrate Jesus’ power to bring light to darkness. This happened in Jerusalem just prior to the Festival of Lights. Jesus said, “We must work the works of him who sent me, while it is day; night comes, when no one can work. As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world” (John 9:4-5, RSV). Then Jesus anointed the eyes of the blind man with clay, and he received his sight (vv. 3-7).

Bringing light to the man’s understanding, however, was even more important to Jesus. Note the conversation that took place following the healing. Jesus asked, “Do you believe in the Son of man?”

Puzzled, the man asked, “And who is he, sir, that I may believe in him?” “You have seen him, and it is he who speaks to you,” Jesus answered. “Lord, I believe” (John 9:35-38, RSV), the man replied, and he worshiped Him.

The lights of Hanukkah, then, have meaning to us as Christians. When we see the eight-branched Hanukkah lampstand, we can be thankful for the example of courageous people who refused to bow to foreign gods and rejoiced when once again light came to a cleansed temple.

When we see the menorah, we can remember that God’s perfect light has been shining down through the ages and that it foreshadowed the birth of our Savior who came to bring men “out of darkness into his marvelous light” (1 Peter 2:9, RSV). This should bring added joy to our Christmas celebration. The eight-day Hanukkah celebration begins this year on December 19.

Christmas and Hanukkah share a similar heritage. When we join our Jewish neighbors in putting candles in our windows this year, we announce our faith to the world. We also do it with the prayer that our Jewish friends will recognize the Savior of Christmas and join us in rejoicing that in Him “the darkness is passing away and the true light is already shining” (1 John 2:8, RSV).
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NAME:
Ruth O. Saxon

EDUCATION:
1952, Peabody College of Vanderbilt, B.S.
1967, Nazarene Theological Seminary, M.Div.
1980, Nazarene Theological Seminary, D.Min.

CURRENT MINISTRY ASSIGNMENT:
Missionary, Caribbean Nazarene Theological College, Trinidad and Tobago, West Indies

PREVIOUS MINISTRY ASSIGNMENTS:
Stationed in Trinidad for the last 40 years. Pastored several churches in addition to full-time service at Caribbean Nazarene Theological College.

ON MINISTRY:
Before my missionary career began, I pursued the ministerial course of study by the home study plan. I learned a lot, and being a minister's daughter, life had taught me much about ministry. But it did not take long teaching in a Nazarene Bible College to realize that I needed more. God led me to spend my first two furloughs at NTS completing the M.Div. Later furlough times were used in pursuit of the D.Min.

If I had life to live over, I would do it again! Studying at NTS made me a better minister, a better Christian, and a bigger person. It helped me not stagnate in 40 years of service in one place. I am deeply grateful to God and to NTS for letting it be a part of His plan for my life.

To invest in the lives of those called into ministry in the Church of the Nazarene, please contact: Development Office, 1700 E. Meyer Blvd., Kansas City, MO 64131 (816-333-6254; FAX: 816-333-6271).
Q. It's a known fact that many of the teachers in our Nazarene schools don't believe in the Bible creation theory. When are we going to invite those teachers to go elsewhere?

A. I spent 13 years teaching in Nazarene schools. I know many of our professors. And not one of them, to my knowledge, has ever disavowed Genesis. Not one of them has indicated to me that he or she thought that God was not the Creator of the earth. To the contrary, they all with one voice say that God created the earth.

They do express different views about just how God did it. Some of them disagree about how literally the two creation stories in Genesis 1 and 2 are intended to be taken.

From your letter it is plain that you believe that Genesis teaches that God created the world in six solar (24-hour) days. If I understand you correctly, you claim that all true Christians believe this, and that to take any other view is to deny the Bible and thus, God.

If you believe that Genesis teaches the solar day theory, that's fine with me. But I would caution you about unchristianizing those who believe otherwise. What a shame if the solar day idea became a "shibboleth" to separate the true from the phony followers of Christ. I recall hearing Nazarene historian Paul M. Bassett say that in the Early Church one was not a heretic just because he had a different idea. A person with a different idea became a heretic when he was willing to divide the community of faith, the church, over his different idea. I have bumped into some Nazarenes who appeared to be willing to split the church over a very literal interpretation of Genesis. I hope you are not such a person.

From your letter it is plain that you assume that the truly devout have always understood Genesis 1 to teach that creation was achieved in six solar days. That, however, is simply not the case. The solar day theory is relatively new.

The ancient Jews, who gave us Genesis, considered the day divisions to be metaphorical. And, as Wiley points out, "periods of indefinite duration" (1:454). The Church Fathers taught the same thing. Origen, St. Basil, Gregory of Nazianzen, Irenaus, and Augustine are among those who taught that Genesis 1 did not speak of literal solar days. A few Catholic writers and some zealous Protestants in the 17th and 18th centuries came up with the solar day idea. Even then, it was a minority view.

Some 50 years ago when the sainted H. Orton Wiley wrote a theology for our denomination, he took the position of the ancient Hebrew writers and the Church Fathers and wrote that in all probability the "days" of Genesis 1 represent long periods of time (Christian Theology, 1:454).

Given the fact that throughout the Old Testament era, the New Testament age, and for the first 17 Christian centuries the traditional view was that Genesis 1 did not teach solar days, one should be able to make room for that idea today—even though it is an old-fashioned idea.

The tendency toward undue literalness may spring naturally from the Protestant Reformation. The Protestants were dead sure that the Bible outranked the pope. They were right. However, having done away with the human "infallible" pontiff, some of them established another by making the Bible into a "paper pope." This way of thinking about the Bible gave birth to a number of rigidities, too numerous to mention. Perhaps one of them is the insistence that the Genesis accounts of creation cannot be literary, philosophical, theological, or metaphorical. They must be, in this view, literal and scientific—a sort of Popular Mechanics explanation of how God did it all. Again, I think it is all right if you believe that. But one should be very careful about lording it over those who still hold the older idea of indefinite periods of time.

The fever over this (and closely related issues) threatens to split our community of faith. Extremes on both sides of this matter can be collected and pointed at. May prayerful hearts overrule flaming emotions and thus preserve the unity of the church.

Recently Al Kasha, an Oscar-winning songwriter who was born a Jew and born again as a Christian and leads Bible studies in Beverly Hills, spoke to the 270 editors attending the Evangelical Press Association meeting. He challenged us to stop crusading about "issues" and start teaching the gospel. Good advice, it seems to me.

There is still another aspect of the creation controversy that should be considered. Several outfits and personalities—gurus, seminar sycophants, tape publishers—have drained the wallets of evangelicals over this issue. When creation ceases to be a moneymaker the religious entrepreneurs will stir up another "issue" to serve a fund-raiser role. And once more evangelicals will fork over the offerings, buy the tapes, and register at the seminars, and the entrepreneurs will make millions again.

The views expressed in the responses in this column are those of the editor and do not constitute official policy by or for the Church of the Nazarene. The editor is not able to send replies to questions not selected for publication. Address: Herald of Holiness, 6401 The Paseo, Kansas City, MO 64131.
AND THE WINNER IS...

Virginia Alene Hogan, a 1994 graduate of Trevecca Nazarene College, won the category of Ms. Future Business Executive at the national Phi Beta Lambda (PBL) business competition.

The competition, considered the most demanding of the event, measured participants' knowledge of business principles as well as their speaking and writing skills. This included two rounds of interviews and several written tests.

Hogan, an employee of Prudential Life Insurance Company in Nashville, Tenn., earned a B.A. in business administration with a minor in accounting. She resides in Ashland City, Tenn.


OVER HILL, OVER DALE...

When the first American troops arrived in Goma, Zaire, to assist with Rwandan refugee relief efforts, U.S. Army Sgt. Don Beardsley was among them.

Beardsley, with the 501st transportation company at Kaiserslautern-Vogelweh, Germany, was on assignment in Zaire for four weeks. For three weeks, he drove a water truck four times a day between a water purification site and Refugee Camp Seven.

Beardsley attends the Kaiserslautern Church of the Nazarene with his family.

YOUR "NAZARENE FAMILY" HERE...

The Herald of Holiness gets even "closer to home" next month with the introduction of a new section featuring Nazarenes at work and play.

"Nazarene Family" will take you inside the churches, the homes, the workplaces, the schools, and all the other locales where Nazarenes make themselves known.

Would you like to see your family, your church, or your friends featured here? Then send your story and photographs to:

Nazarene Family
Herald of Holiness
6401 The Paseo
Kansas City, MO 64131

Stories should include who, what, when, where, how and why. Include the name and phone number of a contact person. Also include a self-addressed, stamped envelope (SASE) for the return of photos.

Sorry, because of space limitations, "Nazarene Family" will not include Distinguished Service or Phineas F. Bresee awards, which are published annually.
Deaths


DON COWAN, 58, Lebanon, Tenn., July 21. Survivors: wife, Velma; two daughters; 14 grandchildren.


FLOYD EDWARD GOODSON, 90, Midland, Tex., Sept. 4. Survivors: wife, Jessie; sons, Paul, Sam; one sister.


Bland, son, Junior, Dwight; 2 sisters; 3 grandchildren.


Cynthia Walker, Marilyn Mokhtarian; son, Mark; grandfather, Rev. Clifford Roach.


H. CLARKE WIGHT, 75, Jacksonville, Fla., Oct. 5. Survivors: parents, Ted and Geraldine Wight; sisters, Rebecca Turner, Carol Wight Grinter; Margaret Sprague.

DEAN A. WOLSTENHOLM, 73, Boise, Idaho, Oct. 11. Survivors: wife, Arthit (sister of General Superintendent, Jared D. Johnson); son, James; daughters, Jean Huebert, Becky Daggett; brothers, Howard, Jim; sister, Margaret Waldron; nine grandchildren, two great-grandchildren.


JAMES R. KEYS, architect of many Nazarene churches and Nazarene college buildings, Sturgeon Bay, Wis., Mar. 10. Survivors: wife, Alice Keys; daughter, Brenda; son, Stuart; brother, Samuel; Robert Keys; two grandsons.

MARK J. RIVIN, 86, St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 7. Survivors: wife, Evalah.

JAMES R. KEYS, architect of many Nazarene churches and Nazarene college buildings, Sturgeon Bay, Wis., Mar. 10. Survivors: wife, Alice Keys; daughter, Brenda; son, Stuart; brother, Samuel; Robert Keys; two grandsons.


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Pineville, to Indianapolis (Ind.) Westside
RANDY W. RUCKER, from New Lothrop, Mich., to Pratt, Kans.
GARY L. RUPERT, from Bishopville, S.C., to Florence (S.C.) First
KENNETH C. SCHUBERT, from missionary to pastor, Maywood (Calif.) Faith
KEVIN R. SNOW, from student, Nazarene
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KEVIN R. SNOW, from student, Nazarene

THE MOST EXCITING EVENT OF THE YEAR WILL TAKE PLACE DECEMBER 27-31, 1994, IN BEAUTIFUL SAN DIEGO, ON THE CAMPUS OF POINT LOMA NAZARENE COLLEGE.

San Diego '94 is a Missions and Ministry Conference designed to equip and encourage young adults, age 18-30, to integrate authentic Christianity into their lives and into their life's work.

Hear inspiring speakers during the Plenary Sessions, including renowned speaker Rosey Grier, a former football (and television commercial) star. Rosey, a Christian, is very involved in reaching out to urban areas. Other keynote speakers include Lori Salierno, a gifted nationally known speaker, as well as Norm Shoemaker, Tom Nees, and Louie Bustle.

In addition to the inspiring general sessions, workshops are geared to educate, inform and train students and young adults in all aspects of ministry and missions, including compassionate ministries and campus ministries.

Ministry excursions will take participants into downtown San Diego and across the border into Mexico. Ministry groups and Compassionate Ministries Centers will be on hand to interview students and provide opportunities.

And it will all end with a great concert on New Year's Eve with a contemporary Christian music act. Register by October 30 and get the earlybird special rate of $199!

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Justice Department Reconsiders Tithe

Following an order from President Bill Clinton, the U.S. Justice Department withdrew from a controversial case just minutes before it was scheduled to argue against Crystal, Minn., Evangelical Free Church. In a 50-page brief filed last March, the department had sided with a Bankruptcy Court and Federal Appeals Court ruling that $13,450 in tithe to the church was "fraudulent" and should be surrendered to creditors.

The tithe had been paid by Bruce and Nancy Young, 20-year members of the church and tithers for the last nine years. The money in question represented offerings paid 12 years ago by members of the church. The money in question was "fraudulent" and should be surrendered to creditors.

The court ruled "an employee for federal income tax purposes," by trial Judge John J. Pajak in an opinion released in August.

Attorneys for the denomination said that more than 30 federal income tax disputes currently hinge on whether ministers are defined as employees or as self-employed contractors.

"Unfortunately, the opinion of the trial judge is contrary to our general position that pastors . . . should be allowed to file as self-employed professionals," said David A. Ulrich, a denominational attorney.

According to the Nazarene Pensions and Benefits USA office, itinerant evangelists who are not incorporated are the only Nazarene ministers eligible to file federal income taxes as self-employed workers.

For more information, phone (816) 333-7000, ext. 2405; or fax (816) 333-2856; or write to: Pensions and Benefits USA, 6401 The Paseo, Kansas City, MO 64131.

A.D. 2000 Movement Gaining Momentum

Evangelical leaders are uniting in an effort to evangelize the globe in the next six years, according to Rick Wood, managing editor for Mission Frontiers. Billy Graham, Luis Palau, Bill Bright, and others have been named as honorary cochairmen of the International A.D. 2000 Movement, headquartered in Colorado Springs, Colo.

The movement has adopted the goal to present the saving message of Christ to every person on earth. Its motto is: "A church for every people and the gospel for every person by the year 2000."

The movement is hosting the Global Consultation on World Evangelization (GCOWE '95) scheduled for May 17, 1995, in Seoul, South Korea. Organizers anticipate 4,500 Christian leaders from 200 countries will attend.

The agenda of the conference will include establishing goals and specific plans to deliver the gospel to every person. Leaders in each of the 200 countries are developing networks of local Christians who are accepting the challenge to reach all the people in their nation.

A.D. 2000 was founded by Thomas Wang, who currently serves as its international chairman. Wang was the international director of the Lausanne Movement, initiated by Billy Graham in 1974.

Last June, some 12 million persons participated in a global March for Jesus sponsored by A.D. 2000. The largest single meeting of the event was in Seoul, where 700,000 Christians gathered for public worship in the streets.

Ministers Not Self-Employed

A recent U.S. tax court ruling rejected a North Carolina United Methodist pastor's claim of "self-employed" tax status. The minister was ruled an "employee for federal income tax purposes," by trial Judge John J. Pajak in an opinion released in August.

Attorneys for the denomination said that more than 30 federal income tax disputes currently hinge on whether ministers are defined as employees or as self-employed contractors.

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ABS Publishes New Language

The first complete book of the Bible ever published in Gullah was recently released by the American Bible Society. Gullah is a Creole language spoken by about 250,000 persons in the southeastern coastal region of the United States.

The first book translated was the Gospel of Luke, entitled "De Good Nyews Bout Jesus Christ Wa Luke Write." It is the culmination of a collaborative effort of the Sea Island Translation and Literacy Team, the Summer Institute of Linguistics, and Wycliffe Bible Translators.

The project began in 1979 and is scheduled for completion in 1997. Ervin Greene, pastor of Brick Baptist Church on St. Helena Island, S.C., serves as head of the translation team.

Chinese Church Is Swelling

The number of Christians in China is rapidly increasing, according to Rosemarie Jasza, spokesperson for Trans World Radio. A recent estimate indicates that about 7 percent of the Chinese population, or 75 to 80 million people, are Christian. The estimate is an increase of nearly 20 million Christians over the past two years.

"The thing I find most important about the translation work is that an oral language is being written down for the first time—and not to amuse, but to save," said Greene. "Gullah is by no means dying. Lost people will be saved by this mission."

Gullah is an African-English language that combines elements of numerous West African tongues with a Caribbean cadence. Many Gullah speakers are residents of the South Carolina Low Country. Gullah is also used by groups along the North Carolina, Georgia, and Florida coasts.

An estimated 20,000 persons depend on Gullah as their sole means of communication. Most Gullah language speakers, however, are bilingual.
The "Good News" of Christmas

I grew up in the home of a newspaperman. My father was and still is a newspaper publisher in western Ohio. I started working at the newspaper office as a kid. On the day that President Kennedy was shot, I was there at the paper. I left my work station and hurried to the newsroom.

The scene was organized chaos. Television sets were tuned to every major network. Reporters were monitoring various radio broadcasts. The United Press International (UPI) and Associated Press (AP) machines were buzzing constantly. The editor was on the phone to a Dallas news agency. A newsroom is the place to be when a major story breaks.

Because it was a family business, it was not unusual for my father and mother, my brother and me to talk occasionally about "What is news?" "What makes something newsworthy?" "What are the ethical obligations incumbent upon someone who would publish the news?"

I have been thinking about a verse from the Christmas story in light of these kinds of questions. Luke writes, "But the angel said to them, 'Do not be afraid. I bring you good news of great joy that will be for all the people'" (Luke 2:10, NIV). Consider this announcement of "good news" from a newspaperman's point of view.

One of the first criteria for news is this: Is it true? To print something that is not true not only is dangerous to one's reputation but also can, in some cases, threaten the public good or safety. Shoddy reporting can be grounds for legal action. So any good publisher asks the editors and writers, "Are you sure it's true? Did you double-check your sources?"

Aren't those the same kinds of questions the shepherds asked and acted upon when they first got the "scoop"? "Let's go into Bethlehem and see this thing that has happened" (Luke 2:15, NIV). They had to verify the story. They wanted to know, "Is this true?"

As soon as they had verified the story, these investigators became reporters. "When they had seen him, they spread the word concerning what had been told them about this child" (v. 17). These shepherds were now "eyewitnesses." They could verify that the good news of Christmas was "good," for it was true.

Good news must also be timely. No matter how true it is—old news is no news. The coming of Christ was a real event that occurred at a particular time and place in history. In that sense, this is an old story, yet the Christmas story remains timeless! Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever.

The good news of His coming is just as good this year as it ever was. How sad if the celebration of Christmas were only the celebration of history, of old news!

Another criterion for news is its wide appeal. Something may be genuinely true and timely, but if it does not appeal to a wide audience, it will not be reported widely.

What did the angel say? "Good news... that will be for all the people" (v. 10). This news could not be more encompassing. Christmas is good news for people of every nationality, every age-group, every race, every economic and social strata. All means all!

Good news must also be transmitted. I remember as a boy how people would occasionally call the house if they did not receive their paper. Off I would go on a bicycle or in our family car to hand deliver the missing paper. What good is news, even if it is true and timely and has wide appeal, if it is not effectively transmitted?

Many folks in Texas observe a holiday of good news known as "Juneteenth." When the Emancipation Proclamation was signed, the news of it was kept from the slaves in Texas. They were simply not told about it. It was not until the next summer when former slaves from other states came through Texas that those still in slavery were informed, "You were freed months ago." They were freed, but because they didn't get the news, they weren't really free.

How important for the Church to continue to herald the good news of the coming of Christ! There are folks today who are still slaves because they have not heard and appropriated the good news of Christmas. During this season let us, like the shepherds of Judea, "receive the news" and "share the news."
Stupid, Just Plain Stupid

So, what was the stupidest thing you ever did? Personally, I have such a vast list to choose from that the problem lies in narrowing it down to one. But as I look back across my 40-something years, I realize that most of the dumb things I have done involved vehicles.

There was the time I traded a perfectly wonderful '67 Valiant with a flat-head six engine, three on the column, and air, because I wanted a "new" car with a stick shift on the floor. The new car, a Datsun 1200, got great mileage and smelled nice (for the first month). It also had "four-on-the-floor," but it lacked a six-cylinder engine, and it had no air! Consider that the Valiant was in mint condition and paid for, and you can see how stupid I was as a 19-year-old. I sweated (literally) for a long time over that one.

Then there was the time I attended Bill Gothard's "Institute in Basic Youth Conflicts." I decided that I was going to follow his advice and get out of debt. I sold my brand-new car (by that time a Datsun B210, no air) and, in those young bachelor days, the only debt I had. I began using "other means" of transportation. This started out as borrowing the van at the church where I was on staff and graduated to a Honda 350 motorcycle.

I had always wanted a motorcycle, but had never bought one. After I started riding it—through rain, sleet, and snow—I remembered why I had never bought one.

I decided a used car was the thing for me (where was my '67 Valiant?). I bought an eight-year-old Dodge Comet. It had a "Hurst" shifter, roll-pleated seats, and a radio that sounded really nice on the test drive. When I returned with the check to get the car, the engine started, but there was no sound from the radio. "Oh," said the guy when I returned to ask about the missing speakers. "Those were my brother's. I was just borrowing them."

Two years (and 3,000 quarts of oil later), I decided that a new car and debt looked pretty good. At this point, I graduated to a "classic"—a Ford Pinto (still with no air). You remember the Pinto—Ford's version of napalm on wheels. These cars looked nice, but there was a hitch—when they were rear-ended, the gas tank had a tendency to do a very strange thing—like explode.

The Pinto was the first car Cathy and I drove in our new marriage. Unfortunately, at the wedding, her brother (to whom I still am not speaking) decided to write some interesting things on the car with shaving cream. Well, the shaving cream didn't cling for long, but, since it oxidized the paint beneath it, the words were still with us when it limped into the Buick dealership for its last ride.

At last, we had hit the big time—a Buick Skylark—with air!

Within one year, we were rear-ended by a hit-and-run driver. (Thank God we weren't in the Pinto.) Of course, the insurance company chose not to "total" the vehicle, so we had to drive our new car with quite a few imperfections until we finally traded it (again after being rear-ended) five years later.

Oh, you're probably wondering where all this is leading. To tell you the truth, I just wanted to remind myself that we all make some pretty dumb decisions. Many of them may seem earth-shaking at the time, but they usually don't matter much in terms of eternity. Still, the devil has a way of rubbing our faces in our mistakes to the point that we might despair.

Don't believe his lie. Each new day offers new opportunities to leave our stupid mistakes behind. Do what you can to handle them, trust God to take care of them, hold your head up, and move on. It has worked for me—thank God.

By the way, would you be interested in a slightly used (but clean) '89 Grand Am?
Estep to Direct Communications
Michael R. Estep, 45, has been elected director of the Communications Division by the General Board, according to General Secretary Jack Stone. Stone announced the results of a mail ballot Monday, Oct. 10. The ballot was between Estep and Bob Brower, vice president for institutional development at MidAmerica Nazarene College.

Estep began his new assignment Nov. 1.

Estep was elected to succeed Paul Skiles, who retired from the post as Communications Division director at the close of October following a career of 34 years at Nazarene Headquarters.

Estep has served as Church Extension Ministries director since 1986. During this same period, he also served as director of “Thrust to the Cities,” an outreach program that has been successful in taking the gospel to world-class cities around the globe.

More than 4,000 churches were planted during Estep’s tenure as Church Extension Ministries director. In 1989, the “Year of Church Planting,” a record 732 churches were planted.

The development of ministries to the peoples of various cultures in the U.S. and Canada has been a high priority for Estep. His efforts led to the creation of ministry committees to empower different cultural groups. These multicultural ministry committees recently refined strategies for reaching others of their culture at the historic first Multicultural Ministries Conference in Nashville, Tenn.

Prior to 1986, Estep served as executive director of enrollment development and church relations at Southern Nazarene University. Before this, he was director of Campus Ministries for Nazarene Youth Ministries in Kansas City. From 1975 to 1979, he was director of church relations and admissions for Trevecca Nazarene College.

Estep has pastored churches in Eastern Kentucky and Tennessee. Under his leadership, three of those churches were honored by the denomination for outstanding growth.

In 1993, Estep was designated as a Certified Meeting Professional by the Convention Liaison Council. This is the highest honor of professional achievement in the meetings industry.

Ordained in 1971 on the Tennessee District, Estep is a graduate of Trevecca Nazarene College. Mount Vernon Nazarene College conferred the doctor of divinity degree upon him in 1993.

Estep and his wife, Ginger, have one daughter, Kim.

Accidents Claim Ministers/Spouses
Six Nazarenes recently died in the span of a week in an unusual series of unrelated traffic accidents in Indiana, Illinois, and Kentucky. Three of the victims were retired elders and a fourth was a second-career licensed minister.

Jack C. Barker, 50, pastor of Redkey, Ind., Church, died in Richmond, Ind., Oct. 13. Death was the result of injuries sustained when a grain trailer collided with Lee’s van. Services were held Oct. 18.

He is survived by two daughters, Carol Jeffers and Mrs. Ben (Sharon) Nale; a sister, Mrs. Earl (Hazel) Gregory; four grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren. Lee’s wife, Lorna Jean Hayward, passed away last January.

Lee’s 41 years of pastoral ministry were all served on the Illinois District.

Marvin Appleby, 69, Rosalyn Appleby, 68, Coolidge Grant, 70, and Clarice Grant, 68, were all fatally injured in an auto accident in Prestonsburg, Ky., Oct. 17. A joint funeral service for both families was held Oct. 21 in Overland Park, Kan., and his wife, Jamie, had two sons, James and Paul. The appointment was prompted by the election of Talmadge Johnson as Sunday School Ministries Division director.

Johnson Appointed to Tennessee
J. Dennis Johnson, 56, has been appointed superintendent of the Tennessee District, according to General Superintendent James H. Diehl. The action was taken by Diehl with approval of the Board of General Superintendents and in consultation with the Tennessee District Advisory Council.

He began his assignment Nov. 1.

Johnson had served as senior pastor of Nampa, Idaho, First Church since 1991. During this time, the church increased in morning worship attendance by 15 percent. Previous pastorate include: Kent, Wash.; I Overland Park, Kan.; Sacramento, Calif.; Tri-City, Calif.; and Banos, Calif. He ordained on the Central California District 1967.

Johnson ear the B.S. degree Texas Technological College and M.Div. and D.Min. at Nazarene Theological Seminary. He his wife, Ginger, have two sons, James and Paul.

The appointment was prompted by the election of Talmadge Johnson as Sunday School Ministries Division director.

Marvin Appleby’s five brothers, Elvin and George; Mrs. Grant’s mother, Janice Grant, who pastored on the Council of Church Relations was served on the Illinois District since 1970.

He had been serving as the Hester, Kentucky, Appley, who served all but two of the last 34 years in Kentucky, had been supplying the pulpit at Glasgow, Ky.

Marvin and Rosalyn (nee Hendershot) Appley are survived by a son, Charles; two daughters, Diana S. Beatty Rev. Appley’s two brothers, Elvin and George; Mrs. Rev. Appley’s two sisters, Elly and George, and James Hendershot; Mrs. Appley’s three sisters, Thelma Fix, Lane Lavender, and Mary Joan Hendershot; and three grandchildren.

Coolidge and Clarice (nee Aaron) Grant are survived by three sons, Bobby (pastor of Albany, Ky., Highway Church), Douglas, and David; Mrs. Grant’s sister, Janice Aaron; Rev. Grant’s mother, Ruby; and five grandchildren.
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