AN EDITORIAL

THE BIBLE deals carefully and flawlessly with life. Some of the greatest and most profound statements concerning life are found there. Here are a few of them:

"In him (Christ) was life and the life was the light of men."

"Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

"Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life."

These are related to Christ and life: Christ as the life; the fact that He came to bring it to men.

When you read of life you are reading of the supreme value.

When you consider life you are thinking about a superlative truth. When you search for life you are on the great quest.

The Revised Version brings it into focus in Matthew 16:26: "For what shall a man be profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and forfeit his life? or what shall a man give in exchange for his life?"

This verse places life as the supreme value. It is so.

The dearest virtue of Christianity is the fact that life is the prime value of time and forever.

Christ came to bring it. He did so. He provided and provides it for man. It is personal. Anyone who chooses Christ gets it. And the rest of time for that person is the grand adventure of living it.

The tragedy of sin is its disregard for life, its destruction of life and all in time that could assist in its fulfillment. Man and life are cheap in the sinning world. History, time, and the recorded deeds of humanity are the story of life sullied, weakened, distorted, and destroyed.

Perhaps we can generalize to say, that which lessens life is evil and that which enhances life is good.

You have life—but only one life. For your sake, live it well. It comes on Christ's terms and is lived on His conditions—and they are all good.

Happy is the person who decides for Christ and lives his days by the ethics of righteous living. I hope that this year you will really live!

Read again the great scriptures about life in both the Old and New Testaments. They are not only timeless they are daily.

Some you need to use nearly every day are:

"As righteousness tendeth to life: so he that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death" (Proverbs 11:19).

"And I gave them my statutes, and shewed them my judgments, which if a man do, he shall even live in them" (Ezekiel 20:11).

"... a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth" (Luke 12:15).

Yes, the Bible speaks to life—life for you. It tells how to find it. It shows how to keep it. It makes plain the way to live it.

It admits you don't know how long you may have it on this earth. It reminds you that you have only one life. No second chance if the first is thrown away.

Here in short statements are the life truths for us all to remember.

Life is Value Supreme because—

—God says so
— it is eternal
— you only have one
— its recompense is great.

Life
—is given to us day by day
—is won or lost by you.

So let us spend our days with living. Living on Christ's terms. Put Christ's way, grace, and love into common daily experience and live; really live, keeping the first things first.

The value of it all is waiting for us each one to use and enjoy.

LIFE—
THE SUPREME VALUE

"CHRIST CAME TO BRING IT."

by General Superintendent V. H. Lewis
OF COURSE I can’t remember being carried 15 miles to church in a baby basket on the seat of an old ’37 Chevy the first Sunday I was home from the hospital. But I remember lots of other Sundays when, through rain or shine, snow or rainbows, I went unquestioningly to Sunday School and church with Dad and Mom. We planned vacations around church activities, and never went so far from home on a Saturday that we couldn’t be in our home church Sunday morning.

I remember my teen years, too, when I did question family devotions, Wednesday night prayer meetings, Sunday School, church, and holiness standards. During those troubling, testing years, Mom always let me talk to her, but she never gave an inch. It made me angry at the time, but it kept my whole life focused on Christ and the church, and today I’m glad it did.

Mom never went past eighth grade, but I cannot remember a day of my life that she didn’t encourage her three boys to go to a Nazarene college. “If you only go for one year and meet a girl,” she said, “it would be worth it.” Because of that influence, I did go to a Nazarene college, and I’m glad I did.

Mom tried for five years to make a piano player out of me, but when I finally convinced her I’d rather sing, she sent me into the city for private voice lessons, instead, and I’m glad she did.

Mom loved world missions. She declined an offer in her youth to go to India as a missionary because it would have been under a condition not to preach holiness. Once, when I was 15, a copy of the Other Sheep missionary magazine arrived. Mom had me read it. Inside was a picture of several missionary kids sitting in a jeep next to a big man-killer tiger that missionary Cleve James had shot in India.

“Just think, Dale,” Mom said. “You never know. Someday you may marry one of those missionary girls.” She pointed to Emmalyn Carter, who was in the foreground of the picture. Neither Mom or I knew the Carters then, but today Emmalyn Carter German is my wife, and I’m glad she is.

Mom had the highest regard for preachers. I never heard her say anything negative about any of them. In fact, she took me to revivals, camps, zone rallies, crusades, and everywhere else just to hear somebody preach. She taught me that being a preacher was the best thing in the world and any mother would be proud to have a preacher for a son or daughter. I was a little slow finding my way, but at age 35, when I realized it was God calling me to preach, and not Mom, I answered with an instant, “Yes, Lord.” and I’m glad I did.

C. DALE GERMAN is pastor of the San Ramon Valley Church of the Nazarene in San Ramon, Calif.

My mom is not a “super mom.” She is one of the countless scores of mothers who are unsung heroines in God’s kingdom. These ladies possess the reality of Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior, then live (sometimes against great odds) as though their faith is the most important thing in life. And it rubs off on those around them.

The thing that I thank Mom for most is that she made Christianity believable to me. Through days of toil, nights of tears, agonies of disappointment, and relentless challenges, she just kept praying for strength and kept loving without reserve. Thanks, Mom! I’m glad you did.
Letters for this column must be brief and in good taste. Unsigned letters will not be used, but names will be withheld upon request. Address your letter to Editor, "Herald of Holiness," 6401 The Paseo, Kansas City, MO 64131.

Letters to an editor is a way of communicating with a large audience. It allows individuals to express their opinions and ideas on a wide range of topics. Whether discussing personal or societal issues, letters to an editor provide a platform for diverse voices to be heard. They serve as a conduit for dialogue and can influence public opinion or prompt action from those in power. 

In this issue, we're highlighting some letters from readers. These letters touch on various topics, from personal experiences to social issues. The diversity in perspectives is what makes these letters valuable. They reflect the range of viewpoints that exist within society and are an important part of the democratic process.

Let's dive into some of the letters featured in this issue. Each letter has something unique to offer, whether it's sharing a personal story, offering advice, or discussing a broader issue. We hope you find them as enlightening as we do.
THE AFTERNOON WAS DARK. It had been raining. I lay down on the couch in the den for a brief rest. The weather was cool. For warmth, I pulled over me a small afghan.

The past week had been more than full. After some almost sleepless nights, I needed to rest, but even now my mind was almost too busy to rest.

The design in the afghan cover caught my attention. Beautiful colors merged to form a pattern. Even rows of wool crochet created an intricate mosaic of stitches. Closer scrutiny revealed dozens, hundreds, maybe thousands of single stitches. Lighter shades blended into ever darkening hues. The effect was very pleasing. The whole coverlet revealed a gorgeous design—one obviously carefully planned.

As I contemplated the piece of art, it dawned upon me that the entire work was accomplished by taking one stitch at a time. And I realized that every single stitch was the work of my sainted mother’s hands.

These were the same precious hands which skillfully labored through the years to create a loving Christian environment for her family.

I began comparing the thousands of stitches in this lovely afghan to the myriads of services Mother performed in rearing her children. She started her plan very early. In fact, before the baby was born, she began careful preparation. Every stitch in the tiny pieces of layette spoke of love and welcome. And when the child came into this world, caring hands ministered to every need.

Supple hands cuddled the small infant. And each loving service to comfort the little newcomer formed a stitch in the design toward Christian personality.

As the child grew, Mother’s hands prepared food for building a strong body. With equal care, she made provision for developing mind and spirit.

Those dedicated hands were ready with pictures of Jesus, and the Bible—God’s book about Jesus. Simple stories introduced Him as one who loved little children.

MARY E. LATHAM is a retired Nazarene elder residing in Kansas City, Missouri. She has specialized in evangelism, children’s work, and writing.

Thus, deftly, lovingly, and prayerfully, my mother wove a pattern for foundations of faith in each life to which she gave birth.

Sometimes her love called for hands to restrain and correct when little feet strayed beyond the limits of safety and parental authority. But firmness was never mixed with anger, and discipline was always tempered with love.

Mother’s hands adapted to meet her children’s needs as they grew older. And sometimes there were challenges, but she never wavered in her faith in the outcome of her intricate work. The plan was beautiful. True, the pattern for each life was different. There was joy in working creatively with God, and in knowing that the “stitches” would come out right.

Mother and Father both claimed one promise from God’s Word as an outcome of true Christian parenting. Together they studied its meaning for them: “Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it” (Proverbs 22:6). “Up” to them meant more than words. U in the up stood for understanding how a child grows, learns, and develops.

So together they fashioned toys and other educational materials for their children. They provided opportunities for each child to develop inherent potential. They realized the importance of emphasizing positive values, of helping children to feel good about themselves.

My parents were also aware of the inclination to evil with which every person is born. They, therefore, sought to bring each child in touch with Christ’s redemptive power. And at an early age, each came to know Jesus as Savior and Lord. Usually, Mother’s knee was the place of prayer, and it was beautiful!

Of course, up-training meant patience and prayer. But there was assurance that each child, when mature, would discover God’s design for his or her life, and would not depart from it.

As this Mother’s Day dawns, I examine again the stitches in the warm afghan coverlet. And my heart burns with gratitude as I remember Mother’s investment in my own life.
"What must I do to be saved?"
(Acts 16:30)*

Jesus heals our sinful lives by His forgiving and renewing love.
Do you want this healing touch upon your life?
Take these simple steps.

**Acknowledge your need.**
You have sinned. “All have sinned and fall short of the glory of God” (Romans 3:23).
You cannot save yourself. “By the works of the Law no flesh will be justified in His sight” (Romans 3:20).

**Believe on Jesus Christ.**

He died for your sins. “Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures” (1 Corinthians 15:3).
“Christ also died for sins once for all, the just for the unjust, in order that He might bring us to God” (1 Peter 3:18).
Forgiveness comes through Him alone. “In Him we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of our trespasses” (Ephesians 1:7). “And there is salvation in no one else” (Acts 4:12). “Believe in the Lord Jesus, and you shall be saved” (Acts 16:31).

**Confess Jesus Christ as your Lord and Savior.**

Be baptized in His name. “Repent and let each of you be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ for the forgiveness of your sins; and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit” (Acts 2:38).
Be united with His people. “The Lord was adding to their number day by day those who were being saved” (Acts 2:47). “We, who are many, are one body in Christ and individually members one of another” (Romans 12:5).

If you wish counseling about this vital matter of spiritual healing, contact your nearest Church of the Nazarene.

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*All Scripture quotations are from the *New American Standard Bible.*

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**ABRAHAM LINCOLN** said, “No man is poor who has had a godly mother.” That is true of women, also. A praying mother is a precious gem. It’s one of the few riches the government has not yet figured out how to tax.

When Mother prays in faith, there are no barriers too great to keep her prayers from reaching God. “Whatever you ask for in prayer, believe that you have received it and it will be yours” (Mark 11:24, NEB).

When Mother prays, even a young child can be influenced. The best time to become a praying mother is nine months before your child is born. Then pray for and with your children from their babyhood on. Some occasions for prayer with a child are at mealtime, before they leave for school, when they’ve misbehaved, when they’ve had little childish hurts and disappointments, when they are ill, when they have reason to give thanks, and at bedtime.

I was a guest in a home where it was baby’s bedtime. As was her nightly custom, the young mother stood over the child’s crib, placed her hand gently on his back, and prayed aloud in simple words. That little one seemed to sense God’s presence. He neither squirmed nor cried. William Thackery in *Vanity Fair* said, “Mother is the name for God in lips and hearts of little children.”

When Mother prays, physical healing can take place. No physical problem is too small or too great for Mother to bring before the Lord, whether it’s a skinned knee or a life-threatening situation. All healing, whether a doctor is consulted or not, comes from the Lord. As evangelist C. William Fisher once said, in a radio sermon, “Divine healing—is there any other kind?”

Once, while my mother was buying groceries, one of her neighbors came running after her. My older

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LOLA M. WILLIAMS is a free-lance writer and a pastor’s wife at Sheridan, Illinois.
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN MOTHER PRAYS?

Mary, aged 7, was having another of her epileptic seizures, and no one knew what to do. But Mom did. As soon as she got home, Mom got down on the floor and fervently prayed that God would heal Mary completely right then. He did! She has never had another seizure in the almost 50 years since that prayer.

Mother’s prayers, combined with God’s healing touch, are the most potent medicine in the world! Blessed is the child whose mother knows how to reach the Great Physician, Jesus Christ.

When Mother prays, a spiritual healing can also take place. Many rebellious youths have finally come to know the Lord because Mother has been consistent and persistent in her prayers for them.

Early in the morning, after my stepfather went to work, Mom went back to their bedroom to pray. Though she was unaware of it, her “secret” prayers could be heard by half the neighborhood.

I would awaken in the wee hours of the morning hearing her call my name in prayer. “Oh, Lord,” she would pray, “get ahold of my wayward daughter. You know Lola isn’t living the way she should. Make her miserable with conviction and bring her back to You.”

I would toss and turn, cover my head, put my fingers in my ears to drown out her words, but I couldn’t. Anger would engulf me. I wanted to rush into her room, grab her by the shoulders, give her a shake, and say, “Leave me alone! I’ll live my life the way I please. Just keep me out of your old prayers!” Of course I never did, but I thought about it a lot.

One part of her prayer was being answered right then, I was plenty miserable. Eventually, I did get my feet down spiritually, and the rest of her prayer for me was answered. Now I often find myself saying, “Thank You, Lord, for a praying mother. I’m sure glad she didn’t give up on me.”

When Mother prays, adult children can feel the strength of those prayers. More than once I’ve heard people say, “After Mom went to heaven, I missed her prayers for me.”

While my husband was in college preparing for the ministry, we went through some trying times financially. One time especially stands out in my mind. Bills were due, our food supply was dwindling, and our boys desperately needed shoes. Money was scarce, and I was feeling low. Then the mail came, bringing a letter from Mom.

We had told no one but the Lord of our financial difficulties, but while Mom was praying for us, the Lord told her of our need. Years later I found out that she was going to send us some money, but the Lord checked her. He wanted us to learn to trust Him for our needs.

What He did instruct her to do was to write us and refer us to Psalm 37, particularly verse 25. It reads, “I have been young and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.”

That scripture was just the boost my faith needed. All in God’s time the bills were paid, new shoes were purchased, and our cupboards were filled. How thankful I am that Mom took time out each day, and still does, to pray for her grown-up “kids.”

While addressing a district assembly, Dr. Orville W. Jenkins said, “Every church can become an extraordinary church if they have some extraordinary praying.” I would like to paraphrase that to say, “Every home can become an extraordinary home if they have a mother who is doing some extraordinary praying.”

All kinds of wonderful things happen when mothers pray. If you have a praying mother, thank God for your blessings. If you are a praying mother, don’t let up. If you are a mother, but not a praying one, why not right now pray the sinner’s prayer of repentance? Then you can effectively pray for your children, be they infants, teens, or adults. Praying mothers are the secret weapon against the enemy (Satan) when he would cause the very foundations of our homes to crumble.

□
I CAME HOME from shopping recently, almost ready to give up on the human race. While taking our three teenagers to the grocery store only a few blocks from our house, we saw two cars run red lights, several cars make left turns on red lights—starting from behind the crosswalk, and a bicyclist almost hit by a car whose driver didn’t bother to look.

Pulling into the store parking lot, we saw in a pick-up truck a baby, perhaps three months old, in a car seat, with a boy about two sitting beside him—just the two children left alone. Walking towards the store, we saw the mother come out to the truck, carrying a large cake.

In the store I walked over to the greeting card counter while waiting for our children to cash a check at the bank. There at the card counter were three preschoolers, spilling their drinks on the cards, taking the cards out and putting them back in the wrong slot, and bending them. I mentioned it to the manager who said he would keep an eye on them, but I never did see a mother come to claim the children.

Going back out to the parking lot, we saw a young woman with several children getting out of a car parked in the “Handicapped” zone. None were handicapped.

It seems every time we go out I end up getting upset over something. The weekend before, my sister and I went to a K-Mart just before closing time and saw a little girl about two years old left alone in the car next to us, the doors unlocked.

These are things many of us see every day. We get upset, go home, gripe to someone, and then forget about it. However, this particular day it made me think, “What can I do about this?” Was there anything I could do as an individual to change things in our society?

The answer to this question came the next day when our minister preached a sermon on “Mothers—Their Plans, Prayers, Persistence, and Power.” It was this power, I realized, that could bring about this change.

Mothers have the power to change the world. Not by waving banners, not by walking in protest marches, not even necessarily by writing congressmen or making speeches. How? Through our children!

We can begin by teaching our children that prejudice of any kind is wrong—whether it be against color, social status, or physical and mental handicaps. We can teach them to be friends with those who have no friends, and to be loyal to their own friends, even when others may be talking about them.

We can teach them to respect the rights of others, including those with different beliefs. We can show them that even though they may not agree with someone, they can “disagree agreeably”; then can hear him out, and consider both points of view.

We can teach them to obey the laws, whether they be traffic laws—red lights, stop signs, no parking—or laws on curfew, against shoplifting, etc.

We can teach them that cheating doesn’t pay, whether on school tests or income taxes. It may look profitable now, but in later years they will be the losers.

We can teach them that they have to live with themselves. Words they say now can haunt them later. Classes they cut now, homework they do half-way now, will later make them into the kind of person they will be uncomfortable living with.

By being good parents ourselves, we can encourage our children to be good parents. Through family discussions, they will learn it is wrong to carelessly expose a child to danger by leaving him alone in a house or parked car when young.

We can teach them that vandalism isn’t free—someone has to pay. When they break or damage something in a store, someone pays for it in the end. Now it may be their parents who pay in increased food prices; someday it will be them. When vandalism hits schools, their parents pay now in increased school taxes; someday it will be them.

And we can teach them that when someone breaks
the law, someone has to pay, usually the innocent
person. A person runs a red light; the person going
through the green light gets hurt. A person drives
under the influence of liquor; a person driving sober
gets hurt. A person with no handicap parks in a
"handicapped" zone; a person with crutches or a
cane has to walk from the far end of the parking lot
to get to the store.
Yes, we as mothers do have the power to change
the world. This power is in our very own household.
If we start using it today, we will have a better world
to look forward to tomorrow.

by ERA S. ADDISON
SHARING OUR
TREASURES

M Y NINE-YEAR-OLD foster son, Greg, re-
cently taught me a great lesson about wit-
nessing. After Greg had lived in my household about
seven months, he was notified by our caseworker
that he was to be allowed a brief visit with his moth-
er, who lived several counties away. The caseworker
planned to pick up Greg at school and take him to her
office for the visit.

As the days drew nearer to the planned visit, Greg
tried to find something he could take to his mother.
Since he had helped my husband in planting several
rows of squash in our garden, he claimed the squash
patch as his own. Feeling that it might be a kind of
healing therapy for Greg to be able to give, I sug-
gested, "Take your mother some of your squash.
There's plenty for us and her, too."

Therefore, the evening before the visit Greg gath-
ered a considerable bag of the beautiful yellow squash
and placed them near his schoolbooks so he would
not forget them the next morning.

When we readied for our drive to school the next
morning, Greg came to the car carrying his books
and a large, full grocery bag. "Whatever is in that
bag?" I thought. "He didn't pick that many squash."
But I withheld my questions.

After the visit our caseworker brought Greg home.
Again he carried the schoolbooks and the large
grocery bag into the living room and placed them near his schoolbooks so he would
not forget them the next morning.

When we readied for our drive to school the next
morning, Greg came to the car carrying his books
and a large, full grocery bag. "Whatever is in that
bag?" I thought. "He didn't pick that many squash."
But I withheld my questions.

After the visit our caseworker brought Greg home.
Again he carried the schoolbooks and the large
grocery bag into the living room and placed them near the coffee table. I asked, "Did you have a good visit?
Did you mother like the squash?"

Greg responded with a simple "Yes," and ventured
no further information.

Three days later the grocery bag still sat on the
coffee table. "It's time to move this," I told Greg.
"What's in it, anyhow?" I started to open the bag,
doing it slowly so that I wouldn't stumble upon some
secret if Greg objected to my looking into the bag.

ERA S. ADDISON, a member of the First Church of the
Nazarene in Valdosta, Georgia, is a free-lance writer.

Just then I pulled out one of Greg's favorite records
and an old, worn towel that had been in the family
several years. Our own son and daughter, several
years older than Greg, had enjoyed the design on the
towel—Snoopy and other members of the Peanuts
gang. "Why did you have the towel in here?" I asked,
smiling.

"But you gave it to me! You said I could have it!"
Greg yelled at me as if I were threatening to take
away some prized treasure.

"Okay. It's all right! Did you want to show it to
your mother?" I asked.

"Yes, I just wanted to show her what I had," Greg
answered, his big blue eyes turned toward me as if
pleading for understanding.

My own eyes filled with tears, and I turned away to
hide my feelings as a wave of understanding flooded
me. Greg's words rang in my ears. "I wanted to show
her what I had," and my own mind added "these
pitiful treasures—a child's record and an old Snoopy
towel." But they were treasures to Greg. The three
treasures he had carried—squash, a record, and a
towel—said, "I am fed and there is food to spare. I
take baths and am clean and dry with a nice soft
towel. I get to hear music."

I wondered if we Christians are as effective as Greg
in witnessing. Do we take from our bag of spiritual
treasures and show to those dear to us what has been
provided for God's children? "There is food. I am
clean. There's a song. I just want to share my trea-
sures and let you know about the good things that
have come into my life." Jesus said, "A good man out
of the treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which
is good" (Luke 6:45).

Please, Lord, let me be aware of my own bag of
treasures. Let me know when and where to share.
And bless Greg, who has recently accepted you as
his Savior. One day he will be sharing that treasure,
too—the greatest treasure of them all.

ERA S. ADDISON, a member of the First Church of the
Nazarene in Valdosta, Georgia, is a free-lance writer.
A Mother's Prayers

HE LITTLE WINDUP TOY made a soft grinding noise as it came closer to the rocker of the chair where she was sitting. She was glad her husband had taken the time to make it for Legrand. It had only taken a few minutes to fashion it from a spool, a small stick, and a strip from an old inner tube. Already it had brought hours of pleasure to him. Just seconds before it would have crashed into the rocker, the sad-looking child intercepted it, and sent it grinding laboriously in the opposite direction.

Even at the age of four, he seemed to realize there was something very wrong with his little sister. She was so quiet and still. His mother was always with her, rocking or walking with her. He missed the time she spent reading to him, or making hot chocolate and tea cakes for him.

She arose very slowly as she heard a knock at the door. A splinter from the slat bottom chair caught her worn gingham dress and held it fast. She reached down and loosened it with one hand, as she held her sick child carefully with the other. Today her slow movements were not just coming from her gentle nature. Her last ounce of strength seemed to be gone. Her eyes were hollow sockets at the top of her high cheekbones. It was hard to believe that this tired, frail woman with the neglected stringy hair was barely out of her teens.

The baby didn’t make a sound as she gently laid her into the homemade cradle. It had been placed as near the open fireplace as possible, but still it was hard to keep her warm. The house was so drafty. Wood, like everything during the Depression, was hard to come by and used sparingly.

The kindly country doctor followed the young mother from the door. A splinter from the slat bottom chair caught her worn gingham dress and held it fast. She reached down and loosened it with one hand, as she held her sick child carefully with the other. Today her slow movements were not just coming from her gentle nature. Her last ounce of strength seemed to be gone. Her eyes were hollow sockets at the top of her high cheekbones. It was hard to believe that this tired, frail woman with the neglected stringy hair was barely out of her teens.

The doctor was checking for the child’s pulse. He glanced at her from one side and said, “Go to the kitchen and get some coffee and rest for a few minutes.”

Just as she started through the door, she turned and looked back. Was he really pulling the pillow from underneath her baby’s head? Was he really pulling the sheet over her face?

The kitchen was as cold as death. Death—the thought seemed to be everywhere. “But my baby can’t die,” she said under her breath. Without giving any thought she found herself on her knees praying, “Oh, God! Please don’t let my baby die. Please save my baby.”

A voice sounded very clearly saying, “You must first be saved.”

Was this voice speaking audibly to her or was it speaking to her heart? Either way, she knew it would require an immediate answer. “Lord,” she said, “if You will only save me and spare my child, and teach me how to raise my children, I’ll take them to church and teach them about You and Your love, even if I have to take them in rags and strings.”

“Mrs. Jordan, don’t cry so,” Alice Johnston was saying. “Your baby isn’t going to die. Dr. Hooks has already put the pillow back under her head, and the color is returning to her fingernails. And guess what? She has her eyes open!”

“Yes, I know,” the mother replied. “My baby is going to live.”

This happened 45 years ago. I’m living as evidence that God answered the prayer of a young mother who knew no place else to turn. I was too young to remember this actually happening, but I can remember scores of other times when He heard and answered her prayers. She has never learned of a better way of life. She kept her promise to God, down to the letter, even dressing us in the aforementioned fashion when necessary. We were clean, but often in rags and strings.

Three years after this incident, God sent Betty to Mama and Daddy. The economy was just a little
better. Daddy’s wages were just a fraction above what the WPA had paid. If every cent had been used wisely, it still would have been hard to keep the family going in rural South Carolina in those days.

Betty was such a joy to Mama. She was like a ray of sunshine piercing an overcast sky. She was born with a gift of laughter that was obvious almost from the very first day. As soon as she began to make sounds, she began to sing. Her happy, sometimes comical, shenanigans put sunshine into otherwise dark days for Mama.

Richard was born two years later, prematurely. No one had ever told Mama the mortality rate statistics for four-pound babies born at home. She had read in James 1:5-6: “If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering.”

So she made an incubator from a drawer taken from her dresser. The inside was lined with a quilt made from Daddy’s worn-out overalls. The outer covering was a blend of Mama’s love, patience, and prayers. Richard is now a Nazarene pastor.

Mama is still a simple uneducated lady, but she has the key to a storehouse of wisdom.

THE PORCH LIGHT

"Mother, why is the porch light on?"
My son, it shines for you
Through the weary hours before the dawn
As I wait the long night through.
My thoughts go back to the bygone days
To my innocent little child;
Dear God! how quickly his baby ways
Have been by the world defiled.

"Mother, how long will the porch light burn?"
Dear son, until you come home,
For my aching heart will forever yearn
Till your feet no longer roam.
My fervent, pleading, unceasing prayer
Is for God to protect my son,
And I hear His answer, "My child, I care"
As I murmur, "Thy will be done."

"Mother, is God’s light burning still?"
Oh, son! He loves you yet!
To draw you close is our Father’s will,
To rest without care or fret.
And God in His mercy will set you free
To serve Him in peace and joy;
To be the man that He made you to be,
My son, my beloved boy.

—MARGARET E. HUNTER
Thetis Island, British Columbia

IMPATIENCE WITH GOD

by ROSS W. HAYSLIP

A BUMPER STICKER proclaims the message, "Lord, Make Me Patient—and do it right now." Of all our impatience the most deadly is that which concerns God. Abraham became perturbed when God’s promise remained unfulfilled, so he took Hagar as a second wife and she bore a son named Ishmael. The impatience of Moses in smiting a rock cost him a trip to the Promised Land.

F. B. Meyer once said, “God’s delays are not God’s denials.” God was pleased to take 13 years to bring Joseph from prison to palace. Our Lord spent 30 years in preparation for 3 years of public ministry. He waited upon the Father’s will and direction for His life.

Another bumper sticker proclaims, “Be Patient with Me. God Isn’t Through with Me Yet.” Purity can be an instant experience but maturity is a slow process. Impatience is a decided mark of immaturity. James 1:4 tells us, “But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.”

We must realize that if God is working in us, and with us, we are engaged in eternal activity. When God wants to grow a mushroom He can do it overnight. If He chooses to grow a sequoia it will take thousands of years. Paderewski once said, “Before I was a genius I was a drudge.”

Michelangelo said, “If people knew how hard I work to get my mastery it wouldn’t seem so wonderful after all.” Alexander Hamilton, whose brilliance made history, said, “All the genius I have is merely the fruit of labor.”

I am human and finite and will never be able to fully comprehend the workings of God in my life. God has waited a long time for me to appear on the scene of my life and ministry, and He will wait for my maturing years. I need not sacrifice the permanent for the immediate. God has times as well as purposes, and if we fail to cooperate with His times we will frustrate His purposes.

If I pray for patience, I must let God develop me in His own manner and time. I must not heed means of measuring the passing of my days. As long as I live, God will be working on my personality, developing my patience. Hebrews 10:36 says, “For ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise.”

ROSS W. HAYSLIP is the pastor of the First Church of the Nazarene in Tucson, Arizona.
Jesus told us that when the Helper, the Holy Spirit, comes, He will teach us all things (John 14:26). One of the things He is teaching married couples is that there is a coping system which they can rely on in marriage. The foundation of this system is this matter of being wholly sanctified, with our marriage under the complete Lordship of Jesus Christ.

Jesus came to give abundant life, and that includes our most intimate relationship—our marriage. Thus within the heart and spirit of the Christian marriage there is the Source—the Spirit—the Helper, who empowers us.

The Soul of Our Marriage Can Speak

by J. Paul and Marilyn Turner

It took several years of married life before we grasped the impact of the Holy Spirit as our Teacher and Source. New areas kept surfacing in our awareness which we had never thought of submitting to His control. To be certain, the cleansing had been done; we willed to be wholly committed to His will. But in spite of those desires, we didn't know how to let Him continue His work in us—until almost simultaneously a new thought occurred to us: For change to happen in my spouse, it had to first happen in my own heart.

The spotlight of the Holy Spirit began focusing on specific areas of our relationship—areas like how we answered each other and how we disagreed.

Did He even know we had conflicts? What an exciting revelation it was to realize the Holy Spirit was wanting to become a part of our disagreements. He wanted to teach us how they could become creative in our relationship instead of driving us apart.

For almost seven years preceding this awareness, we had been deeply involved with couples whose marriages were breaking. Perhaps our Helper was trying to tell us something. Our hearts ached for each couple as their differences boiled down to either one or both wanting to claim lordship of his or her own life. Similar to the rich young ruler, they went away sorrowful, not being able to hand every kingdom of their hearts over to the Lord. We became convinced that only as Christ remained complete Lord of our own lives could we feel safe. One by one those marriages died, families were divided, and hearts were broken and scarred.

Our hearts were heavy and many tears were shed in behalf of our friends who, seemingly, we were unable to help. But a far more redemptive thing happened in our own marriage. Not only were we made aware of our own beautiful relationship, but we were convinced that our precious Lord himself was responsible for it. Another revelation was that in order to have any assurance that our relationship would stay beautiful, we had better get serious about intentionality. And the Helper, the Source, would walk right beside us to teach.

At the outset of this article we mentioned a coping system. And we have dealt with the Spirit-filled life as first priority. But there are four other foundations of the coping system which couples must be working on together.

The next priority is responsible communication. We are destined to use this complex science to say what we really mean. But few of us have cultivated the skill of saying what we mean in a responsible way; therefore we miscommunicate. Since miscommunication rarely gets talked about, conflict occurs in our marriages.

Where there is a local church marital health ministry empowered by the Holy Spirit, couples can learn the skill of responsible communication. We must not assume that competence to communicate interpersonally is acquired instantaneously. Rather, this is a growing, maturing process taught us by the Holy Spirit and other significant teachers.

Paul instructs us, “Let your conversation be full of grace, seasoned with salt, so that you may know how to answer everyone” (Colossians 4:6, NASB). How often the Holy Spirit prods us to speak to our mates in a grace-giving way which abounds with unmerited favor. This is where the real work begins in marriage. It is tough work, but whoever said building relationships would be easy? It is through this kind of work that the fruit of the Spirit reaches maturity. The couple practicing the relational work of Christ-likeness will bear much fruit.

The third foundation is closely related to responsible communication. It is the process of cultivating better ways to deal with our differences. When the Lordship of Christ is sought in our disagreements, we learn to value His solution, not our own.

If we feel like we have “won,” chances are we have really lost. It is not a good feeling to be the winner.
in disagreement with a person we love. With an irrevocable, Christ-centered commitment to each other, we can learn to handle our disagreements in a creative way.

A fourth foundation in the coping system is a commitment to intentional growth. It is one thing to submit blindly to the inevitable changes in our lives, it is quite another to deliberately cooperate in directing those changes toward spiritual and marital growth. If we intentionally choose the latter, we have embarked on a threesome journey with the Lord Jesus Christ. John Claypool suggests this is the way God meant for us to grow up and to grow on.

A fifth and extremely significant foundation in the coping system is the matter of self-esteem and other-esteem in the marriage relationship. This is comprised of the valuing attitudes we hold about ourselves, each other, and God. These attitudes drastically affect each other. Dr. Sidney Jourard suggests that couples destroy themselves in response to invitations generating from each other to stop living. Our verbal and nonverbal messages are either giving invitations of life or of death to each other.

Our challenge is to take seriously the need for a marital health ministry that reflects these five foundations. It is the pursuit of a delightful, yet oftentimes rugged journey through life. The bedrock for the journey is a Person.

“This is what the Lord says: ‘See, I lay a stone in Zion, a tested stone, a precious cornerstone for a sure foundation; the one who trusts will never be dismayed’” (Isaiah 28:16, NIV).

Just a Cup of Water

by OLIVIA LILES

I SAT ALONE in the corridor of the liberal arts building and waited for my next class to begin. I was almost oblivious to the young, jeans-clad students who moved about me, laughing and talking.

“I should quit!” I thought bitterly. “These kids are so carefree. This is no place for a mother with grown children.”

I picked up one of my books and tried to study, but the words blurred before my eyes. All I could see was the worried expression in the eyes of my oldest son. All I could hear were the words, “Suspended . . . Thief . . .”

“No! No!” I wanted to scream, “Not my son!”

I reached for my purse and searched for change, only to realize I had left home in such a state of mind I had forgotten coffee money. I turned back to my book, staring at the page.


Suddenly I felt a hand on my knee and I looked up into the kind eyes of my English professor.

“Can I help?” she asked softly.

I shook my head and turned away.

“If you ever feel like talking about it,” she whispered, “I’m here.”

OLIVIA LILES is a free-lance writer and lives in Laurinburg, North Carolina.

Then she reached in her own purse and handed me a quarter.

“At least let me buy you a cup of coffee,” she said gently.

As I watched her walk away, I could no longer hold back the tears. How could she have possibly known? I had talked to no one.

Moments later, as I felt the soothing heat of that first sip, I remembered Mark 9:41: “For whosoever shall give a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward.”

Through the tears, I smiled.

“Could that also mean a cup of coffee, too, Lord?” I asked. “Because I do belong to You.”

In that golden, fragile moment, amid the hustle of a modern college campus, I was reassured that my Heavenly Father knows what I need, and He cares, and if He cares about the “little” things He is surely able to take care of the “big” things.

Weeks later when everything was better, I was able to go into the professor’s office and say, “Thank you.”

“I knew you would make it,” she said.

But only the Lord and I knew how much “just a cup of coffee” had helped me through a bad time.
ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON, almost three years ago, I sat in a chair near my mother’s bed in a hospital room. Outside, a warm spring rain was doing its best to rid the earth of the last vestiges of winter. Inside, my mood matched the weather. It was humid, and my blouse stuck to the back of the chair, but I sat there almost unaware of the discomfort, my unopened Bible in my lap.

Beside me, the slow, even breathing of my mother told me that she had finally drifted into sleep. In my heart, bitterness raged and questions rose, until it took an almost superhuman effort to keep from screaming them out.

I had been to church that morning, and although I had sensed the moving of the Holy Spirit in an unusual way, it hadn't touched me. Around me, people were crying and raising their hands. Some were praising the Lord! I saw fear and confusion in her eyes. She had been having mini-strokes all along, but they were not really noticeable until now.

Within two weeks the diagnosis was complete. In addition to diabetes, and rapidly approaching blindness, she had progressive Parkinson’s Disease. The broken arm would heal, but 45 to 60 percent brain damage had occurred.

Scene after scene tumbled through my mind in rapid sequence that rainy Sunday afternoon as I sat in that hospital room. I could not stifle the question, WHY? I thought of Mother’s life. She accepted the Lord as her personal Savior when a child, and had never forsaken Him. I grew up knowing the name of Jesus. I couldn’t remember when I first learned to pray. My mother had taught me. Now, after a lifetime of serving God, this was the final result. It didn’t seem fair. I decided to tell God exactly how I felt, even if He struck me down. At that point, I didn’t care.

In a barely audible voice I began. “God, I’m really sorry, but at this moment, I’m not very happy at the way You’re handling things. I can’t take much more. My mother cries out in fear at frightening things she thinks she sees. We both are crying out to You. Where are You? I feel so cold and dead. Will I ever experience feeling again, or hope, or joy? Please, God, give me a little sign that You are working in even this horrible situation. I’m sorry that I feel this way, God, but I won’t lie to You. I really do.”

After my little speech, I sat very still. I noticed that the rain had stopped. A washed-out sun was doing its best to peek out from behind a cloud. A sense of deep quietness filled me, almost a sense of peace. A faint voice began to sing, “Amazing grace, How sweet the sound, that saved a wretch like me; I once was lost, but now I’m found. Was blind but now I see.” I turned in utter disbelief as Mother sang verse after verse. Tears filled my eyes. After the song, she began to quote Scripture: Psalm 23 and Psalm 91, her favorites.

By this time her roommate was awake, peering from behind the curtain separating their beds, and listening in fascination. She had visitors, too, but they had stopped talking, and all were watching and listening to my mother. After the psalms, my mother...
began to quote a poem she had learned in Sunday School when she was 10 years of age. I had never heard it before. Verse after verse she quoted with deep emotion. An unseen finger had touched a hidden spring of memory, and it flowed forth rich, clear, and perfect. Before it ceased, several nurses had tiptoed into the room to listen. There were tears in many eyes but most of them in mine.

My mother dropped into sleep, and I fled into a deserted corner of the hall near a tiny window. I laid my head against the cool tiled wall as the tears came, and I thanked the Heavenly Father who loved me enough to send a special sign when I needed it most. I asked for forgiveness and I knew that I received it as soon as I asked.

True, my mother's body was wasting away. Her brain was slowly dying. Ah, but her spirit was very much alive, and communicating with God. That part of her would never die.

Hope sprung up within my spirit that day, after a long winter of death and doubt and despair. My tears had stopped, and I wiped my eyes and glanced out at the newly washed world and marveled at the beauty of it. For there, stretched across the arch of the heavens, was a rainbow. My heart flooded with happiness. God, who loved me enough to give me a special sign, had taken time to paint me a rainbow.

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HOLY RAIN
Rain
gently falling,
touching lightly the grasses,
trees, and flowers,
barely meeting the need
after the long dryness.
Torrents,
not drops, are needed,
gushing into the roots,
soaking up the soil,
giving freshness and life
to all it touches.
Holy Spirit,
be my rain—
Drench me!

—JUDY HARVEY
Bloomington, Minnesota

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Book Brief

THE PENTECOST HYMNS OF JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY

TIMOTHY L. SMITH, author

DEVOotional thoughts about 32 hymns of the Wesley brothers, John and Charles, make up this book prepared especially for the Pentecost season.

"For more than a decade before [his conversion], John Wesley and his brother and other young members of the Holy Club had been seeking 'the holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord' (Hebrews 12:14). . . . They discovered very early that the central promise of biblical religion, in the Old Testament and the New, was a gift of the hallowing, right-making Spirit . . ." These words from author Timothy Smith sum up the beginnings of the Wesley's search for perfect love, that later flowered into the classic hymn, "Love Divine, All Loves Excelling."

Smith has chosen hymns which center on themes of Pentecost. The selection includes the very familiar, as well as those that many may never have heard before. The verses are printed in full, and are well-suited for reprinting in bulletins (for congregational singing), as well as for devotional reading. Many deserve a spot in newsletters or other pieces as poetic filler. Another use might be to feature a "Wesley Hymn of the Month." This would certainly draw attention to the great wealth of poetic, spiritual insight found in these lyrics. Music is not included.

The key theme throughout this book is the availability of the Holy Spirit for all who will trust in Christ and who, in turn, will accept His gift of a holy heart and life. Dr. Smith, a Nazarene elder and historian on the faculty of Johns Hopkins University, has prepared a brief introduction and informal notes which precede each hymn.

Pastors, be sure to have a copy of THE PENTECOST HYMNS OF JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY for your sermon preparation and devotional reading; lay men and women, send for your copy as a wonderful companion to your Bible reading and Sunday School lesson preparation.

Beacon Hill Press of Kansas City
To order, see page 23.
Above the tinkling silver and crystal of the Dublin, Ireland, restaurant the accent was unmistakably American.

"You are from America?"

"Yes, Portland, Oregon."

"Is that near Canby, Oregon?"

The Irishman asked eagerly.

"It's only a few miles away. Do you know someone there?"

The Irishman drew himself up proudly and beamed. "I've never met him personally, but I buy bulbs from Grant Mitsch who lives there. He's the Daffodil King of the World."

But modest Grant Mitsch thinks of himself as anything but a king. He seeks to maintain a spirit of humility, reflected in his quiet service to God, King of his life.

Geri Hess Mitsch is a freelance writer and works with her brother-in-law at Daffodil Haven. Her home is in Aurora, Oregon.

He became a Christian when he was only nine years of age. Extremely shy, Grant felt he could do little for God. Certainly he could never teach a Sunday School class! But God, who has a way of taking our weakness and demonstrating His strength, put His hand on the timid lad's shoulder.

In obedience, Grant Mitsch tenaciously struggled through those first few lessons. Since then he has not only taught Sunday School classes for many years, but he also has held various church offices from Sunday School superintendent to chairman of the Board of Trustees at the modest Church of the Nazarene in Canby, Ore., home of Daffodil Haven.

As a boy growing up in Kansas, Grant Mitsch had dreams of becoming an ornithologist. Hundreds of hours were spent bird-watching and memorizing bird calls from a recording cranked out on the old family phonograph.

One day he recognized the call of a woodthrush—a bird he had never seen. Like a bloodhound, he pursued the sound for three or four miles until at last sound merged with sight.

At age 18 he moved with his parents to Brownsville, Ore., where a Presbyterian minister introduced him to bulb-growing. After winning prizes for his gladiolas for many years, he sold the business to concentrate on what was becoming his greater love—hybridizing daffodils. So intense became his interest that it was to consume his patient energies for more than half a century.

"Daffodil King" rightly describes this man who has introduced over 300 new daffodils and...
Mitsch's superb catalog photography demonstrates the same meticulous care which made him a straight-A student in school and an accomplished hybridizer. Leslie Hawkins, a botanist and commercial photographer in Brownsville, Ore., whetted his appetite for perfection, and taught him also how to prepare solution for colored photography before Eastman introduced color to the public. The 4,000 catalogs mailed out annually display some amazingly true-to-color photographs of Amy's daffodil arrangements.

Their customers are as varied as the daffodils. Some save their pennies to buy bulbs. Others come from positions of wealth, such as the Chairman of the Board of Standard Oil of New Jersey.

People come from all over the world to see the striking fields in bloom—such as the Tasmanian doctor who timed his cancer-research trip to the United States to coincide with the spring blooming season. Visitors can enjoy Mitsch's ongoing love affair with birds as they walk down a row of daffodils alphabetized by bird names: Bobolink, Chickadee, Sandpiper. Inside the house, they can find an excellent library of more than 150 books pertaining to birds. The library also reflects another love: the Word of God. Sixteen complete versions of the Bible share space with over 40 New Testament versions or translations.

Whether visitors come from New Zealand or nearby Salem, they have learned to respect Mitsch's Christian character, the hallmark of his profession. During those spring days when customers "Oh" and "Ah" their way through the fields to place their orders for fall delivery of bulbs, they know they cannot do any business on Sunday, no matter how far they have come. That day is sacredly set apart for God.

Officially Grant Mitsch has now retired, but one can still see his tall lean frame bent over his beloved daffodils as he putters around with more hybridizing or provides expert advice to his daughter and her husband who have taken over the business. In his final year, he sent bulbs to the world-famous Butchart Gardens in Victoria, British Columbia; to our own White House in Washington, D.C.; and to Buckingham Palace in London—a fitting climax for the "Daffodil King of the World," who for 50 years cooperated with God to bring beauty to the world through daffodils. □
GOD WILLS GOOD HOMES

God created the first family when He joined Adam and Eve as husband and wife. Eden was more than a garden, it was a home.

That home was forfeited by sin, that family was desolated by murder and plunged into sorrow. Nevertheless it survived, for hope endured.

From Eden to your place, God has been concerned about the family. When His only Son came to earth, He did not parachute from the skies as an alien being. He was "born a babe on Bethlehem's plain," and reared in a Jewish home as part of a close-knit family. Jesus Christ, by His own experience, has elevated and dignified family life forever.

When He was dying on the Cross, He committed His grief-stricken mother to the care of a compassionate disciple, who "from that hour . . . took her unto his own home." Christ wanted His mother in the supportive embrace of a believing family.

At its best the Church is a family, "the household of God." There we find mature saints, mothers and fathers in the faith, nurturing and directing the youth and children, those who are more recently converts to Christ. At another level, all are brothers and sisters, redeemed by one Savior, and living under the loving rule of one Father. The Church is "the whole family" of God "in heaven and earth."

A beautiful passage from Psalms tells us that God "sets the solitary in families." Each individual develops best within a circle of mutual love, support, acceptance, and tributary experiences. Not as solitary, but as family members we achieve our highest good.

Two conclusions may be drawn from this. We ought to encourage whatever helps to produce strong families, whatever bonds people together in caring love and moral values which reflect God's purpose for our homes.

And we ought to oppose all that would weaken and destroy healthy family life. Whatever opposes God and contradicts the Bible is an enemy of the home.

DISGRACEFUL DOCTORS

I read the other day a chilling, saddening statement. According to a news article some doctors have now reduced their practice to abortions. They treat no patients, they perform no surgeries, they engage in no research. Their whole careers are now a matter of vacuuming human life from the wombs of women unwilling to be inconvenienced by the birth and rearing of children. These doctors find abortions so easy and lucrative that their full time, professionally, is spent performing them.

Think of it! All the years of learning and training, all the resources of skill and talent, are devoted to one end, the destruction of human life for the sake of money. Cities and towns all over the world need doctors. There aren't enough "healers" to provide sick, injured, and dying people with needed medical service. And in the face of this appalling hurt and need, some doctors are so insensitive, greedy, and amoral that they do nothing but abortions!

From the moment of conception, the life that is present in a woman's womb is human life. According to Scripture, it is God's creation-gift and has peculiar sanctity and value. The Church holds that this human life is not to be destroyed except for very radical reasons, such as the saving of the mother's life. It is depressing to realize that millions of abortions are performed annually which can only be labeled "convenience abortions."

Such abortions are a wanton destruction of human life for which there is no moral justification. A doctor who forsakes the ill and injured to enrich himself doing convenience abortions is scarcely different, morally, from the Mafia hit-man who gets his money by "blowing away" persons unwanted by his employers.

These doctors and their careers are heartless blows against family and society. They help to hasten the certain judgment of the holy God upon nations who value pleasure above human life. They disgrace the medical profession. Perhaps they serve one good purpose indirectly—they make us appreciate doctors who are dedicating their learning and skill to helping the sick and hurt.

18 HERALD OF HOLINESS
We substitute reforms for regeneration, and regardless of our kind aims, the patient worsens. A compassionate massage won’t heal a broken bone.

**FAITHFULNESS**

“The fruit of the Spirit is faith.”

Every modern English translation I consulted reads “faithfulness,” except the New English Bible which reads “fidelity”—the same thing. Commentators agree with translators. Paul has reference here, not to the act of faith by which one is justified, but to the life of faithfulness by which faith is demonstrated.

To be a faithful person is to be dependable, responsible, honest, loyal. Faithfulness describes the person who serves the Lord through thick and thin.

Scripture declares that “God is faithful.” The Spirit of God, residing in our hearts and presiding over our lives, reproduces in us the character of God.

Faithfulness will be severely tested. Christianity is not a bed of roses. After all, Christ wore a crown of thorns. By every means at his disposal, Satan will attempt to wrest us from the Lord. For that reason we are exhorted, “Be faithful unto death.” The fruit of the Spirit is a loyalty to Christ and His Church that prefers death to dishonor or desertion.

In the Judgment, our Lord’s highest commendation will be, “Well done, good and faithful servant.” By the Spirit’s life within us, we can be “faithful to the Lord,” which simply means continuing obedience to “the faithful word” by which He feeds and leads us.

Such fidelity requires more than human resolution and courage. Simon Peter was sure of his loyalty to Jesus. Why, he would die rather than deny Him! But deny Him he did, when the pressure became intense. The breach of fidelity filled his heart with shame and his eyes with tears. Then came the day of Pentecost, when Simon Peter was filled with the Holy Spirit. From then on, he faced courts, prisons, torture, and death without wavering.

We can be loyal to the Lord, whatever the circumstances of trouble and threat we are passing through, if we are filled with the Spirit.

**MOTHER’S LAWS**

Proverbs 1:8 exhorts: “Forsake not the law of thy mother.” By precept and example my mother impressed some laws upon my mind that are unforgettable.

She taught me the law of misdirected energy: *Motion is no substitute for direction.*

Mother wanted to learn to drive and Dad wouldn’t teach her. One day she loaded the four kids into our rather primitive automobile, got under the wheel, started the engine, and slowly backed out of the drive into the street. She managed to get out of town into the country, and gave herself her first driving lesson. Things went well until she reentered the drive. She left a long scar on the side of the house. A bit rattled, she failed to get the car stopped in time. The front end extended through the broken back wall of the garage. She had sworn us to secrecy, but somehow my dad knew she had used the car.

Progress is motion and direction. A Christian or a church is not making progress just because they are busily in motion. They may be just going in circles.

Mother taught me the law of misplaced affection: *Kindness without knowledge is dangerous.*

She was a tender, compassionate nurse. But when she tried to be doctor and diagnostician, she was sometimes a quack. I injured my shoulder playing football. She checked me over, and said, “Move it.”

I painfully, carefully moved it a little.

“Move it.”

I swung my arm in a circle and nearly passed out. “It’s not broken,” she said cheerfully. “I’ll give you a rubdown.”

With linament that would have sufficed for a mule, she twice massaged that shoulder. The next day, X-rays showed that the collar bone was broken clear through.

We substitute reforms for regeneration, and regardless of our kind aims, the patient worsens. A compassionate massage won’t heal a broken bone.
COMMUNITY. This lady and her teenage boys were waiting for the door to open, I kept thinking of all our church service. If I agreed to go, but as Betty, Juanita, and I stood waiting for the door to open, I kept thinking of all the horrible rumors that were going around in our community. This lady and her teenage boys were accused of killing her husband, their father, in a very gruesome way. As the door opened I was shocked. I had expected a large, cold-looking woman; instead, there stood a tiny lady not weighing over 90 pounds.

She seemed delighted to see us and asked us inside. The first thing I noticed was a Bible on the kitchen table where she was sitting. She talked of her boys as her concern was so great. Kate began Sunday, and that our people would accept her. She was the first to arrive at the altar service she went to pray. She prayed mostly for her boys, and prison life is hard. But our pastor and people have been faithful to try and encourage her.

I was trying to read in it. She desperately needed help. We invited her to our church which was only a mile from her house. She said she would be there on Sunday. We asked our pastor to call on her also. Juanita, Betty, and I shared the burden and prayed earnestly that Kate would be in church on Sunday.

When Sunday came, Kate was there. During the altar service she went to pray. She prayed mostly for her boys as her concern was so great. Kate began to attend every service. She was the first to arrive and the last to leave. Her need for Christian fellowship was so great.

Then the day came when Kate went to the altar and prayed for forgiveness. What a beautiful sight! Thank God, there is no sin too great to be forgiven. I know the angels rejoiced.

She had met her and couldn’t get away from Kate’s lost and lonely look. I asked me to be a part of it. □

Rev. R. J. Nikkel
Kelseyville, California

CORRECTION
A letter was printed in the March 1 issue over the name of Mrs. Walter Dawns. The name should have been Mrs. Walter (Dawn Titus) Lang.

LOST AND LONELY
by JEAN MAULDIN

MY HEAD was in a spin. I kept asking myself, “What am I doing here, knocking on the door of someone accused of murder? It had started two weeks earlier, when a friend, Betty, asked me if I would call on Kate with her. She had met her and

A letter was printed in the March 1 issue over the name of Mrs. Walter Dawns. The name should have been Mrs. Walter (Dawn Titus) Lang.

"By All Means... Save Some"
Don Watson, member of the Dayton, Ohio, First Church, has been selected by the Outstanding Young Men of America program. This program bases its selection on leadership, community service, professional and civic recognition. Don serves as adult director at Dayton First Church and is involved in Men in Missions. He has done mission work in Haiti.

Don is a past member of the Tipp City Planning Board. He is employed by the U.S. Post Office and is a realtor. He and his wife Mary make their home in Tipp City, Ohio.

Rev. Robert L. Rawlins, pastor of the Ashtabula, Ohio, Edgewood Church, has accepted the position of adjunct instructor of systematic theology at the Cleveland Center for Theological Education, located on the campus of Cleveland State University.

The center is sponsored by Ashland Theological Seminary and serves students who are seeking degree credits at Ashland Theological Seminary and Doctor of Ministry degrees at the Methodist Theological School of Ohio and the Trinity Lutheran Seminary in Columbus, Ohio. Rev. Rawlins’ duties began at the center on March 25 of this year. This new teaching position will be in addition to his continuing responsibilities as pastor of the Edgewood Church.

John Biggers is music director and church board secretary of Sacramento, Calif., North Church. He was recently named an honorary committee man to serve with Major General Dewey K. K. Lowe, senior military officer of the West Coast, to plan a community dinner and welcome the Secretary of the United States Armed Forces, Erne Orr, in his March visit to Sacramento.

Biggers is also president of the Sacramento Metropolitan Industry Education Council which helps to prepare disadvantaged youths, ages 14 to 17, for job opportunities in business and industry. Since the project was started in June of 1980, the council has found employment for 421 young people.

He is also a member of the Sacramento District Advisory Board and is the district secretary. John and his wife, Esther, have been members of the Sacramento North Church for over 30 years.

CREW ELECTED TO CSC BOARD

Rev. Robert Crew, director of Life Income Services/Division of Finance, was elected to the Board of Directors of the Christian Stewardship Council at their recent annual meeting in Kansas City.

The CSC represents Christian organizations which qualify under section 501c of the Internal Revenue Code as giving tax exemption for gifts received.

The primary aim of the CSC is to promote active stewardship among Christian groups. Registered delegates at the Kansas City meeting numbered 250 and represented 109 organizations. Representatives from 24 nonmember groups were also present.

LILLENAS HONORED AT DOVE AWARDS CEREMONY

More than 30 years after his death, Haldor Lillenas’ songs are still being sung on the hills of God. Together with many of his contemporaries of his era, his songs are sung all over the world both as songwriter/composer.

Many of Dr. Lillenas’ songs were written during his years as a pastor, some of them being inspired by testimonies of members in his congregations. He looked back on his three years at Indianapolis First Church, where he decided to begin his own music publishing company, as his most successful pastorate.

When Lillenas left Indianapolis, he devoted the next 25 years to producing and publishing music. The Lillenas Publishing Company was purchased by the Nazarene Publishing Company in 1950, under the direction of M. S. Lunn. Dr. Lillenas became director of the new Music Department of NPH, and his first job after moving to Kansas City was to produce an official Nazarene hymnal. Glorious Gospel Hymns contained 81 songs by Dr. Lillenas.

Because of Haldor Lillenas’ contribution to music, Olivet Nazarene College in Kankakee, Ill., conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Music. Dr. A. E. Sanner, former superintendent of the Los Angeles District, said in 1950, “He was gifted of God, and then given by God to the Christian world in general, and to the Nazarenes in particular.”

Dr. D. I. Vanderpool, retired general superintendent, said at his funeral, “The value of his contribution to the church and to the cause of Christ through sacred song and music can never be told. . . . There was a constant flow of sacred song springing from the fountain of his poetic soul . . . .” And Haldor Lillenas himself wrote in “Requiem,” “Though my body sleeps beneath the rain-swept sod / I shall still be singing on the hills of God.”

The Dove Awards ceremony was begun in 1969 to honor great names in gospel music. The Nominating Committee is made up of persons from all facets of gospel music: traditional, contemporary, inspirational, and black.

Haldor Lillenas
The commission members are shown: (seated l. to r.) Don Black, Long Beach, Calif.; Wilfredo Manaois, Philippines; Thane Minor, director, Finance Division; Mary Alvarado, Puerto Rico; L. Guy Nees, director, World Mission Division; William M. Greathouse, general superintendent. Standing (l. to r.) are Richard Zanner, Africa; E. V. Dlamini, Swaziland; Mannfred Dannewitz, Germany; Gordon Wetmore, Kansas City; Robert Rimington, Canada; B. Edgar Johnson, general secretary; John White, Australia; Eugene L. Stowe and Jerald D. Johnson, general superintendents. Not able to attend the session were Ozier Perales, Peru, and Paul Orjala, Nazarene Theological Seminary missions professor.

INTERNATIONALIZATION COMMISSION MEETS

The Internationalization Commission met in Kansas City, at the King Conference Center, February 25-26. General Superintendent Eugene L. Stowe is chairman of the commission, and B. Edgar Johnson was chosen its secretary.

Plans for the commission work include the preparation of a “position document” for discussion in the Regional Conference ordered by the 1980 General Assembly. Also, by 1984 the commission is to prepare a report to the 1985 General Assembly, which will further explain how internationalization is being involved in the application of the mission of the church, and essential beliefs and practices of the church around the world, through general, regional, and district structures.

The Kresge Foundation, Troy, Mich., recently sent a check for $200,000 to Olivet Nazarene College toward the construction of the Larsen Fine Arts Center. Rev. Roy F. Quanstrom, chairman of the Division of Fine Arts. On the back of the check, Mr. Stanley Kresge had penned the note, “In the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ.” The auditorium in the Fine Arts Center will seat 600. The center will have teaching studios for music, student practice rooms, choral and instrumental ensemble rooms for rehearsal, classrooms, and art studios. The cost of the $3 million building is being supported by generous giving from the 840 churches in the Olivet region, by alumni and friends, business firms in the Kankakee area, and foundation grants like this major gift from the Kresge Foundation. President Leslie Parrott said the building will be completed free of long-term debt and will be dedicated in the fall as one of the events of Olivet’s 75th Anniversary Year, 1982-83.

DISTRICT IN SOUTH INDIA HAS FIRST ASSEMBLY

On January 15, 1982, Dr. Donald Owens, Asian and South Pacific Region director, opened the first assembly of the Karnataka/Andhra Pradesh District.

Rev. Bronell A. Greer was reappointed district superintendent. Mr. Chandy was elected as district NYI president; Mr. Christudass was elected as district chairman of Christian life; and Mrs. Kshma Jayaraj was elected president of NWMS.

The following were elected to the District Advisory Board: Rev. B. A. Greer, chairman; Rev. S. Dinakaram, Mr. S. D. Prasad, Mr. Franklynn Jayaraj, and Mr. N. S. Xaviour.

There are five organized churches in Karnataka, with three pastors. Four evangelists reach the villages with the gospel of Christ.

—S. Dinakaram reporter

NAZARENE BUILDERS MEET

Kenith B. Fausz, a contractor/builder from Fort Wayne, Ind., was elected president of the international Association of Nazarene Building Professionals at their annual convention February 10-13 in New Orleans.
New international officers of the ANBP are (l. to r.) Kenyth Fausz, president; Tom Schriber, secretary; Wayne Roberts, first vice-president; Hubert Herron, associate vice-president; Carl Gaede, second vice-president; and James Couchenour, treasurer.

Mr. Fausz is a member of the Fort Wayne, Ind., South Side Church. His company concentrates on church design and construction.

He succeeds Mr. Jerome Richardson of Loogootee, Ind., as international president.

Other international officers elected at the fourth annual ANBP Convention are Wayne Roberts, Research Triangle Park, N.C., first vice-president; Carl Gaede, Pasadena, Calif., second vice-president; Hubert W. Herron, Slidell, La., associate vice-president; Thomas Schriber, Glen- dora, Calif., secretary; and James R. Couchenour, North Lima, Ohio, treasurer.

Jerome Richardson, as past president, continues on the International Executive Committee. Other former international presidents are James Couchenour of North Lima, Ohio, and John Westmoreland of Dallas, Tex.

The first annual international officers Pioneer Award was presented to Rev. George Schriber of Alta Loma, Calif., for his longtime service as a church designer and builder.

He pastored churches on the Colorado, Arizona, and Ohio districts and served his church as an evangelist and church consultant for 36 years, being involved in approximately 700 church building projects in the United States and abroad.

Mr. C. Ray Bowman, editor of Church Building Sourcebook 2, presented the first volume to Dr. Eugene L. Stowe, responsible general superintendent for the Division of Church Growth.

Dr. Stowe was also the recipient of the first volume of Sourcebook 1 when it was introduced three years ago.

Sourcebook 2, like its predecessor, is a loose-leaf, up-to-date compendium of information about church building programs. It has received wide acceptance in many denominations.

Members of the ANBP created a new classification of membership—the Life Membership, which is available for regular and associate members.

Dues for regular members is a one-time fee of $5,000; associate members pay $3,000. Life members thus constituted will become members of the Founders Circle.

Further advancement is available by the cumulative payment up to $10,000. Such life members will join the Executive Circle of the International Executive Committee, but will not have voting privileges.

All funds received in these life membership categories will be invested to enable the ANBP to become increasingly self-sufficient.

Members of the ANBP became the first audience to view the new North American missionary film, A Church for Tomorrow.

Neil Rimington, business administrator for Olathe, Kans., College Church, briefed the builders on what needs to be said to churches about finance; and J. R. Porter, Nazarene builder from Phoenix, Ariz., gave his testimony.

The convention was climaxed by a Communion service with Dr. Eugene L. Stowe in charge.

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ARMSTRONG, CHARLES: South Lebanon, OH. May 4-9
BELIEVERS: See Don Pfeifer Evangelistic Party.
BENDER EVANGELISTIC PARTY: Warrington, IN. May 7-16.
BELIEVERS: See Don Pfeifer Evangelistic Party.
BENDER EVANGELISTIC PARTY: Warrington, IN. May 7-16.
news of evangelism

Petersburg, Pa.: The church had a winter revival with Evangelist John Cayton. The Holy Spirit used his scriptural sermons and the church was revived. From 21 people on a cold first night, five days later, there were 116. Two new families and many backsliders found the Lord.

—Clifford Chew, Jr., pastor

Swanton, Ohio: The church recently had a revival with Rev. Nelson Perdue. Rev. Perdue preached a series of holiness messages that touched everyone in the congregation. People were saved and several were sanctified.

—David W. Rison, pastor

Jacksonville, Fla.: North Church, with Evangelist Bill Erickson, had one of the best revivals the church had in years! The emphasis was on family relationships; families were strengthened, couples drawn closer together, and the whole church felt like part of the “family of God.” The services had a far-reaching effect on the community, as new people came to hear Rev. Erickson’s unique preaching.

—Donald V. Peal, pastor

Pottstown, Pa.: The church was recently led by the Passmore Evangelistic Party in a week of revival campaigns. Through the advance preparation in prayer by the evangelists and congregation, and the excellent musical presentations and preaching, the Holy Spirit’s presence was felt in each service. A total of 59 seekers prayed during the meetings and the closing service lasted three hours, with 25 people responding to the invitation. The anointing of the Holy Spirit was evident.

—David Watts, pastor

Denison, Tex.: First Church recently had a revival with Evangelist David Stegall and Song Evangelists Bill and Terri Cobb. It was a time of renewal, cleansing, and encouragement. The music was Spirit-filled and expressed personal warmth. Rev. Stegall’s preaching was biblical and emphasized with clarity the holiness message.

—Jim Cooper, pastor

Lenoir City, Tenn.: First Church was blessed with genuine revival through the preaching of Evangelist Wayland Gauthorp. People had spent 10 days in prayer and fasting prior to the services and they heard some burning truth which will be long remembered. Twenty-one souls received spiritual help in the services.

—Chris Christopher, pastor

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The interior of the building, planned jointly by the Music and Communication Arts faculties, will include an auditorium seating nearly 500, with a full stage for concerts and dramatic productions, a large rehearsal room, a music-communication arts library, faculty offices, practice rooms, classrooms, a teaching darkroom, and some radio-TV studio facilities. The estimated cost of construction is $1.3 million with needed furnishings totaling an additional $50,000 to $100,000.

In naming the fine arts center in memory of Professor Edith F. Cove, the Board of Trustees recognized the service of a dedicated professor who taught at ENC for 40 years and who was instrumental in establishing the music department. Miss Cove's life touched many students and community friends for Jesus Christ.

Other actions of the special meeting of the Board of Trustees included: Granting of tenure to Professor Dorothy Tarrant, associate professor of German; the establishment of a reserve fund for scholarships and grants-in-aid to ENC students to help offset the impact of proposed governmental aid restrictions; authorization to install new fire alarm systems; significant faculty salary increase for the third consecutive year; final approval of the installation of an administrative computer.

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DISTRICT ASSEMBLY INFORMATION


CANADA ATLANTIC—June 4-5. Church of the Nazarene, Box 100, Halifax, NS. Host Pastor: Dr. J. H. Hickey. General Superintendent: Dr. O. W. Jenkins.


CHICAGO—June 26-27. Trinity Bible Institute, 100 W. Lawrence, Chicago, IL 60657. Host Pastor: Dr. J. H. Hickey. General Superintendent: Dr. Orville W. Jenkins.


MOBILE MINISTERS

KEVIN J. ROY from Mont Vernon Nazarene College, Mont Vernon, N.H., to Warsaw, Ohio.

Herald of Holiness
VITAL STATISTICS

DEATHS
HORACE BELCHER, 83, died Mar. 2 in Charleston, W. Va. Funeral services and burial were conducted by Rev. Russell Downs. Survivors include his wife, Greta A.; one son, Lloyd H.; three brothers; and one sister.

CATHERINE "Kitty" BOOTH CASTO died Feb. 8 in Inverness, Fla. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Kenneth Maze. She is survived by her husband, E. B. Casto; 2 sons, Roger and David; 1 daughter, Mrs. Cathy Koteskey; 2 stepdaughters, Mrs. Helene Heaton and Mrs. Mary Seabolt; 14 grandchildren; her mother; 1 sister; and 2 brothers.

MRS. IVA E. CORN, 67, died Mar. 16 in Perry, Mich. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. George Harris. She is survived by her husband, Carroll; 3 daughters, Mrs. Gordon (Mary) Delemarter, Mrs. Russell (Ruth) Payne, and Mrs. Doug (Carol Sue) Cochran; 12 grandchildren; 4 brothers; and 3 sisters.

CLARA MARJORIE (KELLISON) FREY, 74, of Hendersonville, Tenn., died Nov. 9 in Vanderbilt, Tenn. Funeral services were conducted by Revs. Greg Rickey, Earle Vennum, and Stephen Green. She is survived by her husband, Paul Wesley; a son, Samuel Paul; and her parents.

REV. RAULIN E. GILLETTE, 71, died Mar. 16 in Fort Wayne, Ind. Funeral services were conducted by Revs. James Tucker and Rev. Gillette's entire ministry was on the Northeast Indiana District. Survivors include his wife, Dorothy; a son, David Frank; 5 daughters. Mrs. Delores Shultz, Mrs. Miriam Goodhew, Mrs. Raunie Mondhorn, Mrs. Marie Mooney, and Mrs. Alice Zuercher; 14 grandchildren; 1 great-grandchild; 1 brother; and 2 sisters.

JOHN E. (JOHNNY) GREGG died Dec. 15 in Bethany, Okla. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Merlyn McCullough. He is survived by his wife, Jean; a son, John III; three grandchildren; and one sister.

C. A. RICHARD JOHNSON, 70, died Mar. 12 in Bourbonnais, Ill. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Melvin McCullough. He is survived by his wife, Mary Purinton Johnson; four daughters, Judy Roth, Virginia Stieren, Jean Evans, and Susan Decoriste; four grandsons; one brother; and two sisters.

ERNEST L. KIRGISS, 84, died Feb. 18 in Little Falls, Minn. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. R. L. Lark and Rev. Holland Reidel. He is survived by his wife, Mae; a son, Merwyn; two daughters, Mrs. Arthur (Marilyn) Pres-
cott and Mrs. George (Miriam) Nall; four grandchildren; three brothers; and four sisters.

MRS. C. R. (JESSIE) LAMBDIN, 91, died on Oct. 18 in Banning, Calif. Interment was in Bethany, Okla., and services were conducted by Rev. Vonder Gilliland. She is survived by a son, James C.; a daughter, Mrs. A. J. (Frances) Dunai; three grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

HERBERT RAY McWILLIAMS, 56, died Mar. 9 in Grafton, W.Va. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Roger Vaage and Rev. Hugh Johnston. He is survived by his wife, Pauline; two sons, Rev. Stephen and Larry; two daughters, Mrs. Linda Parsons and Mrs. Ronda Kisson; four grandchildren; and 11 great-grandchildren.

Mrs. A. J. (Frances) Dunai; three grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

SUZANNE PEASE, 87, died on Dec. 8 in Grafton, W.Va. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Ponder Gilliland. She is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Guy (Edyth) Gookin; 4 grandchildren; and 14 great-grandchildren.

Books of the Bible in 1739 Languages. Books of the Bible have been published in 1,739 different languages and dialects, according to the latest Scripture language report of the United Bible Societies. This is an increase of 29 languages over the previous year's figure. The whole Bible has been produced in 277 languages and the New Testament in a further 518. Another 944 languages have single biblical books. Last year the Bible was reported to have been published in 2 languages for the first time ever. These Bibles were in the Mbari-Moissala language which is spoken in Chad, and in the Somali language of Somalia.

New Testaments were reported published for the first time in 25 languages or dialects. Nine of these were African languages, including four from Nigeria. Six of the first-ever New Testaments were in languages spoken in Papua New Guinea. Four were in Mexican languages.

U.S. Astronaut Tapes Testimony Aimed at Russians. "The only difference between reading the Bible on earth and reading it in the Space Shuttle is that the pages are easier to turn in the weightless environment of space," according to Col. Jack Lousma, commander of the Space Shuttle Columbia which blasted off from Cape Canaveral March 23.

Lousma was unsure whether he could squeeze a Bible into Columbia as he was able to do in NASA's Skylab Mission, a trip which took him through 24 million miles in space. But during the Columbia mission, Lousma knows his testimony and explanation of spiritual truths illustrated by facts about space will be heard by thousands of radio listeners in the Soviet Union. As part of its RADAS (Radio Academy of Science) program, the Slavic Gospel Association is providing the testimonials translated into Russian to eight missionary radio stations which beam programs into all 11 time zones in the U.S.S.R.

Today in Russia, propaganda posters often quote the first two Russian cosmonauts as saying they did not see God during their orbit in the heavens. Many Russians have said this statement convinced them there is no God. In one of his interviews, Lousma counters this Soviet claim by pointing out that he and his Russian counterparts had only seen a tiny bit of a universe at least 15 billion light-years large, staying closer to earth than Moscow is to Leningrad. In another program, Lousma describes the crucial and complex Columbia guidance system, using it as a parable of how God guides Christians and as an invitation for listeners to contact God personally through Jesus Christ.

Evolution and the Bible View. Three out of four Americans believe that both the theory of evolution and the biblical view of creation should be taught in public schools.

The Associated Press-NBC News Poll also reports that those surveyed believe that teachers and librarians should have more say in choosing books to be used in the schools and school libraries than either parents or school boards.

Wycliffe Founder Honored. Cameron Townsend, founder of Wycliffe Bible Translators, recently received the highest award that Peru, South America, can bestow on a foreigner. The order of "El Sol del Perú" (The Sun of Peru) was presented to Townsend at ceremonies in Lima by President Fernando Belaunde Terry on the 35th anniversary of Townsend's beginning of linguistic work in Peru.
In Matthew 7:22-23, Jesus said, "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity.''

How can people preach, cast out demons, and do wonderful works in Jesus' name, and yet Jesus not know them? Who are these people?

The power of the gospel resides in the name of Jesus, not in the character of the preacher. False men can preach true messages. Because God loves His truth and men's souls, He will bless the preaching but reject the preachers. In the Judgment, ministers will be condemned or approved, not on the basis of what was achieved in their ministries, but on the basis of their personal obedience to the will of God, as Jesus makes clear in verse 21.

Those who preach the truth but live a lie, as Adam Clarke pointed out, are like highway markers—they point the way to others without taking it themselves.

Why does Acts 16:31 say believe "on" instead of believe "in"? How can you believe "on"?

The Greek preposition used here can be translated either way. Most modern English translations prefer "in" to "on." The meaning, however, is the same. To believe on the Lord Jesus Christ is to trust in Him as one's Savior.

Was Isaiah sawn in two by Manasseh?

There is a Jewish tradition to that effect. However, many scholars, both Jewish and Christian, regard the tradition as uncertain. Our present sources of information do not allow us to be dogmatic about it. We do know that Manasseh was the kind of person capable of putting a prophet to death in brutal fashion—he made one of his own sons "pass through the fire" (2 Kings 21:6). That means he burned his son as an offering to his heathen god. A fellow who would do that could saw a preacher in two and sing a psalm while doing it. We also know that Isaiah was the kind of person who would be true to God even at the price of martyrdom. But we don't know for sure how or when he met his death.

Recently a few very financially secure board members opposed a small pay increase for our pastor—the first pay increase since he became our pastor over a year ago. On what grounds should a board member oppose a much-needed pay increase for his pastor? Should board members act as though the church's money is their own? Should board members make decisions in the interest of the church or their own personal interests? Are church boards ever a stumbling block to the progress of a church?

To answer your first question, a board member should oppose a pay increase for his pastor only when he honestly believes that the proposed increase is not in the best interests of the church, or the pastor, or both. He should be very careful not to react against the pay increase on the basis of personal feelings of dislike for the pastor.

To answer the second question, No. If board members act as though the church's money is their own, they are sure enough acting. For it's really God's money, not theirs or the church's. To answer your third question, board members should subordinate personal interests to group interests in making decisions.

To answer your fourth question, not unless a church is foolish enough to elect a board, the majority of whom are too unspiritual and unwise to discern and do God's will—in which case the church has already stumbled.
The San Leandro, Calif., East Bay Korean Church recently purchased the Renewal Christian Center Building and property for $400,000. It is the fulfillment of a two-year-old dream to obtain their own church property.

The congregation of 59 members raised $76,000 in cash toward the necessary down payment of $125,000. The general church added $25,000. The district, $15,000; $1,000 from the Golden Gate Community Church; and $8,000 from Mr. John Peed, the real estate agent.

This effort had the support of Rev. Grady W. Cantrell, superintendent of the Northern California District, and Dr. Raymond W. Hurn, director of Church Extension Ministries. Pastor Sung T. Whang reports the first service was held in the new building on February 14, 1982.

The Langley, B.C., church on the Canada Pacific District celebrated a mortgage burning in a memorable service, Sunday, November 29. The church, constructed in 1968 under the ministry of Revs. Ethel M. Prior and Jesse Clerc, and financed in part by a loan from the General Church Loan Fund, is now assessed, along with the property, in excess of $200,000.

Several former pastors, as well as District Superintendent Daniel J. Derksen—who was the speaker for the occasion—shared in the service. Among those present was Mr. A. C. "Brother Mac" McIntosh, the oldest, age 94, and the member for the longest time.

Others attending who had been with the church since its present location were Theophiel Seefried, Miss Eleanor Hageness, Mrs. Lulu Kuel, Mrs. Amer-
A four-page letter came to the publishing house from Chillicothe, Ohio, and is being read by NPH employees, thanking them for the job they do in publishing literature for the church, and asking God’s blessing on all those who have a part in this. The four pages of signatures from members of the congregation added a sincere touch which was appreciated. Bud Lunn commented after reading it that “it was thoughtful of the church to remember the behind-the-scenes people who really make the publishing house go. It also challenges us to make certain our churches, pastors and people, receive the kind of product and service they have a right to expect from their own publishing house.”

The Wallace Alderson family has an impressive record as Sunday School leaders. Wallace Alderson (second from l.) served the Galesburg, Ill., First Church as Sunday School superintendent for 25 years. His son, John (center, r.), has been Sunday School superintendent for 30 years—first at Ottawa, Ill., First Church and currently at Peru, Ill. For the past 7 years, his grandson, David Alderson (far r.), has been Christian Life chairman at Ottawa First. And in North Carolina, his grandson, Tim Alderson (far l.), is in his second year as Christian Life chairman at the Rocky Mount Church. The Alderson family has provided the church with 65 years (and still counting) of effective Sunday School leadership, 63 years on the Northwestern Illinois District.

MANUAL
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Some Very Important People

The highest awards issued in our Caravan program are the Esther Carson Winans award for girls and the Phineas F. Bresee award for boys. We congratulate these award winners, and all who worked with them in the program.

Esther Carson Winans Award

Lorraine Bates, Glasgow, Scotland
Naomi Becerra, Colorado Springs, Colo.
Christine Biddle, Eugene, Ore.
Lorie Boyd, Meaford, Ontario
Monica Brown, Eugene, Ore.
Alison Cleland, Glasgow, Scotland
Christine Cline, Lakeland, Fla.
Tamra Cotton, Portland, Me.
Michaelle DeMolli, Sterling, Ill.
Joanne Dinsmore, Meaford, Ontario
Anita Fulford, Meaford, Ontario
Cindy Gardner, Montrose, Colo.
Janelle Hollowell, Cambridge, Ohio
Sherri Hammack, Shawnee, Kans.
Tina Hensley, Oregon City, Ore.
Denise Hoggarth, Seattle, Wash.
Laura Hurdman, Colorado Springs, Colo.
Heidi Jardine, Portland, Me.
Tracy Jolley, Meaford, Ontario
Cindy Judkin, Oregon City, Ore.
Linda Kelly, Cape May, N.J.
Wendy Kittlich, Williston, Vt.
Lisa Lawson, Oregon City, Ore.
Jennifer Livelyquist, Montrose, Colo.
Lorie Love, Lakeland, Fla.
Sandy McCoin, Oregon City, Ore.
Melodie Porch, Cape May, N.J.
Tammy Rains, Goleta, Calif.
DeAnn Richards, Rockford, Ill.
Tracy South, Sterling, Ill.
Lisa Staley, Cardington, Ohio
Carie Tubbs, Lansing, Mich.
Karen Watson, Salisbury, Md.
Laura Lynn Watson, Meaford, Ontario

Phineas F. Bresee Award

Erie Betteille, Colorado Springs, Colo.
James Briggs, South Portland, Me.
Keith Boker, Bloomington, Ind.
Robert Conn, Lansing, Mich.
Lance Delbridge, Lansing, Mich.
Jeff Fligg, Meaford, Ontario
Randy Gregory, Salisbury, Md.
Andy Hayes, Cambridge, Ohio
Corey Jones, Colorado Springs, Colo.
Brian Lyle, Shawnee, Kans.
Kevin Miller, Colorado Springs, Colo.
Kevin Roethe, Oregon City, Ore.
Troy Sides, Colorado Springs, Colo.
Scott White, St. Joseph, Mich.

The list of winners will be continued in future issues.

Paula Thompson, 12-year-old daughter of Gary and Michele Thompson of the Port Orchard, Wash., church, was awarded the Esther Carson Winans Award during a special ceremony the evening of December 20, 19X1. Paula achieved the highest Caravan award following nearly a year of battling for her life against a rare form of muscle cancer. Realizing her death was imminent, Caravan Director Carolyn Ireland, wife of Rev. Herb Ireland, pastor of the Port Orchard church, in agreement with the Thompsons, decided to surprise Paula with the award. As her father carried her to the front of the church to receive her award, the entire congregation spontaneously stood to applaud. Shown (l. to r.) are Pastor Ireland, Mr. Thompson, and Paula. Paula lived to celebrate Christmas with her family and on January 1, 19X2, went home to be with Jesus. The story of Paula’s courageous life and victorious death has been carried extensively in the media. Through it all the consistent, trusting testimony of her faith in Jesus shines bright.

Muncie, Ind., South Side Church recently honored Rev. and Mrs. L. E. Humrich on his retirement from active ministry, after 42 years of service in the Church of the Nazarene. A special program followed a carry-in dinner. Surprise guests attending included Dr. and Mrs. Willis Snowbarger, longtime friends of the Humrichs, and their daughter, Rheunette. Special greetings were received from general church leaders and friends from former pastorates, The Humrichs pastored at South Side Church for 8 years. Before coming to Indiana, Rev. Humrich held pastorates in Kansas, Texas, Alabama, and in Virginia. They now reside in Roanoke, Va.
REV. GERALD GREEN SUCCUMBS TO CANCER

Rev. Gerald Green, pastor of Seymour, Ind., First Church, died early Friday morning, March 26, 1982, in Seymour. He had been battling cancer for over a year. He celebrated his 52nd birthday on Wednesday, March 24.

After beginning his ministry as an evangelist 36 years ago, he pastored churches in Missouri, Illinois, Arkansas, Tennessee, and Indiana. He was elected to serve on the General Board in 1980 to represent the Central Region. Green served on the Southwest Indiana District Advisory Board, Board of Orders and Relations, and the District Board of Christian Life and Sunday School (chairman).

He was a graduate of Olivet Nazarene College. He received the M.A. degree from Scarritt College.

Gerald Green is survived by his wife Delores, and four sons: Stephen, Daniel, Timothy, and Samuel.

—NCN

LATHAM APPOINTED SUPERINTENDENT OF GEORGIA DISTRICT

Dr. Harold Latham, pastor of the Nashville Grace Church, has been appointed as superintendent of the Georgia District.

Dr. V. H. Lewis made the appointment after consultation with the Board of General Superintendents, and with the unanimous consensus of the District Advisory Board of the Georgia District.

Dr. Latham is a native of Columbus, Ga. He entered World War II with the Marines in 1943. He landed in France with the first assault wave at Normandy, and later in southern France. He made the initial landing at Iwo Jima, where the men under his command raised the flag on Mount Suribachi. He was also in the first assault that landed on Okinawa on Easter Sunday morning, 1945.

Following his military career, he attended Pasadena College. He received the A.B. degree from San Francisco State University and the M.A. degree from Vallejo State University. He was granted an M.A. in evangelism from Scarritt in Nashville and later the D.Min. from Luther Rice Seminary.

Prior to his five-year tenure at Nashville Grace, Dr. Latham pastored churches in Indiana, Illinois, Arkansas, and California. He served on the administration at Trevecca Nazarene College for seven years. He has also held several district positions: district advisory board, Christian life chairman, and NYPS president.

Dr. Latham is married to Peggy Curtis. They have two sons: Denny of Nashville and Ken of Frankfort, West Germany, where he serves as adjutant to the base commander.

Dr. Latham assumed the superintendency of the Georgia District on May 3, 1982.

—NCN

MUSIC EDUCATOR DIES

Mrs. Esther Tiberghlein Williamson, Nazarene music educator, died in Quincy, Mass., on March 30. She was 87.

Esther Williamson, sister-in-law to the late Dr. G. B. Williamson, taught at Eastern Nazarene College from 1934 until her retirement in 1970. She taught voice and was head of the Department of Voice. She also served as dean of women. She was the founder of the Eastern Nazarene A Cappella Choir and inaugurated the annual performance of Handel's Messiah.

Mrs. Williamson was a graduate of John Fletcher College and the New England Conservatory of Music. She taught at John Fletcher and Cleveland Bible Institute before her long tenure at ENC. At the 1980 General Assembly, she received the Outstanding Teacher Award, as nominee from ENC.

Her memorial service was conducted in the Wollaston, Mass., church with Dr. Stephen Nease, Dr. Edward Mann, and Dr. Joseph Williamson participating, as well as the ENC A Cappella Choir.

She was preceded in death by her husband, Crawford, who died in 1920, and her son Leo, who was killed in an accident in 1951.

Survivors include her companion of many years, Mrs. Esther Songer; five nieces, among them Mrs. Frances Jones and Miss Rachel Ireland; and two sisters-in-law, Mrs. Callie Ireland and Mrs. Audrey Williamson.

Memorial gifts are being received for her for the new Edith F. Cove Fine Arts building to be constructed on the campus of Eastern Nazarene College in the summer of 1983.

—NCN
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