



CHURCH of GOD

News

LOS ANGELES—LONG BEACH EDITION

Volume 3 Number 11

November 1963

BOLD NEW PLANS FOR GOD'S WORK

Renewed vigor is surging through ministers and members alike after "the BEST" — as usual — Festival of Tabernacles yet! The personal, direct application of the sermons this year — the inescapable impact that YOU are the one to whom the minister was speaking — has sparked new life for the coming year.

Even though Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong is in England, modern communication is keeping him in touch with the Work of God around the world — a Work on which the sun never sets — a Work which is just beginning!

The benefit of the austere year is beginning to be felt; the college, the Church, the whole Work is at another point of explosive accomplishment. The new college at Big Sandy, Texas, is going ahead full-swing; plans for an expanded Ambassador College Press here at Pasadena are nearing completion; new and bold plans for broadcasting and publishing the Gospel in nation-wide advertising are being formulated.

More detail cannot be given now, but these far-reaching decisions that Mr. Armstrong and the other ministers will be making in the next few months certainly need your prayers for God's guidance.

Be sure your personal growth is on par with the entire Work, and you will always be PART OF IT!

A Sister at Large

by Helen Ward

On the opening night of the Feast of Tabernacles, Mr. Meredith asked for a show of hands from those who
(cont. on page 2)

Birds Eye View

by Edith Wilderdyk

We were comfortably seated in the airplane, seat belts fastened, and all settled back to watch the earth stretch out before us giving us a bird's-eye view of our trip to The Feast of Tabernacles. Looking down from the clear blue sky with a few fluffy white clouds floating by, seeing the rivers, the blue lakes and tall green trees over high mountains and rolling hills to flat country with sparse vegetation, proved to be thrilling to Mrs. Hazel Davis and me.

A highway stretched out across the land like a little black shoe string. Farm lands looked like my grandmother's patch-work quilts. The clumps of houses and buildings were the towns and cities.

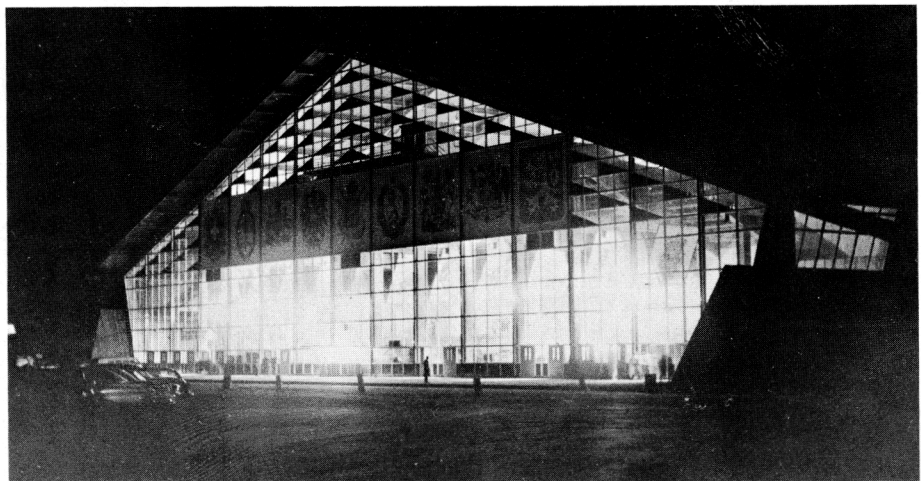
We could see just a part of the beautiful garden that God has given
(cont. on page 4)

Coming Event

by I. J. Kuipers

The Girl's Clubhouse in South Gate Park will again serve the members of the Churches of God of Los Angeles and Long Beach in our regular recreation of each month, on Sunday, November 10.

Plans are to have a movie, "Cheaper by the Dozen," starring Clifton Webb, Jeanne Crain and Myrna Loy, plus a short comedy, followed by a lunch, during which time we will be
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Blyth arena -- So long 'til next year.

CHURCH of GOD
News
 News of interest to members of the
 Los Angeles - Long Beach
 Radio Church of God.

VOLUME 3 NUMBER 11

Sponsored by The Spokesman Clubs

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A SISTER AT LARGE
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were attending for the first time. Mrs. Joyce Rojas was one of the first to raise her hand.

She also raised her hand with those who have no local congregation to attend, for Mrs. Rojas is our only member in Costa Rica!

She came by plane this year to attend the Feast with her five-year old son, William. She is also the mother of a 15 month old daughter, Nancy.

Joyce first began listening to the program sporadically as an American schoolgirl. She went on to attend the University of Miami where she met her husband. When they married, she went with him to his homeland, Costa Rica.

Mrs. Rojas learned to speak Spanish like a native and began listening regularly to the Spanish broadcast. She even monitored the program's for two years.

Baptizing teams found it difficult to include her in the tour, and many unexpected circumstances made it necessary to postpone their meeting her for yet another year. She was finally baptized in 1962 by Dr. Rea after waiting for eight years.

Dr. Rea was very thankful she is so petite — 5' 1" and only 88 pounds — since the only place that could be found to baptize her was a hotel bathtub.

Mrs. Rojas stayed over one week in Pasadena after the Feast as the guest of Duane Cooper and his wife, Hazel.

She returned to Costa Rica filled with the spiritual meat she has longed for years to hear.

Poor Me!

by Carol File

Poor me — battling such giant problems. Can't seem to keep caught up to my ironing and mending. Like the old woman in the shoe with so many clothes, I don't know what to do.

Quote: Mr. Meredith, on India — "...little children up to 8 and 9 years old running around the streets, squatting in the filth, **STARVING NAKED!**"

Poor me — it's such a fight trying to eat the right things, trying to keep my weight down... I must do reducing exercises.

Quote: Newsweek — "Every day 10,000 people on this earth **DIE OF STARVATION.**"

Poor me — I'm **SO** persecuted!

Quote: 1975 in Prophecy — "Listeners behind the iron curtain watch fearfully for intruders during 'World Tomorrow' Broadcast..." Not to mention conditions in China, Cuba, Vietnam, and on and on....

Poor me — I keep forgetting to count my blessings.

Why be difficult? — When with a little more effort one can become impossible!

* * *

Peace comes after the paddle.

L.A. News Flashes

by Shirley Smith

New Faces: Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Franco, Mrs. Peters, Miss Matson, Mr. Boring and Mr. Hann. Welcome!!

Baptisms: Mrs. Perman, Miss Erlene Blanchard and Mr. Ron Stone. We all rejoice with our new brother and sisters in Christ!!

Married: Mr. Robert Gentet and Marjorie Eaton, September 29. Mr. Gentet is an Ambassador College graduate, working in Letter Answering Department. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs.!!

Special music, more new people, baptisms and a marriage are the headlines for the past month —

Music: The Ambassador Octet, Mrs. Karen Armstrong, Miss Katherine Meredith, Mrs. Edward Klier and Miss Garnet Ziska. Thank you all!!

If you find yourself arguing with a fool, make sure he isn't doing the same thing.

* * *

"Coming together is a beginning; keeping together is progress; work-together is success."

(Henry Ford)



Field Club

by Tom Whitson

The Boy's Field Club met October 16. This had been previously set as Sister Night. Each boy brought his sister, if he had one. Some of the more enthusiastic members brought two!

Plans were laid for the forth-



---right here---I think!

coming outing. On November 24, the Club will go on a fishing trip to Malibu to fish from late afternoon until dark. December 22 will be a surprise outing. On January 26th, the boys have scheduled a snow outing, pending on the weather conditions.

Few of the boys own fishing equipment. We would therefore appreciate any donations OR loans of rods, reels or any other fishing gear you may have.

Boys' Group

by Joseph H. Johnson

I have learned many things, being privileged to attend the boy's outings. This past year we learned many skills that I had never had the chance to learn before: Rope climbing, map reading, compass and woodcraft.

So you can see if we, who are there to help, can profit from these things, what an opportunity the boys have!

Next week — November 3 — completes our first year. Think about this and make plans to be there.

If participation in the Boy's Group was not profitable, the group would never have been formed in the first place. Like any other part of the Work of God, starting small, these clubs will also play an important part in rounding out the development and growth of our children.

Your prayers and support are needed!

What's New In No.2

by Jim Ince

Instruction, inspiration, and entertainment permeated the first two meetings held by the Los Angeles #2 (Tuesday) Spokesman Club after the Feast. With only 12 members present, the newly organized Club got off to a small start, and there was only one way to go..... UP! Attendance was down partly due to illness, and partly due to members arriving late from the Feast. But a grab-bag session was organized, and though a bit informal, everyone agreed it was helpful, and entertaining. Most members were present at the second meeting. As usual, the moments of most vivid interest were found in the speaking portion of the program. Here are some examples of what the absentees missed.

Mr. Clee Rothwell explained how the club helped him prepare for, enjoy, and understand his first Feast. By using a check list, as suggested by previous speakers, he remembered everything except neckties. A crisis was averted when his young son magnanimously offered the use of his bow tie. Yes, he took it. We'll skip the subject of tire chains. After all, who expected it to snow?

Mr. Jim Gibson offered some good tips on how to improve our driving habits. He left no doubt about the fact that "road hogs" are unclean, and can be a menace to health if we come in contact with them. He emphasized the necessity of being alert at all times, and showed that good driving is work, especially if it's on the freeway.

Mr. Joe Seab disclosed some interesting facts about "Nature's Laboratory," showing how modern science is about 6000 years behind times. Bats have the best radar; humming birds are the best helicopters; beetles have the best speed calculators, and hawks have the best telescopic lenses.

Mr. Batterton gave an impromptu on "How to Make Full and Complete Preparations for a Baby." He admitted there comes a time when all you can do is "take an old cold tater and wait."

It takes time to get tuned up after a three or four week break, but the last two meetings were edifying, and enjoyable to all present. A meeting missed is a loss that can never be recovered.

HOW I ENJOYED THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES

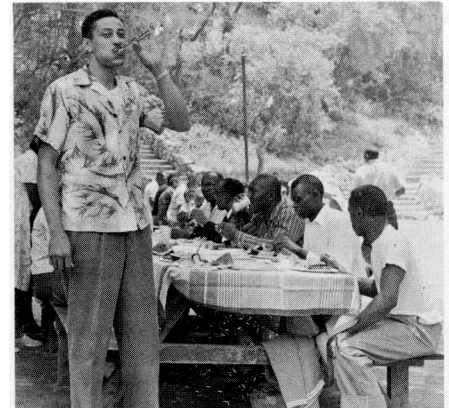
by Clifton J. Tracy, Jr.

Of all the three years I have attended the Feast, I can say, this was the very best!

I learned more about prophecy, the purpose of why God commanded us to be there, what it means to be so close together with one another, to actually live as a family. And a right and wrong way to help others and receive other's help. Words cannot express the joy I had living on the grounds with my family of God's people and enjoying the blessing of Our Father living in the way He so graciously guided us those eight days!

Imagine the joy that filled my heart, when I learned we were living in tents, because it pictures the time when Israel will live in temporary dwellings.

At dusk, tall streams of smoke pop up here and there as the darkness turns into night. The hush of breathless silence is broken by whispers of sweet music of stringed instruments floating past your ears, as you draw closer to the light in that small clearing among the trees. As you draw closer, silhouetted against the campfire light among the trees, you see tents with their supporting ropes attached to stakes in the ground. Row after row you pass, voices get louder and louder. The smell of fresh fish is in the air. Suddenly, you are in the midst of a group of people like yourself eating,



Mr. Tracy announcing dinner. frying fish, drinking ice cold beer, and enjoying one another in conversation and fellowship. Feel the warmth of the fire as the Coleman stove belches out a beautiful blue flame against a seething pot of fresh
(cont. on page 4)

Adventure

by Charles H. Oehlman

The four of us sprang out of the car with typical, young teenage excitement. The darkness was just beginning to melt on that cold, invigorating morning of 1952, and we were filled with zeal and excitement as we embarked on our hunting trip. We were determined to lay hold of our "prize" in the form of a rabbit, or better yet, rabbits! Armed with an assortment of weapons, ranging from a .22 calibre rifle to a 16-gauge shotgun, we were certain we would not fail!

As the sun rose higher in the blue Lancaster sky, our once lively steps became slower and our hopes began to wane. By early afternoon we had seen only a few of our long-eared friends, and we were tired! We began to lose interest; in fact we had lost sight of our original goal.

In this disinterested and lethargic state we became careless — as the sun bore down, we shot aimlessly at anything and everything we saw.

By this time we had approached an isolated ranch and wandering around, we spotted 3 or 4 ground squirrels dart quickly under a large pile of timber. At long last! We had some animals trapped!

One of my companions, armed with a 16-gauge shotgun, "stood guard" at one end of the lumber pile, while I stood at the opposite end. And then in a memorable, still-vivid moment, my friend saw a movement, and FIRED!

The roar of the blast was followed almost simultaneously by the stinging, blinding spray of sand, splintered wood, and hot lead into my chest and face. Spinning around and clapping my hand to my face, I stood there stunned and shocked! I was afraid to open my eyes, for fear that I had been blinded.

My companions had me lie down, and as I lay there, I finally opened my eyes. When I did, blood ran into one of them, and I "knew" I had been hit in the eyes! Miraculously I had not, however. The blood was from another wound about an inch away from my eye — a near miss! A near tragedy!

That day is a valuable lesson for me. Today — in fact, for all of us. As we start the "day" with our "first love" of the truth, with zeal, excitement, and exuberance, we are soon confronted with the trials and tests of the "heat of the day." Let us not become careless, that we lose sight of our goal, our reward. We must remain steadfast, for the reward we stand to lose is far greater than anything in the world!

COMING EVENT

(cont. from page 1)

serenaded by members who are talented in making a better than average joyful noise, followed by dancing to music fitting for the occasion.

THE PLACE: Girl's Clubhouse, Southern St., South Gate, Calif.

THE TIME: Starting time, 5 P. M.

WHAT TO BRING: First of all, your whole family. Secondly, food. We want to urge everyone to be careful, as you have been in the past, to bring less starchy food. It will be well to be sure to include fresh vegetables — celery sticks, carrot sticks, and the like; also fruits and fruit salads, and surely some sandwiches, cakes and cookies.

Again, lemonade, coffee and punch will be provided by the recreation fund.

In making your plans to attend this event, keep in mind your presence will serve someone else.

HOW I ENJOYED THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES

(cont. from page 2)

bluegill fish. Look into some of the familiar faces: there's our own Mr. Brown, Mr. Luther Thomas from Oakland, Mr. Sheldon from Fresno, and others. This is what I enjoyed at the Feast of Tabernacles in Texas.

This picture I have painted was real and true. I experienced every scene of it and now writing this article and looking back, it seems more real than ever. It brings the Exodus of Old with its Tabernacle and tents so vividly before my face with the present Tabernacle and tents, and looking forward to the future Tabernacle and tents, makes this an earth-shaking experience for me. The shock of it all is beyond words. Though this article cannot convey the full joy I did experience, I do hope you too had a joyful experience with God our Father at the Feast of Tabernacles!

To search for the end of the circle is the eternal occupation of a square.

GLEANINGS from LONG BEACH

by Geraldine Zebrowski

We meet new people: Mr. Ortho Ford of Santa Ana and Mr. Norman Schenk of Cypress are two new ones. Mr. and Mrs. Hurley Bumgardener come from Orange and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Weber and sons from Newport Beach. From the Phoenix Church we greet Mrs. Aline Hettinger, who has moved to San Pedro. Mrs. Juud and her children of Lakewood have been attending. She is the daughter of Mrs. Finch.

Mrs. Cosette Lee is visiting her father in San Pedro. She attends the Berkeley Church regularly. Mr. Kirkendall, who is in the Navy, stationed in Seattle, was able to visit the Long Beach Church before returning home from the Feast. Miss Florence Watson of Pasadena was the houseguest of the Bald's last weekend. On a recent Sabbath Mr. and Mrs. Valenzuela of the Los Angeles Church were visitors.

On the move: Mr. and Mrs. Gregg, Sr. have moved to Elsinor. Mrs. Burch moved to Indio. Probably they will be able to attend the San Bernardino Church.

Mr. George Brown was added to the begotten family of God this month.

A way to weigh words is to keep them in the heart until they are gentle and until the lips will speak them softly.

* * *

You'd think that making an honest living would bring bigger profits, there's so little competition.

* * *

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW (cont. from page 1)

to man to keep and to dress. When the plane landed in Boise, Idaho, we saw how man has ruined and polluted this garden. However, our Brethren with whom we visited, on this first leg of our trip proved to be a refreshing contrast. I could not help but think as David said in Psalm 8:4, "What is man that thou art mindful of him?"

Would God be pleased with the way you and I keep the bit of garden He has given us?

Sign of Middle age: When your broad mind changes places with your narrow hips.