

# Aim

*The magazine for young people*



Michigan Youth Camp  
at Mill Lake Outdoor Center

(See pages 14-16)

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# Aim The magazine for young people

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Hope E. Dais, Editor

*Never did any soul do good but it came readier to do the same again, with more enjoyment. Never was love, or gratitude, or bounty practised but with increasing joy, which made the practiser still more in love with the fair act.*

—SHARTESBURY

## Contents of This Issue

In the Garden <i>Morton Green</i> .....	page 3
Youth, What Are You Living for? <i>Walter Isenhour</i> .....	page 7
How Was Your "Today"? <i>Cecyl Fischer</i> .....	page 10
Tell Me, Please <i>Ray L. Straub</i> .....	page 12
I Hate to Stand Against the Crowd <i>Ethel Barrett</i> .....	page 13
Mill Lake Outdoor Center (Youth Camp) <i>Dale Lawson</i> .....	page 14
Old Scarecrow and the Cows <i>Selected</i> .....	page 17
Bits and Pieces Compiled by Barbara Lucas ..	page 18
We Want Discipline!! <i>Dorothy Nimchuk</i> .....	page 20
Copper Kettle Church <i>Jessie Truman</i> .....	page 22
2T4G—Take Time for God <i>Vivian Hall</i> .....	page 26
Minuteman Program <i>Verna McCoy</i> .....	page 28
My Father's Business <i>Calvin Burrell</i> .....	page 30
Mark of Merit <i>Nathan Lawson</i> .....	page 31
Acts of the Apostles in Paraphrase <i>Nathan Straub</i> .....	page 33

BRADEN ACRES  
GRADE SCHOOL

# In the Garden

By Morton Green

GAIL Muir surveyed the comfortable, old-fashioned living room of the house on Mimosa Way where she had lived for the past twelve of her nineteen years. The tea things were set out on the low coffee table before the sofa, the refreshments carefully covered by waxed paper. But *where* was her mother? Ten minutes to three on the Thursday afternoon when Mrs. Bellwood, Gail's prospective mother-in-law, was coming to tea to meet Gail's mother for the first time. But Mrs. Muir was nowhere in the house.

Suddenly Gail had a thought. She hurried through the kitchen and out the back door. *Not really!* Gail thought in exasperation, seeing the plump figure of her mother on her knees with a trowel in her hand before a bed of marigolds. Gail marched through her mother's lovingly tended backyard garden and stood over Mrs. Muir.

Mrs. Muir looked up guiltily as Gail approached. "My, don't you look purty, Abigail!" she said. "Yellow linen certainly goes right nice with that tawny hair of yours."

With impatience, Gail's seawater eyes flicked over the sprinkle of perspiration on her mother's nose, the smudge of dirt on her cheek. Mrs. Muir's peppery gray hair was pulled into an unruly bun at the back of her neck. The print dress she was wearing was at least three years old.

"Honestly, Mom, just look at yourself!" Gail said, more sharply than

she had intended. "Mrs. Bellwood will be here in ten minutes."

Mrs. Muir got up, pulling off her canvas garden gloves as she did so. Gail was relieved to see the manicure she had insisted on giving to Mrs. Muir's short, square nails had not been damaged.

"Now don't fret, Abigail. I'll be readied up in a jiffy. That ground around the marigolds looked so hard-packed, I just had to take a moment to dig it up so as those thirsty roots



could get some moisture."

Gail thought of Bellwood Acres, and its famous formal gardens, so serene and orderly. A far cry from her mother's rather haphazard backyard garden with its plain, old-fashioned Martha Washington geraniums and unellegant beds of zinnias and marigolds.

As they came into the kitchen, Gail offered, "I'll set out the French pastries, Mom." Gail hoped if she just *did* something, she could smooth over her nervousness about this meeting between the two so different women, her mother and Mrs. Bellwood.

Mrs. Muir looked slightly contrite. "I already set out the refreshments, Abigail. I baked some apple cinnamon rolls this morning."

"Oh, Mom, you're the limit!" Gail declared, feeling a sudden dull ache in her temple. "I gave you money especially to buy those French pastries at the Elite Bakery."

"They looked so goeey, and indigestible, honey... it just seemed a waste of good money when I had Grandmother Hatton's special recipe sitting right there in my recipe box. You can't buy such tasty apple cinnamon cakes at any fancy bakery."

Gail forced herself to retain a facade of poise and calm. "Well, they will have to do, I suppose. It's too late now to get anything else."

Mrs. Muir gave her daughter a shrewd glance. "Trouble with you, Abigail, you are too concerned with how things look on the outside. Now you stop fretting about how me and Miz Bellwood are going to take to each other. I reckon I'm going to like her fine if she's anywhere near as nice as that son of hers."

Gail felt a twinge of conscience and she hugged her mother. "And she'll like you too, darling!" Gail said a little too enthusiastically, more to reassure herself than her mother. "It's just that—"

"It is just that the Bellwoods got all that money, and that big estate with them formal gardens that have been writ up in *House Beautiful*," Mrs. Muir broke in dryly. "And your pa and I, we're just working people, and we live in this little frame house on Mimosa Way..."

"No, it isn't that, Mom!" Gail protested. The truth of what her mother was saying was too painful for her to admit outright.

"No need to be ashamed of your feelings, Abigail," Mrs. Muir said briskly. "It is natural you should feel uneasy about Miz Bellwood meeting me. I reckon the Bellwoods do not socialize with our kind much. But you just remember Larry loves you even if your folks are just plain people who live in a house that looks like all the others on the street. Larry's been right friendly with your pa and me. There's no reason to think his ma is not going to be just as nice."

Her mother's wise words momentarily reassured Gail. But when she sat down in the living room after depositing some napkins in a holder on the coffee table, all of her uneasiness came flooding back.

It was all very well for Mrs. Muir to say the dissimilarity in their parents' backgrounds wouldn't make any difference for Gail and Larry. But it made Gail shudder to contemplate the chasm between this boxlike, shabby house on Mimosa Way and Bellwood Acres sitting in the midst of its

historical and regal gardens near the river at the edge of town.

And the difference between Mrs. Muir and Mrs. Bellwood was, Gail decided, as great as the difference between their respective gardens—the one with no fearfulness to it, all homespun; the other so well-ordered, serene, beautiful. So simply breath-takingly elegant!

The sharp buzz of the front bell just as the scarred, old grandfather clock struck three, made Gail jump. Of course, Mrs. Bellwood would be punctual to the minute, yet never hurried or rushed in her attitude.

"Hello, dear!" Mrs. Bellwood smiled warmly, as a moment later Gail closed the door behind the tall, blue-silver-haired woman who was so casually youthful. As Mrs. Muir came into the room, wiping her hands on her apron, Mrs. Bellwood said, "And this must be Gail's mother. I'm so glad to meet you. Larry has spoken so often about you, I feel rather guilty we haven't gotten to know each other before—living right in the same town and all."

"How do, Miz Bellwood," Mrs. Muir returned, taking Mrs. Bellwood's extended gloved hand, "I am rightly glad to meet up with you, too. Will you excuse me a mite while I set the kettle to boiling?"

A short while later, after eating her second apple cinnamon cake and commenting on how good the cakes were, Mrs. Bellwood said, "I wanted to thank you, Mrs. Muir, for those Martha Washington cuttings you sent over with Larry a few weeks ago."

Mrs. Muir laughed. "Abigail thought I was plumb crazy sending you those geranium cuttings to plant—you already having all them acres

of flowers, and bushes, and such. But I know there is nothing like a perky pink-and-white Martha Washington plant to brighten up a garden."

Gail winced. Mrs. Bellwood was keeping a straight face now, but how she must have laughed when she had received those cuttings! Gail had begged her mother not to send them with Larry. Mrs. Bellwood surely must have thrown the cuttings away.

"I didn't plant them in my garden, I'm afraid, Mrs. Muir," Mrs. Bellwood said ruefully. "You know, when you have fulltime gardeners, why, they get to be regular dictators!" Mrs. Bellwood laughed conspiratorially. "But I did sneak in a 'contraband' window box and plant the cuttings outside my bedroom window."

Gail stirred restlessly on the sofa. The time was passing so slowly. She sought frantically for something to say. Something gay and witty. Something to show Mrs. Bellwood that Gail, despite this plodding, unimaginative background, would fit into that charming, gracious world she would enter when she became Larry's wife.

Mrs. Muir got up, brushing some crumbs off her lap into a saucer as she did so. "Let me clip you a few more Martha Washington cuttings, Miz Bellwood. They'll help fill out your window box fast."

Mrs. Bellwood rose too. "Oh, do let me go out with you. I'd love to see your garden."

Gail felt uncomfortable. Coming from the formal gardens and fountains of Bellwood Acres, what could Mrs. Bellwood possibly find of interest in Mrs. Muir's ordinary backyard garden, with its garbage-lid-on-a-pole birdbath which Gail's father had made?

Outside, the three of them stood in the waning afternoon sun, between a bed of zinnias and an open space Mrs. Muir was preparing. Mrs. Bellwood's face lighted up with pleasure.

"Why, this is lovely!" she gasped. "So peaceful. So—unrigid!"

The rapt look continued on Mrs. Bellwood's delicately chiseled face as they moved from the zinnias to a mixed bed of pansies and snapdragons. Mrs. Muir warmed in the reflection of her guest's sincere admiration. "I will admit I am right proud of my little garden," Mrs. Muir said.

Feeling she had to say something, Gail offered, "This back was all empty and overgrown with weeds when we first moved in, Mrs. Bellwood. Mom's put in a lot of work back here."

And as Gail said those last words, she realized how true they were. Gail had always taken for granted the pleasure her mother's small garden had given to her own family and to the shut-ins Mrs. Muir took flowers to regularly. Gail had almost forgotten the long hours Mrs. Muir had spent bending in the hot sun clearing the weeds and rocks from the neglected backyard of this house on Mimosas Way.

"Tosh! 'Twasn't a drop in the bucket compared to the work you've put in down your place, Miz Bellwood," Mrs. Muir declared.

"Me?" exclaimed Mrs. Bellwood, with a wry laugh. "Oh, pooh! The gardeners are the bosses at Bellwood Acres. Let me try to turn a spade of earth, plant a seed... there'd be a mutiny. I'm afraid the gardens of Bellwood Acres are only to be admired—but never, never touched except by professional hands." There was a

touch of wistful regret in Mrs. Bellwood's tone.

Suddenly Mrs. Bellwood kneeled down by the open section whose freshly turned earth gave evidence to Mrs. Muir's recent work there. "What's going to go here?" Mrs. Bellwood asked.

"Sweet peas. I was thinking 'bout plantin' them next week. They'll be real purty when summer comes along."

Spontaneously, naturally, Mrs. Bellwood pulled off a white lace glove and dug her beautifully manicured hand into the earth. "To touch the earth! It's a glorious feeling, isn't it, Mrs. Muir? I know your garden must give you so much pleasure. How I'd like to take a trowel in my hand again and dig it into the soil!"

Through metal-rimmed spectacles Mrs. Muir watched the dirt crumble through Mrs. Bellwood's long fingers. "Well, now, why don't you just put on some old clothes, and come over here of an afternoon next week and help me with the sweet pea planting, Miz Bellwood?"

"Would you let me?" Mrs. Bellwood jumped up and gave Mrs. Muir a quick hug. "You know, I haven't really worked in a garden—why, since I was a girl and helped my mother in her little garden." Mrs. Bellwood turned around, a smile on her lips. "It was a lot like *this*."

Looking at the two women, Gail realized they weren't so very different after all. They both shared a love for the soil and for the rewards of working in one's own garden.

Suddenly Gail knew her mother was the far richer of the two women. It was obvious the stiff, formal gar-

(Continued on page 25)

# Youth, What Are You Living for ??

By Walter Isenhour

There is not a human being on earth that can help being here. We had no choice whatsoever in coming into this world, but we have lots of choices to make as we go through life. Life is made up largely of choices. And these choices determine many things and many outcomes.

Very early in life we begin to choose something. Children choose their playmates, their pets, their toys, etc. Of course parents are mostly responsible for what their children choose, but as children grow up they become more and more responsible themselves in regard to what they choose, and the way they take in life. They choose to do right, or they choose to do wrong. They choose honesty or dishonesty. They choose to be truthful or they choose to be untruthful. They choose the company they keep, the habits they form, also their aims, plans and purposes. They choose an education, or they choose to go through life without an education, especially when they are out of the years of compulsory school requirements.

Young people very early in life choose the way they want to go in the future. They choose sin and wickedness, or they choose the Christian religion and holiness. They choose the Bible, or they choose something else to read that is below the Bible standards. They choose their books, the class of literature they want to read and keep company with, and so on and on along the line of their reading.

When the Bible is not their first choice, they choose something that is far inferior. Too often their lives are largely defeated by what they choose to read. To keep company with a low class of books, literature and reading matter means a wasted life, wasted opportunities, wasted time and a life that trends downward to wreck and ruin.

Of all choices on earth what means the most is to choose Christ and go with Him until the earthly journey is finished. Jesus said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matthew 6:33). Jesus means that all the necessary things of life will be given you when you seek God and His way of life first. He will see that you have food and raiment, health and strength, peace and happiness, along with His love and grace to strengthen, sustain and uphold you as you need it. Whatever may happen, just as long as you live for God and do His blessed and holy will, it will work out for your good and His glory. However, you have to make the choice of going with Christ *yourself*.

Youth, what are you choosing? Which way in life are you taking—the upward way or the downward way? In fact, what is life to you anyhow? Is it merely a problem that you don't know how to solve, a mystery, an existence, and nothing else? Are you just drifting along with the tide of time and don't seem to

know where you are going, and don't care? Well, that is a poor and sorry way to live. Such is on a level with the animals and fowls of the earth. They don't know what they are living for. In fact, they have no choice to make. Just to stay alive is all they care for, or is all they know to do. Just something to eat and stay alive is the limit of their existence. Are you on such a level as that? Remember that God created you on a much higher plane than that of fowl and animal, but you can go down to that. Yes, you can go down to a much lower level—that of serving the devil, or living merely for him, and then go to hell.

Youth, what are you living for? What are you making of life anyhow? Are you living just to gratify the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the "pride of life?" Is your desire merely that of keeping up with the worldly, wicked crowd? That's mighty easily done, but where does it lead? Not to the beautiful, blessed, glorious, crown peaks of life, but to failure and eternal remorse.

Dear youth, God has something good, noble, high, worthwhile and sublime for you to live for. His purpose is for you to live for Him. If you will love and obey Him, keep His commandments and do His will, your life will be one of beautiful success and crowned with eternal victory. In living for God you live for others. You set good, wonderful, worthwhile examples before them that they

may pattern after, and, above all, they can pattern their lives by the Christ you love and serve.

In living for others, you have a great interest in their welfare for time and eternity. It is not your desire to do anyone wrong or unjustly. You want to help your fellows upward to the best and highest achievements and positions in life—and assist them heavenward. You are greatly interested in the well-being of your loved ones, your associates, your classmates and your neighbors. You want to help them live godly, prayerfully and victoriously. You want to see them live free from the smutty, demoralizing, downgrading things of life. You delight to see them with noble

characters, spotless and clean, with high aims, great and worthwhile plans and sublime purposes. This makes life to you, as well as others, worth living.

Let me ask you again, dear youth, what are you living for? Think of it, consider it. After all, life is what you make it through either sin and wickedness, or, by the grace of God, righteousness and beautiful, glorious, crowning holiness. What direction are you traveling? What way are you taking? O, look up and take the way upward mentally, physically, morally, financially and spiritually! There is absolutely no final defeat to the pilgrim who goes in the footprints of our Saviour to the Celestial City.

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### SETBACKS

Never mind the little setbacks

That you meet along life's way,  
But resolve to be a hero

As you meet them day by day.

Men of faith and men of courage

Often had their setbacks, too;

But through prayer and noble purpose

They went forth to dare and do.

If you're aiming for achievement

That may mean your life's success,  
But there comes a great reversal,

Don't give up in dire distress.

Setbacks never mean you're beaten

If you're in God's blessed will,  
And you'll rise to meet the challenge  
Then move higher up the hill.

—Walter E. Isenhour

# How Was Your "TODAY"?

By Cecyl Fischer

I just brought in the daily paper and on the front page is this headline: "Junction City Athlete Dies in Auto Flip." Here was a boy, 18 years old, all-star football and basketball player, a graduate of two weeks and planning to enter the University this fall. Here was a boy, full of drive and ambition, obviously capable of self-discipline as athletes must be, undoubtedly full of hopes and plans for the future. Already he had achieved a certain amount of fame as a repeater on the all-star basketball team and winner of a football scholarship. Yesterday he had the world by the tail. Today only one thing matters—Did he know Christ?

I can't help thinking about the words that were probably spoken at his commencement a few days ago. Commencement. Think of it. The meaning of commencement is "to begin; to enter upon." And now suddenly for this boy it is all over. His book is written. The next thing he'll know will be the judgment.

What if it had been you? How much treasure have you laid up in heaven? Do you know God and does God know you? There will be those to whom Christ will say, "Depart from me; I

never knew you." I *wonder* how old a person must be to be held accountable before God. Many young people seem to feel they are old enough to smoke, drink, drive and make their own rules, but hope they are not old enough to be accountable before God. This boy was driving his own car and was out at 5 a.m. when the accident occurred. Do you suppose God considers him of age?

Certainly God expects something of youth, else He would not have directed advice espec-

ially to them as He did in 1 Timothy 4:12, "Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believer, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity." This was directed to Timothy in his youth, but to youth in general he gives this warning: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the way of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God shall bring thee into judgment" (Eccl. 11:9).

"...In the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes." Isn't that a pretty good description of the way we usually walk from day to day. What was your main concern yesterday, for instance? A shopping trip, planning for your wedding, earning money for that motorcycle payment? Were you so anxious to get about your business that you didn't have time to ask God to go with you? Whether your plans are great or small, you must include God in them. "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it:" The same is true of a life, a day, or even an hour. Only what's done for Christ will last.

As a young person, there is a place you can fill that an older person cannot. No one can be more effective in influencing a teenager toward Christ than another teenager. Teenagers are looking for something or someone to identify with, an example

to follow. There are far more followers than leaders among a group of teenagers and unfortunately far more evil leaders than good. A young Christian who is bold enough to stand up for his convictions can greatly influence his friends; perhaps even his entire class or club, if he is in a position of leadership. It is thrilling to see a young person thinking soberly and daring to be different at a time when others his age are trying desperately to conform. Never in your life will your Christian example be more effective than right now.

Your youth also places you in a position where you can greatly influence adults. Since, unfortunately, it is the "hippies" and delinquents who make the headlines, teenagers find themselves labeled, as a group, as irresponsible and disrespectful. Certainly an oldster sits up and takes a second look when he finds a teenager who is both responsible and respectful. He may well wonder what creed sets this teenager apart. The Christian youth, for example, treats old people with respect and concern, offering assistance where needed. The average youth treats them as creatures from another world. The Christian youth remembers to express thanks for a lift in the car or some other deed the average teenager takes for granted. The Christian youth addresses his parents as Mom and Dad, while the average youth speaks

(Continued on page 21)

# Tell Me, Please

## Youth Questions

answered by  
Ray L. Straub



### QUESTION:

*How long should teen-agers be expected to give in to their parents? Shouldn't an older teen-ager have some independence in his home?*

### ANSWER:

When he calls the home "his," I presume he is speaking about the one that his parents have provided and share with him. I would guess that this teen-ager is actually wanting some freedom, rather than independence. To be independent suggests that one supports himself and assumes full responsibility for his existence and well-being. This is more obligation than most youthful freedom-seekers bargain for.

If there is going to be any order in a home, someone must have the authority to declare a final decision. Parents are more qualified to assume this responsibility than teen-agers. There is one worthy and underlying reason for giving parents the say-so. They know more and are more often correct. We survive and learn to get along well when we learn to do what is right.

Freedoms are secured as one matures. Maturity is largely demonstrating ability to assume responsibility.

Freedom and responsibility always go hand in hand.

A teen-ager should expect to give in to his parents as long as he shares a home with them. No one has independence while he remains part of a family unit. He will be given added freedom, though, as he proves that he has enough maturity to be responsible for it.

### QUESTION:

*Do you think that Christian young people should listen to today's modern music?*

### ANSWER:

No, I don't. In fact, I don't think *anyone* ought to listen to the greatest share of the pop music assaulting the ears nowadays. It is too bad that social pressures keep young people who are unable to break chains of conformity bound to these musical cesspools. While some may not like my stating so, I'm convinced that most young people, who claim they like the noisy, thumpy, monotonous strains by hairy humans with effeminate voices, are being both artificial and naive.

These shaggy-haired, herky-jerky

"musicians" come closest to proving the Darwinian theory that man evolved from the ape of any evidence offered to date! The very names of many of these musical groups would cause respectable youth, especially Christians, to reject them; names such as Monkees, Moby Grape, Jefferson Airplane, Lovin' Spoonful, and the Grateful Dead who feature a 200-pound, bearded singer, called Pig Pen.

The lyrics of some songs are so suggestive and morally questionable

that an owner of some radio and television stations has requested that a written copy of the lyrics must be sent with the records before the songs will be aired. It may hurt his business, but he has taken his stand. The Christian can take a stronger stand and reject the products of these weird combos entirely.

It was encouraging to receive your question. It is reassuring to hear from a Christian youth who demonstrates that much concern.

## I HATE TO STAND AGAINST THE CROWD

Well, there was a man once who hated to stand against the crowd. But he did. His name was Micaiah. He appeared in history for one brief moment and disappeared, never to be heard of again. Let's see what he did. And let's see what happened. Meet the man, who, with all the odds against him, knew he was on the winning side. It's quite a story.

The wicked King Ahab wanted to march against an enemy and he called all his "yes" men and asked them if he would be successful. And as "yes" men always do, of course they said "yes."

Now there was one man who was very unpopular among the godless ones. An unimportant prophet named Micaiah. "But," cried Ahab, "I don't want to ask him. He never says what I want him to." But he was finally persuaded to call for Micaiah.

Well, Micaiah was on a spot. He had a choice to make. And he made it. "As the Lord lives, I will speak what the Lord speaks to me."

And he did. He prophesied Ahab's doom. And what did he get for his trouble? He was put in prison on bread and water.

It turned out, of course, that he had been right. Ahab was doomed. The battle was lost and he was killed. And what happened to Micaiah? The Bible doesn't tell us. He just disappeared into nothingness. Never to be heard from again. But he had stood up against a king and 400 prophets... and dared to speak the truth for God. The people may have forgotten him. But you may be sure God had not.

You hate to stand against the crowd: Listen, when you are on God's side, you're a winner. You may not be carried around on shoulders and cheered, but you can't lose.

You have God's truth. Even if you're alone with it, the only one with it, like Micaiah—don't be afraid to tell it.

—By Ethel Barrett (*Selected*)

# Mill Lake Outdoor Center

## Youth Camp at Chelsea, Michigan

It was my privilege to attend another Church of God youth camp, this one held at Mill Lake Outdoor Center near Chelsea, Michigan. It would be a great understatement to say that again I was impressed with the great value of our youth camp program—to the young people and to the church as a whole. With real enthusiasm I encourage all young people to attend the youth camp in your area if you possibly can, and more than that, take your friends with you.

At this youth camp, extraordinary enthusiasm was displayed on the part of the campers for all aspects of the camp program. The Bible classes were enjoyed very much by the campers and many of them expressed that this part of camp life was a favorite for them. Elder Marvin Keim, pastor of the Church of God in Detroit, Michigan, was the teacher for ages 12-14. Elder Roland Pedersen was the teacher for the 15-18-year-old age group. In both these classes the campers showed real zeal for studying God's Word. Junior camp Bible Classes program was alternated with a good craft program.

Two other classes were of interest to me and are worthy of mention. First was the "Teen Problems Class" directed by Elder Melvin Sweet. I

noted the campers discussing prominent problems faced by young people of this day and the tone of the discussion indicated the campers were profiting from the class. The other class was a music class under the direction of Elder Vernon Patchen. He had one session for the senior campers and one for the junior campers. In the classes, some special vocal numbers were developed for use in the camp program but much of the time in the classes was spent in just singing to praise the Lord and for campers' enjoyment.

A very important part of our camp life was the little service called "morning praise" which started our camp day. One of the members of the staff would lead, usually giving a little talk relating some item of nature to our Christian life. Then the campers would split up in little groups or just individuals to read a directed passage and meditate and pray. It was truly a fine way to start the day.

The campers seemed to enjoy each afternoon of recreation and their enthusiasm for certain games was something to behold. Swimming, softball, horseshoes and volley ball were of prime interest to the campers. A horseshoe tournament was conducted and trophies were given to the winning

team. After the staff talked all week about how they were going to beat the campers in the camper-staff softball game, the campers soundly trounced the staff, much to the delight of the campers. One day the campers enjoyed horseback riding at a beautiful little spot in the hills near the camp.

As in camp after camp, the real thrill and highlight of the camp was the spiritual aspect. This was the opinion by many, many campers and not just my own. One night after a campfire program, I heard one young man say to other campers in testimony, "This is the most wonderful night of my life." There is no greater blessing than to see young people come to Christ and to see others who

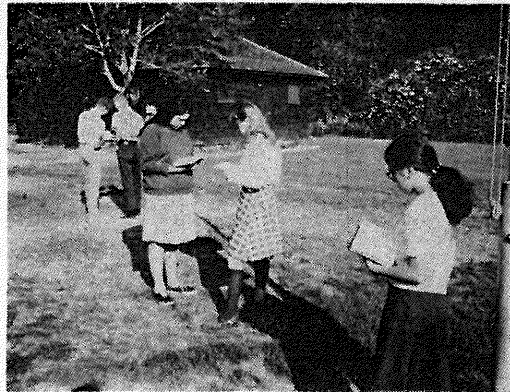
have slipped away, be drawn back and find solid ground again and rejoice in it. It is my opinion that experiences of these young people made at camp are experiences that will help them overcome difficult trials they face at their schools, homes, and cities in which they live. On the last Sabbath of camp a baptismal class was held and 10 young people attended the class. They were positive they wanted to follow the Master and it was a real blessing to see their earnest devotion to God.

I can say without doubt that 64 young people that attended the Michigan Youth Camp were able to go home knowing that it had been good to be there. I noted that many young



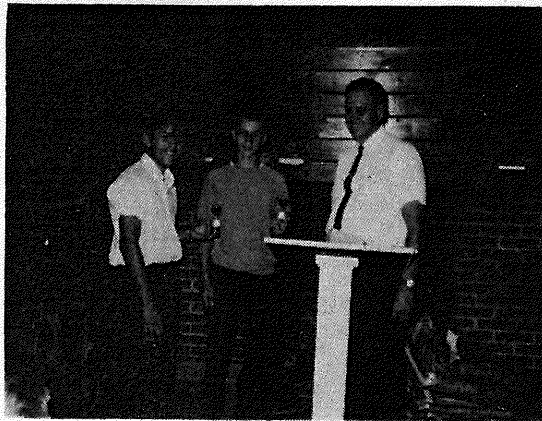
*Brother Melvin Sweet's "Teen Problems Class" proved to be of real interest and help to our young people at camp.*





*After morning praise, the young people separated to read the assigned scriptures for their individual meditation.*

*Good Christian sports are an enjoyable part of camp. Shown here is Elder Floyd A. Turner awarding two boys with trophies won in tournaments held at camp*



people hated to go home because of the wonderful blessing enjoyed while there.

Many fine friendships were formed and because they are friends in Christ,

it seems that surely those friendships will be more lasting than any others.

Pray for our youth camp program and support it. It contains blessings which money can't buy.—*Dale Lawson*

#### **THE WITNESSING PLUMBER**

Howard E. Butt, Jr., a millionaire grocer, said, "God doesn't issue a special call to pastors and leave everyone else uncalled. Every Christian should think of himself as having a divine call for making Christian witnessing a full time career."

L. C. Hester of Whitehours, Texas, is a plumber. He packs New Testaments with his tools. He is known as "the witnessing plumber." Said a minister, "That witnessing plumber has won hundreds to Christ since he became a Christian. Many will listen to a working man who will not listen to a preacher, you know."

## "Old Scarecrow" and the Cows

Just suppose there were one hundred fifty million cows in America. Let's suppose there is an industry doing a great business selling a certain kind of hay. This hay, called Old Scarecrow, while made entirely from locoweed, is alluringly described as a blend of old straw aged in the cornfield. As a result, cows by the millions turn from the sober diet of alfalfa and begin chewing Old Scarecrow.

Now let's suppose that this stuff makes the cows do silly things such as running into barbed wire fences, jumping off bridges or running into automobiles—so much that five hundred thousand are killed or injured every year. Suppose milk production is cut down because the users of Old Scarecrow lost fifty million "cows-days" a year. Suppose the life expectancy of the cows who chew it regularly is reduced by an average of 12%. Suppose that it makes four million of the cows so sick that much of the time they are useless, and suppose that for every one that is cured, the industry makes ten more Old Scarecrow addicts. Suppose that caring for the victims of Old Scarecrow required 80% of the farmer's time.

And now, just suppose that in spite of all this, the merchants of this fatal fodder are allowed to advertise the stuff in every pasture, so that on almost every fence there appear large pictures of contented "Cows of Distinction" munching away on Old Scarecrow. And suppose that the manufacturers of Old Scarecrow are making a tremendous profit out of all of this trouble and tragedy they cause the farmer.

How would you expect the farmers to take to all this? Would you expect them to take it sitting down? Or would you expect them to stand up and say to the producers of Old Scarecrow, "That ain't hay," and then put forth an effort to protect their cows by banning the advertising and promotion of Old Scarecrow from the range.

And now just suppose that you cared as much about your children and your fellowmen as you would expect the farmer to care about his cows! What do you suppose you would do about drinking?

—Taken from *United Temperance Movement of Wisconsin*

# Bits

## LIFE AND LIVING

*Life, like a mirror, never gives back more than we put into it.*

\* \* \*

Life is a story in volumes three:

THE PAST

THE PRESENT

THE YET-TO-BE

The first is finished and laid away,  
The second we're reading day by day;

The third and last of volume three  
Is locked from sight; God keeps the key!

\* \* \*

*Don't take life too seriously; you'll never get out of it alive.—G. Whitefield*

Life with Christ is an **ENDLESS HOPE:**

Without Him—**A HOPELESS END!**

\* \* \*

*Certainly life expectancy is increasing. Nowadays you can expect anything.*

\* \* \*

A good description of modern living: "A senseless whirl which is spelled in three words—**HURRY, WORRY, AND BURY!**"—Moody Monthly

\* \* \*

When life seems just a dreary grind,  
And things seem fated to annoy,  
Say something nice to someone else  
And watch the world light up with joy!

*Take care of your life, and the Lord will take care of your death.*

\* \* \*

**It shares in other's weal and woe;  
Is not with self engrossed,  
The richest and the happiest heart  
Is his who loves the most.**

**The secret of a happy life  
Is a believing soul,**

**Serenely trusting in the power  
Which animates the whole.**

**On earnest, upright, loving lives  
God's choicest blessings fall;  
The Christ of God within the soul  
The crowning joy of all!**

—Charles Wendte

\* \* \*

Jesus will "RUN" your life; or—  
The devil will "RUIN" your life.

\* \* \*

If life is a grind—use it to sharpen your wits.

\* \* \*

### **THE SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE**

**The secret of a happy life  
Is an industrious hand,  
Which gladness finds in earnest work,  
For noble purpose planned.  
It leaves no time for idle fears,  
Thoughts morbid or depressed;  
But cheerfully it does its part  
And leaves to God the rest.**

**The secret of a happy life**

**Is in a loving heart;  
Whose good-will flows to all its kind  
To all would joy impart.**

# and Pieces

*Let God have your life; He can do more with it than you can.—Moody*

\* \* \*

*Life assurance is better than life insurance.*

\* \* \*

### **GOD WANTS A MAN**

God wants a man—honest and true  
and brave;

A man who hates the wrong and loves  
the right.

A man who scorns all compromise  
with sin,

Who for the true courageously will  
fight.

God wants a man—in lowly walk or  
high,

Who to the world by daily life will  
prove

That Christ abides within the yielded  
heart,

Fitting that heart for service and for  
love.

God wants a man—who dares to tell  
the truth,

Who in the market-place will stand  
four-square;

Whose word men trust—a man who  
never stoops

To hurt his fellow or to act unfair.

God wants a man of action and of  
faith,

Whose life is something more than  
can't or talk,

Who lives each day as though it were  
his last,

And proves his faith with a consistent  
walk.

\* \* \*

ACTS 17:28 PHIL. 1:21 LUKE  
12:15 GAL. 2:20 ROM. 12:1  
ROM. 8:28

\* \* \*

A Holy life will produce the deepest  
impression. Lighthouses blow no  
horns, they only shine.

\* \* \*

If I had been named according to the  
life I have lived, my first name would  
be "Ima" and my last name "Mess."

\* \* \*

Live carefully: **THE SOUL YOU  
SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN.**

\* \* \*

Christ will not only ask us to live  
right, but He will put the "LIVER"  
in us.

\* \* \*

Bread is the staff of life, but there  
is no reason why life should be a  
continual loaf.

# We Want Discipline!!

By Dorothy Nimchuk

"WE WANT DISCIPLINE! We want discipline!" is the silent chant of hundreds of thousands of teenagers the world over. Many of them do not realize it, and perhaps not one of them will admit it. Most will rebel against it, but the crying need is there. Like the age of the Charleston in the Roaring Twenties or the bobby-soxer craze of the Second World War era, scores of young people of today have their very definite mode of dress and set of ideals. The older generation look on with shaking heads and "I wonder what this world's coming to?" expression, knowing for a surety that the younger set is "going to the dogs." Discipline they want, but discipline they do not get, to a large extent.

Teenagers dress the way they do in order to identify themselves with their group, to be noticed as individuals. It does not necessarily follow that they are delinquents because they observe the current fads and fashions. Growing in a very unstable and insecure environment with world conditions "waxing worse and worse," this very insecurity often prompts them to act as they do.

As we see around us, and as has been prophesied in Luke 21: 25, 26, we see "... upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth..." With such fear expressed in their elders, little wonder that it should be reflected in the faces



of young people across our land. "What is happening?" "Might as well enjoy ourselves in this mad, mad world while we can!" An undisciplined generation is a frightened, fearful generation with no stability to fall back on.

Correctional schools are full and overflowing with youngsters from poor or broken homes where no one cared what they did, where they went, or what time they returned, if they came

home at all. Overcrowded conditions in these institutions don't offer the kids a chance to better themselves. For many, this is only the first step in a life of crime, in and out of penal institutions. What a bleak, unhappy future lies ahead of them. Nobody cared enough to discipline when it would have helped.

Young unwed mothers; petty thieves; truants, and others fill these haunted halls. Some of the best youngsters will yield to temptation and fall into misdeeds; however, with loving care and proper guidance, these sad conditions can be corrected. Young people need guidelines, with "off-limits" clearly defined. They need direction. Too often they do not receive it. "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it" (Proverbs 22:6).

"For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth" (Hebrews 12:6). As God corrects and chastens His people, so the parents who really love their children will discipline them—and that, early in life. This is a refining process, burning out the dross from the life of the young person "... as gold is tried..." (Zechariah 13:9). The Word of God admonishes parents to discipline, for "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him" (Proverbs 22:15). Discipline is the answer to problem youngsters of today—discipline *coupled with love*.

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life" (John 3:16). "God so loved!" Parents should "so love" their children that they will instruct them in the ways of righteousness, in the fear of the Lord guiding them to eternity. An undisciplined generation is an unloved generation. "We want discipline!"

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## HOW WAS YOUR "TODAY"?

(Continued from page 11)

of "my old man and my old lady." The Christian teenager undertakes his projects with vigor and does his best. The average teenager does just enough to get by. We could go on and on—

At any age we tend to put things off. "After this month, I'll attend church regularly." "After I get this paid for, I will give more offerings." "When school is out, I will have more time for the Lord." If your life were suddenly snuffed out, only what you *did* today would count, not what you *INTENDED* to do tomorrow—maybe.

Many of you graduated from high school this year, many will graduate next. You may have your future well-planned, which is good. But if suddenly your future were taken away, what kind of record would you have left?

How was your "today"?

# Copper Kettle Church

By Jessie Truman

"What's this?" growled Bob's dad as he tore open the long envelope he found beside his plate. "Just as I thought. The church is begging for money again. Money, money, money! Why do they need so much money? I thought salvation was free."

Bob's mother remained silent as she buttered the toast and put more bread in the toaster. Bob gulped his orange juice and milk and scarcely chewed his food. Then he asked to be excused from the table.

"You're excused. I want you to clean out the basement today, Bob. Better get right at it and maybe you can finish by noon," his mother said quietly.

"Just my luck!" thought Bob as he retreated from the dining room. "What a way to start the week. The folks are ready to quarrel, it's raining and now I've gotta clean the basement. One big happy family we are, Christians, the salt of the earth. Ha!"

It was a discouraging sight that greeted him. Stacks of old magazines and papers filled one corner. Discarded boots and outgrown rain gear slumped on the floor, and shelves of paint cans and miscellaneous objects in disarray lined one wall.

"Uggg! What a mess!"

Bob sorted out some big boxes and filled them with the papers. He placed them beside the outside door to be hauled away. He tossed empty paint cans, worn-out brushes, broken flower pots and other discarded objects in another box. One item, a blackened teakettle, was headed for the junk when

Bob paused to look it over. It interested him as he held it up to examine it. Though marred by dents and scratches and tarnished from neglect, it still had beauty in its simple lines and delicately balanced handle. He set it back on the shelf.

By noon the basement was in order and its floor neatly swept. The rain had stopped and Bob was anxious to get outside and away from the house. He felt his father's harsh antagonism toward the church and the pastor. His mother cringed under the verbal attacks thrust at him. He secretly feared that someday she'd take a stand for the church which might cause a serious rift between his parents. Or she might stop going to church for the sake of peace at home. The thoughts left Bob feeling uneasy and insecure.

Bob took the old teakettle and bounded up the basement stairs. His mother was fixing their lunch when he entered the kitchen.

"Look, Mom. See what I found on

the shelf," he exclaimed.

"Yes," she nodded. "That old teakettle was my grandmother's. I guess it isn't good for much now. I've just been sentimental about it, keeping it around all these years. But somehow I could never make myself throw it away."

Bob suspected there was more to the story of the teakettle than just sentiment. As they ate lunch, he coaxed her to talk about her grandmother.

"One winter when I was small," she said, "my mother was very sick. She had to spend several weeks in the hospital. For a long time we didn't know if she'd live or die. My father took me to my grandparent's home in the country.

"It was a frightening experience. I slept in a cold, upstairs bedroom. Every night, alone in the dark, I wondered if my mother was still alive. I cried myself to sleep more than once.

"In the mornings I'd hurry downstairs to dress beside Grandma's cook stove. The wood fire crackled in the firebox and the oven door was open to warm the kitchen. And *always*, on the front of the stove, was Grandma's teakettle merrily boiling away. She took real pride in that teakettle, keeping it clean and polished until it shone like a new penny.

"After breakfast we'd kneel and pray for Mother's recovery. They prayed for me, too. Gradually I became less afraid. Some of their faith must have rubbed off on me, because I began to believe my mother would get well. And she did.

"The years slipped by. Then we visited them on our honeymoon. When we walked in, there was the teakettle on the range where it had always

been. I told them how it had comforted me and was almost a symbol of my childhood faith. Grandma said that when they were gone, I should have it.

"Of course, we don't use a teakettle in our modern home. I wonder if maybe we've lost some of the warmth of the old ways, too—" her voice trailed off in thought.

After lunch Bob asked if he could take it down to Brother Joe's antique shop. She gave her consent, murmuring something about "being more practical and less sentimental." Bob had a feeling she wasn't referring to just the teakettle.

Brother Joe, as the townspeople affectionately called him, operated a small antique shop in the building that had been his hardware store. He was a tinsmith by trade, but factory readymades had replaced his services. Now he collected antique items, repaired and sold them in his shop.

The tiny, engraved Swiss bell tinkled its welcome as Bob opened the shop door.

"I'm back here," called Brother Joe from the work bench at the rear of the shop.

Bob made his way between the counters to the back. He placed the teakettle on the bench beside the proprietor and waited for him to speak. The older man picked it up and carefully inspected it.

"That's a nice old teakettle, Bob. Where'd you find it?"

"In our basement. I nearly threw it in the junk this morning," Bob answered.

"Good thing you didn't. It's solid copper, best metal for teakettles. Heats faster than anything. You want to sell it?"

"Well—," hesitated Bob. "At first I thought I did. But if you'll tell me how to clean it up and fix those dents, I'd like to surprise my mother with it. She was pretty fond of it once."

Brother Joe nodded in understanding.

"Better work the dents out first, then. You'll need a blunt piece of wood, like this handle off an old potato masher. Then you'll have to get inside the teakettle to work those dents out." He handed Bob a short stick of wood with one end smoothly rounded.

Bob removed the cover and with the rounded end of the stick he began working on a dent from the inside. Back and forth he rubbed, and gradually the dent began to disappear.

"Can I leave this here, Brother Joe? I'll come to work on it as often as I can."

"Sure. I'll be glad to have your company."

Each afternoon that week found Bob working on his project. When Brother Joe wasn't busy with customers he'd work beside Bob and they'd talk, or not, according to their mood. One day the old man said casually, "I've missed your dad at church lately. Has he been away or sick?"

"No," answered Bob. He was quiet for awhile, then asked his friend, "Brother Joe, why do churches need money all the time? My dad says salvation is free."

"Salvation *is* free. It's God's gift to all who accept Jesus as their Saviour. We can never buy salvation, nor can we bargain with God in any way for it. Once we're saved, and really love the Lord, we *want* to help spread the gospel to others. There's

where the need for money comes in. There are missionaries to send, preachers to support, radio programs to pay for, church supplies to buy,—all kinds of expenses to be met just to keep the church alive and working.

"Trouble is," he continued, "some folks think their church is like your old teakettle. It was good for the old days, but not practical anymore. So they carelessly knock it and when it's tarnished and full of dents they are ready to throw it away."

Bob grinned at the comparison.

The bell on the door announced the arrival of another customer and took Brother Joe away from the work bench. As the boy worked, he reflected on the words of his elder. The dents *did* come from the outside, and he had to get on the inside to straighten them out again. Was the church like that, too?

Removing the tarnish from the outside of the kettle proved hard and tedious. Bob bought a special cleaning product at the grocery store. He spent hours rubbing the cleaner on the metal and rinsing off the black tarnish. As hard as he worked, there were areas that stubbornly remained black. Finally the kettle was clean and polished to a high luster. With pride he held it up for Brother Joe to see.

Brother Joe beamed at Bob.

"You've done a good job there. It doesn't look like the same teakettle you brought in. I guess your mother will be pleased when she sees it."

Bob wrapped his prize in an old newspaper and eagerly headed home. He anticipated the look on his mother's face. He hoped too, that she'd be cheered and comforted again just as when she was a child.

Supper was ready when he got home. He slipped his package in an empty chair beside the table. When the meal was finished, he handed the bundle to his mother. His father looked on in puzzled silence.

The wrapping was quickly torn away, and the gleaming teakettle caught the warm evening light and reflected it across the room. His mother gasped in surprise.

"Grandma's teakettle! Oh, Bob, it's beautiful!" Suddenly her eyes filled with tears and she reached for the hankie in her apron pocket.

Bob hadn't expected tears on this occasion and to cover his embarrassment he addressed his father.

"You know, Dad, Brother Joe says the church is like Mom's teakettle. The dents come from the outside blows, and you have to get inside of it to work them out."

His father grunted, but said nothing.

The teakettle was placed on the fireplace mantel in the living room where its warm luster lent its gentle influence.

A few weeks later, dressed for church, Bob waited for his mother in the living room. She appeared shortly and the two started for the front door. The sound of crumpling newspaper behind them caused them to turn as Bob's father emerged from behind it.

"Wait up, you two, while I get a tie and a coat. I can't stay home alone another Sabbath. That teakettle accuses me all the while you're in church. I guess if Bob could make an old cast-off into a thing of beauty, maybe I can help the church to shine a little, too. —If I get inside and work, that is."

## IN THE GARDEN

(Continued from page 6)

dents in whose creation and care she had no part did not give Mrs. Bellwood the rich reward Gail's mother's little backyard garden yielded her. Mrs. Muir was a truly generous woman, for she was willing to share, for an afternoon at least, her own small treasure with a woman who had so much material treasure.

And the afternoon was over. Gail walked out to the street with Mrs. Bellwood to the smart convertible standing at the curb. "Thank you for coming," Gail said. Oh, thank you in so many ways! Gail thought.

"Thank you for asking me," Mrs. Bellwood said simply. She squeezed Gail's hand. "You have *such* a sweet mother, Gail. Her heart... is like her garden. Beautiful, and God-made, and giving so much pleasure. Honor her, my dear!"

A quiet afternoon in an unpretentious garden on one of the most ordinary of streets possible. And yet it had been a momentous time for Gail. She knew from this day forward she *would* honor her mother and her father—for their simple, old-fashioned ways, their complete lack of pretense or artificiality. Never again would Gail be ashamed of these qualities. This afternoon had showed her they were of true worth.

As Mrs. Bellwood got behind the wheel and started the motor, Gail said, "We're going to have you and Mr. Bellwood over *soon*, so you can meet my father too."

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Doing good deeds is like being up in a plane—when you stop, you drop.—*War Cry*

# 2T<sub>4</sub>G

## Take Time for God

By Vivian Hall

Miracles and wondrous sights were performed and seen in the days of the prophets. We hear the comment many times that those were the days of miracles and we are not privileged to see such wonders. I do not agree. We see a new sun rise each morning bringing light to a sleeping world, and hear the birds as they rouse from their roosts. We see new plants push through the soil in the gardens and grow each day until they produce food for us to gather. The sunset in all its various hues and cloud formations are awesome.

A newborn child is indeed a wondrous creation. Each vital organ placed just so to carry out its particular function and keep life surging through its veins without a thought as to when each organ should be activated. Breathing, heart beat, production of vital fluids and correct chemistry combinations all are done automatically. At each age level the child adds new accomplishments to its life, and with such regularity that doctors say at a certain age the average child does a certain thing.

Not an age of miracles, you say? The above mentioned items are all miracles for surely man

could not produce so marvelous a creation nor keep it functioning with such regularity. In all man-made machinery you find an occasional breakdown and then it is necessary for repair work. But God in all His wisdom keeps things running smoothly. He never has to repair the tracks the sun or moon or stars run on and you don't see a junk yard where God has dumped all worn-out suns or stars. His work is perfect. A college botany course brought to mind how very delicate and marvelous are His plans and creations. Man would never have had the foresight to plan in such minute detail, plan so well to take care of the unexpected. I became increasingly in awe of God's creation when I realized that only under a powerful microscope was it possible to see many of these things, and yet the job they did was a large one.

Truly we are living in an age of miracles for we enjoy the same natural resources as the prophets did and are more fully aware of the extent to which they are miraculous because of the microscope and findings of many scientists. Yes, we, too, may enjoy miracles each day if we just take time to really look about us and enjoy what we can see.

Aug. 15	Acts 2
Aug. 16	Acts 3
Aug. 17	Acts 4
Aug. 18	Acts 5
Aug. 19	Acts 6
Aug. 20	Acts 7
Aug. 21	Acts 8
Aug. 22	Acts 9
Aug. 23	Acts 10
Aug. 24	Acts 11
Aug. 25	Acts 12
Aug. 26	Acts 13
Aug. 27	Acts 14
Aug. 28	Acts 15
Aug. 29	Acts 16
Aug. 30	Acts 17
Aug. 31	Acts 18
Sept. 1	Acts 19
Sept. 2	Acts 20
Sept. 3	Acts 21
Sept. 4	Acts 22
Sept. 5	Acts 23
Sept. 6	Acts 24
Sept. 7	Acts 25
Sept. 8	Acts 26
Sept. 9	Acts 27
Sept. 10	Acts 28
Sept. 11	Rom. 1
Sept. 12	Rom. 2
Sept. 13	Rom. 3
Sept. 14	Rom. 4

### THE ONLY WAY OUT

Thelma McDonald

Do you worry, do you wonder? And you say,

"What shall I do?"

Then I know that you're not trusting—

If you trust He'll see you through.

If you'll only change the forecast—

Have it **faith** instead of **doubt**,

Then the Lord can surely lead you

And I know **He'll help you out.**



M I N U T E M A N  
P R O G R A M

Riches of Love

The treasures of earth are not mine,  
I hold not its silver and gold:  
But a treasure far greater is mine;  
I have riches of value untold.

The treasures of earth must all fail,  
Its riches and honor decay,  
But the riches of love that are mine,  
Even death cannot take them away.

Compared with the riches of love,  
The wealth of the world is but dross,  
I will seek but Christ Jesus to win,  
And for Him I count all things but loss.

Oh, the depths of the riches of love,  
The riches of love in Christ Jesus,  
Far better than gold, or wealth untold,  
Are the riches of love in Christ Jesus.

Taken from the song "The Riches of Love" by N. B. Sargent.

We need God's love dwelling in us.  
Then we will love one another. To love one another, reveals our greatest witness of discipleship. Also if we love God we will keep His commandments.

With God dwelling within, His love can be perfected in us. To be made perfect (implying full growth and development into godliness) in love should be one of our greatest spiritual aspirations because:

*Though we speak with the tongues of men and of angels;  
And have the gift of prophecy;  
And all knowledge;  
And have all faith;*

*And bestow all our goods to the poor;  
And even give our bodies to be burned;  
And have not charity, it profiteth us nothing.* (1 Cor. 13:1-3).

So if you were endowed with an exceptional intelligence quotient, or some other extraordinary gift, plus faith which itself is a valuable gem—minus love—this would still, according to spiritual math, yield nothing.

"Charity suffereth long." This doesn't mean that to be charitable is to suffer or be miserable, but rather to be patient, to exercise love rather than revenge. To get revenge would only make us miserable. Love is sure there is an explanation for life's injustices and waits and prays for it. "Charity shall cover the multitude of sins" (1 Peter 4:8).

"Love is kind." If we really have brotherly love, we will have a passion for souls and a desire to be useful to mankind. We are admonished to love in DEED and in truth (1 John 3:18).

Fervent love out of a pure heart can overlook physical handicaps and irksome traits in a personality. Christians can love the unlovely as well as the loveable.

Search the entire 13th chapter of 1 Corinthians for more nuggets concerning love. "LOVE SUFFERS LONG, no matter what the test; IS KIND AND GOOD, for all it does its best,

LOVE ENVIES NOT another's place or seat,  
VAUNTS NOT ITSELF with boastful self-conceit;  
IS NOT PUFFED UP, not haughty, vain or proud;  
BEHAVETH NOT UNSEEMLY, rude, or loud;  
LOVE SEEKETH NOT HER OWN, wants others blest,  
IS NOT PROVOKED when tried and sore oppressed;  
LOVE THINKS NO ILL, broods not o'er fancied wrong,  
REJOICETH NOT IN SIN where evils throng;  
REJOICES IN THE TRUTH, BEARS ALL in peace,  
BELIEVETH ALL, and thus its worries cease;  
HOPETH ALL THINGS, knows nothing of despair,  
ENDURETH ALL in patience, knows no care;  
LOVE NEVER FAILS though all things else may fall,  
For GOD IS LOVE, let LOVE your soul enthrall."

—R. E. Neighbour

Learn from the mistakes of others. You can't live long enough to make them all yourself.

The value of all things, even our own life, depends on the use we make of them.

The harder the fall, the higher the bounce—if you are made of the right material.

When you sit and do nothing, you are sitting on the lid of the box that holds the answer to your problem.

A big man is not one who makes no mistakes, but one who is bigger than any mistakes he makes.

John 13:35

Matthew 22:37

Romans 12:10

Ephesians 3:19

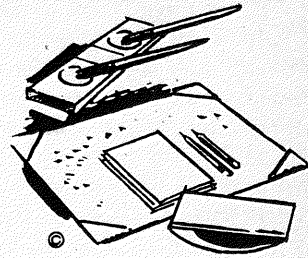
Colossians 3:14

1 Corinthians 2:9

1 Corinthians 13:13

1 John 4:7

# My Father's Business



Another month has come and gone, and I hope you are wondering what you can do this month to fulfill the will of the Lord in your life. If you are, read on.

We have all heard that the pen is mightier than the sword. I believe that is true because it is always better to win a man through his heart than to force him to act contrary to his will. I also believe that it is true, else God would not have caused to be written a book which has had a much greater effect for good on men's lives than all the wars of history could ever prompt. Your own Bible says that God's written word is sharper than any two-edged sword. What an effective weapon for good the pen can be, in your hands!

I am going to suggest to you now a few of the many different ways that you might use the pen for real benefit in Christian service.

(1) The church publications (Sabbath School Missionary, AIM, Bible Advocate, etc.) offer you excellent opportunity to be a real witness through that which you write. Your articles of inspiration or Christian admonition may be accepted by these papers to find their way into hundreds of homes. These articles often go a long way to encourage and correct those who read; God can use your written words to bless the lives of many.

There is a real need for folks who will devote their talents in these areas, and there is a great likelihood that you will receive a real blessing from doing your part, also.

(2) Have you ever considered the real encouragement that can be given to folks just through a letter? None of us should overlook the effect that our Christian witness can have through a friendly letter. Letters can be used in so many circumstances: they can invite people to church, or church-related activities; they can bring cheer to those church-friends who may be sick or isolated; they can share experiences and ideas about youth work; they can bring encouragement and help to ones whose lot in life is hard; or, they can be your own personal testimony to someone who may need to know the way.

Do not pass off this opportunity to influence another person for God and good with a feeble excuse about your own dislike of writing letters. Someone may be just now waiting, needing your encouraging words by mail. Write them sincerely, and with a prayer that God would use them to benefit others.

(3) Several other opportunities for Christian service, closely related to the pen, suggest themselves now. Surely some of you will have talents with chalk-drawing or painting that can be used in youth activities. Quite often posters and other visual aids would be a real benefit to youth rallies and church meetings if there were just someone to construct them. Willing secretaries, reporters, and editors are needed in various phases of our Christian work, but not enough people are willing.

If any of the afore-mentioned abilities are yours, then offer them to the Lord that His work might receive the benefits, and the glory.

Young folks, Christian writing is a talent. Sometimes it is not an easy one to cultivate. Perhaps you will need to labor over your writings, and forsake other activities that might be more exciting or financially rewarding. God will reward those who "seek first the kingdom of God," *with* that kingdom. You must not bury your talent!

C.A.B.

M A K E      M A R K      M E R I T  
A      a      A      of      E  
K      R      R      I  
E      K      T

By Nathan Lawson

## PLAN AN ACTIVE PROGRAM FOR YOUR YOUTH

I recently received a letter from a youth leader in one of our FYC groups. I would like to share a few words from this letter with you. It reads:

*"During this year we have been trying to make an all-out effort to become active and we sure have reaped the blessings which come with serving our Lord and Master."*

During the past few years I have been attending Midwest Bible College and have been unable to give the necessary time to this program. I have finished school now and I plan to devote enough time to this program to make it a great benefit in winning souls for Christ.

## ALL-OUT EFFORT TO BECOME ACTIVE

We want to hear from more FYC groups. Drop us a letter and let us know that you are now going to make an all-out effort to become active. This means everything to Christ. I know that He will



accept nothing but our very best. Let's make a pledge together that we are from this day on going to do our very best.

#### HELP WIN A SOUL FOR CHRIST

This is the theme we want to carry as we launch out into this active program. There are so many reasons why we young people should get busy in this SOUL WINNING field. We need to gain a compassion for those who will only be destroyed if we do not win them to our Saviour.

#### PROJECT OF THE MONTH

Raise money to complete a special Foreign Missions Project. Plan an event for your FYC that will raise money for this project. It matters not how great or small this project is. The important thing is that you give it the all-out effort to help in our ALL-OUT FOR CHRIST ACTIVITY PROGRAM. Complete this project for the month of August and send the amount raised to Project of the Month, c/o Nathan Lawson, Midwest Bible College, Stanberry, Missouri. You can complete this by having a Special FYC Rally offering, or by some other fund-raising project. This will be used to complete one of the SPECIAL Foreign Missions Projects. God will bless it to win souls for Him.

#### UNTIL JESUS RETURNS

We want this all-out activity to be lasting. May we become enthused and work hard until Jesus returns. This enthusiasm will carry us through our lives, will capture our children and finally the long-awaited day will arrive—JESUS WILL RETURN. There will be great joy because many precious souls will be won for His Kingdom.

May God help us to be active.

#### A Thought for Young Fathers:

##### SERVICE SUPREME

A careful man I ought to be;  
A little fellow follows me;  
I do not dare to go astray  
For fear he'll go the self-same way.  
I cannot once escape his eyes,  
Whate'er he sees me do he tries.  
Like me he says he's going to be,

The little chap who follows me.

He thinks that I am good and fine,  
Believes in every word of mine.  
The base in me he must not see,  
That little chap who follows me.

I must remember as I go  
Thru Summer's sun and Winter's  
snow

I am building for the years to be;  
That little chap who follows me.

—Author Unknown

# The Acts of the Apostles

## in Paraphrase

(Continued)



By Nathan Straub

#### AT JERUSALEM 21:17

*When we arrived at Jerusalem, the brethren were happy to have us. The next day, Paul went with us to James. All of the elders were present.*

*After Paul had given a proper greeting, he made a detailed report of the things that God had done with the Gentiles, through his ministry.*

*When James and the elders heard the report, they praised the Lord. They said, "You see, brother, there are thousands of Jews that believe in the Lord, and are very conscientious about keeping the law. They are told by others that you teach all the Jews that live in the Gentile areas to disregard Moses, by saying that they need not circumcise their children, nor follow the Mosaic customs.*

*"What should we do then? The people will surely begin to gather because it is known that you have come.*

*"In view of what we have said, do as we say. We have four men who have taken a vow. Take them with you and purify yourself. Take care of their expenses and have their heads shaven. In that way everyone will know that the things they have heard said about you, amount to nothing. The people will see that you behave properly and that you keep the law.*

*"Now, concerning the Gentiles who have believed, we have written a letter to them telling them we have concluded that they need not observe the law of Moses. Except that they should keep away from things offered to idols, from blood, from the meat of strangled animals, and from fornication."*

#### INTO THE TEMPLE 21:26

*So Paul took the men. The next day, after each of them had purified himself, they entered the temple. This was to indicate the time of the completion of the day of purification. The completion of purification would be indicated by the offering of an offering for each of the five men.*

*When the seven days were nearly completed, and when the Asian Jews saw Paul in the temple, they stirred the whole population and seized Paul. The Asian Jews shouted, "Men of Israel! Help! This is the man who teaches everyone everywhere to oppose the Jewish people, their law, and this place. Furthermore he has also brought Gentiles into the temple; and has polluted this holy place." They said that because they had seen Trophimus, an Ephesian,*

with Paul earlier in the city and assumed that he brought Trophimus into the temple.

The whole city was angered. The people ran as one man; took Paul and threw him out of the temple: Immediately the doors were shut.

DANGER 21:31

As the men were continuing with their plans to kill Paul, a message came to the chief captain of the Roman guard, saying that the whole city was in an uproar.

Immediately the chief captain took soldiers and captains, and ran down to the mob. When the mob saw the chief captain and the soldiers, they stopped beating Paul.

The chief captain came and took Paul and ordered that he be bound with two chains. The chief captain demanded to know who he was and what he had done.

Some people screamed one thing and others said other things. The chief could not learn any particular thing about what had caused the trouble, so he ordered that Paul be taken to the castle.

When the soldiers and Paul came to the steps, the unruliness of the people made it necessary for Paul to be carried by the soldiers. The crowd followed along, screaming, "Kill him, kill him!"

As Paul was being taken to the castle, he said to the chief captain, "May I speak to you?"

The captain said, "Can you speak Greek? Are you not the Egyptian who, a time back, caused an uproar and led four thousand murderers out into the desert?"

Paul said, "I am a Jew, from Tarsus, a city of Cilicia. I am a citizen of no insignificant city. I ask you, please, allow me to speak to the people."

When the chief captain gave Paul permission to speak, he stood on the stairs and motioned to the people for silence. Soon there was complete silence. He spoke to them in Hebrew.

CHAPTER 22

PAUL SPOKE 22:1

Paul said, "Men, brethren, fathers, listen to my defense which I will make to you now."

(When the mob heard that Paul was speaking to them in Hebrew they were even more silent; and he continued to speak.)

A JEW 22:3

"I am in fact a Jewish man. I was born in Tarsus, a city of Cilicia; but I was reared in this city at the feet of Gamaliel. I was taught according to the perfect order of the law of the fathers. I was zealous toward God as all of you are today.

"I fought against this Way to the death. I bound and delivered to prison, men and women. The high priest and all of the elders, from whom I received letters to go to the brethren, can verify that I went to Damascus to bring those who were bound to Jerusalem to be punished.

(To be continued)

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