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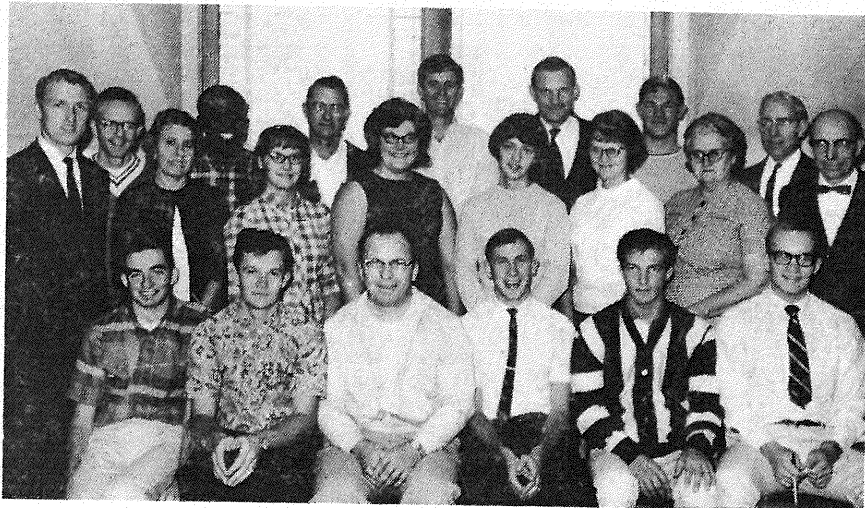
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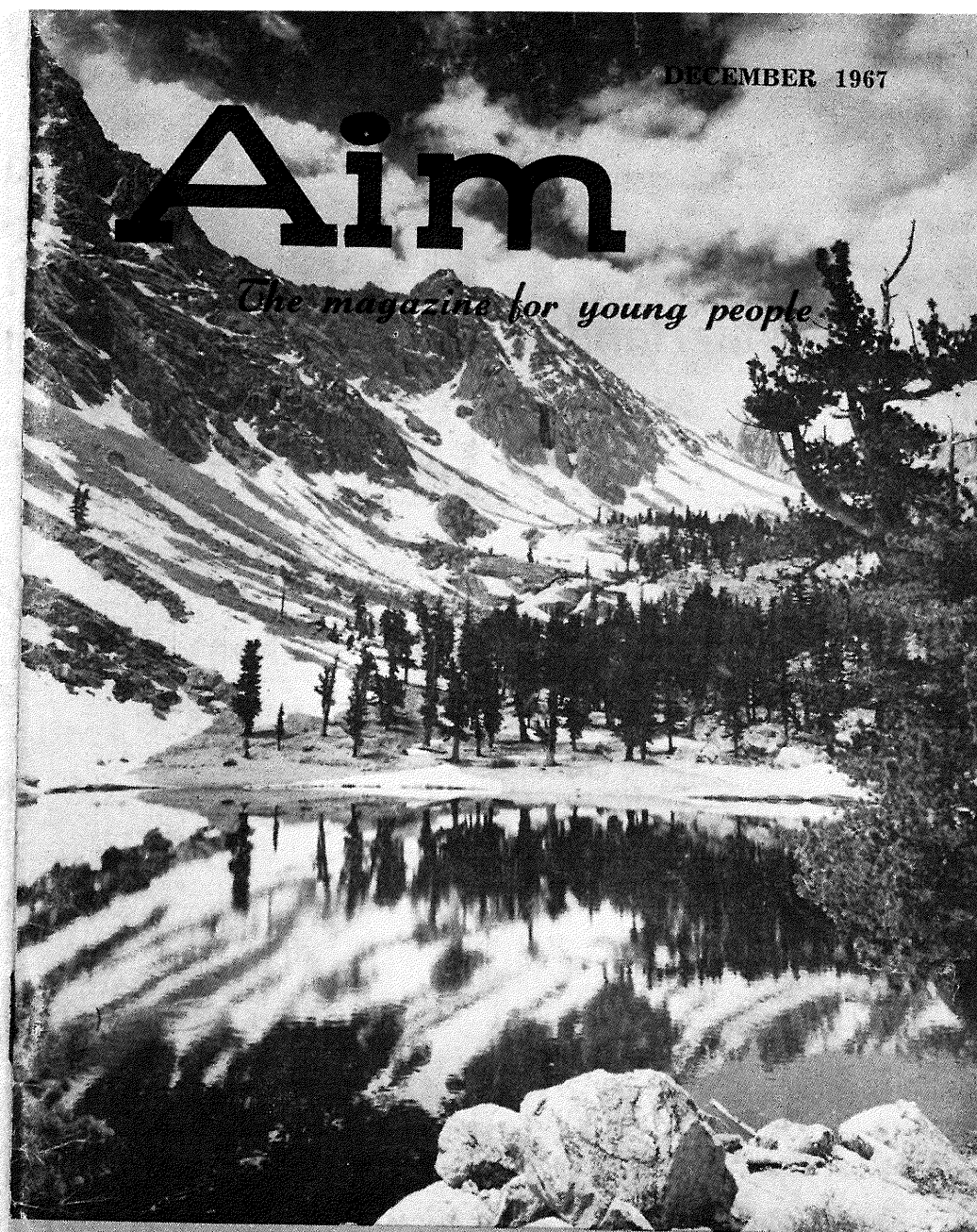
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DECEMBER 1967

Aim

The magazine for young people



Union Pacific Railroad Photo

NATURE IS THE GLASS REFLECTING GOD, AS BY THE SEA REFLECTED IS THE SUN, TOO GLORIOUS TO BE GAZED ON IN HIS SPHERE.—Young.

Aim The magazine for young people

AIM is dedicated to the promotion of higher ideals and more challenging spiritual goals among young people.

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Hope E. Dais, Editor

The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder—a waif, a nothing, a no man. Have a purpose in life, and, having it, throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you.—CARLYLE.

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BRADEN ACRES
GRADE SCHOOL



The Saga of the Salmon

By Barbara Fischer

With the last ounce of strength the exhausted salmon jumped the final step of the fish ladder to come to rest in the holding pond of the fish hatchery. It had been a long, hard journey from the far reaches of the Pacific Ocean, up the mighty river, coming home at last to the place where he had been spawned. His back gleamed white where it had been gouged by rocks and other debris on his trip upriver.

The story of the salmon's return to his exact birthplace to propagate and then die is one of nature's wonders. Each year thousands of gigantic salmon, many of them exceeding three feet in length, fight their way up the Pacific coast's many rivers.

After his birth a tiny salmon fingerling will spend many weeks in quiet river pools (or in this case, in the fish hatch-

ery's ponds), growing and gaining strength. Then he will start his journey to the Pacific Ocean where he will grow to adulthood. Several years will be spent in ocean waters. Early one fall a mysterious instinct will tell him that it is time to return to his birthplace to spawn. He will swim across countless miles of ocean and somehow find the mouth of the river to which he belongs, plunge from the ocean's salty depths into the shallow fresh river waters, and begin the long fight upstream. The way is fraught with many dangers—swift currents, sharp rocks, water too shallow to support the fish's weight, lack of food—all these the salmon must face. He, along with thousands of others, will eventually, and in a way unknown to man, find the exact place where he was born, spawn, and then die.

Our particular salmon had been born in one of the many hatcheries maintained by the

government to increase the number of fish. The hatcheries are usually at the base of giant dams erected across the rivers, thus hampering the salmon's journey further upstream. Fish ladders in the form of giant steps are built which the fish must "climb" before coming to rest in the hatchery holding ponds. They are then caught, killed, and their eggs placed in warm tanks for incubation.

On a given day in the autumn, one can view salmon in crowds swarming their way up the ladders. Their bodies are deeply scarred where they have been swept against rocks.

Naturally, many salmon fail to reach their destination. They were not strong enough to overcome the rigors of their long journey—they give up and are swept downstream and out to sea, there to die and unable to spawn.

The odyssey of the salmon has many examples for Christian young people. Like the tiny salmon, the young Christian is born into a feeling of peace. As he grows in grace and knowledge, he cannot remain in the still backwaters of a sheltered existence. As the salmon goes to the mighty Pacific, the Christian must return to the mainstreams of life. There he is to find a place for himself: He must "go . . . and preach the gospel. . . ." He must live and work among non-Christians, and their influences will certainly strive to have a bearing on his life. The purpose of Christianity is to

propagate life—others must be brought into the fold—and how can this be done if the Christian does not go out and "compel them to come in"?

Thus it is that we find ourselves out in the ocean of humanity. What to do? The easy thing is to be swept along with the current—to conform—to take the easy way out. This is the testing time for the young Christian. He will encounter many dangers and temptations. The jagged rocks of sin will seek to scar his life . . . the submerged logs of unfulfilled good intentions will strive to pull him down. But like the salmon, the Christian always has the "homing beacon" of God's love to draw him home. With God's love the Christian can fight the current of conformity—granted, it will be a hard fight. There will be shallow times—times when you seem far from God, but you must swim on through (with prayer) into the deeper pools of renewed faith and confidence.

In the journey of life the Christian will be lured by the fishermen of the Devil. Bright shiny lures will attempt to divert the Christian from his goal. It is easy to say, "I'll go along with the crowd to show them that I can be a good guy." Oops, all of a sudden you are caught on the hook of continuing sin and cannot fight your way clear.

Our duty is to meet and mingle with others, but that does not mean we have to live the way they do. A *consistent*, loving example is the best way to con-

vince others of Christ's salvation.

In our relationship with non-Christians we must often fight our way "upstream," as it were, against prevailing opinions. Especially for young people this can be a hard task, but one that will give great reward. Although seemingly uncaring, many will be inspired and impressed with your unwillingness to give in. Oftentimes one who holds back from sin will be called a "chicken," but it takes so much more courage to do the right when all around you are doing wrong. Consider the salmon: It would

be much easier for him to remain at sea, but he knows he must make his journey despite all hardships. And the journey does bring a reward—rest at the end and the satisfaction that his species will continue. In the case of a Christian, not only will he obtain the reward of eternal life in God's kingdom—but his example will have brought others into the Heavenly Family.

So, Christian young people, keep up the good fight of faith, for our Lord says in Revelation 2:7: "To him that *overcometh* will I give to eat of the tree of life."

True Neighborliness

by Ruth Wineinger

True neighborliness must be thought of in terms of what I can do for those who need me. It means "giving"—not receiving. It is serving, not being served.

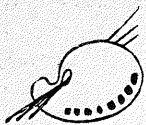
It's unselfishness. —A selfish person can never be a good neighbor. He is too wrapped up in himself and in his personal gains, and never takes time to think of others who need him.

Look around today for someone who needs you, —needs your help or attention. See what you can do for them. If you want to find joy and deep peace, help those who are less fortunate than you and need you.

Be friendly. Just a smile or a cheery "Hello" means a lot to a lonely person.

Visit the sick. Sabbath afternoon is a good time; —an afternoon well spent. —A refreshing cool drink, a bowl of hot soup, a dish of ice cream for some sick person, or whatever you have to give.

What a blessing you will receive by helping those who need you. —You can have a much richer life yourself.



MY INSPIRATION to PAINTING

By Harvey L. Earl, Jr.

I was staring in amazement outside an art classroom at the Indiana State Prison. I saw a young man painting with oils, I presumed, a landscape on a white canvas. I was just passing by but someone told me to stop and I walked in to watch this person paint. I was moved very deeply for it was beautiful to my eyes, but there was a deeper meaning that attracted me to this painting. It was what this person was putting into his work, portraying his approach to life; this I seemed to sense at the time, and later came to sense it even more fully.

The artist that I was watching was Paul, a fellow inmate, whom I came to know and respect. He was destined to be my teacher of art; and since has been a very good friend indeed for the past eight years. I came to learn the art of oil painting through this wonderful association with

Paul. For you to understand this, I will tell you some pertinent facts about this person whom I feel is a master of his own in doing fine oil paintings.

Paul's love for life and his wonderful way of expressing his feelings with paint, brush, and canvas was far-reaching and creative as though he were guided by the power of God. Paul knew and read the Bible daily as his source of joy and love for life. His work was pleasing to my eyes each time that I watched him blend the many lovely colors together. This brought out before me a new and a bright, beautiful new world on just a piece of canvas. What wonders a person can create expressing oneself through art!

After patiently watching him paint for hours and days, I could almost tell what kind of a mood he was in at that time—for his paintings reflected this. He so often expressed his own loneliness and gloominess, which is typ-

ical of inmates. He did not attend art school but this was a talent that was in his blood from the time of his birth. He also became a teacher to those that had the will to learn. He was, indeed, gifted by our heavenly Father! and Paul used his gift well.

I can only say I knew Paul better by his many works of art. A large painting that he completed earlier this year required many long hours of untiring patience and he did it with a mastery of skill known only to an artist. This painting was a portrait of an elderly woman sitting in a rocking chair with the open Bible in her hands. The mood was one of loneliness, but the expression of her face showed faith and joy from reading in her Bible. It is a moving warmth of feeling of real life which seems to pour out on each one who gazes upon this masterpiece of art. I will always remember this painting as a striving force of the will power for me to paint.

I was determined to learn as much as I could of the beautiful way to express one's self in painting. I set out to do so in the solitude of my cell and each evening after I finished my school studies, I began my quest in painting on canvas. My time then became useful and a blessing all its own. Each hour was filled with adventure of study. Paul had given me many points to follow and had explained to me how to blend the colors on canvas. I soon learned that all the teaching in the world could

not give me the knowledge I needed. This would come only from continual patience of will and perseverance to do better with each painting. With this constant experience would come knowledge.

Art is the application of human skills to produce a pleasing effect which we all refer to as beautiful. Painting is one of the six major arts. In each of the arts, categories of matter, form, and content are the distinguished features. The artist's innate ability is discernible in his selection of matter and form. Painting conveys the picture which the artist creates.

In Israel, because of this commandment,

"Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth" (Exod. 20:4).

there were no great contributions to the art of painting. In the next verse, in part, we read:

"Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them." This is what we must guard against; worshiping these paintings, etc., is a sin. Therefore, we must praise God for the gifts that He gives us.

Painting, like everything else, is a gift from God and God will give this gift to the man who wants it as his work in life. God created the land, the water, the sky and all things thereof in the beginning and this is what we call nature. Man can never accomplish what God has made

but can only try to reproduce God's work in the form of paintings.

I have been painting periodically for the past eight years and have received many blessings from my work. Those who have received paintings of mine have passed on their compliments in many wonderful ways. I realize that I am far from being a master of the art of painting, I am just a beginner, but with more experience I hope someday to paint a masterpiece. What it will be I do not know but I hope that God will inspire me.

Thank you, Lord, for the comfort of Your hand, which I find in the Second Epistle of Paul to Timothy, as my closing thought:

"Wherefore I put thee in remembrance that thou stir up the gift of God, which is in thee by the putting on of my hands" (2 Timothy 1:6).

You will find it less easy to uproot faults than to choke them by gaining virtues. Do not think of your faults; still less of the faults of others. In every one who comes into your presence, look for that which is good and strong. Honor that, and rejoice in it; as you can, imitate it, and your faults will fall off, like dead leaves when their time has come.

It is not written "blessed is he that feedeth the poor," but rather, "he that considereth the poor." A little thought and kindness are often worth more than a great deal of money.

—John Ruskin, *English Reformer*
(1819-1900)

CONVICT Vs. Parents and Home

by L. C. Clark

"Parents who read should stop and judge themselves with deep, critical searching. God has committed a world to our care."

Work with convicts and parolees has given me concepts of our social and punitive system that cut across the accepted. The prison and its society is little known or understood. It is quite out of reach by the public; an untouchable subject for most churchmen. Yet it is said, "No man is more than three minutes from the induction desk of a penitentiary." Can we say that only the grace of God stands between here and there?

Think for a moment about the inmate. I have talked and corresponded with dozens. I never ask what he has been. In fact, I am not interested. I am concerned with his plans when freedom comes (and come it will); his attitude toward God, society and the law; and his willingness to accept guidance. Thus, the man you may choose to help will be found in the answers as you communicate.

As you approach these questions, realize you are being examined by him. Here is a man who has walked slowly in deep shadows. He knows that somewhere he committed a great failure. He has spent long, lonely nights in the darkness of social and self rejection. He has been used by too many already. . . he wants to know your game. Life inside has put an edge on discernment. He is quick to feel the false and as quick to accept the real. When you are accepted, you will know it. All you will need to do is to listen. You will hear a man talking about dreams and secrets lodged in his mind for months and years. Just listen! For him you will be the first one who won't laugh, use him, tell on him, or cut him for talking. It is from these men come facts vs. life that will give a new feel in your heart.

Let's read some of the letters from my friends who comment on our subject of parents and home. But before we do, we need to reason why these letters contain such thoughts as are quoted.

Men are made from the world in which they grow up. A child will be molded so deeply by the parents and the home that often his own natural abilities are completely blurred. Today, the child is different than yesterday. He heard father speak and he changed. He saw mother act and life was rearranged. A youth feels the pressure of rejection by parents or community and his whole life can be altered. Drastic is the effect on a child or youth when such forces puncture his inner self.

Thus a child becomes a teenager injected with the fluid of home, parents, relatives and the whole community of adults. A young man is made before he has much to say, or before he knows what or how to say it. He will stand with a clear focus on the future—or confused, angry and revengeful, not by choice, but because of the way traveled. Who helped to balance or unbalance those books? The daily journal of home and parents will bear first examination.

The letters quoted bear record. They are from young men now sitting in some penitentiary waiting for freedom:

"I remember mother playing in a night club. Sometimes she took me with her and I saw the pretty eyes and the people looking at me. [He was speaking about his very early days.] Dad, my step dad (I don't remember my real father), he would yell at me. At twelve, and after, or about that time, he would beat me with a leather belt. Mother does not care about me and I hate Dad."

I visited this inmate in a prison hospital. I saw those deep belt marks—still visible at age 33.

Another wrote me:

"I was adopted. I could sense my stepfather thought he got a bad deal. My home was something to be endured, not enjoyed."

Another:

"My parents separated and I wound up in an orphanage. I am going up for parole soon but if I get out, I have nowhere to go and nobody to go to. Could you help me? What are parents like?"

This brief comment tells so much:

"I hated Dad. I still do. He beat mother when he was drunk. I must not go back anywhere near him when I come out—or should I just forgive and forget?"

Letter after letter brings deep, resentful feelings relative to home and parents. Let me quote from a very special case, a boy you should learn more about:

"Yes, my parents went to a good Christian church. The children went, too. They sang and prayed and worked hard in that church. I remember it so well. Sister married a drinking man and is now divorced. I went to prison because father and mother were such

good church people. . . they had no time for me and sis. They left us in God's hands and God did a bad job."

What can the Christian conclude? You may not agree with these boys, but these are voices of living people as they recall a period of the past that established patterns and gave force to acts of rebellion. To the writer, it becomes more evident that the child's feelings about the parents are much like the bracings in the structure of a great bridge. Such feelings should give great strength to steady him in the growing years.

Parents who read should stop and judge themselves with deep, critical searching. God has committed a world to our care. Watch the child as the story of life unfolds. Where are we with our child . . . where will my child be without me?

From Trinidad

Dear Sister Hayford,

Greetings to you in the most precious name of Jesus.

I am a member of the Church of God (7th Day) in Trinidad and also a member of the FYC group. I am a regular AIM reader and find the articles very interesting. I think it is very good to see young people take time off from the fast-moving world to sit and write such inspiring topics and compose such heartfilled poems.

I must congratulate Sharon Churchwell for that long poem she wrote in September's AIM. I sincerely hope she keeps up the good work.

Another future poet is Carolyn Clements. She had me searching myself when she wrote the poem, "It's Not the Church, It's You."

I am eighteen years old and attend high school. I am in my senior class and taking the last examination next year.

Could you please send me the names and addresses of two FYCers, preferably a boy and a girl from active FYC groups? Two boys and two girls will be all right if you cannot get one of each.

Please pray for us here in Trinidad that we be good Christians and strive for the mark of the high calling. I do admire all the FYCers who take time for God and hope they will always continue to do His will. They will lose nothing but have everything to gain. I am yours in Christ,

Shirley Thomas

Tell Me, Please

QUESTION:

As you know, there are many activities—ball games and social affairs—that are held on Friday night. In order to get full value from my school activities, why shouldn't I be permitted to attend these functions?

ANSWER:

Because you will get far more values out of your religion by being true to it. Missing these functions on Friday night will, admittedly, cause you to miss opportunities to join your classmates in social events, deny you the privilege of being a cheerleader, member of the band (perhaps), and other extra-curricular activities. It is a sacrifice. It is one you need to make.

You are a Sabbathkeeper. It is a life of obedience to God that you want to convey, more than to participate freely in school activity. If you are a Sabbathkeeper, you observe the Sabbath. It is simple in its analysis, even though difficult to live by completely.

Many of our young people had to give up Friday night activities while attending a public school, and they were well-accepted by their class-

Youth Questions

answered by

Ray L. Straub



mates. You do not need these activities to have a full school life, in most cases.

If this problem causes you consistent difficulty—or any problems at all, you should consider enrolling in Spring Vale Academy.

QUESTION:

I plan to be married soon. What are some of the issues you think should be settled before marriage? What do you think of church weddings? Are you in favor of big weddings?

ANSWER:

Before marriage, you should decide your religious affiliation, if you need to. Further, you should decide with determination that you will support that religion.

You should have agreement on the approximate number of children

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you wish to have. It need not be precise, but if you want several and your "intended" wants none, you had better look for someone else! Further, you should have some idea as to when you think it appropriate to have the first baby.

You should have some notion of which vocation each of you has in mind. Some women prefer working out to remaining home with housework, while some men are determined that their wives will remain home. Some newly-wed husbands expected that their wives would get a job to supply a good financial start, and the brides had no such intention. Some young men are content to have a comfortable income in modest surroundings, but their wives have the urge to climb the social and economic ladder. Any such differences should be exposed and reconciled be-

fore the trip to the altar.

I have a strong preference for church weddings. In the case of a pre-marital pregnancy, I consider it appropriate to slip off to a justice of the peace, although I do not consider that a small ceremony performed by a minister is lacking in good taste. I question the wisdom of a large wedding where it is a second marriage for either or both partners.

For young people entering the first marriage, I am all for big church weddings, provided that such a venture does not bring financial ruin to someone. A large wedding is a great lot of work and tries the patience. It leaves a bride exhausted on her wedding day quite often, but for all that, it is worth it. The memories you take from such an occasion enhance marriage in a way that no other occasion can. I support big weddings—up to a reasonable degree.

DOERS OF THE WORD

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of firstfruits of his creatures.

Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath:

For the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God. . . .

But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.

For if any be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass:

For he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was.

But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed.

From the first chapter of the Epistle of James

An

ATTITUDE

in

BLACK



By Morton Green

The winter sky was leaden, and in the little park across from the row of fashionable apartment houses, the bare-limbed trees were, like the line in a poem she had read. Lisa Burton thought, "attitudes in black."

The dark-haired girl in the red wool cap went down the steps to the small skating pond. This early in the morning on the day before New Years, the park and pond were empty, except for one youth skating alone out on the ice. Lisa smiled and sat down on a bench to put on her skates.

Every morning during the winter recess from school, Lisa had come to the park across the street from the apartment building where she had recently moved with her parents. The Burtons had moved from a small, rural town to the city during the holiday break, and Lisa had not yet started in her new school. The big, bustling city high school would be quite a change from the compact rural school she had attended up to her junior year.

The boy who had been skating on the pond came to a stop before Lisa's bench, and held out a mittened hand.

"Hi, Lisa."

"Hello, Gary."

Lisa gave him her hand and stepped out onto the ice. They began to skate slowly.

"I'm glad you could come," he said. He had green eyes and pale, brown hair, and a soft way of speaking.

In the two weeks Lisa had been coming to the park in the morning, Gary was practically the only other person she ever saw here. At first, they only smiled and nodded when they encountered each other every day. One day, Gary asked her to skate with him, and Lisa discovered he attended the same school she would be going to.

"What's Grant High like?" Lisa had asked, apprehensively.

"Big. Lots of good teachers."

"And the kids?"

Gary shrugged. "Just kids. You know."

"I've always lived in a small town," Lisa said.

Gary grinned. "You'll do okay, I'll bet."

In her old community, Lisa Burton

had always been in the popular crowd, ever since junior high, when the girls who were marked by appearance, personality, and ambition as leaders had begun to stick together. But now she would be a new girl in a large, city high school... it wouldn't be easy to win her place with the popular crowd.

"You know what?" Gary said, now. "You know what those trees remind me of? People with their arms outstretched."

Lisa laughed. "I was thinking something like that myself."

"Imagination, it's funny..." he quoted the lines of the song lightly.

When it was nearly noon, time for Lisa to return home, Gary shook her hand, and said, "It's been fun, Lisa. I hope I see you at high."

Gary looked down at her, through thick lashes, and Lisa felt as if the sky were turning over. If only... If only, she could continue knowing him at school.

* * *

The elegant cooperative in which the Burtons now lived had been recommended to Mr. Burton by a fellow executive at his company, who owned an apartment here, and who had a daughter Lisa's year in high school.

Lisa knew Tammi Whitman had only been showing courtesy to the daughter of a newcomer in her father's firm, by calling and inviting Lisa to go shopping and then to a cafe. Lisa felt she was on probation with Tammi's friends, and that they would drop her after school resumed, if they weren't convinced she would fit in with what Lisa was certain must be the "popular crowd" in the junior class at Grant High.

So Lisa was somewhat apprehensive as she rapped the knocker of the Whitmans' apartment that afternoon and was let in by the maid. Tammi had called her over for an afternoon "hen party," and when Lisa went into the spacious, carpeted bedroom, she found Tammi sprawled on her king-sized bed in a peignoir, with boxes and wrappings scattered everywhere.

Two of Tammi's chums, Bridget, a redhead with a pale complexion, and Myra, whose narrow glasses gave her thin face a rather intellectual look, were seated in comfortable wing chairs in the bed-sitting room.

"Grab some space," Tammi said, sweeping some boxes off onto the floor. "We're just tallying up my Christmas take."

Tammi's long, silver blond hair swung about her tanned face. She patted Lisa's hand affectionately, as Lisa sat on the bed. "You look so cute in that fuzzy, cherry-colored sweater," she admired, with a natural warmth. "I wish I had your flair for clothes. But then, Lisa is a fashion artist, you know," Tammi addressed Bridget and Myra. "I've seen some of her drawings."

For the first time since Lisa had met her, Bridget showed a spark of spontaneous interest. "If I had any talent, that's what I'd like to go into—the world of fashion."

Lisa was thankful her interest in fashion drawing had helped her to learn how to dress cleverly, in a way that was always just right for the occasion, but never obtrusive. Lisa's greatest interest was in outward appearances.

"Let's see some of your 'loot,'" Lisa said gayly, assuming the rather

false tone Tammi and her friends took as their trademark.

"Well, how will this do for a starter?"

"Is it real?" gasped Lisa.

Tammi nodded. "A chinchilla collar. Won't it go dreamy with a cashmere sweater for school? I might even wear it when I give my speech for student body secretary at the elections assembly," Tammi added, thoughtfully.

"And everyone will wonder who is running for secretary, you or that animal," Myra put in archly.

"What do you think, Lisa?" Tammi asked.

"Well..." Lisa hesitated. More than anything she wanted to be friends with Tammi, but that fur collar... "Chinchilla is too dressy for school, Tammi, I think."

Tammi shrugged and sighed, "You are right, Lisa. I guess I'll save it to bowl over 'prince charming,' if one ever asks me for a date. Since last year's crop of seniors graduated, there's hardly anyone left at high worth dating."

"At a school as big as Grant?" laughed Lisa.

Then the four girls launched into a heated conversation about what was the ideal boy. This took up most of the afternoon, until the maid served cokes and cookies to the girls.

Tammi was sweet, despite all her sophistication, Lisa thought. I just *have* to make good with her crowd!

The first day at Grant High was, for Lisa, a confusion of programs, hallways, unfamiliar faces, and teachers asking for quiet. Tammi walked her to the counsellor's office, and promised to meet Lisa in the cafeteria for lunch. "Our crowd always

"... 'And what will I say if I see him?' Lisa asked herself... 'I thought you were nobody, so even though I really like you a lot, I had to act that way?'"

sits at a special table," Tammi said. "You'll meet more of the kids. Some of the guys," she added.

Could Gary be in Tammi's crowd? Lisa wondered, briefly. She would have liked to ask Tammi or Bridget or Myra if they knew him, but Lisa felt silly realizing she knew only his first name.

Maybe I will pass him in the crowded halls without even seeing him, Lisa worried. Like ships that pass in the night.

Tammi and Bridget were in Lisa's English and history classes, and Myra in gym, so Lisa was feeling more orientated by the time lunch period came. They were early, but the cafeteria was filling quickly.

"Yours?" "Serve you?" The girls moved along the counter, behind which were student workers in white. Lisa chose a salad and a roll and butter. She was reaching for a carton of milk, when a low voice, said happily, "Well... hi, Lisa! Small world!"

Lisa looked up and saw Gary behind the counter, in a white jacket that was too short for him. *He worked here?* A cafeteria helper during lunch to earn a free meal?

"Oh. Hello, there," Lisa said coolly, and moved on quickly.

Lisa's brain was still spinning as the girls led her to a table near a window.

"Where did you get to know him?" Bridget asked, when they were settled.

Lisa played with her crust roll. "Oh, at the park. He's been there when I skated a few times," she said casually. "I skated with him," she added truthfully.

"I see you have been keeping secrets," Tammi said. "Gary Reid is just about the most attractive boy in the senior class. You must have something special, Lisa, for him to 'pick you up' in the park. He's so strait-laced."

"It... wasn't like that," Lisa protested in a murmur, confused.

"I was just teasing," Tammi said. "Gary's a real nice guy, even if he is kind of odd. Working in the cafeteria, when his folks are so wealthy."

"And I bet he's the only fellow in the senior class who still rides a bike to school," Bridget added. "Says it's better exercise than driving."

"A real nut," agreed Myra. "What other cute boy belongs to the after-school Bible Club, and goes out collecting canned goods for the needy, instead of going to some swinging holiday parties?"

"Sour apples," Tammi chided Myra. She gazed off into space. "If Gary Reid noticed me, even I would join the Bible Club!"

Lisa looked back at the counter, across the cafeteria. Gary was busy filling the drink section. Gary wasn't like those other kids behind the line, who served food because they could not afford a hot lunch any other way. Yet she had snubbed him with that

(Continued on page 34)

Bits and Pieces

SIN

Compiled by
Barbara Lucas

Do no trifle with sin—its consequences are not trifling.

* * *

Some people have no trouble with sin, because they are dead in it.

* * *

WILL GOD'S PATIENCE HOLD OUT FOR YOU?

The patience of Job is a story told,
We marvel at this good man.
Yet infinitely greater God's patience
Toward those who reject His plan.
He yearns and He pleads and He waits to save
The many—not just the few—
But someday His patience will have expired—
Say, will it hold out for you?

God's mercy and love are wonderful,
So tender that heart divine.
'Tis not His plan that a single soul
In hell should be left to pine.
This human family He yearns to save;
He's calling, my friend, to you.
But we know that someday He will call no more—
Will His patience hold out for you?

God's Spirit, He says, will not always strive
In earth, in the hearts of men.
How grateful, my friend, you should be today
That you still hear His pleadings then.
Someday, oh how sad, we will know no more
That patience and love so true.
O sinner, today make your peace with God,
While His patience holds out for you!
—Edythe Johnson

God will never place a Christian
in a position where he must sin.

* * *

**If we sin together, we will answer
for it separately.**

* * *

A seemingly small sin can cause a great sorrow.

* * *

Sin is not hurtful because it is forbidden;
But it is forbidden because it is hurtful.
—B. Franklin

* * *

*The wages of sin is death—think
God I quit before pay day.*

—Reamer Loomis

* * *

Sin is the greatest of all detectives:
**BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND
YOU OUT!**

* * *

**SIN—a moment of gratification; an
eternity of remorse.**

MAN—GOD

Man calls sin an accident—
God calls it an abomination.
Man calls sin a blunder—
God calls it blindness.
Man calls sin a chance—
God calls it a choice.
Man calls sin a defect—
God calls it a disease.
Man calls sin an error—
God calls it enmity.
Man calls sin fascination—
God calls it fatality.
Man calls sin luxury—
God calls it leprosy.
Man calls sin liberty—
God calls it lawlessness.
Man calls sin a trifle—
God calls it a tragedy.
Man calls sin a weakness—
God calls it willfulness.
Man calls sin a mistake—
God calls it madness.

THE STAIN

You can't paint black and not get black,
No matter how hard you try.
You may paint with care,
But the stain is there,
And stays when the paint is dry.
You can't fool around where the sinner's found,
Make friends of the foolish kind,
But it leaves its taint like the mark of paint,
On your heart and your soul and your mind.
You may say you can, and may think you can;
That you'll keep your own hands clean.
But it leaves a mark so deep and dark,
A mark that you have not seen.
For sin's a thing that will always cling,
Though you only meant to play;
It will leave a stain on the heart and brain,
That is hard to wash away.
You can't paint black and not get black,
You can't fool around with sin;
It leaves its trace on the human face,
Its mark on the soul within.
By the words we use and the friends we choose,
We are made for years to be;
You may think they'll not,
But they'll leave their blot
For the rest of the world to see.

* * *

Jesus does not make allowance
for sin; He makes atonement for it.

* * *

A sign: **ALL NIGHT SINNING** will
draw more people than a sign: **ALL
NIGHT SINGING.**

* * *

The sin that robs God of your soul
will rob your soul of God.

* * *

*The biggest trouble with sin is the
"I" in the middle of it.* ELD.

* * *

1 John 2:1, 2 Rom. 6:23
1 John 3:4-9 1 John 1:9.

Whether a man is an up-and-out
or down-and-out sinner, it is only
when he recognizes that he is "out"
that he is able to get "in."

* * *

*If you throw yourself away, you
won't like the place you land.*

* * *

A seeking sinner and a seeking Saviour
must find each other.

* * *

A preacher recently announced
there were 726 sins. He is now being
besieged by requests for the list by
people who think they are missing
something.

Editorial

We wag our heads and say, "Tsk, tsk, how can we expect our young people to live a Christian life in the face of so much worldliness—hippies, love-ins, LSD, etc." Let's give our heads a nod in a positive direction and say, "Young folks, you're living in a time of tremendous opportunity. You are seeing prophecy fulfilled with remarkable clarity. You have universally-recognized facts backing you in your spiritual walk and belief. You have a challenge—yes. But you have abundant weapons with which to face your challenge."

Recently the mayor of Jerusalem humorously remarked that he was certainly impressed with the hospitality of the American people during his recent visit in this country, as each hotel very thoughtfully provided bedside reading material about his hometown.

Though humorous, the observation is very realistic. It points up how prominent the nation of Israel is in the news today. It is evident that God is dealing with this nation of chosen people. As we ponder these things, we are reminded of Romans 13:11, 12, "And that knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. The night is far spent, the day is at hand. . . ."

What a great day we live in! Many happenings of this day can serve to strengthen the faith of the alert, young person who has his eyes set on the goal of service to God.

The Path to Purity

By Terril D. Littrell

"Having eyes full of adultery, and that cannot cease from sin; . . . while they promise liberty, they themselves are bondservants of corruption . . ."
(2 Peter 2:14, 19).

The Bible says that man by nature is "filthy." His unregenerated heart is a den of unclean, dirty, wicked things. If you doubt this, read carefully Psalm 14 and then go to the newsstand in the corner drugstore and look over the assortment of filthy, pornographic magazines and "paperbacks." Countless millions of these evil periodicals and pocket-sized books are bought and read by the so-called "respectable" American public.

Sex is a highly advertised part of our society. There have been those who have insisted that people had moral problems in the past because they didn't know enough about this subject. If that were true, then our age should be well-nigh perfect. Today sex is introduced into every situation—billboard advertisement, T.V. commercials, even down to cartoons for children in comic books and newspapers. It is used much and is freely exploited to sell anything from potato peelers to cigarettes to laundry detergents. Women are seldom presented as persons, but only as FEMALES—sex images!

The real problem lies in the fact that the moral aspect of sex is forgotten. There are those who proudly declare that they are free—liberated from all the old taboos. They corrupt themselves with the beastly and forbidden, never seeming to find what they thought they would. They boast of liberty, "while they themselves are bondservants of corruption." They are slaves of lust. The wages of slavery to lust are very high: sheer torture, restlessness, and endless searching to find satisfaction,—tho never able to.

The path of purity has been obscured in recent years by the "sex

craze" of our society. Instead of lifting up a standard against the moral garbage, the American public has embraced it, poisoning the minds of teenagers and those in the subteens by making it available in abundance. Teenagers don't have to sneak around to get it—it is everywhere!

Ministers have relaxed restrictive rules, and are allowing the young people of the church to wear shorts and immodest bathing suits. Educators have embraced the "new morality"; parents have taken the "modern" approach which encourages unmarried young people to indulge themselves in sexual vices.

Dark as the picture of the human heart is, and helpless as we are to cure ourselves, there is one—and only one—cure for this infection of a warped mind: the cleansing power of the Holy Spirit that can burn out the corruption of evil desires; purge away resentments and forbidden appetites; and purify the fountain stream of all of life.

But let me caution you, coming to the altar for prayer is not the ending of temptation, and assurance of complete deliverance. The person who would walk in the path of purity needs guidance. Here are some suggestions:

1. **GUARD YOUR THOUGHTS.** Christ cautions us: "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery: But I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart" (Matthew 5:27, 28). St. Paul exhorts: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely,

whatsoever things are of a good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things" (Philippians 4:8). We must continually discipline our thoughts if we would keep pure. Pure people cannot harbor impure thoughts.

2. **DO NOT TOY WITH TEMPTATION.** Temptations will come—but shun the suggestions of evil. Refuse the filthy novel, the movie theater, the suggestive television programs, the unclean talk. Don't even listen to or smile at an "off-color" joke or remark. Avoid friends who would pull you down into sin.

3. **GET BUSY FOR GOD.** Character is not made in a vacuum. Don'ts are not enough. Work for the Church, get into training classes, memorize scripture, make absentee calls, learn how to win souls, ask your pastor to start a personal-evangelism class at your church. Gain a new circle of friends who share your ideas in Christ.

If you will, God will. The results will be glorious, God will make your new life to be rich and rewarding as you serve Him.

Your editor and her husband, Hope and LeRoy Dais, are thankful and happy to announce the arrival of a daughter, Linda Kay, on November 21. Two brothers and one sister welcomed little Linda when she arrived home: Bryan, 8, Susan, 5, and Craig 20 months.

It is easy to get angry when defrauded or defied, to be peeved and disappointed if your wishes are denied; but to win a worthwhile battle over selfishness and spite, you must learn to keep strict silence, though you know you're in the right.—*Selected*

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

by Nathan Lawson

Jesus said, "And, behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be" (Rev. 22:12). Such a remark made by the one who will pass out the rewards when this life is over should inspire us to do a great service for Him. And what greater reward could there possibly be than to receive Eternal Life in the Kingdom of God?

Following is a list of Mark of Merit point totals through the third quarter of the 1967 year. Some of the totals are for only one or two quarters because some of the local groups failed to send in their 2nd and 3rd quarter reports.

(If you have not sent in your 2nd or 3rd quarter reports, you may still send them in.)

	Points	Bonus Points
New Auburn, Wisconsin	435	276
Eureka, South Dakota	415	78
Denver, Colorado	400	35
Fort Smith, Arkansas	445	207
Tahlequah, Oklahoma	410	174
Ontario, California	410	126
Tacoma, Washington	430	
Spring Vale Academy	300	11
Claremore, Oklahoma	170	38
Elmira, Oregon	305	77
Alfred, North Dakota	235	40
Wichita, Kansas	410	35
Midway, Oklahoma	205	
Conroe, Texas	105	5
Stanberry, Missouri	195	18
Marion, Oregon	115	5

HONOR LIST TO BE PRINTED IN AIM

Following the end of the Mark of Merit year for 1967, there will be an Honor list printed of all FYC groups that supported the National FYC with 15% of their entire income for the complete year. Along with all other projects, we want to work for a full time Youth Worker. Even if you did not work

through the Mark of Merit Program, you can have your local FYC included on this list if you send in 15% of your income at the end of the year. Every FYC should support the National FYC in this way. To be eligible for the Honor List your support must be in my office by January 15, 1968.

Another Honor List will be printed of all groups that support our Foreign Worker for the 1967 year. To be eligible, your group must send \$6.00 for the year, to help support our Foreign Youth Worker. This also must be in my office by January 15, 1968.

PROJECT OF THE MONTH

The Publishing House is having an extensive Subscription Campaign. The Project of the Month is for your FYC to find two deserving, non-member young people in your community and give them each a one-year subscription to the "Aim" magazine. We would like for all groups to carry out this project. Ask your pastor to help you find two such deserving young people.

FYC OF THE YEAR—through the Bonus Point Program

If you noticed the point totals, you can see that New Auburn is again leading in the race for the FYC of the Year honor in the Church of God. Fort Smith and Tahlequah are also doing real well. I hope that other groups will be inspired by their fine reports and activities.

LOOKING AHEAD TO 1968

Are you planning for an active program in your local church for the 1968 year? Start planning now so that your FYC will be all-out active for Christ in the coming year. Write for information. All correspondence should be addressed to: Nathan Lawson, 841 S. Washington, Lodi, California 95240.

THE LORD HAD A JOB FOR ME

The Lord had a job for me,
But I had so much to do
I said, "You get somebody else,
Or wait till I get through."
I don't know how the Lord came out,
But He seemed to get along,
But I felt kind of sneaking like—
As though I had done Him wrong.

One day I needed the Lord myself,
Needed Him right away;
And He never answered me at all,
But I could hear Him say,

Down in my accusing heart,
"I've got too much to do.
You get somebody else,
Or wait till I get through."

Now when the Lord has a job for me,
I never try to shirk;
I drop whatever I have on hand
And do the good Lord's work.
And my affairs can run along,
Or they can wait till I get through.
Nobody else can do the work
The Lord has for me to do.

—Selected

WINTER WONDERLAND YOUTH CAMP

Lake Beauty, Long Prairie, Minnesota

December 26-28, 1967

Young people—9th grade through age 25

The District No. 2 youth director, Elder O'Banion and his committee have planned for another 3-day winter youth camp this year. It will be held at the same place as last year.

The purpose of the camp is to promote exercise; the activity for the purpose of training or developing the body or mind or heart through the Holy Spirit. Exercise is healthy, necessary and rewarding; which is true whether it is physical or spiritual. We shall be challenged to employ our mental faculties with which to increase our knowledge of the Bible and sharpen our introspection through deep study of the Scriptures. When we can see ourselves for what we really are, then God can be seen (known) for what He really is.

A stimulating program has been planned using the fine movie called "Red River of Life" and another called "Petra," one correlating with evolution and the other with prophecy.

The recreational exercises will be as strenuous and invigorating as you like it, not to mention competitive. There will be skating, broom hockey—a lot of fun—tackle football, ping pong, tennis, tobogganing and chess.

A combination talent show and fund-raising project will be conducted the last evening of camp. The money will be put into a District Youth Fund. So practice up on your talent and save your money.

Our program is arranged to include the various exercises of mind, body and heart throughout the scheduled day and evening. It is our sincere desire that they be accomplished with each one that attends. May His Spirit be with us!!

Come and let God manifest His love to you. Refresh yourself completely during these three days of your winter break in a distinctive Christian atmosphere.

Send your request for registration blanks to:

Mrs. Evelyn Casselman
3704 Midland Ave.,

White Bear Lake, Minnesota 55110

Registration fee is \$2.00. Balance of \$13.00 to be paid upon your arrival at camp.



The Acts of the Apostles

in Paraphrase

(Continued)



By Nathan Straub

Accommodating Agrippa's request to hear Paul's story in person, we find Paul appearing before King Agrippa and his wife, Bernice.

The next day Agrippa and Bernice came with a great deal of pomp. Agrippa entered the place of the hearing with the chief captain and the leaders of the city. Paul was called at the order of Festus.

Festus said, "King Agrippa, and all men present with us here: look at this man. The Jews have dealt with me concerning this man, here and at Jerusalem. They insisted he ought not to be allowed to live any more.

"When I had found that he had done nothing punishable by death, and that he himself has appealed to Augustus, I decided to send him. I have nothing in particular to write to Caesar. So I have presented him to you—and especially to you, King Agrippa, so that after this examination I may have something to write. It seems to me to be unreasonable to send a prisoner and not to indicate the crimes charged to him."

CHAPTER 26

PERMISSION TO SPEAK 26:1

Agrippa said to Paul, "You are permitted to speak freely for yourself."

Paul reached out with his hand and defended himself, "I consider myself fortunate, King Agrippa, to answer to you for myself today, concerning all the things of which I am accused by the Jews; especially because I know you to be an expert in all customs and controversies that are common to the Jews. Now, I ask you to listen to me patiently.

"I spent my youthful years in Jerusalem with my own nation. My life, since my youth, is known to all the Jews. Those who have known me from my youth could testify that I have lived as a Pharisee, the strictest sect in our religion.

"Now I stand for trial because of my hope in the resurrection, which was

given to our fathers by God. Our twelve tribes serve God day and night and hope that this promise will be fulfilled very soon.

"King Agrippa, it is because of this hope that I am charged by the Jews. Why should you think it an impossible thing for God to raise the dead?"

"I actually thought to myself that I should do all I could to combat the name of Jesus of Nazareth. I did persecute the Christians in Jerusalem. Having authority from the chief priests, I placed many of the saints in prison. When they were put to death, I voted against them. I punished them often in every synagogue. I forced them to blaspheme. I fought them so fiercely, that I persecuted them even in strange cities. It was for that reason I went to Damascus. I had been given authorization and direction by the chief priests.

At noon, Oh King, as I was traveling, I saw a light from heaven. It was brighter than the sun and shined around me and the ones traveling with me.

"After we had all fallen to the ground, I heard a voice speaking to me in Hebrew, 'Saul, Saul, why do you cause trouble for me? It is hard for you to kick against the pricks.'

"I asked, 'Who are you, Lord?'"

"The voice said, 'I am Jesus, the One you persecute. Get up. Stand on your feet. I have appeared to you for this purpose: to make you a minister and a witness. You must witness of what you have now seen and of those things which I will yet show you, in rescuing you from the Jews and Gentiles.

"I will send you to the Gentiles to open their eyes, to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to the power of God; so they can have forgiveness for sins; and have an inheritance with those that are sanctified by faith in me."

"Now, King Agrippa, I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision.

"I presented myself to those in Damascus; then at Jerusalem and through all the areas of Judea. Then I went to the Gentiles so they would repent and turn to God and do what is necessary to be reconciled to God.

"For these reasons the Jews captured me in the temple and tried to bring about my death.

"I have received help from God and have been allowed to continue witnessing until now. I have witnessed to the great and to the insignificant. I have said nothing other than what the prophets and Moses said would come: that Christ would be killed and would be the first one resurrected from the dead; to show the ultimate truth to the Jews and to the Gentiles."

As Paul spoke his defense in that way, Festus shouted, "Paul, you are beside yourself. All your learning has driven you to madness."

But Paul replied, "I am not mad, most noble Festus; but I speak out with truth and seriousness. The King, who allows me to speak to him so freely, knows of these things. I am convinced that he is not ignorant of any of these things. This Christian work was not confined to any one small area.

"King Agrippa, do you believe the prophets? I know you believe."

Agrippa replied, "You have almost persuaded me to be a Christian."

(Continued on page 29)

By Vivian Hall

2T₄G

Take Time for God

The farmer buys a good quality seed and after he has fertilized the ground, plowed, disked and marked out the field, he plants the seed. After a certain period of time, he expects to see green plants pushing up through the ground. When the plants have reached a certain stage of growth, the farmer begins to cultivate and thin out undesirable plants. He tends his fields with loving care, watching their growth, cultivating and weeding at proper intervals.

Why does the farmer do this? What does he expect from his labors? What causes him to hope for a good crop? If the farmer has planted wheat he expects a crop of wheat to grow. If he has followed all the special directions that came with his seed he will expect a bumper crop if the growing conditions are favorable. The promises of the seed producer for a certain kind of crop if all directions have been followed faithfully in planting, give him the faith to believe he will have the exact kind of crop the advertisements have promised. The farmer doesn't know for sure, but he has faith that it will be so.

What about us as Christians? Can we not expect to reap just what we sow? If we follow the proper directions for being a Christian (our Bible) can we



not expect the REAL Christian as a result? If we fail to comply with a portion of our rules we can expect an incomplete finished product.

When the housewife makes up a recipe, she is careful to put all the ingredients called for into her batter so as to give the very best prize-winning results. If she fails to follow the directions exactly, the finished product will be lacking in some quality of taste or texture. If we, as Christians, fail to include some portion of the commandments in our daily lives, surely the world can see and know we are lacking something. We hear the expression "Talk is Cheap." We can talk all we want about our lives and how good we are as Christians, but if our lives do not show it by example, then indeed the world knows it. We do not have to brag about our lives for if they are good, our friends and neighbors can see it. "Actions speak louder than words" is another expression often quoted, and how true it is. Our actions show what our lives really are. Let us cultivate the good, and weed out the undesirable habits.

May we ever be determined to be a REAL Christian, and in so doing may we always be found following our directions (Bible) to our utmost ability. May God help us to begin our new year (as the world celebrates time) with a determination to grow each day closer to Him.

Date	Chapter
Dec. 15	Heb. 9
Dec. 16	Heb. 10
Dec. 17	Heb. 11
Dec. 18	Heb. 12
Dec. 19	Heb. 13
Dec. 20	James 1
Dec. 21	James 2
Dec. 22	James 3
Dec. 23	James 4
Dec. 24	James 5
Dec. 25	1 Pet. 1
Dec. 26	1 Pet. 2
Dec. 27	1 Pet. 3
Dec. 28	1 Pet. 4
Dec. 29	1 Pet. 5
Dec. 30	2 Pet. 1
Dec. 31	2 Pet. 2
Jan. 1	2 Pet. 3
Jan. 2	1 John 1
Jan. 3	1 John 2
Jan. 4	1 John 3
Jan. 5	1 John 4
Jan. 6	1 John 5
Jan. 7	2 John
Jan. 8	3 John
Jan. 9	Jude
Jan. 10	Rev. 1
Jan. 11	Rev. 2
Jan. 12	Rev. 3
Jan. 13	Rev. 4
Jan. 14	Rev. 5

THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES—(Continued from page 27)

Paul said, "I would to God that not only you but everyone who hears me today were both almost and altogether as I am; except for my detention."

After Paul had said that, the king, the governor, Bernice, and those who sat with them got up. They went to a place to be by themselves. They talked to each other and said, "This man has done nothing to cause him to be killed or imprisoned."

Agrippa said to Festus "If this man had not appealed to Caesar, he could have been freed."

JEWELS IN HIS CROWN

By Verna McCoy

"Rarest gems bear hardest grinding,
God's own workmanship are we."

Many years ago there was found in an African mine a splendid diamond. It was so magnificent that it was chosen to adorn the crown of the King of England. The King sent it to Amsterdam, Holland, to be cut by an expert lapidary.

The lapidary took the priceless gem, put a notch in it, and then with a forceful blow of a cutting instrument, cut it in twain.

What a blow! What an error, you might say! But not so. The skilled and knowledgeable lapidary had studied the diamond for weeks prior to its cutting, and knew best how to cut it to reveal its superb beauty, shapeliness, and radiance.

Although it is the premier precious stone, diamond in its natural state is covered with a layer of inferior substance.

It takes long, hard work with diamond dusts to polish diamonds.

The precious jewel may be torn and cut until its carats are greatly reduced. But when the cutting and polishing are finally completed, the jewel will blaze with a thousand flashes of brilliant, beautiful light. Every carat will be multiplied in value by the process of reduction and threatened destruction.

What a marvelous lesson for God's children and for His minutemen on a long treasure hunt hoping to attain at the last and highest mark a shining diadem.

In our natural, carnal state we are black with sin.

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

Daniel 12:3

Malachi 3:17

Isaiah 62:3

Philippians 3:14

2 Timothy 4:8

1 Peter 5:4

Revelation 3:11

Revelation 22:12

Sometimes God allows stinging blows of sickness, temptation, misfortune, etc., to fall upon our lives. We wince, cry, murmur and complain—but in truth we should be grateful "for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth" (Hebrews 12:6).

"O blows that smite! O hurts that pierce
This shrinking heart of mine!
What are ye but the Master's tools
Forming a work Divine?"

Let us patiently wait His time, trusting in His love completely, "that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ" (1 Peter 1:7).

Dear Editor,

I wrote this article just lately for English and I thought maybe it could be used in the AIM. I am a sixteen-year-old tenth grader at Camden Frontier High School in Camden, Michigan.

A friend in Christ,
Sandy Mann

A DEAR PLACE TO ME

My friend, I have been to this dear place many times. Now just what place am I talking about? Well, as surprising as it may seem to you, I am talking about your church.

Or isn't it surprising to you? Well, yes, I would say it must be, if you have ever seen our church—for it is not a new one, —nor does it look like a mansion from afar. For its pews are worn from age, its steps are old and weary, the piano is quite out of tune, the aged floor squeaks and creaks, and its white coat of paint is faded with age. Oh, yes, my friend, it is quite true that it has beautiful green grass in the summertime and blooming flowers in the fall, but

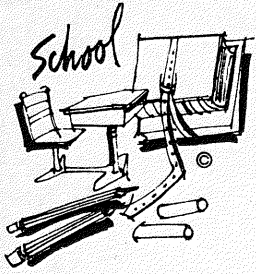
like all other plants they come and go in their time.

You must wonder by now why I say this place is so very dear, when everything is so old and very out of shape. Am I not quite right, my friend?

Well, as you can see by now, it is not the looks of the church that makes it so wonderful and dear to me, nor is it the flowers and grass that come and go.

What is it about this place that makes it so dear to me, and makes me feel so warm inside when I am within?

Yes, you're right, my friend; it is the fact that it is the House of God. And you will always be able to find Him there even though earthly and material beauty has long been gone.



School Reports

SPRING VALE NEWS

The falling of the leaves has caused our schedule to tighten some more, but in a few days Thanksgiving vacation begins so we expect both teachers and students to make it to that break.

The seniors have been doing a lot of leaf raking to earn money for their class; the juniors are selling candy; and the Honors Club has had a car wash. The seniors have a Bake Sale scheduled for November 21. Many of the students that are not going home will be visiting in homes of students and Spring Vale friends during Thanksgiving.

During November, student No. 53 arrived. She is Shirley Stack from southern California. The West Coast is well represented at SVA this year. We have heard of others who are planning to come second semester. We have a few more vacant bunks in the dorms and our second semester begins January 15. We have many fine Christian students here and if you are getting tired of the way the kids in your home school talk and act, consider joining our student body in January.

During each month we have a short series of evangelistic meetings and this month the local staff gave the special messages—Brother Heavilin, Brother Burrell, and Brother Weg-

ermann. This was in addition to regular morning and evening devotions around campus. The religious activities make our program much busier, but these are the times which make SVA students different from other students. Daniel prayed three times daily and, from the power he possessed, we doubt that this was merely his table grace. The dusty knees and the Holy Scriptures textbook are a lot of the reason young people come a long way to be at Spring Vale.

In November the "Blue" Team of the Blue and White publication contest had to put on a party for the winning "White" team. If you would like to keep up on SVA news, you can still send in your dollar for the remaining issues. In November there was an auction where students brought an item for cash credit so they could auction other items. Some hot tacos were an unusual hot item that was quite popular. November also included a night of roller skating at Durand.

In November the boys had a good opportunity to get an inside look at the girls' dorm construction as they spent much of their work time helping out Brother Brunson and Brother Shapitka. The girls are admiring the dorm from a distance. Look for further dorm and school news in coming church publications. We have so

many things for which to be thankful in this area of the Church of God's missionary efforts.—E.W.F.

MIDWEST BIBLE COLLEGE

This past month has been full of reminders of God's greatness. His wonderful love has showered upon us in the form of answered prayer and miracles. Though many of us have faced difficult situations throughout the month, God has always pulled us through in a miraculous way. How true it is that all things work together for good to them that love God.

All the students are settled down in the routine of college life. Many have jobs in the afternoon so someone is up studying most of the time.

The college in conjunction with the local FYC enjoyed many activities together. Outstanding among the activities was a weekend retreat at a girl scout camp a few miles outside of Albany. We opened the Sabbath with fireside services near a small lake. After singing many choruses, giving testimonies, and worshipping God in prayer, we walked back to the cabins and bed. We rose early in the morning for prayer and breakfast. The lesson, *Spiritual Blindness and Its Cure*, was studied until noon, with Ken Brunson as the teacher. We really had a wonderful lesson; many inspiring thoughts were brought out. After lunch we had services outside. It was really a great experience to worship God with His creation all around us. Between choruses groups were called upon to prepare a special number. The Lord richly blessed these spontaneous songs. Many who sang had never sung in front of an audi-

ence before. The first special song was "He's Able" and His skill at causing melody and harmony to come from the mouths of inexperienced singers was manifested with each number. Following the program a couple of hours were set aside for each of us to walk off and draw close to God. I know that I received a blessing and felt God's presence as I worshiped Him alone and I am sure the others felt the same way also. Many burdens were laid upon our Saviour and many lives were rededicated to His service. All of us returned to the cabin for supper at 6:00 where we had a wiener roast. Then we had a wonderful fireside service. Joyce Weir sang "How Big is God." It was deeply appreciated by all as we meditated on the words. Other special numbers were given and testimonies followed. It was great to hear young people tell how God had worked in their lives, and of the miracles they had seen and experienced. Maybe it can be described with the words of a visitor, who upon leaving was overheard to say, "You really have something here." Sunday morning some of us played football; then we rode horses. It was a rough-looking bunch who returned that afternoon. We were grateful to be back where there were facilities for showering and shaving.

Other activities have included a hay ride, rest home singing, a social at Sister Lillian Wagner's home where we enjoyed pizza and apple cider, and a Thanksgiving party on the 18th sponsored by the college.

Students spent their Thanksgiving vacation in many different states. They took advantage of the opportunities to witness and brought back reports on the work of the church in different

areas of the country. All have returned safely, the last carload returning a day late because of car trouble. We surely are thankful to be together once again.

During this month we have heard from a number of prospective students for the spring semester. We ask that you remember them in prayer that God will work things out so that it will be possible for them to attend college here. Continue to remember the college in prayer as we study to become better servants for our Lord and Master.—*John Lemley*

AN ATTITUDE IN BLACK

(Continued from page 17)

cool response, denied his friendship for fear of losing Tammi's.

On Friday, a break from school for teachers' meeting, Lisa had an appointment to go to the record store with Tammi and the girls in the afternoon, but that morning, early, she went to the park with her ice skates. There were several people skating on the pond today, but Gary Reid was not there. The weather was cold and gray, and the stark trees more than ever were attitudes in black.

And what will I say if I see him? Lisa asked herself, as she skated. I thought you were nobody, so even though I really like you a lot, I had to act that way. But now I know you're approved by the right crowd, so let's be friends again?

Once during the week at school, Lisa had thought she glimpsed Gary in the hall, but she wasn't sure. The school was put on a double lunch period, because of overcrowding, so Lisa didn't have to pass him at the cafeteria counter. She longed to see

Gary, and dreaded the encounter, at the same time.

Noon came, and Lisa knew she must return to the apartment to dress for her afternoon with the girls. Somehow, the thought of really being part of the crowd now held no special magic for Lisa.

She was going quickly up the steps to the street when she met Gary. His skates were swung over his shoulder and he was wearing an expensive bulky-knit ski sweater.

"Gary..." All other words caught in her throat.

He nodded.

"Hi—there." And he went down the steps to the pond.

Lisa left the park, but turned at the entrance. She saw Gary at the edge of the ice, putting on his skates. Did he see her? What was his expression? Lisa really couldn't tell through her tears.

UNDER COVER

There was a man named Robert Brown, who thought with others in the town, that he himself was of great rank because of money in the bank. Each time he'd give a buck away, he'd tell about it all that day. For fear each person might not know it, he'd go the next day and show it.

He gave a fountain to the town and oh, my, how it went around! Each child in town was taught to say, "'Twas Mr. Brown gave that away." His left hand never was in doubt of what his right hand was about. That ancient bit of admonition, with him was just a mere tradition.

But wait, there's something under cover that applies to many another: who never tell of things they do, in giving one buck, get back two.

—*Ruth Smeltzer*

AIM

● MINUTEMAN

● 2T4G

● EVANGELETTE

● MARK OF MERIT

If you are a reader of AIM, the above phrases are familiar to you. However, if you happen to be a young person who has never taken the time to really find out what these programs mean—just what they offer you, please take time this month to become acquainted.

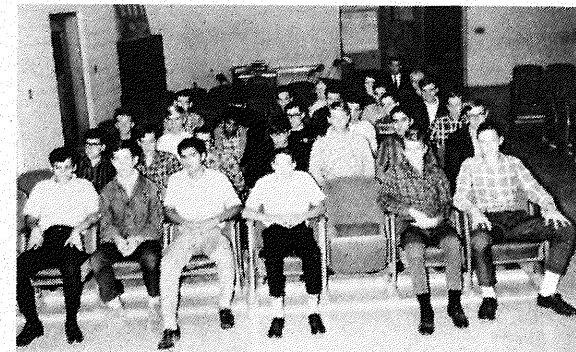
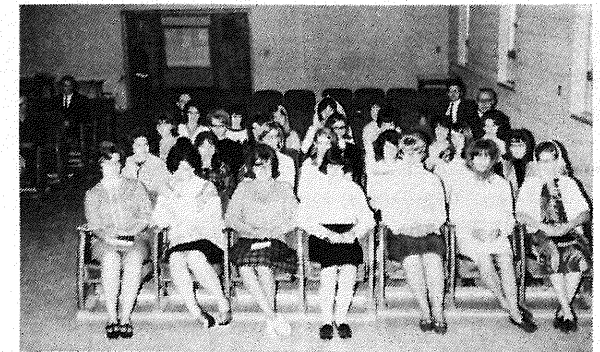
It will be a wonderful way to start your new year. These programs offer real blessings and inspiration to you individually, as well as in group participation.

Write to: Elder Dale Lawson, Stanberry, Missouri 64489, to secure pamphlets, charts and any other information available concerning these programs.

PICTURED BELOW ARE THE S.V.A. STUDENTS, 1967-68.

The second semester starts January 15, 1968.

If you are interested, there is still time to enroll.



For more information about S.V.A., write to:

Spring Vale Academy
Route 5
Owosso, Mich. 48867