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Aim

The magazine for young people



**Winter Retreat Time
for Youth!!**

Aim The magazine for young people

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

It is published monthly by the Bible Advocate Press at Second and Willow Streets in Stanberry, Missouri 64489. Second-class postage is paid at Stanberry, Missouri.

Contributions of material for publication are greatly appreciated. No responsibility is assumed for the care of manuscript, however, and only manuscript which is accompanied by return postage will be returned. Material which is original with this publication may be reprinted to the Glory of God. Please give proper credit.

Subscription rates: \$3.00 per year in the United States and Canada. Foreign, \$3.50. Clubs of 6 or more to one address, U. S. and Canada only, \$2.25 each.

A change of address must be allowed two weeks for processing. Please send both old and new addresses.

Address all mail to: AIM, P. O. Box 158, Stanberry, Missouri 64489.

Vol. XXXIII, No. 12

Hope E. Dais, Editor

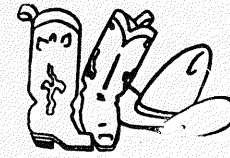
Front cover picture:

Young people enjoy fellowship and good food at a Youth Retreat in Missouri. See the report on page 18.

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BRADEN ACRES
GRADE SCHOOL



Man of Gold

By Haskell Hawkins

After Tom stepped off the school bus, he walked briskly along the beaten path which was a short cut to his house. He flung open the yard gate and dropped down on one knee to greet his dog that came jumping and yelping. "Rex, have you been lonely today?" Tom asked as he gently stroked Rex's head. "Now that Mother and Daddy are gone away for a visit, it sure is lonely, isn't it? Well, come on. I'll try to get you something to eat and then I must do the chores. I've got a date tonight with the cutest girl in the world!" With that he sprang to his feet and rushed into the house.

Four hours later Tom was lost with joy in the activities of the party at Betty Marton's home. Betty Marton was his date for the evening. They had just finished Tom's favorite game of "Good Night, Go Walking" and everyone was gathered back in the living room when Betty turned to Tom and whispered, "Where's Fred?" "I don't know," Tom replied rather sharply. The question stirred up some big questions in his mind. Why was she so anxious about keeping tab on Fred? Was she still in love with him? Was it Betty or Fred Mann who called it quits when they were dating?

During the rest of the party, these questions bothered him, but he kept an active part in the games.

At eleven o'clock the party broke

up. Tom's friend, Don Blake, nudged him in the back with his knuckles saying, "Come on Tom, let's go home."

"Just a minute," Tom replied without turning around. "You go out in the barn and get our horses and I'll be right out."

Tom and Betty stood alone in the spacious living room. As he looked

It was requested by an FYCer that we reprint this story which appeared in an August 1954 issue of this youth magazine. The author was a student at Midwest Bible College at the time the story was written.

into her dark eyes and began to thank her for the enjoyable evening, his mind was still repeating—Where is Fred? Where is Fred? He turned and walked to the door, took his Stetson off the long-horn hat rack, paused for a moment, whispered, "Goodnight, Betty," and stepped out into the darkness.

Tom (blinded for a moment) took a few uncertain steps toward the barn. His deep brown sympathetic eyes soon became adjusted to the dark and revealed to him the figure of Don standing at the gate. Tom saw only one horse and it was Don's.

"Where's my horse?" inquired Tom, as he came stumbling up to Don in the dark.

"I don't know, Tom. I came out here and found only Starlight. Lightning is gone."

"How did he get out?"

"That's a puzzle to me. There's no way he could have gotten out because the gates are all closed. You don't suppose that someone could resent your dating Betty, do you?"

Tom's mind quickly raced back over the happenings of the night. Now it was plain what had happened—Fred had let Lightning out. "Yes, I imagine that some snake-in-the-grass like Fred did it. I'll get even with him!"

As Don mounted his horse, Tom spoke disgustedly, "Well, Lightning will come home in a day or two. I'm not worried about him, but I don't feel like walking ten miles home."

"Starlight will ride double. Give me your hand and we will be on our way."

Tom grabbed Don's hand, made a leap and landed behind the saddle. Starlight humped his back, frisked

around a little, then headed out down the hard-packed, dirt road.

The next morning at school Tom was standing at the water fountain getting a drink, when Don punched him in the ribs and whispered, "Here comes your rival." Tom glanced up at Don to see which way Don was looking and in that brief look he saw his friend's face flushed with anger.

Tom looked at the stalwart, handsome Fred, who was coming across the school yard toward them. Tom noticed that Fred looked sick, but he wasn't in any mood to sympathize with him. In fact, Tom was going to straighten things out then and there.

Fred spoke and started to walk past when he heard Tom's harsh words, "Just a minute, Fred. I want to talk to you!"

Fred wheeled about and met the gaze of Tom and Don. Their eyes were narrowed with anger. Tom stood like a statue—his jaws set, his fists clenched, his face gray and hard as flint.

Don punched Tom and snapped, "He's the guilty bird."

Tom snarled, "So you're my friend, are you, Fred? What a dog!"

Fred wasn't afraid of any man nor had reason to be, because his frame of six feet was well stacked with muscles. Fred stood speechless for a moment at such an outburst. Quietly Fred said, "Of course, I'm your friend."

Scarcely had he finished that statement, when Tom swung at him with all the fury his body could muster. Fred ducked and grabbed Tom around the waist. Tom twisted and tossed, but Fred's arms stayed and clenched around him like iron bands.

Mr. Strunk, the superintendent, stepped around the edge of the building and saw the tussle. "Hey! What's going on there?" he called as he came rushing over to the boys. "You boys break it up!" he snapped. Fred loosened his hold and stepped back. His eyes were still on Tom.

"What's all this about?" asked Mr. Strunk angrily. Tom and Fred stood panting like lizards, both still glaring at each other.

It was Don who broke the silence. "Tom and I were here minding our own business when Fred came up and jumped on Tom."

Fred dropped his head and was gazing at the ground when Mr. Strunk turned directly to him and said astonishingly, "I would have never thought it of you, Fred. We have already picked you as the best citizen of the school, but," he added remorsefully, "it looks as if we will have to pick someone else; furthermore, I will see that you don't get to play basketball tonight because of this tantrum."

They all stood there in silence for a few seconds. Fred cleared his throat and spoke in a clear, respectful manner, "Is that all, Mr. Strunk?"

"I suppose so," Mr. Strunk answered, and with that the quartet slowly walked into the building.

The ballgame that night was with their rival school, Springfield. For six years now, Macon had won over Springfield, and the latter had built up a jealous hatred for Macon. The tension of the coming game had the whole school in a dither. At noon, Tom motioned Don aside and said, "I didn't expect Mr. Strunk to bar Fred from the game tonight. I'm afraid we can't win it without him."

Don bit his lip, kicked the building lightly with the toe of his shoe and replied, "I didn't expect it either; but there's nothing we can do about it now, because if Strunk finds out that you jumped on Fred and I lied about the matter, we will both be barred from the game. Our team will be worse off then than ever."

Tom shrugged his shoulders and sighed, "I guess you're right. We will have to make the best of it."

That night the gym was packed as usual. The game was fast and furious. Macon was trailing by two or three points all the first half. At the half, the scores stood: Springfield 35; Macon 32. The spectators were all wondering about Fred—where is he? Is the coach saving him until the last? In the corner by himself unnoticed by the crowd, Fred sat silently viewing the game. He squirmed, sweat, and bit his nails. He was getting sicker by the minute. How he hated to see Macon defeated. The rest of the game wore on until Fred saw that Macon's chance was gone. He placed his elbows on his knees, dropped his head down in his hands, and sat until the raging crowd had left the gym. Fred rose to his feet and looked for a long while at the scoreboard, which showed Springfield 57; Macon 50. He dropped his head and walked slowly out into the night. He left the gym with tears in his eyes and a lump in his throat, and as he trudged along he kept mumbling to himself. "My! What a nightmare! What a nightmare!"

* * *

When Tom reached home, he was disgusted with himself because of the happenings of the day. He walked

into the living room and threw himself on the divan. He sat there for about a half hour recalling the events that had taken place since the party.

He was startled by a voice beside him. "How did the ballgame come out, huh?"

He jumped and looked up. His mother was standing before him. "Oh . . ." Tom mumbled, "we lost by seven points."

"I was afraid of that when I saw you sitting here so dejected. What happened? I thought you boys had as good a team this year as ever."

"We do!" Tom replied slowly, "but when our best player is off the court, it tells on us."

"I didn't know that Don is your best player."

"He's not. Who said anything about Don, anyway?"

"Well, he was the one who was going to be barred from the game because he didn't get his English theme retyped."

Tom leaned forward on the divan with his eyebrows lowered. He spoke distinctly, pausing between each word, "What's that again?"

Last night when we were coming home from your Aunt Martha's, we noticed that the Strunks were home, so we stopped in for a few minutes to chat with them. While we were there, Fred came over to see Mr. Strunk. He wanted Mr. Strunk to let him retype Don's paper so Don would be able to play in the ballgame tonight. Mr. Strunk gave him permission, so I felt sure Don would be in the game." Tom's mother stopped and viewed the expression on Tom's face. "What's the matter with you, Tom?"

All this was too much for Tom

at such a moment, so he hastily replied, "I just feel sick. I think I'll go to bed."

Tom's mother watched her son rise slowly to his feet and mope across the room. She wondered what was wrong with him but she thought it wise to let him go to bed. "Good-night, Tom," she called as he left the room.

"Goodnight, Mother," was the feeble reply. Then all was quiet.

The next morning at school Don was standing in the hallway waiting for Tom. Don saw the school bus pull up and stop. The kids were pouring out. Soon Tom stepped out. Don saw that Tom had seen him and was walking hastily to him. He noticed Tom's placid face and thought that Tom was still grieving over the game.

Tom took hold of Don's arm, nodded his head toward a classroom, and spoke in a monotone, "Let's go in here."

They hastily stepped inside the door where all was peace and quiet. Don sat down on a desk top and peered up wonderingly into the pale face of his friend who began to speak, "Don, we've done Fred a grave injustice. Yesterday Fred didn't want to fight me. He grabbed me to protect himself. Fred could have cleaned the ground with me if he had tried; but all the time he was holding me, he was repeating, 'I'm your friend, Tom.' Then you lied to Mr. Strunk and caused him to be barred from the game. Do you remember a few days ago when Mr. Strunk told you that you had to retype your theme before the ballgame or else you would not be eligible to play?" Don nodded his head. Tom continued, "Well, did you retype it?"

"No, I forgot it."

"Then, how do you suppose you were eligible to play last night?"

"I don't know. I guess maybe Mr. Strunk forgot about it, too."

"No, that's not it," snapped Tom, who was aggravated at his friend's indifference about the whole matter. "Night before last, Fred left the party early and came to Mr. Strunk's, got your paper and retyped it so you would be eligible to play in last night's game."

With this revelation, Don simply slipped from his perch and stood for a moment with his mouth open and gazing into the eyes of his friend. "Do you really mean that?" whispered Don's quivering lips.

There was silence for a moment. Don leaned back against the chair and dropped his gaze to the floor. "I'm a heel, Tom," he began feebly. "I'm the one who has caused all the trouble. Fred has always outdone me in everything and I was jealous of him. I wanted to make trouble for him so I turned your horse out, knowing that you would blame him for it."

Silence prevailed again. After a while, Don shook his head and looked up. "Will you forgive me, Tom?"

"Surely," Tom replied, "but, we must both go and find Fred and make things right."

The two boys left the room in search of Fred. Before long they learned that Fred was not at school, so they made plans to go and see him that night.

* * *

In the evening twilight, Tom and Don stepped up on the front porch of Fred Mann's home. Fred's mother

answered the door. "Good evening, Mrs. Mann," the boys greeted in unison.

"Hello, Tom and Don," she replied softly.

Tom could tell she was happy to see them, but something was wrong. *What's wrong*, he wondered, as he asked, "Where's Fred?"

"He's very sick," came the low reply, and as Fred's mother turned, she added, "Follow me. I'm sure he will be happy to see you. You may say only a few words because he's very ill. The doctor advised us to keep him quiet."

As they entered the room, Fred turned his eyes in their direction. Tom was horrified by Fred's pale, drawn face. Yesterday he had been pale, but now he looked like a ghost. As the two visitors dropped down on their knees at the side of the bed, Don spoke out, "We're sorry for mistreating you, Fred. Will you please forgive us?" Tom saw Fred's lips quiver and felt his cold hand on his as Fred gave his weak but earnest reply, "I've never had any hard feelings toward you."

Tom and Don answered, "Thanks a lot, Fred," as a load lifted from their hearts. Tom continued, "And we want you to hurry and get well. Next time we will show that Springfield bunch how the cow ate the cabbage."

They all grinned at that statement. The two boys then rose to their feet, bid Fred goodnight, and walked out into the living room where Mrs. Mann sat reading the evening paper. When she noticed them, she laid her paper aside and said, "Take a chair, boys, and visit with me a while." They sat down.

"Tell us about Fred," said Tom. "What's wrong with him?"

Mrs. Mann cleared her throat and slowly began. When he came home last night from the ballgame, he was a very sick boy. I was awakened about two o'clock in the morning by his talking. I walked into Fred's room and sat down by his bed. He was saying, 'What a nightmare. What a nightmare.' I awakened him, and asked what was wrong. He told me the whole story. He said he had been sick for several days, but was afraid to tell me because he knew I wouldn't let him play in the game last night. He told me about his leaving the party Wednesday night because he felt so bad, and on the way home, remembering Don's theme, how he stayed up until nearly two o'clock retyping it. He told me the highlight of the next day, and about the trouble he had with you boys.

This morning I called the doctor. He has been out here three times since. The doctor says he has strep throat, plus double pneumonia.

Tom's eyes were filled with tears. He held one hand up over his face so Don and Mrs. Mann wouldn't see him crying. He heard Don speak falteringly, "Tell us, what makes Fred such a perfect boy?"

Mrs. Mann answered in a softer tone than before, but her words were firm. "Fred was converted a couple of years ago. He was never a bad boy, but from that day until now, he has lived for his Master and friends. Very often he has wished that you two would come to church and get acquainted with his very faithful Friend, the One who sticks with him through thick and thin—the Lord Jesus Christ."

An hour later, Tom and Don said goodnight to Mrs. Mann and, mounting their horses, they rode away with Mrs. Mann's soft, sweet voice still ringing in their ears. For three miles they rode with only the squeaking of the saddles and the trot-trot of the horses' hoofs breaking the silence of the crisp, moonlit night. As they approached the forks of the road, Tom looked down at Don and said, "I'll see you at church tomorrow."

"Okay, Tom," came the reply as Don reined his horse to the right and headed down the moonlit road alone.

At ten o'clock the next morning, Tom, Betty, and Don were at Sabbath school. Tom was amazed as he sat there observing the crowd. Although so varied in stature and appearance, they all had one thing in common. They were in love with Fred's Friend.

After Sabbath school, church services began. Elder Morse read the 53rd chapter of Isaiah for his Scripture reading, then began his sermon. Tom was stirred to the depths of his soul as he sat there listening to the message about Jesus Christ.

When the altar call was given, Tom marched down the aisle and fell on his knees before the altar. Tom didn't know what was going on around him. He was completely lost in meditation of the words he had heard. Jesus Christ died for His enemies. No wonder that Fred is so wonderful. Anyone will be when they let Jesus be their Friend and Guide. *Yes, even me*, Tom thought, as he knelt there weeping bitter tears. Finally Tom arose to his feet and noticed that Don and Betty were beside him. Tom realized before the day ended that this

Sabbath marked a new era in their lives.

Monday morning when Tom walked down the hall at school, Don wasn't waiting for him. Tom marched into the classroom hoping to see either Don or Betty, but found neither.

I wonder why they aren't here, he thought as he sat down at his desk. The bell rang for the class to start, but Tom noticed that Mr. Strunk wasn't present. Five minutes later, Mr. Strunk walked into the room. *What's wrong with him?* wondered Tom. *He must be sick, too.* Tom viewed him with searching eyes.

Mr. Strunk began to speak, "There will be no school until Wednesday." There was a stir of joy among the students, but the class soon responded to the distressed look on Mr. Strunk's face with total silence. Mr. Strunk continued, "The two days' dismissal is in honor of your most beloved classmate, Fred Mann, who died last night."

Tom dropped his head into his hands and wailed, "Fred, dead? No!

No! No!" The tears flowed from his eyes. Those few words spoken by Mr. Strunk had knocked the sun out of the sky for Tom.

* * *

Three years later the mailman delivered two letters addressed to Mrs. Mann. Opening the first one, she took out a little card which was sent to notify her that Tom and Betty were proud parents of a baby boy. She noticed a dark line marked beneath the baby's first name—Fred. Mrs. Mann was smiling as she opened the second letter. She noticed it was from Don, who had been going to college winter and summer for the last three years. The letter informed her that Don had finished school and was sailing that day for South Africa to fill his calling as a missionary.

Mrs. Mann placed the letter under Fred's picture where, by itself, lay a card which had been sent to her three years ago at the time of Fred's death. Beneath the touching poem, these words were penned, "In memory of 'A Man of Gold'"—and signed by Betty, Tom and Don.

ARE YOU EVER DISCOURAGED?

Discouraged ever? That's not in the life of a honey bee who usually travels some 300,000 miles to collect one pound of honey.

Discouraged? The chemist, Paul Ehrlich, performed 605 unsuccessful experiments but wasn't discouraged. The 606th was a success!

Discouraged? In a car accident, a man in California "had every bone in his body broken, except his left arm," but he persevered, did not give up hope. He lived and is walking again. His advice: "Have faith and courage, and thank God for being alive."

Discouraged? Thomas Edison made about 18,000 experiments before he perfected the arc light. In another, after 50 failing experiments he said, "I've found the 50th way it CAN'T be done."

My Calling to the Ministry

By Ken Merriam

My life on this earth consists of only a few short years. During these few years I have probably had more experiences in the ways of the world than many people twice my age. While I was out in sin I saw some things that made such an impression on my mind that I will never forget them. I have done some things in my own life that would make many people in the Church of God shudder in disbelief and horror.

My conversion means very much to me for two reasons. First, because it was so wonderful—a very real and unusual experience. Secondly, Christ did so much for me when He saved me that I will never be able to repay Him. After living in such sin and misery, I can appreciate more what Christ has done for me.

When I went back to school last fall, I had plans on going into a life of music. I was going to go to college, major in music, and become a teacher of music. I had thought of even forming my own band. One would think that with plans such as these, the ministry would be the farthest thing from my mind, but it wasn't. Every once in a while the thought of being a minister would pop into my mind but I would quickly shove it aside.

I enjoy music and singing very much; this is why I willingly joined the Challengers Quartet. When I joined the quartet I had no idea that we would be the group chosen to go on the Youth Tour this summer.

When Elder Lawson asked if we would consider going on the tour we naturally felt honored, and, seeing an opportunity to serve our Lord, we accepted his offer.

While on tour I felt the call even more strongly. I saw a great need for ministers in the Church of God. One night I was thinking about my plans for the future. While I was thinking, my thoughts wandered to my past. I thought about my friends back home who are still in the same situation in which I had been. I thought of all the churches we had visited that had no pastor, and again the thought of my being a minister came to my mind and this time I found that I could no longer push it aside.

My old friends need someone to come back and tell them of Christ and the happiness that comes from serving Him. The Church of God needs ministers, and I owe a great deal to my Lord. I feel that the only way I can even begin to repay the debt I owe to God is to become a minister. This is why I am here at Midwest Bible College.

Tell

Me,

Please

QUESTION:

Everybody tells me that I should date Christian boys in the Church, and I would do this but there aren't any attending any of the nearby churches. The boys that interest me at summer camps and camp meetings usually live 500 or more miles away, which means that you get to see them once a year and spend the rest of the time waiting for the year to pass. I am 16 years old. I would like to date boys in the Church, but how can I if there aren't any?

ANSWER:

You share this problem with a sizeable percentage of the young people of dating age in our Church. This makes the problem real and sizeable!

I think that at 16 you have a right to date boys more than once each year. If there are no eligible boys to date who belong to one of the churches in your vicinity, you may have to accept dates from young men who do not belong to our church. But, this privilege carries with it some responsibility. If these are overlooked, you are courting heartbreaking difficulties.

1. Please make sure that your par-

Youth Questions

answered by
Ray L. Straub



ents meet the young man you date and know something about him. They should also know where you plan to go and when they may expect you to return from your date.

2. It is your responsibility to see to it that your relationship does not become serious. Your contribution to an evening's enjoyment should be a cheerful and grateful attitude, courtesy and interest. You are not obligated to show affection or to become involved in activities that lead to such.

3. If you sense that the boy you are dating is beginning to get a gleam in his eye that betrays some "planning," make it clear to him that anyone who aspires to win your affection must accept a package which includes your religion. This should not suggest that he join the church just to win you, but it is legitimate reason for him to attend and develop an interest. If this initial motive to become acquainted with the church does not lead him to full fellowship, you can always decide from there. In such a case, you must keep in mind that his rejection of the Church is a rejection of YOUR religion. A marriage built on that kind of religious difference stands little chance of working out.

4. Keep in touch with the church

boys you meet and like at summer camps and camp meetings. 500 miles is a relatively short distance for a romance to survive when the time is right. At 16, the time has not yet arrived.

I close this answer with what I consider to be a rather important clarification directed in a large part to parents. It is the thinking of many that any date should be considered a potential marriage prospect, and so they tend to be judged on that basis. In many instances this is unfair. There are occasions when it is appropriate for young people to have company

with members of the opposite sex without considering the escort(ed) to be a logical prospect for marriage.

There is assuredly a point in the process of dating at which one needs to consider the possibility of the relationship's leading to marriage, but it is not necessarily at the first date.

If you have a problem, you are encouraged to write to: Aim, Box 158, Stanberry, Missouri 64489. Questions requesting a personal answer through the mail are honored, as well as those for print.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

... Into Every Nation

By John Lemley



As this year of 1969 draws to a close, I would like to share a very inspiring and informative letter from Sister Leila Henry, an active FYC'er in Kingston, Jamaica.

"Precious greetings in the wonderful name of Jesus whose coming we are earnestly awaiting.

"There are sixteen local youth groups that I know of in Jamaica. The amount of people in each group varies; for example, Kingston has about thirty-five young people, while other churches have only two or three. The names and addresses of group leaders which I know are on pages three and four.

"I would like to give you a hint of the group in Kingston.

We meet every other Sabbath at 4 o'clock and every second Friday. Our program is made up of sermonettes, Bible drills, testimonies, and always a Bible study. This is always taught to us by a minister or adult member of the Young People's group. We usually have visitors who take part in our services. Letters are read in the meetings and group plans are made. We have a committee which comes at intervals to select officers and make big plans such as for our Rallies and Anniversaries.

"I am going to try my very best to encourage the Young People to write articles and testimonies to be published in AIM. I have received the package with the booklets and youth material. Thank you very much. I have been reading the booklets and they are very helpful in working to please God. The Manual is alright, unfortunately we can not get together for a meeting right away, but I spoke to the leader of the group here and he too plans to do something for the betterment of the group. Please let me have twelve 2T4G folders just now.

"Starting a leadership committee in foreign fields will help to bring us closer together. But, you see, Jamaica is not so much a fast-moving place as America. It is sometimes hard for one to get from place to place, especially in the country parts. If we go out on Sabbaths we will somehow have to get back to our home by Sunday to prepare for our work. So in Jamaica we would need quite a few people to do as much as one person in America, because we cannot get from one place to the other so easily.

"God bless your soul really good. Keep constantly in prayer for us."

Your faithful sister,

Leila Henry

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Introducing . . .

National FYC Committeemen

AUTOBIOGRAPHY by Dale Lawson



There under the stars that were partially hidden by the lofty fir trees, I really began to know what it meant to love God and His Son. Compassion for everyone—everywhere—became a part of me. Perhaps this is the point at which I began my life for Jesus Christ, His Church and His young people.

Place—the first youth camp in the Church of God.

I had been asked to serve as recreation director but I really went to camp as an FYC'er—as a camper.

I stood with my friends night after night with tears streaming down my face because I wanted them to know Jesus Christ in a very real way. Me? I had really been no different than they, but I was suddenly made to realize that all of us needed to find true salvation. I couldn't explain my compassion those nights—I couldn't even understand it myself.

At the time, I was a junior at the University of Oregon, training for teaching at the secondary level. My Christian life had been mediocre to say the least. But when God became my Captain, things changed. I heard myself speaking to my friends and fellow campers about God and salvation. I saw myself kneeling in the dust beside them. I felt the tears as I wept for them and for myself.

Praise God for that first Church of God youth camp.

God never allowed my burden to be lifted. It was not long after that camp that I was without doubt called into the ministry of God's Church. Me? I wasn't anyone. How could God possibly use me? It was true that my parents had been in the Church longer than I could remember. It was true that I had always attended church and it was true that I had not really been involved in the ways of the world. But I had always looked at the ministers as being, somehow, superhuman. I could never be a minister! And yet God had made His call very clear.

Midwest Bible College seemed so far from Oregon and yet I knew I dare not think of the ministry without proper training. God, however, made the way and I found myself at Midwest Bible College for two of the most wonderful years of my life. There was opportunity for learning, and then learning some more.

Thank God for Midwest Bible College.

Before coming to MBC I had been privileged to serve one term on the National Committee for the Young People's Department. After being off that committee for two years, I was elected again and served as a committeeman for two additional years. Brother Elden Fischer was Chairman at that time and it was a tremendous pleasure to work with him.

I left MBC and began pastoring the Church of God in St. Joseph, Missouri. While there, Brother Fischer asked me if I could travel with a youth team for about one month. Remembering those nights under the tall firs, it seemed impossible to say no. The team traveled that summer of 1965 to the churches in the western half of the United States and Canada. The blessings were greater than could be told. That same summer I was appointed Chairman of the Young People's Department. Me? Impossible! I could never do it! And yet God had made His call very clear.

Another summer—another youth tour—this time to the east coast! After the tour, the MBC school board asked me to come back to the college to teach. Me? Surely someone had made a mistake. And yet God had made His call very clear.

The work of teaching at MBC along with serving as Chairman of the Young People's Department has been very rewarding. Now that I am working also with the pastoral program at the Stanberry Church of God, the work is extremely taxing—sometimes heavy beyond measure.

God has blessed in so many ways. This past summer we were able, with God's help, to complete a thrilling, summer-long youth tour. Reports from that tour appeared in the last two issues of AIM.

Thank God for the youth tours.

I am thrilled because of the blessings God has given in various areas of His work among His young people. Enthusiasm for the National FYC work is at an all-time high. I am thankful beyond measure for the opportunities God has given to me for service to Him. I know that I am not worthy of God's blessings; in fact, we are just the dust of the earth. May God's name be glorified in all that we do.

When I see how God is working mightily with the young peo-

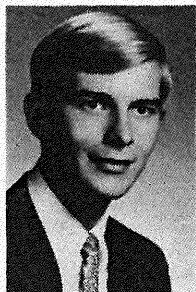
ple of His Church, I want to say:

Thank God for all the youth camps!
Thank God for SVA!
Thank God for MBC!
Thank God for the Youth Tours!
Thank God for the Young People!
Thank God for His Church!
Thank God for Jesus!

And still God is making His call very clear. You? Yes, you! God wants you first to be a child of His and then He has something in His work for you to do. No excuses allowed! Just follow Him and help in the glorious mission that spells eternity for those around you.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

by Bob Dais



I was just one of many kids to have the privilege of attending the first youth camp in the Church of God (7th Day). This youth camp was held

at North Silver Falls Camp in Oregon in the summer of 1960. I mention this because it was at this youth camp that I accepted Christ as my Saviour and it was then that life really began to mean something to me.

It was in the summer of 1966 that I decided to attend Spring Vale Academy, which has to be among the most important decisions of my life. Spending my last two years of high school at SVA as I did, I am often lost for words to express my gratitude for such a fine Christian school and all that

it has meant to me. It was here that I met many fine Christian young people who still today are my closest friends even though many of them live great distances from me. Most importantly, SVA was very instrumental in drawing me closer to the Lord, and I'll always be thankful for that.

Since graduating from SVA, I have been attending a Junior College in California and am now in my second year. Presently, my future regarding an occupation is unknown to me, but God knows and I'm trusting in Him for guidance. "To Be Used of God" in whatever way He wishes is my desire.

Being a teenager, as are many of you, I can be pretty safe in saying that we all share something in common. That is, every day of our lives we are confronted with many trials we must overcome. Webster's Dictionary defines a trial as "a test of faith, patience, or stamina by suffering or temptation."

(Continued on page 27)

Spurgeon on Christmas . . .

"We have no superstitious regard for times and seasons. Certainly we do not believe in the present ecclesiastical arrangement called Christmas. . . . We find no scriptural warrant whatever for observing any day as the birthday of the Saviour; and consequently, its observance is a superstition, because not of divine authority. Superstition has fixed most positively the day of our Saviour's birth, although there is no possibility of discovering when it occurred. It was not till the middle of the third century that any part of the church celebrated the birth of our Lord; and it was not till long after the western church had set the example, that the eastern adopted it. Because the day is not known. Probably the fact is that the "holy" days were arranged to fit in with the heathen festival. We venture to assert that if there be any day in the year of which we may be pretty sure that it was not the day on which our Saviour was born, it is the twenty-fifth day of December.

Regarding not the day, let us give thanks for the gift of His dear Son. How absurd to think we could do it in the spirit of the world with a Jack Frost clown, a deceptive worldly Santa Claus, and a mixed program of sacred truth with fun, deception and fiction. If it be possible to honor Christ in the giving of gifts, I cannot see how while the gift, giver, and recipient are all in the spirit of the world. . . . We have a Christ gift the entire year.

—C. H. Spurgeon, December 24, 1871

o ————— o

The smoker would do well to figure out how many hundreds of dollars his little hobby is costing him. One smoker who stopped by going to a Buffalo, New York, clinic put a quarter a day in a glass jar. He was so delighted with the speed with which his "kitty" grew that he decided he would never begin to smoke again.

S. I. McMillen, M.D., in **CANCER BY THE CARTON**
(Fleming H. Revell Company)

Foiled Again!

by Carolyn Clements

October 31. It was late in the evening when he came. Perhaps he thought the thick blackness would veil his arrival, enable him to slither in among them subtly and catch them unawares.

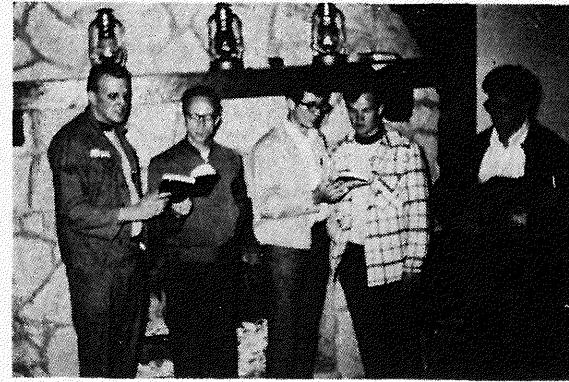
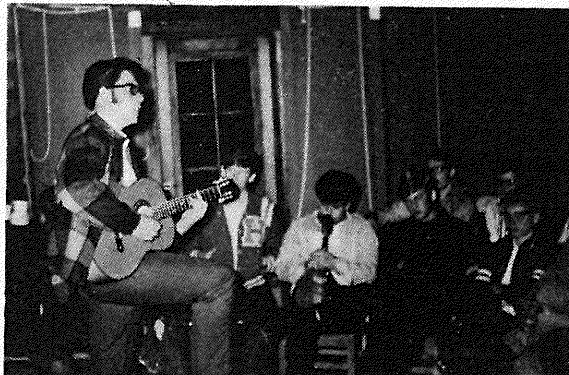
Satan pressed his sharp nose flat against one chilly pane of the side door. Carefully he shifted his weight on the creaky boards and craned his skinny neck for a better view.

"Nothing but a few feeble flames in the fireplace here. Looks about the same way down there at the other end, too," he mused. It made him chuckle to think he'd arranged a few more inconveniences this year. To begin with, they'd had to postpone the retreat (couldn't get the girl scout camp in Albany that weekend after all). Then, just coincidentally, of course, it was colder now. —And no running water either. Hardly a *greater* inconvenience could have been ar-

ranged. Poor cooks. (Last year they had also had to put up with only the heat from the fireplaces—too bad they hadn't let that spoil their weekend).

But a wide smirk curled up his cheeks and pulled the creases around his eyes down until they met in crooked gullies as he thought about how he'd made their special speaker decline the invitation—ha, ha!—left them in the lurch with little other

Blessings beyond compare came during chorus sessions and special numbers. The availability of Ken Merriam and his guitar was much appreciated.



M.B.C. Quartet renders special music for the Stanberry FYC Retreat.

choice but to fall back on Dale Lawson. That was good. Brother Lawson was much, much too busy in the Lord's work at Stanberry. He could be a dangerous man when he had time to think about inspiring young people, but he obviously wouldn't have an extra moment to prepare.

Then he frowned; his eyes frowned, his nose frowned, his mouth frowned and his forehead frowned. Down in the middle of the room they were sitting at round tables, eating by the dim illumination that a lantern in the center of each table provided. As the light flickered over their faces, Satan saw sparkling eyes and contentment. Their laughter punched holes in his eardrums. It was going off all wrong. Why weren't they griping yet? He'd made sure that there was more than enough to complain about.

"Patience, patience," he muttered, rationalizing thus: It's not treason to assume a Christian virtue for a brief time, as long as it's for a worthy Satanic cause. "Wait till morning!" And he slipped quickly away before he burst into rolling fits of laughter.

Sabbath morning came and with it

Satan. From his perch in the rafters, he watched morning devotions and breakfast with pure disgust. Nobody was saying, "I've had enough of this! Let's go home." Instead, people just sat there all cozy in their coats and kept saying things like, "Praise the Lord!" before he could snatch the words out of their mouths.

Finally it was time to discuss the Sabbath school lesson and have the morning worship service. Surely he would be able to create havoc here, but it seemed that he just could not disrupt the meeting. To make such futile efforts tired even Satan, so much so, that he gave in to boredom, fell asleep and snored during the remainder of the speaker's talk.

Suddenly Satan woke up with a start. "Hmmm, must have been that chilly draft swirling around my toes. Ouch!" He scooted along his rafter toward the door. He'd better shut it before it woke up some of the young people. But he stopped before he reached it, and was astonished to see that it was already shut tightly. A glance beneath him revealed every young person intently listening to Brother Lawson. Uh, oh, so that's where the breeze was coming from! They were freezing him right out of

their hearts! What a disastrous state of affairs!

That Brother Lawson—and the rest of those dumb kids—just couldn't keep their big mouths shut and their hearts hard! No will power at all. Wishywashy characters, that's what they were. Soft sissies. And Satan sat primly on his rafter, the smirk on his face depicting his own famous spiteful character.

The retreat was going terribly. What an overwhelming feeling of closeness and cooperation kept pricking his skin. And that quiet atmosphere of true desire to be nearer to God. Well, why couldn't they just get emotional once in a while and forget religion the rest of the time?! This attitude of serious thinking went too deeply—lasted much too long. That could continue on and on and lead to higher things. And that would never do.

What?! Satan did a double take and nearly lost his balance. Hanging from his toes, he had just time enough to hear what Brother Lawson was saying before the icicles formed on his ears. That nonsense about knowing God and not just knowing *of* Him. This business of making friends with the lost and winning them to God's love. And getting down to *practicing* every moment *after* retreat what you *preach* at retreat.

Oh, horror of horrors. He was challenging them to make a commitment—but this time, one that would prevent them from making this just another retreat that they would go away from and forget in a couple weeks. He was asking them to step out around the fire and pray about it. Then their prayers tuned him out completely and he fell to the floor

with a thump—which no one noticed in the least.

Satan came to in a spidery corner behind the firewood. Those delusioned kids were singing and playing enthusiastically. It was depressing the way they were ignoring him. His attempts to disturb the spirit of the afternoon program had failed, too. He had prompted Poocha, a local dog, to wander around misusing his cold, damp nose and muddy paws—but they must have converted the dog as well.

Later on, each person was to choose a number between one and five. After the numbers were chosen orders were issued. Five groups were to form and they had ten minutes to prepare a song. Satan jumped at the new opportunities to interfere. One group was large enough to be a choir. (Surely the others would be jealous.) Another group had only two. (He'd possess one of the duet with laughter.) Still another was chiefly composed of a few male nonharmonizing non-tune-carriers. Unfortunately, everyone enjoyed the results immensely and were blessed besides.

Following the wiener roast and evening service, they were going to play games and do a little snacking. Satan was beside himself with pregame gaiety. Now to forget that spiritual fodder! Now to be human again—to get jealous and angry and mischievous and naughty and—all the rest.

"My turn, my turn," he chanted as he skipped around the lanterns on the mantle like a skier flying down a slalom. Suddenly he collapsed with laughter when he conjured up the scene where he'd made the fire so hot that the speaker and song leader had nearly burned their breeches. On

second thought, that wasn't so funny after all—it had probably reminded them of the eternal inferno.

Silly Satan. He should have known they had meant business with those commitments. No one got mad when they got their blindfolded faces smeared with charcoaled marshmallows. Nobody got furious when they didn't make very talented salesmen or organ grinder men. And nobody really cared whether another said "yes" or "no" to "Do you love your neighbor?"—whether they succeeded in grabbing a chair or the floor. Saturday night—what a dud. Might as well turn in.

Sunday morning—one last chance! He'd see to it that those undomesticated boys burned breakfast blacker than black. That would create a commotion! But it would most likely turn out edible instead.

He guessed this morning's worship was pretty well squelching that possibility though. Everyone was behaving much too much like Christians—and not long-faced ones either. (Even in their spare moments they went around playing guitars, singing, talking happily, and carrying on in a ridiculous manner!)

Oh, great! Testimonies. They scrambled his stomach and depressed his spirit. Wait till they spread those awful stories! Someone was saying, "If there could be a greater blessing, I would like to know where!" Another popped up with "True happiness is a youth retreat with friends and God."

"Smart aleck!" sneered Satan. That was the last straw. And off he stomped through the brush, pouting and grumbling under his breath. Wrinkling up his nose and pitching his voice up six keys, he began to mockingly quote scripture. His head seasawed

back and forth as he mimicked: "Resist the Devil and he will flee from you. Draw nigh to God and he will draw nigh to you," the whole while wishing with all his wicked heart that there weren't a speck of truth in that rubbish.

Foiled again!

NOT JUST "MY" BUT "OUR"

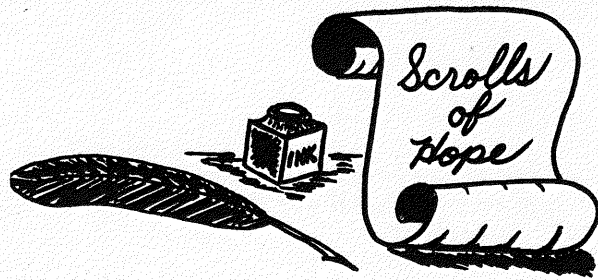
Concern for Others

"Our" is a word that suggests a relationship. "I" and "my" are words of self-concern. "We" and "our" are words which take into consideration and include others. Christianity must always be spoken of in terms of concern for others. What a beautiful relationship exists between two people when they can say, "Our Father." Many young people marry with great hope and expectation, only to find misery and disappointment. Divided in their faith, separated in their sense of values, the problems of home and family become difficult, if not impossible to solve. How much easier it would be if they could say together, "Our Father"!

Loneliness in the Crowd

One of the most terrible things about our world today is the awful loneliness of its people. The aching hearts of thousands of old people whose friends are long since gone. The bitterness of thousands of young people who feel that no one listens to them or cares about them. A million wives wishing their husbands would talk to them. A million husbands wishing their wives would understand their struggle with the harsh facts of the market-place. Hundreds upon

(Continued on page 24)



Sorting through some items one day, I came across a small envelope of cards which my children had brought home from Sabbath school. Each card is a "ticket" for mother to use when needed. It says, "I will obey, even when it's hard."

I wonder if God would like to slip a similar card into our belongings sometimes. The small children are not the only ones who need to be reminded that obedience is important—and undoubtedly *most* important—even when it's hard.

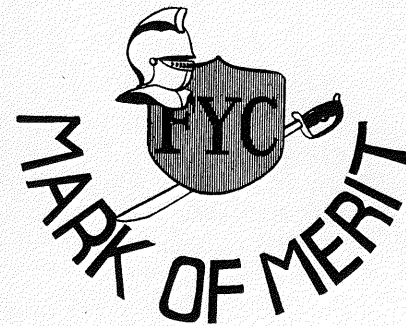
Another way to phrase this thought might be, "Follow Christ—even when it's hard." Or "Do what you think Christ would do—even when it's hard."

When we realize we have done or said the wrong thing to another (or that we have simply acted in an unChristian manner), deep inside we know that the thing to do is to admit our wrong to the person or persons involved. However, our natural, carnal nature will cause us to rationalize that our actions or words were not so bad after all—that no one really noticed nor could have been affected. At such a time, perhaps we need some sort of reminder in the mind's eye which flashes as vividly as a neon light—"even when it's hard"—"even when it's hard."

How easy it is to repeat unnecessarily some tidbit which we've heard, reasoning that this could not be called gossip. When the impulse to repeat this morsel first strikes, we *must* ask ourselves, "Is there anything to gain in repeating this? Is it fair to repeat it? Undoubtedly, having failed all tests, the impulse to "tell all" will be strong. Oh, to have a little square card to whip out and read, "Follow Christ's example—EVEN WHEN IT'S HARD!"

Perhaps one of the hardest things we have to fight against is that *little* stumbling block of becoming offended. Our ego really pampers itself. There are times, it seems, when one even *wants* to be offended. It is then, again, that we must remember, oh so clearly, "I *must* act as Christ would—even when it's hard."

The words of a song which I recently heard refer to the old way thus: "Self was king and reigned within." Do you make certain each day that Christ is king in your heart? Only He can help you to shun the easy way—and obey *even when it's hard*.
(Continued on page 34)



by Nathan Lawson

"I therefore, —, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called." Ephesians 4:1.

God has called each of His young people to the vocation of Christ-likeness, that of really being a Christian. This means a life of service—being a willing worker in God's Church. It is in this task that we want the Mark of Merit program to give your FYC real guidelines to active Christian Service, the vocation of being a Christian. Many churches have been blessed as their Youth Groups have served them and God through the Mark of Merit program.

The following report includes activities of FYC Groups through the 3rd quarter—1969:

	Points	Bonus Points
Nipawin, Saskatchewan	285	
Elmira, Ore.	435	409
Sacramento, Calif.	455	386
Stockton, Calif.	435	296
Lodi, Calif.	445	51
Ontario, Calif.	400	482
Bloomington, Calif.	400	532
Fort Smith, Ark.	410	61
Wichita, Kans.	455	332
New Auburn, Wisc.	445	327
Marion, Ore.	445	186
San Antonio, Tex. (Eng.)	435	375
San Antonio, Tex. (Sp.)	445	242
Eureka, S. Dak.	445	582
Kansas City, Mo.	370	124
Tahlequah, Okla.	435	235
Alfred, N. Dak.	445	339
Hammondville, Ala.	425	448
Midway, Okla.	395	43
Tacoma, Wash.	380	139
Los Angeles, Calif. (Sp.)	245	

Denver, Colo.	180	10
Oklahoma City, Okla.	140	35
Houston, Tex.	105	
Claremore, Okla.	145	91

As you read this report, your group will be ending the present Mark of Merit year. There are so many groups that have had excellent programs of activity for their Youth this year. We would like to commend those groups. Several groups have the opportunity to win the LIGHTHOUSE FYC OF THE YEAR award. It looks like more FYC's will win Gold Mark of Merit Awards than any other year. This shows that our youth have made progress for God. This shows that they have grown spiritually. We thank God for this growth.

PREPARE FOR 1970!

Start January with a bang! Get your group off to a good start in the upcoming "Mark of Merit" year. I believe that we can look forward to a real year of progress in the Church of God (Seventh Day), as we do the work of God's Church.

PROJECT OF THE MONTH—JANUARY

Special fund-raising project. The type of project will be left up to the local FYC. Suggestions would be a pie sale or a Hamburger Fry. Have your FYC sponsor a Church Social and use it for a fund-raising night. Give your group a financial boost to begin the year.

NOT JUST "MY" BUT "OUR"

(Continued from page 21)

hundreds of oppressed, segregated, downtrodden, helpless and poor, caught in the awful loneliness of problems for which there is no listening ear. And church members—yes, church members by the thousands who wander into church "buildings" week after week, only to find themselves isolated from others in the pew and deep down inside, even isolated from God. This is ultimate loneliness! How desperately these need to hear someone say, "Our Father." How deep into aching hearts would these words of sharing reach to bring to life faith which many have thought dead.

Continually Sharing Our Redeemer

I worry much about the strangers in my life—not the ones who pass me on the street, whose names I do not know, but the ones who live in my house, the ones who share the pew with me at church. And these are strangers too because, too often, my search has been for "my" Redeemer instead of "our" Redeemer. If I do not share with them the most important relationship of life, that which I have with Christ, I remain estranged from them at the vital source of all life's meaning. With my wife, my children, my brethren, I must continually share "OUR" Redeemer.—Roy F. Osborne in *20th Century Christian*

Youth Doctrine Corner

"Ye shall know the truth
and the truth shall make
you free" (John 8:32).



CARNAL WARFARE

Official Church of God Doctrine—Article No. 20

... "Inasmuch as Christians are to love their enemies and to work for the salvation of mankind, the Church of God stands opposed to carnal warfare."

Reasons Israel Was Allowed to Fight

... **Their Kingdom was of this world.**

... **God commanded them to take possession of Canaan.**

Reasons Christians Must Stand Opposed to Carnal Warfare

... **The sixth commandment is binding yet today.**

Exodus 20:13—"Thou shalt not kill."

Romans 13:9 and 10—"Thou shalt not kill..." and "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor..."

... **The teachings of Jesus**

Matt. 5:43 & 44—"... Love your enemies..."

Matt. 26:51 & 52—"...for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

Matt. 10:16 & 17—Christians are to be as "wise as serpents, and harmless as doves."

... **Paul's instruction**

Rom. 12:17-21—Vengeance belongs only to the Lord. "If thine enemy hunger feed him..."

2 Cor. 10:3-5—Our warfare is not carnal.

Eph. 6:10-17—The nature of our armour makes carnal warfare impossible.

Heb. 11:13-16—Christians should be willing and ready to suffer if so required.

... **The Kingdom is not of this world.**

John 18:36—"... My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight..."

PREPARED BY M.B.C. BIBLE DOCTRINES CLASS

Teen Guidelines

The Answer to the Puzzling Questions

by Dale Lawson

"I just can't do it!" "I just can't see it!" These are expressions often made relative to certain Christian standards, especially if those standards seem unnecessarily restrictive.

It has been pleasurable to have opportunity to present Christian standards through this "Teen Guidelines" monthly feature in AIM. Many very important topics have been written about and we are hoping that you have prayerfully considered each one. Our only desire has been to help all of us avoid some very dangerous pitfalls and prepare ourselves for better Christian service and the Kingdom of God.

We realize that some of the items covered in this feature involve pleasures to which

young people are naturally drawn, and yet it is God's will and only fair that we write frankly about them. We must not be afraid to approach the issues, no matter how touchy, that are detrimental to your Christian life.

Interesting and important topics have been written about: topics such as TV's Place, Dancing, Dress, Tobacco and Drugs, Cosmetics, Movies and many others. We want you to know why you do not attend dances, why you do not go to movies, why you do not use tobacco, why prayer is so very important and what it really means to be a conscientious objecter. There are several other "why's" that have been covered in "Teen Guidelines."

Sometimes it is easy for our carnal natures, our natural man, to get the best of us, causing us to protest such teachings and standards as we have been able to consider in "Teen Guidelines" throughout 1969. There are times when it seems almost impossible for us to let go of some habits, attitudes, pleasures, etc., that have become a way of life with us. These problems and questions become quite perplexing.

What is the real answer? The problem will become no problem at all when you are completely dedicated to Christ and His Church. Don't be afraid to be different. Don't try to be a half-way Christian; give God everything. He will give you divine guidance and the "rights" and "wrongs" will become clear to you. Romans 12:1, 2 will not be difficult for you. "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God. Finally, you will with all honesty be able to say, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me" (Phil. 4:13).

"Teen Guidelines" in AIM will be continued another year. We hope you will enjoy the articles and gain much from them. Read and study each one carefully. God bless each of you.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

(Continued from page 16)

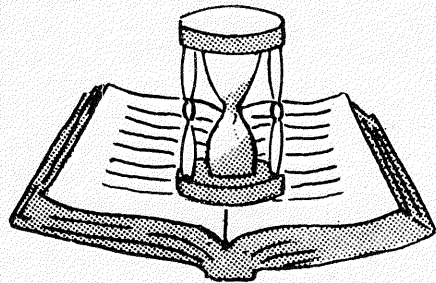
I like to compare these trials of our everyday life to the hurdles in a race. The runner has to jump over the hurdles and as he does, he comes closer to the finish line and closer to a possible chance for a reward for his efforts. Comparatively, we too are running a race. With each trial, we grow stronger in Christ and come nearer the goal of perfection that we are trying to attain. The reward for running this race successfully is everlasting life.

But you know, sometimes the runner trips and stumbles as he is crossing over a hurdle. So, also, a Christian may sometimes stumble and fall in trying to overcome a trial. It is so easy for one to become discouraged and depressed, but we've just got to pick ourselves up and try again.

I realize that I have fallen many times in my Christian life, but each time, with God's help, I have been able to pick myself up and press on in my Christian walk. I pray that when a trial overwhelms you and you are tempted to give up—DON'T!! God will supply you the strength that you need.

In closing, I'd like to ask an interest in your prayers. I realize that being a part of the National FYC Committee requires a great responsibility and only with God's blessings will I be able to fulfill my duty. God bless you as you strive to live for Him.

2T₄G - Take Time for God



By Martha Ling

Dec. 15	Isa. 5
Dec. 16	Isa. 6
Dec. 17	Isa. 7
Dec. 18	Isa. 8
Dec. 19	Isa. 9
Dec. 20	Isa. 10
Dec. 21	Isa. 11
Dec. 22	Isa. 12
Dec. 23	Isa. 13
Dec. 24	Isa. 14
Dec. 25	Isa. 15
Dec. 26	Isa. 16
Dec. 27	Isa. 17
Dec. 28	Isa. 18
Dec. 29	Isa. 19
Dec. 30	Isa. 20
Dec. 31	Isa. 21
Jan. 1	Isa. 22
Jan. 2	Isa. 23
Jan. 3	Isa. 24
Jan. 4	Isa. 25
Jan. 5	Isa. 26
Jan. 6	Isa. 27
Jan. 7	Isa. 28
Jan. 8	Isa. 29
Jan. 9	Isa. 30
Jan. 10	Isa. 31
Jan. 11	Isa. 32
Jan. 12	Isa. 33
Jan. 13	Isa. 34
Jan. 14	Isa. 35

We are entering a very interesting, important, and wonderful section of the Bible—the prophetic books. Isaiah, the longest of these books, contains some of the most important prophecies. Why do I say this? Aren't all prophecies important? Of course, because some tell us what to expect in the near future, some tell us of things happening right now, and some tell us of the fate of countries of the world, past and present. All these prophecies are important to those involved, but the prophecies of Isaiah involve *all* the people of the world. Christ's birth, life, and death mean more to us than anything in the world, if we choose to follow Him.

From reading these prophetic words of Christ's mission, we can understand why one FYCER said: "I know now how important it is for *every* FYCER to study his Bible and pray each day."

We want to give special praise to Carolyn Clements, Marilyn Heavilin, and Lois Youngs. They have been sending in reports since they began the 2T4G program several years ago. I am sure they can testify to the blessings received.

There are quite a few who have completed at least one quarter in the year of 1969. We are thankful for them, and hope they received many blessings as they continue. They are: Sandra Allen, Mike Burlison, Norma Colwell, Judy Jarwin, Gary Johnson, Pat

Jones, Sandy Moldenhauer, Christie Norton, Ruby Renz, Tim Youngs.

There are many enrollees who have not sent in reports yet. If you began, but missed a day, don't give up. Start over again, and go ahead and send in your reports even though they may be incomplete. God won't reject you if you miss a day—neither will we!! It will just take you longer to complete your 365 consecutive days.

May God bless all in the 2T4G program. Please write and tell us of your blessings or problems, and we may include sections of your letter in the AIM to encourage other FYCers.

Remember, send all your reports now to:

Mrs. Martha Ling
Box 133
Stanberry, Mo. 64489

ATTENTION, FYCERS!!!

TO ARMS MINUTEMAN! TO ARMS! THE DEVIL IS WALKING ABOUT!!!

IF you are between the ages of 13-25, YOU ARE NEEDED in the "Minute Service" for God. We need young people who are willing to defend God's truths on a minute's notice. Are YOU qualified?

All you need to qualify as a Minuteman is a sword (the Word) and determination to help fight in God's army. You can join!

If you have never been able to be prepared on a minute's notice, or you want to be a more effective soldier for God, The Minuteman Program is what you need!

If you want to be a better Faithful Youth Challenger, a better church member, and a better soldier for Christ, then join the Minuteman Program!

This is NOT an INVITATION! It is a CHALLENGE!

THE DEVIL IS WALKING ABOUT, TO ARMS MINUTEMEN! TO ARMS!

Michael D. Vlad
Director of MINUTEMAN



...Be ready always to
give an answer to every
man that asketh...."

MINUTEMAN

By Cecyl Fischer

Philippians 4:8

Psalms 55:22

Ecclesiastes 3:14

Matthew 10:39

Matthew 7:13

Ephesians 5:15, 16

James 4:17

Colossians 3:17

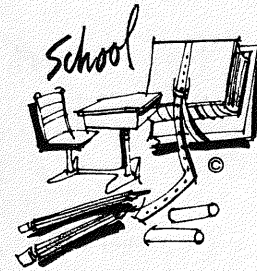
There's a simple law of physics that says two objects cannot occupy the same place at the same time. Could this also be a spiritual law? The Bible says so. "No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon" (Matthew 6:24).

If you have been following our verse memorization program, you have occupied eighty-eight little places in your memory with a verse of Scripture, a fragment of eternal truth. Nothing foolish or less important can ever occupy those places. Isn't that a wonderful thought? And what about the time you spent memorizing these verses? That time was occupied pursuing a worthy goal. That time can never be allotted to something else. You have given it to God forever and to the betterment of your soul. Of course there is a negative approach to this idea also. Time spent pursuing sin and nonsense can never be replaced either. It belongs to Satan forever.

I know something else about you young people who have begun this program and have stayed with it. I know that you are a person who will make a mark in your lifetime. I know that you are not a quitter, that you want to better yourself in God's eyes, that you want to help your fellow men, that you have learned the important quality of self denial that makes mature men and women. We offered no material prize for completing this program. It wasn't simple to keep it up. That's how I know you are exceptional. That's how I know you will amount to something. You know what is really important!

Now if you're one of those who didn't join the program or who started it but let it get crowded out, don't feel you are a failure. Purpose is not something we are born with; it is acquired. Each of us has the prerogative to become what he will within the limits of his environment. It's not too late for you to start working on your image and character, to make them the image and character of Christ. Select your goals, deny yourself, persevere. Put your-

(Continued on page 34)



School Notes

MIDWEST NEWS

"True happiness is a youth retreat with friends and God."

This is one young person's expression concerning the Missouri youth retreat in which many MBC students were able to participate. Ken Merriam expressed his experience concerning his weekend of Oct. 31-Nov. 2 in the following way: "All I can say is, 'Praise God!!' Words can't describe the blessings I received this week end." August Kelly wrote about his blessings this way: "It was great! *NOTHING* could have beat it. We had the most wonderful time. The fellowship with God was great. There were times it made us very thankful—like Saturday night. Someone was converted." As these testimonies amply convey, our experiences were spiritually oriented and God's presence was very real. Some of us went away with new and revitalized experiences with Christ, eager to bring more young people to the saving knowledge of Christ, by first being their friend. Praise the Lord!

Earlier this fall (Sabbath, Oct. 25), several carloads of students and a few of our faculty members made the beautiful drive down to Boicourt, Kansas, as has been the custom for many years. The drive was particularly enjoyable because of the fall colors

on the trees. Even though the weather was chilly, we were very much aware of the atmosphere of Christian love and warm receptiveness. It was a blessing to be able to be there and strengthen one another in the faith. Elder Kauer gave the morning sermon. During the *delicious* lunch served in the rustic setting of the one-room country schoolhouse (which has been their church building through the years) those of us who were there for the first time were able to appreciate what was meant by the "old-timers" when they had described the luscious pecan pie they serve. It's unbeatable! We were all blessed that afternoon as various songs were sung and played by college students and members of the local congregation. It was indeed a day of special closeness to God and His children.

On Friday afternoon (Nov. 7), the sun was shining and the sky was a beautiful blue as once again many of the students and faculty piled into cars and took off for Joplin, Missouri. The people of the Joplin and Springfield churches were very generous in sharing their homes with us, the members of the choir. Sabbath morning the Joplin church was packed with people (about 165 for Sabbath school and 175 for church) as Brother Dale Lawson brought us a fine message

(Continued on page 34)

Mark of Merit

We are looking for every FYC group to join the Mark of Merit Program for 1970. It is not just that we want you in the program; we know that God wants you there. Mark of Merit can help your FYC if you will "do it as unto the Lord." Let God have a chance to give your FYC thrilling new life that will cause souls to be won. Write to *Mark of Merit Director, Nathan Lawson, 841 Washington, Lodi, Calif.*

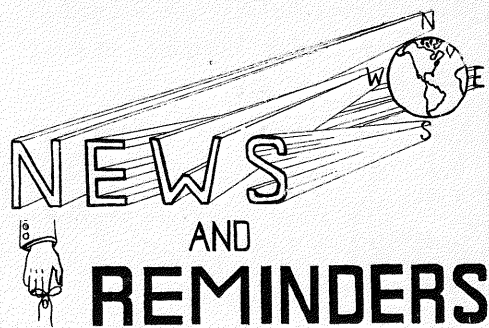
"Take Time for God"

Become one of the crowd. We often think of ourselves as having to stand alone but when you become a part of the 2T4G Program, that is not the case. Many of the youth of God's Church have joined 2T4G; and now we have a large group of FYCers dedicating their lives through that program.

Every young person needs to have a good prayer and Bible reading program and that is just what Take Time For God offers. Join 2T4G. —Read your Bibles and pray every single day. You will find the 2T4G folders in AIM once each quarter. **USE THEM AND GOD WILL GIVE THE BLESSINGS.**

National Committee Introductions

In this and the last issue of AIM magazine, the members of the National Committee for the Young People's Department have been introduced. These men are not to be confused with the Leadership Committee that you have been meeting in the



"Meet Your Committeemen" monthly feature. The four National Committeemen are appointed by the Executive Board from a list submitted to them by the young people at General Conference. The Leadership Committee is appointed by the National FYC Office for the promotion of its programs and projects.

New FYC Groups

We are still looking for some reports from the FYC groups who were organized during 1969. If you received a letter asking for a report to be sent to the National Office, please send us that report as soon as possible.

AIM for Goals

Have you failed? —Failed to catch a vision of the importance of AIM for your FYCers, your friends and perhaps even yourself? —Failed to become involved with "AIM FOR GOALS" so AIM can become truly a missionary paper for your church? —Failed to have opportunity to feel the thrill that comes with the arrival of each AIM?

Thank the LORD, it is not too late. You DON'T HAVE TO FAIL! "AIM

FOR GOALS" CAN STILL BE COMPLETED BY EVERY FYC GROUP. DURING THE REST OF THE MONTH OF DECEMBER MAKE SURE YOU HAVE ACCOMPLISHED ALL THE PHASES OF THE "AIM FOR GOALS" PROJECT:

Phase 1—AIM in the home of every FYCer in your group.

Phase 2—Ten AIMs to young people outside your FYC group.

Phase 3—Work in promotion of the Fall-Winter Subscription Campaign sponsored by the Bible Advocate Press.

Success will be yours when you have completed these phases. You will have AIMED FOR GOALS AND NOT MISSED.

Winter Retreat

Don't miss the opportunity to attend the winter retreat that is being planned for your area. Notice the report from the Stanberry, Missouri, retreat in this issue of AIM.

National FYC Committee To Meet in Texas

The National FYC Committee is scheduled to meet in Texas at the place of the Texas Winter Retreat. Please pray for this important meeting.

Texas Winter Retreat

The date for the Texas Winter Retreat has been altered just a little. Plans were to continue the retreat through December 31 but those plans have been changed and the retreat will last only through December 29. The

official date for the Texas Retreat is December 26-29. The "retreaters" will leave the camp on the morning of December 30. Representatives from the National FYC Office and MBC hope to see you there.

Minutemen Wanted

TO ARMS! TO ARMS! THE DEVIL IS WALKING ABOUT. Turn to the appeal in this issue for Minutemen. Notice the warning and heed the urgent call. God wants you!

Evangelette

Evangelette Program can help every FYCer to be a better Christian and also be a good Christian witness. Starting in 1970, you will have a Christian Witnessing Booklet to go with the Evangelette Program. Join this program and win others to God and His Kingdom. Write to *Elder Calvin Burrell, Rt. 5, Spring Vale Academy, Owosso, Michigan 48867.*

National FYC Motto Contest For 1970

WIN AN AWARD OF \$5.00 cash by submitting the winning motto to the National FYC Office for the 1970 motto contest.

To enter the contest, just write your choice for a motto along with a paragraph of no less than 50 words and no more than 100 words telling why you feel that your motto would be a good one for 1970. Your motto entry must be no longer than six words. Examples of previous mottos that may stimulate your thinking are: "Grow More in 64" and "For Truth We'll Shine in 69." Keep in mind

that it is not necessary for the entry to rhyme.

No entries postmarked later than December 15 will be considered. Mail your entries to the "1970 Motto Contest," Bible Advocate Press, Stanberry, Missouri 64489.

A committee consisting of Elder Dale Lawson (Department Chairman), Jewell Linville (Department Secretary-Treasurer), and Hope Dais (AIM Editor) will select the winning motto. It will be announced in the January, 1970, AIM.

FYC Albums and Sweaters

FYC albums and sweaters are still available. Order now from the National FYC Office, Stanberry, Missouri 64489.

MIDWEST NEWS

(Continued from page 31)

concerning a spiritual experience which will take us beyond belief in and adherence to the commandments which he called our "peeling." In the afternoon, the choir presented the stirring cantata by J. W. Peterson, "No Greater Love." Many were moved by the message in it and a prayer service brought us closer together and closer to God.

This past weekend (Nov. 15-16) was the first time in several weeks that many of us students had been back "home" for church here in Stanberry. We were glad to be back and thankful for our blessings and experiences. We were able to express this thanks in a largely musical F.Y.C. program Sabbath afternoon. The whole program was correlated with slides depicting scenes for which to be thankful: home, family, friends, church, the bountiful fruit of the

harvest, and our country.

We are also thankful to have been able to have Elder O. T. Whitten and his wife with us recently. Elder E. A. Straub has been a blessing to us as he is here on business of the church connected with the college. He brought a few timely and appropriate words of admonition to the ministerial students at our chapel service Sunday night (Nov. 16).

Yes, we students at M.B.C. are thankful to God as we realize with the poet, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, "Earth's crammed with heaven, and every common bush afire with God."

—Lucy Marrs

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 22)

How important it is that we keep in touch with Christ each day and make a determination that His touch and His example will guide our every action—however small. Otherwise, we will find that our lives consist of a superficial acknowledgement of His power, while we allow *self* to reign within.

MINUTEMAN

(Continued from page 30)

self in the hands of God, not once, but every day, every hour. He will make you a success.

This program will continue next year. Will you be one of those who stick with it? Will you apply yourself? If God wills it, you will have 8,760 hours to use in 1970. You will sleep about 2,020 leaving 5,840 to your disposal. How many will you give to Christ?

Reprint from December 1964 AIM

Young People:

STAMP OUT FUN!!

By not attending the Dist. No. 2 Winter Retreat

Parents:

DEPRIVE YOUR CHILDREN!

By not allowing them the opportunity to attend the aforesated activity

Some of the HAPPENINGS:

- Problem Discussions (problems we *have*—not just hear about!)
- Bible Classes
- A Talent Show

Extra-Curricular Activities:

- ▶ Football ala mode (in the snow—at 30° Below!)
- ▶ Frosty Go-cart rides (Snow-mobile)
- ▶ Skating on-the-rocks (Ice skating)

December 30, 31 and January 1—\$15 Camp Fee

Lake Beauty Bible Covenant Camp
Long Prairie, Minnesota

For brochure and application form, send \$2 registration fee to:
J. Michael Weir, 302½ So. Harrison, Aberdeen, South Dakota 57401

o ——— o

Texas FYC invites you . . .

to attend the

TEXAS WINTER YOUTH RETREAT

at

Bastrop State Park

in

Bastrop, Texas

DECEMBER 26 - 29

Camp cost \$6.00 — Ages 13-25 — Registration fee \$3.00

Send registration fee to:

Kenneth Knoll, Whispering Oaks Apartments No. 41, 902 Oak St., Houston, Texas 77002

(Late registration fee—\$2.00; Late registration camp cost—\$3.00)