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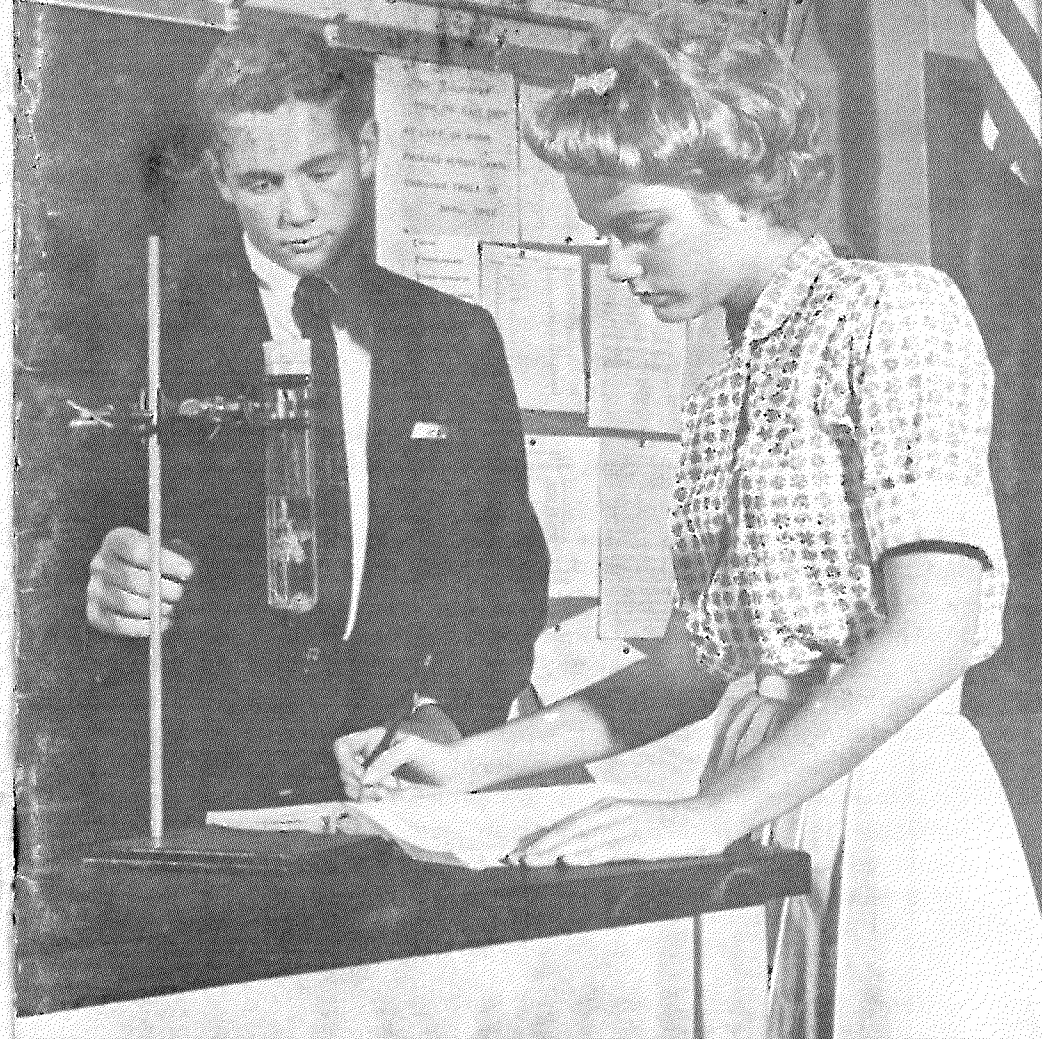
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FEBRUARY 1968

# Aim

The magazine for young people



H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

**To persevere in one's duty and be silent, is the best answer to calumny.**

—GEORGE WASHINGTON

# 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

*It is impossible to govern the world without God. He must be worse than an infidel that lacks faith, and more than wicked that has not gratitude enough to acknowledge his obligation.*

—WASHINGTON

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BRADEN ACRES  
GRADE SCHOOL

# How Can We Love God Whom We Cannot See?

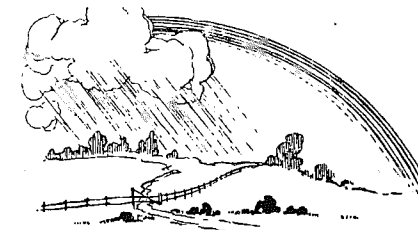
By Delora Dais

**T**HIS was a question asked in a Sabbath school class of teenagers. Having had the question brought to our attention, I was wondering how many other teenagers have the same question. No doubt there are quite a few. How do we explain so they can grasp the real knowledge—that God is real—that God is love—and so we love Him?

We might ask the question, "Can a blind person love?" A person born blind has never seen a person or a thing. He has no idea what people look like and yet I'm sure he loves his father and mother as much as you or I: *How can he love his earthly father whom he has not seen?* Our first reaction is: "He can feel him, hear him and talk to him. He's always around. He learns that his earthly father gives him security."

Let's stop and think. Isn't this exactly what God does for us? We feel Him in our hearts, hear Him through His words. Through prayer we talk to Him. Having gone through this experience we learn to trust Him and love Him. Thus we feel secure in Him.

To accomplish this we must possess Faith. Hebrews 11:1 is a good verse. "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Another verse: "But without faith it is impossible to please



Him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him" (Hebrews 11:6).

Have you ever stopped to look

up the definition of faith? Webster's Dictionary has several. One is: Complete trust, confidence or reliance. Another is: Unquestioning belief in God.

Complete faith is hard to grasp, especially without the help of God. Humans are too prone to lean on their own strength. If they can't use one of their five senses on it, they begin to doubt.

True faith is dependent on God. It is what God wants and expects of us.

Is there any better place to put our faith and love than in the great God who made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is?

If at any time you have a doubt that there is a God, go up in the mountains. How high and majestic they are! Examine the stars. How do they hang there in space—so many of them—all in their place?

Have you ever gone to the seashore and just sat and watched the waves? How beautiful and peaceful—and yet at times so boisterous and powerful. It holds a person in awe.

If neither place is handy, take a blanket out on your lawn, lie down and watch the clouds drift by. Examine the flowers, the birds that fly by singing, the pets you have. Just lie still and listen. This, I think, is our biggest problem today, for adults as well as for teenagers. We don't have time (or take time) to listen to God; to see Him in His handiwork, or to feel Him. Self is always in our way.

How can we love God Whom we cannot see? STOP! LOOK! LISTEN! God is everywhere. We can see Him wherever we look if we just wish to.

Another good way to learn to love God Whom we cannot see is to practice loving our fellowman. Galatians 5:6, last part, tells us that—Faith worketh by love. 1 John 4:20 says, "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he has seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" This really answers our question. If we don't love God, we really don't love our fellowman. Perhaps unknowingly, we don't really like ourselves. When this happens, we are in despair. How can we overcome this?

A good place to start is by doing small favors for someone or saying a kind word. Try giving someone a smile. This is the beginning of learning to love our fellowman. It doesn't take long before we really love people and find our self-respect again. The more we love our fellowman, the more we love God. 1 John 4:7, 8 reads: "Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love."

How does God show His love toward us? Besides the things He gives us every day, He has promised us eternal life. How did He do this? Read John 3: 16.

Can we match that love?

## Dear Kid:

Today you asked me for a job. From the look of your shoulders as you walked out, I suspect you've been turned down before; and maybe you believe by now that kids out of high school can't find work.

But I hired a teenager today. You saw him. He was the one with polished shoes and a necktie. What was so special about him? Not experience, neither of you had any. It was his attitude that put him on the payroll instead of you. Attitude, son. A-T-T-I-T-U-D-E. He wanted that job badly enough to shuck the leather jacket, get a haircut and look in the phone book to find out what this company makes. He did his best to impress me. That's where he edged you out.

You see, Kid, people who hire people aren't "with" a lot of things. We know more about Bing than about Ringo, and we have some Stone-Age ideas about who owes whom a living. Maybe that makes us prehistoric, but there's nothing wrong with the checks we sign; and if you want one, you'd better tune to our wave length.

Ever hear of "empathy?" It's the trick of seeing the other fellow's side of things. I couldn't have cared less that you're behind in your car payments. That's your problem, and President Johnson's. What I needed was someone who'd go out in the plant, keep his eyes open and work for me like he's working for himself. If you have even the vaguest idea of what I'm trying to say, let it show the next time you ask for a job. You'll be head and shoulders over the rest.

Look, Kid: The only time jobs grew on trees was while most of the manpower was wearing G.I.'s and pulling K.P. For all the rest of history, you've had to get a job like you get a girl: "Case" the situation, wear a clean shirt and try to appear reasonably willing.

Maybe jobs aren't as plentiful right now, but a lot of us can remember when master craftsmen walked the streets. By comparison you don't know the meaning of "scarce."

You may not believe it, but all around you employers are looking for young men smart enough to go after a job in the old-fashioned way. When they find one, they can't wait to unload some of their worries on him.

For both our sakes, get eager, will you?

—Compliments of Success Motivation Institute, Waco, Texas

# Crowning Glory

By Morton Green

"Please, Hank, just once more," Carol coaxed.

"If you skate with Carol again," Sue pouted, "you have to skate with me, too. It isn't fair, otherwise."

Red-haired Hank Starling, Carol on one side of him and Sue on the other, glided over the ice to the bank of the river where bonfires blazed in pits and skaters sat on benches clustered around a refreshment stand, from which music floated out over the chill air.

"Sorry, chics. Only one to a customer." Hank grinned. "I have to give all you dolls a chance to skate with wonderful me."



Lightly dragging one foot sideways on the ice behind him, Hank came to a stop before the benches. Hank dug out a comb, and whipped it through his hair with deft, familiar strokes, patting his hair lightly with his palm to make sure the long sides lay flat against his head.

"I just love to watch you comb your hair, Hank," Sue cooed, gazing at Hank with rapt attention. "It gives me goose pimples."

"You've got the most gorgeous head of red hair at Prairie Junior High," Carol agreed, with an adoring sigh.

A smile tugged at the corner of Hank's mouth. "See you later, dolls," he said, starting through the snow

toward the refreshment stand.

As he ordered two paper cups of hot chocolate, Hank smoothed his hair again.

Only a couple of years back, Hank's mother had despaired of every getting Hank's red thatch and a comb together. But since Hank had discovered the furry stuff attached to his scalp could be trained into an elaborate arrangement of sideburns, ducktail, and a lock hanging casual-like down over his forehead, Hank seemed to be wielding a comb every other minute.

Hank's buddies were in agreement the oily, rust-colored confection atop Hank's head was the finest example of hair-combing in evidence at Prairie Junior High.

Of course, lanky Hank Starling did not depend solely on his red hair for his distinction. He was the star forward of the school basketball team. He had won the state championship for the Australian crawl in swimming. His exquisitely wrought head of hair was merely Hank's crowning glory.

A hot drink in each mittened hand, Hank made his way over to a bench where he had spotted Gretchen Zwick putting on her ice-skates. Hank plopped down beside her.

"Hi, chic. Got you a hot chocolate."

Gretchen's green eyes came up from her half-laced boot. "Thank you, Hank Starling, but no, I just had some."

As if the task required her utmost attention, Gretchen bent her head and continued to lace up her boot. Hank had been firmly snubbed.

"All right. How about you, Alvie?" Hank asked Gretchen's puckish nine-year-old brother, who was also prepar-

ing to skate on the frozen river.

"Swell, Hank. Thanks!"

Her head still lowered, Gretchen said, "You just had a hot chocolate, Alvie."

"Yeah. But I'm ready for another," Alvie said. He licked his lips. "It's good. Whipped cream."

Hank waited while Gretchen finished her boots. Hank didn't know what it was about Gretchen Zwick. She was cute, but there were plenty of dolls at Prairie Junior High prettier—and a lot friendlier. Maybe it was the fact Gretchen seemed so well inoculated against the infectious Starling charm, which lately had affected the female population of Prairie Junior High like an epidemic.

"Gretchen, I want to talk to you."

"So?"

"You know the city recreation department is sponsoring an ice-skating contest for teenagers next week. I thought we might enter in the pairs division."

"You and I?"

"Sure. I know I'm the best skater in town... but you don't have to worry, kid. You're pretty fair yourself."

"That isn't what I meant." Gretchen's tone dropped a few degrees below zero. "I'm not worried about my skating."

"Oh, of course not. I bet over in the old country kids are practically born on ice-skates, huh?"

"Children start to skate young in the Netherlands," Gretchen concurred, with the faintest toss of her head.

"Well, how about it?" Hank said. "Want to enter the contest?"

"Yes," Gretchen replied. "In the girls' division."

"Why not in the pairs? With me?"

Hank ran his comb through his copper-glinted hair.

Gretchen Zwick remained unmoved by this thrilling sight. "Why not," she said, "you would not understand, Hank Starling."

"For gosh sakes, sis," said Alvie, "are you nuts? You don't want to skate with *Hank Starling*?" Alvie squeaked Hank's name as if Hank were a combination of Rick Nelson, the President of the United States, and Mickey Mantle.

Standing up, Gretchen pushed out onto the ice without reply.

"I always suspected sis was slightly loopy," Alvie confided to Hank. Alvie had been born after the Zwicks immigrated to the United States from the Netherlands. From his sneakers to his Mouseketeer ears, Alvie was a thoroughly American boy.

"When she sees this," said Hank, moving out onto the ice himself, "she may change her cotton-pickin' mind."

Once in the middle of the hard-surfaced river, Hank made his shiny blades sparkle in a dazzling display of ice-skating skill. He leaped, spinned, looped, glided, and spread-eagled, until all the skaters out on the ice and those on the river banks stopped to watch him. All, that is, except Gretchen Zwick who, with colossal unconcern, continued her precise tracings on the ice.

Then Hank did something that drew gasps of fear, as well as admiration, from his audience. An experienced skater, Hank could tell by the look and feel of the surface beneath his sharp blades where it was safe to skate, and where the ice was dangerously soft beneath its deceptively hard appearance. He skated past the markers set out by the city recrea-

tion department to delimit the safe ice area, and continued his demonstration of pyrotechnics on ice.

Then Hank skimmed back to Gretchen's side, his exerted breathing visible in short puffs in the clear, frosty air. Alvie swung up beside Hank, his wide eyes frankly hero-worshipping. "Boy, you're terrific, Hank," Alvie declared.

Hank slapped Alvie's shoulder. "Glad someone thinks so," he said, glancing meaningfully at Gretchen. "Now how's about being a good kid, and getting lost for a while?"

Alvie winked. "Gotcha." He skated away.

Hands on hips, Hank eyed Gretchen. "Well, do I pass muster as your partner for the pairs' division? We'd make a great team."

"You're a very good skater, but—" "But?"

"But with your—temperament—I think you'd be happier in the boys' division."

"Meaning I'm too conceited to work with a partner?" Hank shoved his comb back in his pocket, and seized Gretchen's hands. "Try me."

Before Gretchen knew what was happening, they were pushing off together, matching steps, after an initial stumble, as smoothly as if they had been practicing together for weeks. Hank said, "See? I told you we'd do good together."

"Perhaps."

"Why don't you like me, Gretchen?"

"I don't dislike you."

"But you don't like me."

"You said it yourself. You're conceited, Hank Starling."

"Honest, Gretchen, it's mostly an act, you know."

He who gives himself airs of importance exhibits the credentials of impotence.—*Lavater*

o ————— o

Nothing is so infectious as example.—*Charles Kingsley*.

"Then you must believe your own publicity."

He tugged the tassel of her wool cap. "Pretty sharp, aren't you, for a little Dutch girl?" Hank grinned. Gretchen blushed. "What kind of boys do you like, Gretchen?" Hank asked, after awhile.

"Any boy who acts—*responsibly*, for instance,—who doesn't try to be a dare-devil."

"It so happens, Miss Zwick, that I know this river when its frozen over like the palm of my own hand. I wasn't taking any real chance skating beyond those danger markers."

"A boy as popular as you, Hank, as looked up to, has to—set an example for others," Gretchen said seriously.

"Well, I'm glad you admit there are some people who like me."

"Hey, look at that little kid out on the thin ice!" someone shouted. "He better get back here before he breaks his fool neck!"

Automatically, Hank's and Gretchen's heads turned down river, past the danger mark. Gretchen swayed against Hank.

"Hank, that's Alvie! He's imitating what you did;" Gretchen's fingernails dug through his bulky-knit sweater to his arm. "Oh, Hank, this is just what I meant! Alvie looks up to you, and—what Hank Starling does, must be okay to do—"

"Listen, if you'll break the hold, I'll get him back here, with no harm done." Shaking off the both terrified

and furious Gretchen, Hank sped down the ice with long, leaning strokes. He lifted an arm, and shouted, "Come on back on this side, Alvie!"

But as a grand finale, Alvie Zwick did an awkward split jump, landing hard on the ice—and cracking through with a frightening sound that snapped through the cold air. For one heart-stopping second, Alvie disappeared beneath the surface of the hole he had made in the ice. Then his head and flailing arms popped through the frigid waters into the thin sunlight.

His heavy winter clothing made weightier by the icy water soaking them, Alvie became near-panicky, yelling for help. Heedless of the ominous feel of the surface beneath his skates, Hank pushed his heels apart and came to an ungraceful snow plow stop a few feet from the jagged edge of the ice.

Someone threw Hank a sturdy tree branch from the pile of bonfire wood on shore. Already a breathless crowd had gathered on either bank of the river.

"Grab this, Alvie." Hank thrust one end of the branch into the water. "Not so hard! Not so hard!" As Alvie pulled on the branch, Hank lost his grip on the ice, and was slipping dangerously close to the rim of the hole.

Hank sank down on his knees and inched closer to the edge. He felt the snap of the ice beneath his weight. A hunk cracked off and slipped into

the water. At last, Alvie hands grasped Hank's hard wrists. Hank's hands locked over Alvie's wrists. too.

"Come on. Come on, lover," Hank urged, gritting his teeth not so much because of Alvie's water-logged weight, but more in an effort to will the surface beneath him not to break up.

"All right. I got you. You're out." Holding up Alvie, Hank skated lumberously to the shore, as a relieved cheer went up from the on-lookers. Hank's red hair hung in his eyes, and his thick clothing was patched with wet spots.

Blankets were produced, Alvie and Hank wrapped in them, and seated on a bench before a leaping bonfire, with hot drinks from the refreshment stand to warm their insides. Gretchen returned from phoning her parents, and plunked down between the two boys, solicitous of her brother, but ignoring Hank.

"Mamma and Papa will be right down, Alvie," Gretchen said, smoothing back his damp hair.

Sue, who with Carol had been hovering over Hank ever since he had reached solid land, said, "Don't you think Hank is a hero, Gretchen? Why if Hank had saved my brother from Icy Death—"

Hank held up his palm, "Run along, chicks," he said to Sue and Carol. "I'll

live." When the girls had departed reluctantly, Hank turned sternly to Alvie, speaking across Gretchen. "I hope you realize that was a pretty dumb cluck thing you did, skating past the danger markers," he said.

"But, gosh, Hank, *you* did it!" Alvie protested. "I want to be just like you, Hank."

"Take my advice, Alvie, and don't try to be another Hank Starling," Hank said. "He's about as swell-headed a show-off as was ever produced in Conceitedville. Ask your sister; she had his number. Why, I would not blame her if she never spoke to him again!"

Gretchen looked at Hank out of the corner of her tilted eyes. From deep inside, a laugh bubbled up and curved her lips, despite her effort to keep them grimly straight-set.

"Never is a long time," she said. She turned full-face to Hank. "We'll have to speak if we're going to work up a routine for the pairs division in the skating contest."

Hank's arm came out of the blanket, and he clutched Gretchen's hand. "You mean it?" She nodded.

"My skating exhibit impressed you after all, then?"

"Something impressed me." Gretchen ran her hand lightly over Hank's disarranged hair. "But it wasn't this," she laughed.

## On Your Own

Worship is a uniquely rewarding experience. You may think it is a corporate thing. And in a sense it is, especially worship that takes place in church. Actually, however, it is a very personal responsibility.

When you go to church you must worship God Himself. No one can do it for you. What you learn, how your soul is blessed depends, not on the people gathered in the church, but on you.

You CAN sing the opening songs without being conscious of a single word you say. You can mouth the Lord's Prayer, yet fail to commune with God. You can pretend you don't see the collection plate. You can listen to the sermon, yet not appropriate the message for yourself.

Such indifference is like that of the student who, after having read a page of a lesson aloud, was asked by his teacher to explain the context of the passage. The young man sighed, shifted his weight repeatedly, blushed, then stammered sheepishly. "I'm sorry; I wasn't listening."

Besides not listening, some young people plan football plays in church. Others shop for clothes or make plans for a coming party. But when they do, they do not worship God.

I thought about this a great deal some time ago. When I did, my conscience smote. I realized I had been sitting in church with an "umbrella" over my head. Any blessing that might have come my way bounced off onto someone else. Determined to do something about this unholy behavior, I wrote a creed for myself. This is it—

"As far as I am concerned the congregation is composed of only one member. The whole worship period is planned just for me. The Word of God is read; the sermon is preached to ME. If I allow my mind to think of other things, I miss the message God has for my soul. Since it is I who must account for my stewardship of time, I listen to each announcement, knowing it is meant for me. The collection plate is passed to me. It isn't my concern whether or not Mr. James gives his tithes. I must give mine. And, when we sing, no one can praise God for me. I make a joyful noise to the Lord or I do not. And at the end of the service, 'The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: The Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee,' is meant for me."

—Selected

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Faith believes God's Word.  
Patience awaits God's time.  
Hope expects all that God has promised.  
Love urges us to obey all of God's commands.  
Humility bows low before God's throne.  
Submission shuts the mouth in trying times.  
Resignation cheerfully surrenders all to God's disposal.  
All of these graces belong to the character of a Christian.

—Selected

# Tell Me, Please

## Youth Questions

answered by  
Ray L. Straub



### QUESTION:

*Young people are always advised that they shouldn't mind the restrictions the Church places on them. They are told that they should go out and have some good, clean fun. What is good, clean fun, anyway?*

### ANSWER:

Fun has to do with activities that amuse us. You can get the measure of a man by watching what it is that gives him pleasure.

Some consider that fun comes only in doing that which is not permitted. They are amused by cutting class, running through stop signs, or driving too fast. They delight in getting away with something. This kind of "fun" is short-lived and brings misery.

Others are amused at accidents that happen to others. They laugh when someone falls, is poked in the eye, or burns himself. They think it is great fun to gossip, find particular delight in the misfortunes of others, and demonstrate their keenest wit by ridiculing.

There are better ways to amuse ourselves. Any activity which recognizes another's dignity, which adds

to another's well being, or which is beneficial to our associates is good fun.

Even a church outing may not be acceptable fun. A softball game may be started and enjoyed. However, when this form of amusement results in loss of temper, or in exploiting a weak team so that others can "show off," the fun is no longer clean nor good.

One needs to take care not to be amused by appeals to his base instincts. Clean stories, even though funny, are acceptable. The injection of humor into conversation, or respectful "kidding" of another person are okay. However, when the jokes get shady, or our commentary of another borders on being snide, we are poor company to others and a poor testimony for our Lord.

You know what good, clean fun is. It is too bad that there are those

---

*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.*

who have never matured to achieve the self-discipline necessary to enjoy it.

### QUESTION:

*Do you think it is all right for bald-headed man to wear to wig?*

### ANSWER:

I wouldn't know of any others that might be interested! It is doubtful that a good moral case could be presented against a man's wearing a wig.

While we are on this subject, I receive inquiries periodically about whether or not ladies should wear a wig.

One would need to let good taste be a guide. While I know of few church ladies that wear them, probably due to the cost of purchasing and maintaining them, I have seen "switches" worn by the younger set. I considered them quite good-looking, sometimes even elegant.

There are some cautions to be remembered. It is never good looking to show up suddenly with a different colored hair. To look good, a natural look is most fitting. Hairpieces that are obviously artificial look quite ridiculous. Unless they are rather expensive, most wigs look artificial.

As is the case with most of our young ladies, they are usually well-groomed and would receive little compliment by the use of an artificial hairpiece.

### QUESTION:

*What do you think about wearing sleeveless dresses, if they have modest neck and hemlines? I've heard that some people don't think they should be worn, and yet it is often difficult to buy pretty clothes that have sleeves.*

*Besides, I see them worn at churches and even at camp meetings.*

### ANSWER:

This is a question that you should discuss with your pastor. You would not want to be needlessly offensive about the matter.

Sleeveless dresses are worn at camp meetings because people come to these events from various areas, and standards differ from place to place. You need to exercise wisdom in this regard. What you see worn at a gathering which brings people together from distances does not give you permission to disregard those in your home area.

Personally, I see little wrong in wearing sleeveless dresses. This does not mean that I approve of wearing those which have only strings or straps over the shoulder. Nor could I endorse the clumsy immodesty that shows transparent sleeves obviously added to appease false piety, but please hypocritical eyes.

I speak for myself and not those around you. If they and I agree, fine. If not, you need to respect their opinions.

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If God is taken out of Good, nothing but a big (O) is left.

\* \* \*

People may misunderstand us and the high advice we give: But there's no misunderstanding how we act and how we live.

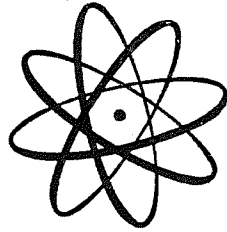
\* \* \*

*Many follow the lime-light instead of the Lamb-light.*

\* \* \*

While the devil is pouting and whining—we can be shouting and shining!

# DIVINE DESIGN



## The Heavens Declare His Glory

By Elden Fischer

The entire earth testifies of divine design. When you look under a rock, in the ocean depths, in caves of the earth, arctic icebergs, the desert or a tropical jungle you cannot deny the fact of divine plan rather than the theory of chance coupled with billions of years of time—to give us an answer that would explain a miracle like our heavenly Father can do today. An atheistic scientist can always work out a problem on the past and if he does not come out with a favorable answer to his theory he can throw in another overdose of time. On the contrary, everywhere you look you see here a miracle, there a miracle, and everywhere a miracle. The prophet Isaiah says, “the whole earth is full of his glory” (Isaiah 6:3).

But if the earth would suddenly explode there would still be much evidence left of a divine Creator. If the earth disappeared entirely, the Bible tells us that “the heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork” (Psalm 19:1). Astronomers have advanced many theories of how the solar system came into being, but the Bible states clearly in reference to the sun, moon and stars, “for he commanded and they were created” (Psalm 148:5, also Col. 1:16, 17).

If you find it difficult to believe in creation by a supreme being, we can refer to a current science book to compare creation to the scientific theories offered to attempt to explain the origin of the solar system. We will consider four popular theories and how a science book evaluates them:

1. PLANETESIMAL—a collision or near miss of two stars. The text states, “The different versions of the planetesimal theory all have a serious weakness.”

2. COMPANION STAR—The sun once had a companion star which exploded several billions of years ago. Here is what one text says, “At the present time there seems to be no basic flaw in this theory nor is there much in the way of supporting evidence.”

3. DUST CLOUD—The solar system began with a vast saucer-shaped, hot cloud of gas and the dust slowly revolved in space. The text states, “careful mathematical analysis eventually showed very serious flaws in this theory.”

4. VON WEIZSACKER DUST CLOUD—Whirlpools of dust clouds. Here again the text says, “Much more investigation is needed before the dust cloud theory of Von Weizsacker or any other can be accepted as a satisfactory explanation for the origin of the solar system. It is possible that we will never know how the earth and other satellites of the sun came into being.”

Can anyone say science has all the answers and the Bible does not? The more science learns, the more science realizes there is much more to learn.

Timothy was instructed to avoid “oppositions of science, falsely so called” (1 Tim. 6:20). (Science as used here means knowledge.) We hear a lot today of a conflict of the Bible and science, but *true* science and the Bible agree. When Paul was under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit he wrote, “Through faith we understand the *worlds* were framed by the word of God” (Heb. 11:3; 1:2). This indicates the existence of other planets and possibly other stars with solar systems that science has not yet found.

David was greatly inspired by observing God’s universe even without a telescope when he said, “When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him?” (Psa. 8:3, 4).

To me the Bible’s truth can be proven by verses like the following: A. Luke 17:34-36—As late as 1492 (Columbus), people believed the earth was flat. Jesus in speaking about His second coming says that on part of the earth it will be night; two men will be in bed, the one shall be taken and the other left. On part of the earth it will be morning and two women will be grinding their meal for the day and one shall be taken and the other left. In some parts of the earth, men will be working in the field in daytime and one will be taken and the other left. The Holy Scriptures were writ-



ten long before the earth was proven spherical, but it does not conflict with the teachings of science.

Isaiah 40:22—"It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth." Does not this indicate a spherical earth rather than a flat one?

Job. 26:7—"He stretcheth out the north over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing." This was inspired writing for we know Job could not have obtained these ideas from the scientists of his time.

Psalm 19:1, 2—In reference to the heavens, verse two states, "Day unto day uttereth speech." Today radio astronomy is a new and growing field. In 1931, by accident, a Bell telephone engineer picked up radio signals from outer space. In 1963 the United States put a 1000-foot diameter radio telescope—the world's largest—into operation in Puerto Rico. Many astronomers are today picking up sounds from stars and other heavenly bodies and trying to figure out what these sounds mean. These sounds are believed to originate with the heavenly body and not life in another area of our universe. What the Bible says harmonizes with science and the Bible is in no way intended to be a science text.

1 Corinthians 15:41—"One star differeth from another star in glory." Astronomers know that stars have different degrees of brightness even if they were all the same distance from the earth. Their distance is not the only factor for a difference in brightness. Six magnitudes of stars are visible by the naked eye, but heavenly bodies are as abundant as sand on the seashore.

The spectroscope is an instrument that can be attached to a telescope. This instrument tells us that all other heavenly bodies are composed of only elements that we find on earth. This seems to indicate that all heavenly bodies had the same origin, from a divine Creator. When we realize that it takes light traveling at 186,000 miles per second, 4.3 years, to get to the earth from our closest star, one might ask, "How far is the heaven where God is?" Even a great mind has trouble comprehending astronomical distances. Isn't our God great!

All other planets have no evidence of life on them to date. The earth, however, is just right for life. If the earth were moved closer to the sun, we would be consumed by fire; and if the earth were farther from the sun, our oceans would freeze solid and no form of life could be sustained on earth. The ocean water has

(Continued on page 34)

# Editorial

## GRADING ON THE CURVE

A rather common practice among teachers these days is that of grading on the curve. For those of you who may not be familiar with this, it employs a strictly comparative standard for grading. The best paper in the class, even though it may be poor, gets a high mark; all others are graded in proportion to this. Consequently, even if you have done quite well on a very difficult test, if some "brain" gets a perfect or near-perfect score, your grade may be pretty far down the line.

I wonder if we are often guilty of living and acting as though God were grading on the curve.

Sometimes our reasoning may go something like this: "Well, I really doubt that this is the best practice for a Christian, but Brother So-and-So's daughter does it, so it must be okay for me."

Or: "I really should volunteer to help with this project, but 'what's-his-name' has more time than I and he isn't helping, nor did he help with our last project, so why should I?"

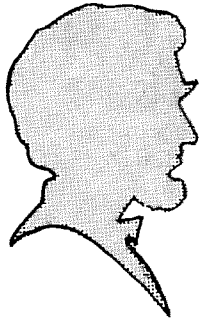
Or: "I know I should study the Bible and church literature more to be better prepared to witness, but I'm sure I know as much about our beliefs as most people, . . . SO!!"

To the very extreme might be one who would say, "I'm not living up to all the standards of our church, but *surely* I'm far from being like so many outside the church who drink and curse, and never go to church, so. . ."

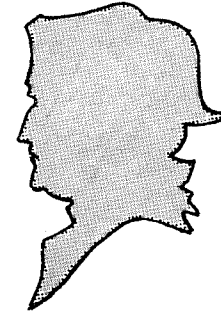
Remember, God is not asking how much more or less you have done than someone else. God has standards. He has unchangeable laws and principles, and when He gives you a "grade," it will be graded from His Master Test Sheet. ". . . Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear."

Jesus' advice was, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me."

Remember, God DOESN'T GRADE ON THE CURVE.



# Great Men



It is reported that a small child wrote a letter to President Kennedy, in which he stated, "Dear Mr. Kennedy, I think you are the second best president we've ever had." We can imagine the president wondering who the best president was. But be that as it may, to be classed in such a way would definitely put him in a category of greatness that few men achieve. However, it is seldom that a person is classified among the great men of the world during his lifetime. Such acclaim is awarded by succeeding generations.

In order for a person to achieve the highest office in the land he must have certain qualities which cause him to be outstanding among men. But the degree of greatness which shall be ascribed to him will not be established on the basis of a comparison with men of lesser political stature. It will be determined as his life and record of leadership are compared with the records of others who were men of known greatness. Then, too, that is a determining factor, for great conflict often produces great men. Even though a man possesses elements of greatness, it takes stress to bring it out for recognition. For example, can you name the president of our

country at the time of the Spanish American War? It isn't likely—but you know one name that was outstanding in that conflict as the hero of San Juan Hill.

A good leader may not be a great leader. And it is possible that one placed in a position of leadership even becomes a disappointment and a failure. Fame is a very fickle lady who smiles lovingly upon one person, and scowls at another. The military record of Dwight Eisenhower has placed him in the class of great men—but how will his presidency be regarded?

This is the month in which two of our country's great leaders were born. The recognition of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln in this category is universal. At the time of our nation's birth it was Washington who led the people through a time of great peril, capably supported and assisted by a few other great men who were dedicated to the same cause. Had it not been for them our nation would have "died aborning." Lincoln stood in the gap when secession threatened the destruction of our country; thus by his great love for the country and its people he was able to preserve its unity.

The outstanding personal trait of

these two men is their faith in God. The picture of Washington praying at Valley Forge is very familiar to all. Lincoln's close association with the Bible is equally well known. In fact, many of our great leaders have been men of deep religious conviction. It is hard for us to visualize a true patriot who is an ungodly person.

This is true also when we examine the history of Israel. The leaders who did most for the nation were those who trusted in God and served Him. Those who did the least for the nation and who even brought hardship upon the people, were the ungodly.

Faith in God is a stabilizing factor in our lives. When one is true to God he cannot be false in any respect. Thus patriotism becomes a part of his character. It is a godly trait. The Master and His apostles teach us that governments are established by the will of God, and that followers of the Saviour shall be subject to such powers.

It may not be the lot of many of us to achieve recognition as great men in our nation, or even within our communities, but we can all possess an element of greatness. The Spirit of Christ dwelling within us makes us great before God. We can do great things for Him, because the things

which we do can and will count for eternity. Posterity might acclaim a Washington, a Lincoln, or an Eisenhower or Kennedy. But with the end of time will come an end to their fame. One who is acclaimed in the Kingdom of God for even a minor accomplishment will be greater than the person who achieves the highest degree of recognition among men.

—Clayton Faubion in *February*, 1962  
"AIM"

Abraham Lincoln once said: "If I tried to read, much less answer, all the criticisms made of me and all the attacks leveled against me, this office would have to be closed for all other business. I do the best I know how, the very best I can. I mean to keep on doing this, down to the very end. If the end brings me out all wrong, then ten angels swearing I had been right would make no difference. If the end brings me out all right, then what is said against me now will not amount to anything."

## ALONG THE WAY

When George Washington was acting as chairman of the convention that framed our Constitution, he occupied a chair on the back of which was a painting of the sun as it appeared just above the horizon. When, after many months of wrangling and discussions, which often threatened to break up the convention, the Constitution was finally signed by the 39 delegates, Benjamin Franklin, then 83 years old who had been a great stabilizing force in the convention, rose and said: "I have looked at that painting again and again. I have wondered whether it was a rising or a setting sun, but now I know it is a rising sun."

## Bits and Pieces

Compiled by  
Barbara Lucas

# How's Your Witness?

Blessed are they that go 'round  
and 'round for Christ—for they shall  
become big wheels.

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

*The things I do, the things I say,  
Will lead some person aright or astray.  
So the things I do should be the best  
And the things I say should be to bless.*

\* \* \*

Some Christians are like Arctic  
Rivers—frozen at the mouth.

\* \* \*

*Some talk Christianity by the  
yard who can't walk it by the  
inch.*

\* \* \*

If you are a Christian, your pleasures  
and pastimes should be Christian  
also.

\* \* \*

### THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO YOU

There's a sweet old story translated  
for men,  
But writ in the long, long ago,  
The Gospel according to Mark, Luke  
and John,  
Of Christ and His mission below.

Men read and admire the Gospel of  
Christ,

With its love so unfailling and true,  
But what do they say, and what do  
they think

Of the Gospel according to you?

'Tis a wonderful story the Gospel of  
love,

As it shines in the Christ-life divine;  
And, oh, that its truth might be told  
once again

In the story of your life and mine.  
Unselfishness mirrors in every scene;  
Love blossoms on every sod,  
And back from its vision comes to tell  
The wonderful goodness of God.

You are writing each day a letter to  
men.

Take care that the writing is true!  
It's the only Gospel that some men  
will read—

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO  
YOU!

\* \* \*

*The Christian is not asked to blow  
his horn, but to let his light shine.*

\* \* \*

**A good example is worth a thousand  
arguments.**

\* \* \*

We cannot improve on the contents  
of Christianity, but we can improve  
the container.

*It is not so important what we  
have, but it is important what  
we do with what we have.*

\* \* \*

**We will stand for something or fall  
for anything.**

\* \* \*

I am American by race; A Christian  
by grace.

\* \* \*

*Be not simply a reflector of Christ;  
be a radiator.* (Christian Digest)

\* \* \*

We do not stand in the world bearing  
witness to Christ, but stand in  
Christ and bear witness to the world.

Gordon

\* \* \*

**Don't always fret about your work  
And rewards that are small and  
few,**

**Remember that the mighty oak  
Was once a nut like you.**

\* \* \*

### WHAT WOULD HE SAY?

If He should come today and find my  
hands so full of future plans,  
however fair,

In which my Saviour had no share—  
WHAT WOULD HE SAY?

If He should come today and find  
my love so cold

My faith so very weak and dim  
I had not even looked for Him—  
WHAT WOULD HE SAY?

If He should come today and find  
I hadn't told

One soul about my Heavenly  
Friend

Whose blessings all my way attend—  
WHAT WOULD HE SAY?

If He should come today, Would I  
be glad—quite glad?

Remembering that He died for all,  
And none, through me, had heard  
His call—  
WHAT WOULD HE SAY?

\* \* \*

**Sometimes B sharp; never B flat;  
always B natural.**

\* \* \*

One thing better than to have  
religion and know it, is to have  
religion and show it!

\* \* \*

*We are not a particular people  
with a contrary spirit, but  
a peculiar people with a contrite  
Spirit.*

\* \* \*

### LIVING SERMONS

There isn't a word that a preacher  
can say—

No matter how lovely or true,  
Nor is there a prayer that his eager  
lips pray

That can preach such a sermon as  
YOU!

You vowed to serve Christ; men know  
that you did.

They're watching the things that you  
do.

There isn't an action of yours that is  
hid;

Men are watching and studying you.  
You say you're no preacher; oh, yes,  
But you preach a wonderful sermon  
each day.

The acts of your life are the things  
that you teach

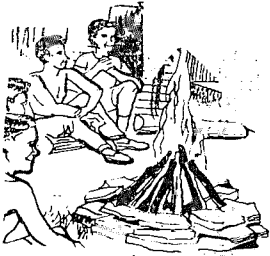
It isn't the things that you say.  
OH, CHRISTian remember, you bear  
His dear name.

Your lives are for others to view.  
You are living examples; men praise  
you or blame,

And measure all Christians by YOU!

# The Last

# Watch!



By Dorothy Nimchuk

Frederick James Carver III! Get out of that bed this instant," called the recalcitrant sleeper's mother for the fourth time that morning. "How do you expect to get ready for your camping trip if you sleep all morning?"

"Aw, Mom," answered Fred, "cut it, will you? I'm up. What's for breakfast?" he asked as he entered the kitchen a few moments later.

Mother set a plate of eggs and breakfast beef before him. She poured orange juice into his glass. "What time are you and the boys leaving?" she wanted to know.

"Right after breakfast. Did ya get those sandwiches made for me to take along for lunch?" Fred asked.

"Yes, and I baked a chocolate cake too," said Mother. "I know how well Chuck likes sweets."

"Well, if Chuck likes sweets so well, let him carry the cake, too. How do you expect me to carry cake in a pack? It will be all crumbs before

we are halfway there," grumbled Fred.

"Oh, no, I'll have it eaten by the time we're halfway to our lunch stop," said Chuck, looking in through the screen door. "Couldn't help hearing you two arguing over me. —Sure is great to know I'm so popular!"

"Come in, Chuck," smiled Mother. "Did you have breakfast?"

"Sure did, Mrs. Carver," he answered, lowering his bulk into a nearby chair. "But I'd take a piece of that chocolate cake right now and make it less to carry."

In the laughter that followed, Mother cut into the cake and gave Chuck a generous slice. "There, that should send you off to a good start," she told him.

A hail from outside heralded the arrival of the other member of their party. "There's Bryan now," said Fred, pushing his chair back and gathering his things together. "Hurry with that cake, Chuck, and leave some of it for lunch," he added as Chuck helped himself to another piece.

Mrs. Carver watched the boys as they went down the walk to the street. "Do be careful, boys," she called after them, "and have a good time."

It was noon and Mrs. Carver turned on the radio for company during her solitary lunch. She was just finishing a second cup of coffee and making up her shopping list when a voice on the radio caught and held her attention.

"We interrupt this program to bring you a special announcement. A leopard has escaped from City Zoo. It is believed that the animal has headed into the mountains. The State Police and Rangers are scouring the countryside in an effort to recapture the beast. Residents in this area are warned to stay indoors. . . ."

The voice droned on to other less-important news of the day. Mrs. Carver switched off the set and hurried into the living room to the telephone. She dialed the Ranger station and spoke rapidly into the receiver. ". . . yes, that's right, officer. My boy Fred and his two friends—out hiking. Do try to find them." Having done all she could to help, she sank into the nearest chair exhausted and laid her head in her hands. "Oh, God," she breathed, "do let them find the boys before it is too late."

When Fred and his friends left that morning, they hiked as far as their favorite picnic spot and stopped for lunch. Fred and Bryan were finished eating and were ready to leave again. Chuck was still eating cake.

"Come on, Chuck," said Bryan, "if you eat another bite you won't be able to move, let alone hike all afternoon."

"Hurry, Chuck," urged Fred. "We

want to reach High Point before dark. That's the best camping spot for miles around."

Chuck popped the last bite of cake into his cavernous mouth and good-naturedly rose. "I'm coming, fellows," he answered. "Boy oh boy. Fred, your mother can certainly bake delicious cake."

The boys hiked for several hours: then as daylight began to wane, it became apparent they could not reach High Point before dark. They began casting about for a suitable camp site. Tomorrow they would go farther into the mountains and camp in a different spot that night.

"Here's a good place," exclaimed Chuck. "There's water here and the moss on the creekbank will make a soft carpet for our sleeping bags."

"I'll build a fire," offered Fred. Throwing his pack to the ground, he went off in search of firewood. The other boys busied themselves about the camp. Chuck brought water in a tin pail while Bryan opened some cans of beans to heat for their supper.

Some time later, Chuck put down his empty plate and leaned back against his sleeping bag. "Shall we flip to see who washes the dishes?"

"This fire needs more wood," Bryan rose and stretched. "I'll replenish our supply if you two will clean up things here."

The young fellows spent the evening around the campfire. "Say, Bryan," asked Chuck, "did you bring your transistor radio along? I'd like to hear how the baseball game ended this afternoon. My kid brother plays in the Peewee League this year."

Bryan rose to get his transistor from his pack. The popular, modern pop tunes sounded strangely out of

place here in the depths of the great outdoors. The music was cut off abruptly and a voice interrupted "There is still no clue as to the whereabouts of the three campers who left town this afternoon heading into the mountains. Mrs. Carver said in a telephone interview that her son Fred and two of his friends had been planning this trip for some time. They left this morning before the leopard escaped. It is evident that they have no knowledge of their danger. . . ."

"Hey," yelled Chuck, "that's us."

"Leopard," repeated Bryan, "what leopard?"

"Remember that one that just arrived from India last week? I saw it when I took my cousin to the zoo the other day. Real fierce-looking animal, I'd say," recounted Fred. "I'd hate to meet *him* on a dark night."

"Hush," commanded Chuck quickly, "I can feel cold chills running up and down my spine just thinking about it."

"You're just apt to meet him out here," Bryan asserted with feeling. "What're we going to do?" He turned to Fred, their acknowledged leader.

At that precise moment, a distant wolf set up his nocturnal howl. All three boys jumped as though catapulted from a tightly coiled spring.

Fred was the first to regain his composure. "Just a wolf," he said nonchalantly.

"Yeah, just a wolf," repeated Bryan.

Chuck shivered, "Seems as though we might have more company than just the leopard."

"We'll simply have to take turns keeping watch all night. Keep a good, bright fire burning. Wild animals are usually afraid of fire," said Fred.

A companionable silence reigned as each boy gazed into the dancing flames and entertained his own individual thoughts.

"You know," said Bryan slowly, "this reminds me of our Sabbath school lesson for next week. It tells about the disciples watching with Christ in the garden of Gethsemane."

"Yeah," agreed Chuck, "only those fellows fell asleep on the job."

"Strange how they could possibly do that," mused Fred. "You won't catch me sleeping. Not with that leopard on the loose!"

"You bet!" Chuck began rummaging in a pack for a sandwich. "Why, I'm almost too nervous to eat!"

The other boys laughed and it seemed to break the tension which had been building within them. "I've yet to see the time you couldn't eat!" declared Bryan.

"Seriously, fellows," Fred ventured, "I can't feature those men sleeping while Christ endured such agony, praying in the garden that night. I sure wouldn't want to turn on a friend that way."

"I bet they felt awful afterwards," commented Bryan. Chuck nodded agreement, his mouth full of sandwich.

"Well, they should have felt that way," denounced Fred, "Serves 'em right."

Wiping the crumbs from his face with his jacket sleeve, Chuck settled down before the fire, offering to take the first watch.

"And I'll take the second." Bryan threw more wood on the blaze and glanced uneasily into the deep shadows of the trees around them.

"That leaves the last watch for me," said Fred. "Well, it's late. Guess I'll

turn in, but I know I won't be able to sleep a wink."

"Me neither," said Bryan.

The two boys were soon asleep, however, as the fresh air and exercise of the day took their toll. Chuck sat close to the fire and occasionally rose to replenish the dying fire. He was glad when his turn was over. Fred stirred slightly when Chuck woke Bryan at two o'clock. Again he slept.

"Get up, you lazy skeleton," Bryan nudged Fred with his foot. "I've called you twice already."

"Yeah," mumbled Fred. "I'll get up."

"Be sure now," returned Bryan. "I'm hitting the sack. I can hardly hold my eyes open another moment."

"O.K."

Bryan climbed into his sleeping bag and was almost immediately asleep. Fred dozed. The fire died down. The air grew chill. The three slept on into the night. The cold, mountain air began to creep down inside the bedding and the boys snuggled deeper into their bags.

A spine-tingling scream rent the night air. Fred and Bryan were on their feet in an instant. To their horror, Chuck was in the grip of a giant, spotted beast. Fred jumped into action by throwing more wood on the dying fire. Then snatching a brightly burning brand from the fire, he advanced on the fierce assailant. Bryan stood transfixed, unable to move. Then he too got into the fray. He found a handy club and went in swinging. Between them they managed to fight off the leopard which went slinking off among the trees. Chuck lay motionless where the leopard had dropped him.

There was no more sleep for the

night. Chuck was in bad shape, all right. His right arm was injured and he appeared to be in a state of shock. He neither moved nor spoke.

Fred made Chuck as comfortable as possible, applying a tourniquet to stop the bleeding. Dawn was soon in coming, for which they were extremely thankful.

"Bryan," said Fred, "you head down the mountain for help. Chances are you'll meet some of the men out looking for us. There's room for a helicopter to land in that open space on the other side of the brook."

Bryan was loath to leave his friends alone, but Fred convinced him it was the only way. Left alone with Chuck, Fred's courage began to ebb slowly from him, until a low moan from his patient brought him to attention. Fred hurried to Chuck's side.

"Easy there, pal," Fred said softly. "Don't try to get up. Just lie back and rest. Bryan's gone for help."

"What happened?" Chuck wanted to know.

"Don't talk now, just rest," urged Fred.

Some time later Chuck rallied once more and insisted on knowing what had taken place.

Fred hung his head and replied, "It was my watch. Bryan called me and I went back to sleep. Then the leopard came and attacked you. Bryan and I managed to fight him off. Bryan's gone for help."

"Don't take it so hard, chum," Chuck tried to cheer his friend. "It could have happened to anyone."

"Why couldn't the leopard have attacked me?" questioned Fred. "It was all my fault it happened."

"Here, help me get up, Fred, and  
(Continued on page 35)

Make a

# M ARK OF MERIT

By Nathan Lawson

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word" (Psalm 119:9).

When I read in the newspaper or hear on the news report about teenagers getting involved in violence, demonstrations, riots, crime, rape, murder, dope addiction, prostitution and other evils, it makes me want to reach them with the message in the verse above. Young people can be cleansed from their ways. They can find security, peace, joy, and eternal life by taking heed unto the precious Word of God.

I hope that as your FYC is active in the work of the Church of God, that you can reach some of these teenagers and save them for the Kingdom of God. This is why we want you to be active for the work of Christ.

**NEXT MONTH, 1967 WINNERS WILL BE ANNOUNCED FOR:**

- FYC of the year.
- Gold Mark of Merit Awards.
- Silver Mark of Merit Awards.
- National FYC Support Honor List.
- Foreign Worker Support Honor List.
- Also outstanding events of 1967 will be announced.

**MAKE 1968 A YEAR OF SERVICE FOR GOD**

Already this year is rapidly passing by. The time for the Kingdom of God to come is rapidly approaching. Our local FYC's need to make Soul Winning efforts for God. Plan your activities to reach out and include young people in your community to win them for Christ.

**PROJECT OF THE MONTH**

Every FYC member should read the latest issue of "AIM." Make this your local FYC project of the month. Have each member sit down and read "Aim" (The magazine for young people) all the way through. We want to encourage all your Youth to read this magazine.

**YOUR GROUP FEATURED IN "AIM"**

We would like to feature our local FYC groups in this magazine. Take several pictures of your group, your leaders, and some outstanding activity and send them along with a short writeup to Nathan Lawson, 841 S. Washington, Lodi, Calif. 95240. Send an explanation of what the pictures are about.

**IT WILL BE WORTH IT ALL**

Young people, it is going to be worth it all when we will be able to see Jesus in the Glorious Kingdom of God. Today there is work for us to do—tomorrow we may see Jesus.

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## NEWS . . .

A government-sponsored study recommended a national policy to promote drinking in a family setting. Recommended also in this same study was the reduction of the legal age for buying and drinking alcoholic drinks, to age 18. This report drew strong endorsement from the National Council of Churches!!!

According to the report of the Baptist World Alliance's associate secretary general for Europe, religious liberty in Europe is still quite lacking. Communications with Baptists in Romania and Bulgaria is "almost impossible." Persecution, destruction, and discrimination there is most severe. He also fears that Spain's new religious freedom may return to its former status.

Israel's Christian population numbers approximately 60,000. There are some 200 churches and chapels in Israel, and about 500 clergy, including 160 monks. In addition, there are approximately 600 nuns. Though the

majority of Christians in Israel belong to thirty Roman Catholic congregations, the Southern Baptist, in particular, as well as other Protestant activities, have extensive programs.

A pastor in Scarborough, Ontario, borrowed \$1,000 from four members of his congregation, and distributed it, giving \$2 each to 500 families. He urged them to invest the funds and report back in six months. He hoped to double the investment, but instead it was tripled. After six months, he had \$3,000. One example of various methods of multiplying the money is operating a soft drink stand: another is baking bread.

Doctors say cancer is a man-made epidemic. During the year, 42,000 men and 8,000 women will die of lung cancer. The rates of women are increasing, though this could be prevented if smoking were eliminated. As Paul Harvey put it, "first equal rights—then equal wrongs."

# 2T<sub>4</sub>G - Take Time for God

By Kathleen Roche

Have you prayed today? "Prayer should be the key of the day and the lock of the night."

Perhaps it would be well to take a lesson from the camel. When his day's work is completed, he kneels down upon the sand so that his master can lift his burden off. Then, at break of day, the camel kneels to have his load replaced. He is rested and rises to continue on the journey.

With all the hustle and bustle in the world today, more and more folks are resorting to sleeping pills and tranquilizers to enable them to rest. How much better it would be if instead of getting into the medicine cabinet, they, like the camel, would get down on their knees and let the Master lift their burden and cares. For He has promised, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matthew 11:28). Then after a refreshing night's sleep, they could kneel and ask for strength to bear the burdens of a new day.

Prayer is much like a telephone. Instead of lifting a receiver, though, you simply bow your head. You needn't be concerned about saying just the right words, using a lot of fancy phrases, or making your prayers especially long. It's just like talking with a friend. After all, God is the best Friend you have and He's only a prayer away. Once you make connections, you'll find it's "the next best thing to being there" and talking to Him face to face.

The 2T4G Program is designed to help you make daily prayer and Bible reading a meaningful habit (not just a habit, but a meaningful habit). Remember, prayer is like a conversation with God. Greet Him in the morning that He may grant strength throughout the day. Seek His guidance before reading your Bible that you may gain the true meaning held there for your admonition. Pause at the end of day to thank Him for numberless blessings. Empty the cares of your heart and He will give you rest.

There is no set time to approach the Lord, nor does it require some earth-shaking event to bring a Christian to their knees. But just as friendship grows through communication, the more you

talk with God, the better you will come to know Him. So take advantage of this wonderful privilege of prayer and use it often. "A chapter and prayer a day keep the devil away."

Date	Chapter	Feb. 24	Gen. 24	Mar. 5	Gen. 34
Feb. 15	Gen. 15	Feb. 25	Gen. 25	Mar. 6	Gen. 35
Feb. 16	Gen. 16	Feb. 26	Gen. 26	Mar. 7	Gen. 36
Feb. 17	Gen. 17	Feb. 27	Gen. 27	Mar. 8	Gen. 37
Feb. 18	Gen. 18	Feb. 28	Gen. 28	Mar. 9	Gen. 38
Feb. 19	Gen. 19	Feb. 29	Gen. 29	Mar. 10	Gen. 39
Feb. 20	Gen. 20	Mar. 1	Gen. 30	Mar. 11	Gen. 40
Feb. 21	Gen. 21	Mar. 2	Gen. 31	Mar. 12	Gen. 41
Feb. 22	Gen. 22	Mar. 3	Gen. 32	Mar. 13	Gen. 42
Feb. 23	Gen. 23	Mar. 4	Gen. 33	Mar. 14	Gen. 43

## Plan to Attend Youth Camp In 1968

### MICHIGAN YOUTH CAMP

will be held at

**MILL LAKE OUTDOOR CENTER, Chelsea, Michigan**

**June 23-30, 1968**

*For any further information about camp, write to Elder  
Floyd A. Turner, 3466 Bennington Rd., Owosso, Michigan 48867.*

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### CENTRAL STATES YOUTH CAMP

Sponsored by

The High Plains District of the Church of God (7th Day)

at

**CAMP PA HE TSI**

**Lake of the Ozarks State Park, Osage Beach, Missouri**

**June 16-23, 1968**

*Serving the youth of the central states, ages 9-18.*

# MINUTEMAN

By Carol Millican

"The Shadow of the Almighty ..."

Last month we learned that God has a marvelous purpose for every person's life—a purpose so lofty that our minds can hardly grasp it—and that the person who fulfills this great purpose by being an "overcomer" in this life has the promise of being a co-ruler with Christ.

This month's verses show that the overcomer also has claim on the happiest of possible existences even in this life. Too often the world thinks of a true Christian as someone who achieves something less than complete happiness and fulfillment in life

because there are so many things that he "can't do." Anyone who feels this way should stop and consider that perhaps he has the shoe on the wrong foot—the person who is not performing according to God's will is himself falling short of true happiness.

PROVERBS 29:18

DEUTERONOMY 33:29

1 PETER 3:12

JEREMIAH 17:7, 8.

LUKE 12:29, 31

PSALM 84:11

I recently read this comment in a book of wise sayings or proverbs: "Usually a thing is not harmful because it is sin, but it is sin because it is harmful." How true this is in the Christian life! The One Who created man in the first place also knows how man can be happy, if man will only heed.

In Exodus 15:26 God promised His people that if they would obey Him they would not suffer from any of the terrible diseases known to the Egyptians. Even today we can enjoy living "under the shadow of the Almighty," as David did, if we are diligent in obeying God's voice, striving for the goal of perfection—leading an "overcoming" life.

Next month we will see that there is one essential prerequisite if we are to gain the fullest blessing through leading this "overcoming" life.

# The Acts of the Apostles

## in Paraphrase

(Conclusion)



By Nathan Straub

MELITA 28:1

After everyone was safely on the island, the crew learned that the island was called Melita. The barbarous inhabitants of the island were very kind to us. They accepted each one of us and started a fire because rain was falling and because of the cold.

When Paul had gathered a bundle of sticks and had laid them on the fire, a snake emerged, being warmed by the fire, and literally attached itself to Paul's hand. When the barbarians saw the snake hanging on Paul's hand, they said to each other, "Without doubt, this man is a murderer. Though he did escape the sea, vengeance will not allow him to live. Paul shook the snake into the fire and suffered no harm.

The people watched, expecting Paul to begin to swell or to die suddenly. But, after they watched for a long time and saw that Paul suffered no harm, they changed their minds and said that Paul was a god.

In that same area there were properties of the chief man of the island. His name was Publius. He received us and very graciously accommodated us for three days.

Publius' father lay ill with a fever and dysentery. When Paul went in with the older man, laid his hands on him and prayed, the man was healed.

When that was done, others on the island who had diseases, came and were healed.

Those people honored us with many honors. When we left, they gave us such things as we would need.

After three months we left in an Alexandrian ship which had wintered on that island. The ship had the sign of Castor and Pollux, the children of Jupiter.

AT PUTEOLI 28:12

We landed at Syracuse and spent three days there. From there we sailed around and came to Rhegium. A day later a south wind blew and the next day we landed at Puteoli.



*We found brethren in Puteoli. They wanted us to stay with them for seven days. Then we started toward Rome.*

*Some of the brethren in Rome heard about us. They came as far as Appii Forum and The Three Taverns, to meet us.*

*When Paul saw them, he praised God and was encouraged.*

AT ROME 28:16

*When we arrived in Rome, the captain delivered the prisoners to the captain of the guard. But Paul was permitted to live by himself with his own guard.*

*Three days later, Paul called the leading Jews into a meeting. When they were assembled, Paul said, "Men and brethren, I have committed no wrong against our people or the customs of our fathers; yet I was given to the Romans as a prisoner and was taken from Jerusalem.*

*"When the Romans had examined me, they would have released me because I had done nothing punishable by death. When the Jews argued against my release, I was forced to appeal to Caesar; but not because I had some charges against my people.*

*"This is the reason I have called you together: to see you and to speak to you; because it is for the Hope of Israel that I am bound with this chain."*

*The leading Jews said to Paul, "We have not received any letters about you from Judea; nor have any of the brethren who came from these shown us, or spoken to us, anything wrong about you. We would like to hear from you, what you think. As for this new sect, we know that people speak against it everywhere."*

*When they set aside a particular day, many came to Paul's home. Paul expounded to them, teaching the things of the kingdom of God. He spoke to them persuasively about Jesus, using for reference the law of Moses and the prophets. He spoke from the morning until the evening.*

*Some believed the things that were said and some did not. They could not come to an agreement, so before the Jews left, Paul said, "The Holy Spirit spoke correctly when he spoke of our ancestors through the prophet Isaiah. The Spirit said, 'Go to these people and say, "You will hear but will not understand. You will see but will not comprehend. The heart of this nation has become calloused. Their ears are losing their use. They have closed their eyes. This is so that they will not see with their eyes and hear with their ears and understand with their hearts; and then be converted and I would heal them."'"*

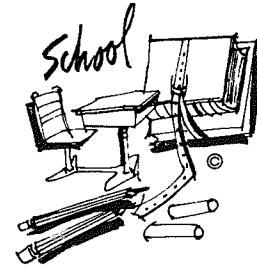
*"Be it known to you that the salvation of God is sent to the Gentiles; they will hear it."*

*After Paul had said that, the Jews left. They had a large discussion with themselves.*

HIS OWN HOUSE 28:30

*Paul lived in his own rented house for two entire years. He received everyone who came to him. He preached the kingdom of God and taught things about the Lord Jesus. Christ. He did this without fear and no man tried to stop him.*

THE END



# School Notes

## MY PERSONAL TESTIMONY

By Mark Vlad—SVA

Most of you don't know me, but I am a sophomore at Spring Vale Academy and I count it a blessing to be here. There are many things in our lives that we take for granted, such as: a nice home, wonderful educational facilities, and a marvelous plan of salvation. The world today is full of different types of people and if we aren't "with it," or in their group, we are the outcast. But I would rather be an outcast and have a home in the kingdom of heaven than to be with the "crowd" and die the eternal death.

I used to be with the "in" group. It really made me feel good to steal things from stores. I really thought I was a man when I started puffing away on that cigarette. But really I was nothing. I had no aim in life. I am ashamed of my past, but my sins are forgiven and I live day to day with a real purpose in my life. No one in my family knows of the things I have done, but the Bible tells us to confess our faults before men.

I hope those of you who are doing the same things I once did will stop and think about what your future holds for you. If you are living in sin, you are living for nothing and

you are on the road to destruction. But we do have a merciful Heavenly Father Who loves us so much that He sent His only Son to die for you and me. Receive this Father and His Son into your life and you will have something to live for.

I am truly thankful that I was brought to the Cross of Calvary before it was too late. I find it impossible to use words to describe the wonderful joys and blessings I have received since I met this blessed Saviour, and He touched me with His forgiving and almighty nail-scarred hands. If you haven't made that one step forward—that first step toward eternal life, then you just won't make it. Let's snap out of it, young people, and think of others. Please wake up and walk the life worth living—the Christian life. Believe me—you will find no greater joy than being a Christian.

## MIDWEST BIBLE COLLEGE

The last week of December, Elder and Sister Dale Lawson drove to Texas for a youth retreat where he was guest speaker. Several young people accompanied them. We would like to take this opportunity to thank the brethren in Texas who contributed food and money for the Lawsons to bring on their return trip to Midwest Bible College.

Semester tests are now over. Until the 5th of January we were all very busy studying hard for our semester tests.

Semester break was from January 4th through the 15th. Most of us were gone during these days: Lael Tikili, Ken Knoll, Violet Knoll, Rosie Kolmer, and Mark Ling all went to New Auburn, Wisconsin; John Lemley to Sacramento, California; Sister Petersen to Riverside, California; Ken Brunson to Owosso, Michigan; Ivan Burrell to Fairview, Oklahoma; Joyce Walter to St. Paul, Minnesota, and later to her home in Perry, Ohio, accompanied by Rosie Kolmer and Violet Knoll. Sister Brown, our cook, went to Eugene, Oregon.

This semester we have 5 new students. They are: Paul Linville with his family from Tahlequah, Oklahoma; Herbert Murray from Carthage, Missouri; Tim Helfrich from Baldwin, Kansas. Back with us are Wesley

Coulson and his family from Grand Rapids, Michigan, and Kenneth Durham and his wife, also from Grand Rapids, Michigan. We have a total of 17 full time students.

We have three part time students. They are Dorothy Nimchuk, Darlene Hadden and Violet Knoll, which gives us a total of 20 students.

Saturday night, January 20th, the older students had a party welcoming the new students.

Elder Noah Camero is teaching a Spanish class on Monday and Wednesday nights. This class is open to the public and we have 15 enrolled, including 3 local residents.

Elder Hendricks is now back with us after spending 5 weeks in the west coast area.

The college has added to the library by purchasing some new books which will be helpful in our studying.

—Violet Knoll

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## THE HEAVENS DECLARE HIS GLORY (Continued from page 16)

the right kind of chemicals in it to trigger moisture across the continents so rain can fall on vegetation to keep it growing. If our planet were much smaller, it would not have enough gravity to hold our precious atmosphere—and if our atmosphere were any thicker, not enough sunlight would be able to come through. If the earth did not rotate, one side would be extremely cold and the other side extremely hot. If the earth were not inclined on its axis, we would have no seasons.

Did our earth and the universe's astronomy come about by chance or by choice? The Bible tells us the planet earth came about by divine choice—God's choice. Which do you accept and believe? Robert Louis Stevenson wrote a verse that is appropriate here. "Two men looked through prison bars; one saw mud, the other stars." What do you see?—A coincidence or a divine design?

Next topic: "Evolution, The Bible and Monkey Business."

## THE LAST WATCH

(Continued from page 25)

let's start walking." Chuck tried to lift himself from his sleep bag. He fell back exhausted and in pain. "Guess I'm a little weaker than I thought."

"You can't walk in your condition. We'll just have to stay put until help comes," gently admonished Fred.

"I guess you win," smiled Chuck weakly. "I would appreciate a drink of water though."

Fred ran to do his bidding. Chuck drank deeply of the cold water and then looked up, "Now I could eat a stack of flapjacks with maple syrup and drink about a quart or so of milk. You could throw in a few fried eggs too."

Fred managed a smile at his friend's ever-present appetite and began to rummage in the packs for something for Chuck's breakfast.

The day wore slowly on. The sun was nearing its zenith when the silence was broken by the welcome sound of a whirlybird. As soon as the helicopter set down on the clearing, a doctor and the pilot came rushing over. After examination by the doctor, Chuck was placed on a stretcher and carried to the copter. Fred stowed all their gear into the luggage compartment and climbed in beside the pilot.

As the plane rose straight into the air, Fred glanced down at the receding landscape. A lithe, spotted creature entered the clearing where they had been only minutes earlier. It poked around as though looking for something, then slunk away between the trees. A shiver passed over Fred as he realized they had escaped just in time.

"There's the leopard!" he shouted. The pilot quickly radioed their position and men were sent into the area to kill or capture the animal.

When they landed at the airport, Chuck was transferred to a waiting ambulance and rushed to the hospital. Reporters converged on the scene and plied Fred with questions. Bulbs flashed as photographers took pictures. Bryan, who had waited at the airport, came rushing over.

"Let's get out of here, Bryan," urged Fred. "They're trying to make a hero out of me and I'm not. It's all my fault we got into this mess in the first place."

Another reporter dashed up and addressed Fred, "Would you make a statement for my paper about your experiences?"

"Well, I did learn one thing," countered Fred.

"What was that?" the reporter wanted to know.

"I wore another man's moccasins last night," he replied seriously, "and, boy, did they pinch!" Fred paused. "But now I think I can better understand the other fellow's side."

"Well, it's good that *you* understand," exclaimed the reporter impatiently, "for you have me confused."

"It's really very simple," explained Bryan. "Why not come to Sabbath school with us this week and learn for yourself?"

The puzzled reporter scratched his head and watched the boys turn and head down the street toward home.

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Our *Bible Advocate* editor, Noah Camero, and wife, Belinia, happily announced the arrival of a daughter Michal Mija, on January 7.