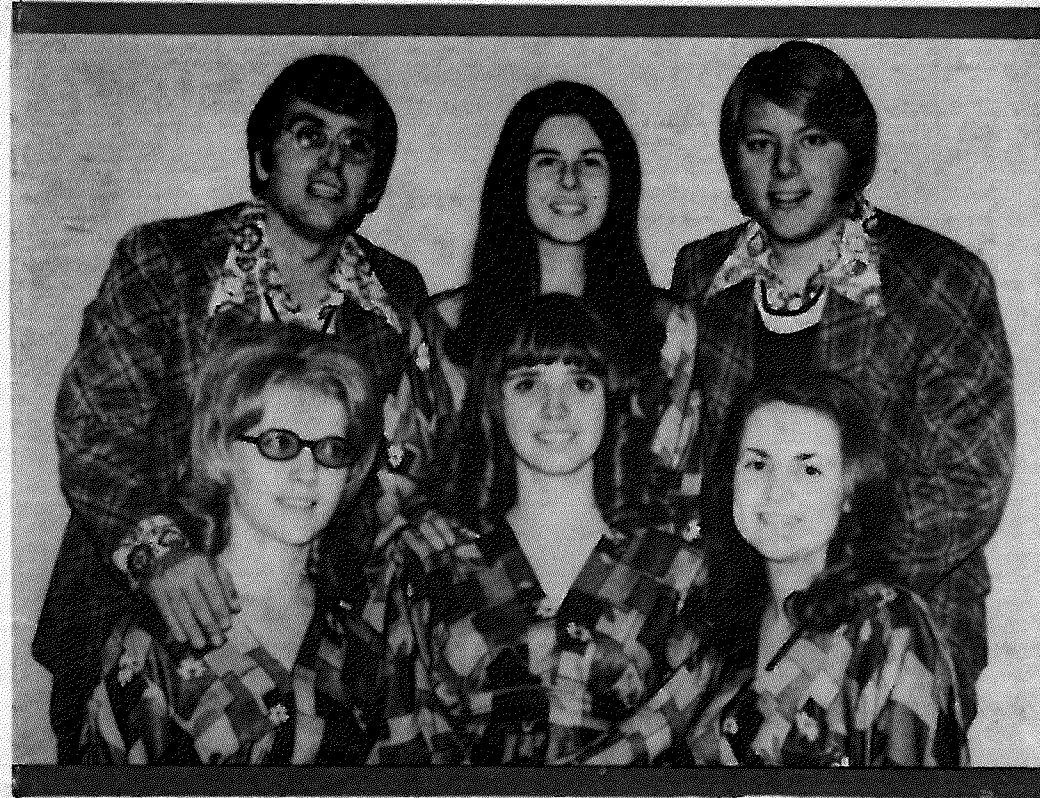


Aim

The magazine for young people



*Yesterday,
Today,
Forever*

A combined love for Christ and music leads this group of young people to exciting challenges in proclaiming the Gospel message. Feature Story on page 18.

In This Issue

Editorial Etches	page 2
Before They Call, I Will Answer A Mother	page 3
Here is My Life Melva Carlson	page 6
Just Like Skin Ron Hood	page 8
A Search for God Benita J. Bagwell	page 10
What's That in Your Eye? Mary Holbert	page 11
INTRODUCING . . . Yesterday, Today, Forever . . .	page 14
God's Day—Your Day Don Buck	page 17
Thanks, Girls!	page 18
Tell Me, Please Dale G. Lawson	page 19
PURITY—Do You Possess It? Marilyn Current	page 23
Church Government? Marcia Woods	page 24
It's Not Too Late To Win the Race! Mark of Merit	page 26

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 330 W. 152nd Avenue, Broomfield, Colorado. Second-class postage is paid at Broomfield, Colorado 80020.

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: \$3.50 per year in the United States and Canada. Foreign, \$4.00. Clubs of 6 or more to one address, U. S. and Canada only \$3.00 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 2370, Denver, Colorado 80201.

Gail Rincker, Editor
Vol. XXXVII, No. 12

*Time is not measured
by the passing of the years,
but by what one does,
what one feels,
and what one achieves.*

—NEHRU

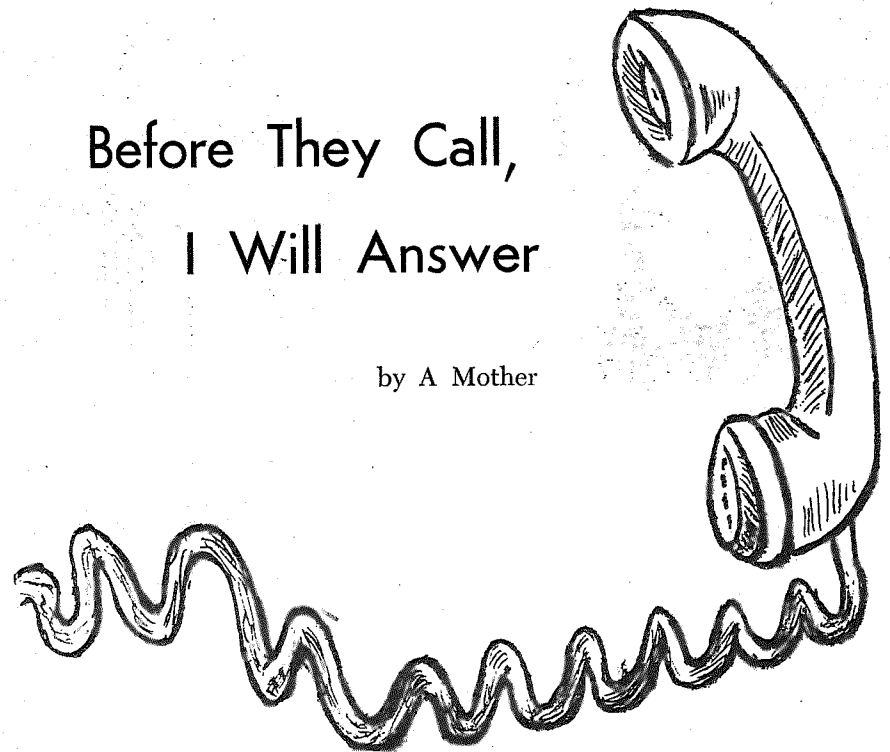
EDITORIAL ETCHES

It is at this time of year that I quite often find myself in a reflective mood, for December days mark the dying of an old year and the approaching birth of a new year. And during these periods of retrospect I am caused to wonder, "Now where did all those days—365 of them—go? What did I spend them on?" Recapturing in my memory some of the minutes, hours and days of 1973, I see the bright colors of happy experiences, worth-while accomplishments, and fulfilled times. Also I see the darker, more somber colors of trials, shattered dreams, unrealized ambitions and neglected duties. And now—as 1973 fades into history—all that remains are those memories of the past and dreams of the future.

BUT OF WHAT VALUE ARE MEMORIES OF THE PAST AND DREAMS OF THE FUTURE? They are virtually worthless unless woven into a better understanding of life, unless applied as a stimulant to action. Now, as we watch the Old Year 1973 die and the New Year 1974 come to life, let us determine to make the memories of the Old Year our lessons and the opportunities of the New Year our challenges. *And above all, let us cross the boundaries of calendar years and break through the confines of time to catch a vision of the eternal.* Then let us live each new day full well realizing that every minute of every day is a priceless gift from God... and let us accept this gift of time with thanksgiving, wisely and responsibly using it for eternal accomplishments that will outlast time.

Before They Call, I Will Answer

by A Mother



I glanced at the clock again and at my husband staring out the window. **Where are our boys?** I asked myself silently.

"I'm not waiting any longer," Hal burst out. "I've got to call Dermons and find out if the boys got there okay."

Our sixteen-year-old Kriss and nineteen-year-old Wally had gone to visit the Dermons in the Cascade foothills, about thirty miles from our home. "Maybe we'll end up at Snow Peak while we're up that way," Wally said as they went out the door on a late summer Sabbath afternoon. "We'll be back in time to help with the FYC project at the church. It starts at seven."

As Hal dialed Dermons, I let my thoughts drift to the rugged Cascade Mountains. Our family is drawn to the forested mountains like a bee to nectar. There the firs, pines, and other trees tower to majestic heights. The great trees are interlaced with vining maple, huckleberry, rhododendron, and other woody plantlife. Plush carpets of moss are dotted with graceful ferns. In such a setting, all one's surroundings seem to say, "God is our Creator. He made our beauty. All praise be to Him!" I prefer park areas with nature trails beside the rushing streams and cascading waterfalls. The boys like the greater adventure of hiking the more remote wilderness areas.



I glanced up at Hal as he dropped the receiver into place. Strain deepened creases in his tanned forehead. He ran a hand through his dark thinning hair, "I got Nick Dermon on the phone. They've been gone all afternoon, so they missed our boys." Hal thrust his calloused hands deep into his trouser pockets and paced in front of the large window again, hoping to see lights appear in the darkness of our driveway. I sensed his concern mingled with anger. "They ought to be more responsible. I shouldn't have let them go," Hal spewed.

"Maybe they went on over to the church for the FYC meeting," I suggested, "—or maybe they stopped over at Len's when they didn't find Dermons at home. Boys have a way of losing track of time when they get together." I, too, let irritation mingle with concern.

"I'll make some other calls." Hal strode to the phone again. "They're not at the church," he announced after the first call. A half dozen more calls brought the same negative answers.

"The mountains—they can't still be in the mountains. . . ." My voice trailed off. "Car trouble up there could mean they're stranded." I winced as I remembered the murder of the night watchman at the Snow Peak logging camp only a few months before. What kind of hoodlums might be lurking in the woods tonight, I wondered.

"Those logging roads. . . ." Hal's voice echoed deep concern. "Maybe the car rolled down a bank. It's rough country up there. I'm worried."

"But Kriss is a good driver," I protested. "It's more likely they've had car trouble."

"Well, it's nine o'clock. I can't stand here doing nothing, and I can't go looking because I don't know where to look. I'm going to the police and get help."

"Why not just call the police?" I asked.

Hal was insistent as he put his jacket on. "No, I'll get more action if I go to the police station. Will you be all right while I'm gone?"

"But it's a rugged place to be stranded at night. . . . Remember how that night watchman got killed up there?"

"Of course," was my answer, "and I'll be here if the boys should call home."

I heard the pickup fling gravel as Hal sped down the driveway. I rose from my chair and closed the drapes over the big window as though to close out menacing darkness. Not accustomed to floorpacing, I returned to the reclining chair. Looking absently at the newspaper, I thrust it aside. My thoughts flitted about like a kite in a March wind. How long would Hal be gone? What would he learn? How could anyone find the boys in the darkness? On and on marched the questions as time crept its slow pace.

My thoughts were interrupted when I heard the crunch of tires on our gravel road. The vehicle's motor was unfamiliar, not one of our cars. Footsteps approached. Dared I open the door? No! No, I wouldn't! I shook the fear from me and rose to open the door. I hesitated when the knock sounded—perhaps I'd better call out to get the identity of my visitor. "Dear God, I'm in your hands," I prayed. "Let it be all right. If it is a policeman with news of an accident, help me to be strong." I opened the door with caution, then swung wide the storm door.

"Oh, come in," I gasped. Three of our local FYC boys stepped in, all towering over my short stature.

"We, ah—we came to see if you'd heard anything about Wally and Kriss," Cliff spoke.

"Yeah, we wondered why they didn't show up at church," Rod said, "then the call came from Hal asking about Kriss and Wally, you know."

"Can we help somehow?" Andy offered.

"Just sit down," I answered, dropping into a chair near the door. "Hal is at the police station. All we know is that the boys went to the Snow Peak area and didn't get back when they planned to. Hal's trying to locate them," I chattered on as the boys seated themselves.

"They'll be all right," Rod assured me.

"Yeah, they're both good drivers. It couldn't be an accident," Cliff reassured.

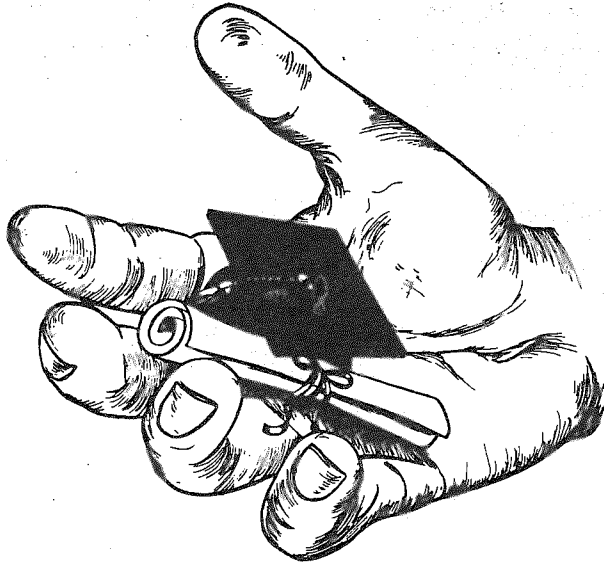
"But it's a rugged place to be stranded at night," I quavered. "Remember how that night watchman got killed up there?"

"It's rugged, all right," Rod agreed. "But the guys are okay. You'll see."

"Mysterious, though," Andy ventured.

(Continued on page 20)

H
E
R
E



IS MY LIFE

by Melva Carlson

I'm sitting in church listening to the speaker when I hear my name called. Finally, I am before the congregation ready to give my testimony in song.

"Dear friends, this is my testimony. This song illustrates what I want most out of my life. The title: 'Here is my Life.'"

"Lord, you place me in this world of time and space missiles hurled, with eyes I've seen the ghetto gloom, with ears I've heard the sonic boom, and man cries out for breathing room, I cannot wait—I cannot wait! Here is my life, I want to live it, Here is my life, I want to give it serving my fellow man—doing the will of God. Here is my life, Here is my life, **HERE IS MY LIFE.**"

So often I have wondered exactly what I was going to do with my life. I especially thought of this as the end of high school came near. I felt uncertain and very insecure. I knew I would go on to

college, but the problem was still there nagging at me. There was always that question before me, "What field of study will I enter?" and "How can I use these studies to be of service to the Lord?"

Unfortunately, I'm still not sure if I have chosen the right field, but I always pray God will use me and direct me in the way He knows to be best. I felt then and still feel now that the Lord has a plan for me. He has directed me this far. Why should He quit?

That's just it! The Lord has always directed me. He has always shown me the way, and He has always done this in love. God loves me — us — so much He once sent His Son, Jesus, to die so that we, *mere grasshoppers*, could have the chance for eternal life. That fact in itself is a very important and special thing to me. God has given me so much . . . *isn't there some way I can show my appreciation?*

There is a way! I can dedicate my life to God for Him to use in any way He wants.

All of us have been blessed. Some blessings we'll never be worthy of, but Praise God, He does give us these blessings. Can't we, as followers of Christ, do something? Can't we find a spare minute to lend a helping hand to our neighbor or give a smile or two to brighten someone's day? It doesn't cost us anything to give. Can't we, who live in an age where man has never been more blessed in a monetary way, give that extra bit when the offering plate is passed our way? Tithes are a duty, but offerings are a sacrifice. Is it not more blessed to give than to receive? **Yet, the greatest giving of all is the giving of ourselves to the Lord for His use.**

Let us all dedicate our lives to this "giving."

"HERE IS MY LIFE!"

Melva Carlson, who is a 1973 graduate from Spring Vale Academy, lives in Springfield, Oregon, and is currently attending college near there.



"There is not one life which the Lifegiver ever loses out of His sight; not one of which is not so near to Him that whatever touches it touches Him with sorrow or with joy."—Phillip Brooks

JUST LIKE SKIN

by Ron Hood

Like, I mean, where is God anyway? Is He in the pew, the altar, the carpet? Or, maybe He's hiding up there in the choir seats. He's got to be around here somewhere. We'll just dig around a little and see if He comes out. One thing's for sure, He's in this church building cause this is where we have put Him and nobody would deny that. Why, we even call this auditorium a sanctuary. It's because we've designated this area as God's dwelling place.

I wonder if God gets tired of being confined to the sanctuary. Must be a little lonely in here on days when we don't have service. Maybe that's when He gets caught up on His prayer-answering. Anyway He's always here to meet us when we come in to worship.

Is this the way you see God? Have you let God become so small in your vision that He can only be found in the sanctuary? Man, are you in for a surprise! You're not where it's at. He's not in the pews, the altar furniture, the carpet—not any of these. His address isn't the same as your church building. He's much too big for that. Don't make Him so small.

A little lady in Samaria was talking to Jesus about this thing of God's address over in the book of John. Along about verses 20 and 21 of the fourth chapter Jesus began to shed some light on the subject. The Samaritans it seems were worshipping God up in the hills, but the Jews thought this was bad news. "Who do those Samaritans think they are anyway?" Everybody knows

that God dwells in the Temple down in Jerusalem. You know, like everybody knows that God dwells in the sanctuary of our churches today. Now Jesus knew that His Father was too great to either dwell up in the hills or down in the Temple, so He explained this to the lady, and I think He would like for us to understand this also.

Should we expect the Creator to live inside a part of His creation? No way. He is far too magnificent to be confined to any place. The Bible tells us He is everywhere at once! That's the story. So stop trying to cage Him up in the sanctuary. Let Him go with you everywhere you go. You know—just like skin.

Well, now this puts a whole new light on things, doesn't it? Take the idea about worship. If God is with us "just like skin," then we can worship Him anywhere, not just in the sanctuary. Everywhere we go becomes a very private sanctuary to us. Isn't it great? Now instead of saving our worship until we all come together during regular services, we can let our hearts pour forth in praise and adoration up in the mountains, riding on a bus, strolling in the park, or lying in bed.

Most of us have some hang-up about the location of a place to worship God. Has our religious tradition left us with the impression that God confines the greater part of His activities to

the church building? No doubt God has chosen to meet with us many times in the altars of our churches and for this we praise Him; but we can't afford to leave Him there as we could a hymnal to be picked up again when we return to the next service.

Capitalize on the opportunity. Worship God everywhere—anywhere. Remember, He's with you "just like skin."

Let's consider some unlikely places to worship God and then see if they are really unlikely. Take a restaurant for instance. Why is this such an unlikely place? We're here to eat, aren't we? Doesn't this remind us of His great provision? Thank Him.

Or, how about an outing and picnic in the mountains or by the sea. We've come here to have fun and relax, not worship. Here again we don't have to look far for a reason to worship the Scenery Designer, the Food Provider, and the Provider of wonderful friends. There's just no getting around it: God's in it all, isn't He?

It has been said that God has no certain dwelling place. I believe this, and I am thankful for it. Really, there are no "unlikely" places to worship Him. Once we let Him go with us outside the sanctuary then we can take away the limitations and reach out to Him anywhere, everywhere, anytime. He goes with us "just like skin."

Lighted Pathway

A Search for God

by Benita J. Bagwell

God, What are You?

What are You that You can make the mountains and the trees?
What are You that with, only a word, the day suddenly turns dark?
What are You that You make the gentle ocean become violent by a storm, and then make it peaceful again?
What are You that You can make such a powerful universe, and then make such a delicate creature as man?

God, What are You?

Then God spoke to me through the breeze.
He said, "I am the God of all nations,
I am forever the same,
I am the maker of all things—the mountains, the trees, this great universe, and the fragile creation called man.
Within My hand I hold the mysteries of darkness and the seas.
I am Almighty God."
Once again I questioned Him.

Where are You?

I thought I had found You in the sunset, because it was so beautiful. But then it only disappeared behind the mountain.

Where are You?

I walked along the ocean shore and had almost reached You. But then the tide started to slip away.
I begged for it to linger just a little while longer.
But it only receded into the sea.

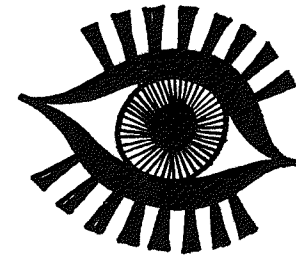
God, Where are You?

Then God spoke with the voice of thunder.
He said, "I am everywhere.
I am in the sinking sun and in the billowy clouds.
I am in the ebbing tide.
I am always there to guide you when you stray.
I am always near you to hear your despairing cry.
Any place you look, you will find Me, for I am everywhere."
After hearing the words,
I abandoned my search for God.
I no longer ask,
"What is God?"
Because I know.
God is whatever you allow Him to be.
To me, God is everything.

I don't have to ask, "Where is God?"

Because I know.
No matter where I am, I find God;
Because He is living in my soul.

What's That in Your Eye?



by Mary Holbert

"Yes, the beam in one's eye! No, not a gleam, a beam," stressed Jill as she dropped into the wicker chair. Jill and Marie, great friends, were just home from FYC meeting and had come to their favorite spot—the closed-in porch at the back of Marie's home. It was a pleasant, comfortable spot surrounded by greenery and flowers—perfect for enjoying the Indian Summer weather.

"Who has a beam in his eye?" asked Marie, "What is a beam anyway?"

"Oh, Marie, you know—it's a long piece of timber or iron used to support the rafters of a building," answered Jill.

"How on earth could one have a beam in his eye?" exclaimed Marie.

Jill threw up her hands in mock disgust and then laughed, "Marie, you heard that discussion at the meeting so don't sit there and tell me you don't know what I'm talking about!"

Marie laughed with Jill. She remembered the sermonette, but she really had been hazy about what a beam was. She'd like to know exactly what a mote was, but guessed she might as well look it up rather than parade her ignorance before Jill. Marie went quickly to the den through the glass doors which led off the porch. Picking up a dictionary, she returned to the porch. Jill sat deep in thought, wondering what Marie was looking up. "I'll bet it's the word 'mote,'" she thought. Then grinning Jill intoned, "A mote is a speck, a very small particle, as of floating

dust." Marie almost threw the dictionary at Jill, but instead she said, "You might as well get the Bible, Jill, and let's read that verse and discuss it."

Jill reached for her Bible, and leafing rapidly through the pages she found the place and read, "And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"

"Jill is a good reader," thought Marie as she listened to Jill's interesting emphasis on those two words: MOTE and BEAM. Marie listened, idly turning the pages in her Bible wondering, "Where is she reading? I should remember where those verses are!"

"Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and behold a beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, first cast out the BEAM out of thine own eye; and then shall thou see clearly to cast the MOTE out of thy brother's eye," concluded Jill.

"Where is that Scripture?" asked Marie; "It doesn't sound exactly like this one in Luke—Luke 6:41, 42."

"I read Matthew 7:3-5," answered Jill thoughtfully. "I didn't realize it was in Luke also."

"Jill, what got you so upset and caused you to think about this anyway?" asked Marie.

Jill thought a minute, "I guess it was the criticism I heard about other people. You heard them, too. What did you think?"

Marie blushed. She had been one of the loudest in pointing out the faults of a few persons who weren't at the meeting. She knew Jill hadn't approved of the hypercritical fault-finding session. The truth was, she felt ashamed of her part in it.

"Well, Jill," laughed Marie, "I'm not going to hide behind that beam in my eye. Really, I am ashamed of my part in it. I could easily have been making ill-informed criticisms."

"Marie, I'm serious," Jill answered. "I remember I made a cutting remark about Tina Parker's thinking she is the only one with troubles. She just doesn't have enough faith in God. Look at Sandy Blake—she has to try to understand and love an alcoholic mother."

Smiling, Marie said, "Have you removed the beam from your eye, Jill? Did you hear what you just said? How do you know Tina doesn't have faith?" Now it was Jill's turn to blush.

Both girls began remembering the criticism and snap judgments they and the others had made during the FYC social hour. "Corky Miller is a hippie always spouting off about love and Christ's life!" Fact: After Corky started studying the Bible to solve an argument that he had previously had, he seemed to have changed his whole life-style. Even his appearance changed.

Hallie Jones was involved in that police raid. Fact: Turned out that

. . . So many times we judge a person and later find out we have been wrong . . .

Hallie had listened to that right-and-wrong lecture from Jill, and didn't go.

Even the adults had joined in for some criticisms. Imagine Marie not being selected by Mrs. Stonebrake to be in the church choir when all she wanted to do was witness for Christ when they went on tour. Witnessing for Christ in song is the way Marie put it. Marie's face flushed as she remembered what really happened. Mr. Stonebrake had asked her to go along as a co-ordinator. "I guess it is better than nothing," shrugged Marie, when she told her Dad. She couldn't forget her Dad's question in reply, "You can witness for Christ in this way, too. That IS the reason you wanted to go, isn't it?" Decidedly Marie needed God's help to remove the beam from her own eye. She remembered, too, how very angry she was because Jill had made the choir. She breathed a silent prayer for help.

Jill, too, was thinking about the beam in her eye. Yes, she had almost bought a birthday gift for Marie that she knew Marie would dislike. Why? Because she was jealous of Marie's ability to make friends with the fellows. Well, she had conquered that one with God's help.

The longer the girls sat thinking about the beams in their own eyes, the more "little things" each remembered she had done with some evil intent. And since it is the little things that really make a person what he is, each girl realized she needed an eagle eye on the beam in her own eye!

"Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again," read Marie slowly. "You should have read those first two verses too, Jill. That is what it is all about, isn't it?"

"Yes," answered Jill, "so many times we judge a person and find out
(Continued on page 22)

Mary McMicken Holbert has been active in writing for our church publications since childhood when she wrote letters to the children's paper. Mary, who enjoyed a career as a high school math teacher, and her husband, George, an elementary school principal, have recently retired from the teaching profession and now reside in Parkersburg, West Virginia.



INTRODUCING . . .

Yesterday, Today, Forever



l. to r. Marcia Woods, Paul Carlin, Vicki Overman, Pat Jones, Ron Overman, and Debbie Schlenker pictured during a recent concert at the Indian Hills Church of the Nazarene in Wichita, Kansas.

Unity in purpose overcomes differences in backgrounds for the six young people who have pooled their resources and talents to form the gospel music group "Yesterday, Today, Forever." A combined love of Christ and of music led the six to such an endeavor.

During the past year, "Yesterday, Today, Forever" has been busy recording and touring throughout the midwest. Their album, which has just recently been released, includes nine songs written by the group. Although the album is totally original, their concert programs include old favorites such as "Amazing Grace," and "Something Beautiful" (Bill Gaither). Touring thus far has included a week in the Houston, Texas,

area as well as performances in St. Marys, Ohio; Owosso, Michigan; Wichita, Kansas; Fort Smith, Arkansas; Hammondville, Alabama and several towns along western Missouri. In late November the group appeared in Cameron, Missouri with London Paris and the Jordanaires (formerly with the Blackwood Brothers). The members of "Yesterday, Today, Forever" currently live in Stanberry and work out of there but nationwide touring is in the projected plans for the near future.

Former rock singer, Don Overman is co-leader of "Yesterday, Today, Forever" as well as guitarist and vocalist. Prior to his conversion a few years ago, Ron was a member of Don and the Goodtimes who performed with such well-known names as Neil Diamond, Tommy Roe, The Ventures, and Paul Revere and the Raiders. They also appeared on several national TV shows, such as the Pat Boone Show, American Bandstand, and the Joey Bishop Show as well as being regulars on the Dick Clark Production of "Where the Action Is," and they had a hit album along with two hit singles. Ron tells of the falseness of the glittery world of show business, the effects of the drug culture that surrounded him, and how he found the pleasures of the world empty and meaningless when compared to the peace and love that he found in Christ. Now he wants to spend his life telling others of the real life that he has found in Christ.

Paul Carlin, also co-leader of the group, serves both as a lead vocalist and as trumpeter in the ensemble. Paul is a music major from Northwest Missouri State University in Maryville, Missouri, where he will receive his degree in late December. National touring is not a new thing to Paul because of two earlier tours he made a few years ago, both in connection with Spring Vale Academy. Paul was a member of the Challengers quartet which toured across the country in 1968. Born a Californian, Paul has spent most of his life in Stanberry. Ten years on the trumpet are highlighted as Paul is featured on such old favorites as "Amazing Grace" and "Day by Day."

English teacher Vicki Overman exchanges a career in education for an opportunity to sing of the love of God as she tours with "Yesterday, Today, Forever." Wife of Ron and mother of two children, Vicki received her degree from the University of Washington in Seattle and has taught the past two years at Midwest Bible College where her husband is a student. Vicki sings soprano for the group.

Another lead vocalist who is featured several times in the group's concerts is Pat Jones from Fort Payne, Alabama. Pat is well-known throughout the church for the beautiful solos which she has rendered at past General Conferences. From the chemistry labs of a home economics major to a career in music, Pat has made quite a switch. She finds, however, that time spent working for the Lord is much more rewarding, and enjoys using the talents that God has given her to proclaim the gospel of His Son. She attended Northeast Alabama State Junior College and also Midwest Bible College in Stanberry, Missouri.

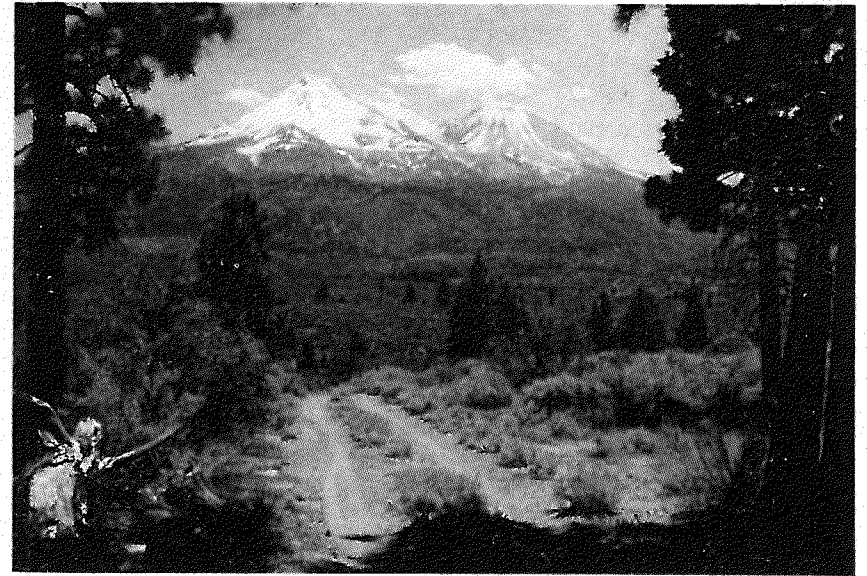
Pianist and vocalist Debbie Schlenker is a graduate of Valley City State College where she majored in elementary education and minored in music. Debbie, also, has had experience on musical tours in connection with Spring Vale Academy. She is from Alfred, North Dakota.

From Van Buren, Arkansas, comes organist and vocalist Marcia Woods. Marcia is a journalism major and graduate of Westark Community College in Fort Smith, Arkansas, where she served two years as editor of the college newspaper. She is presently attending Midwest Bible College for the second year.

The group supports itself solely from offerings received and through record sales. It is the intention of the group to be a self-supporting organization which will benefit the church through new contacts and converts without being a financial burden to her. Anyone wishing to obtain more information about the group or information concerning possible programs in your local area or concerning purchasing an album may contact Paul Carlin or Ron Overman, Stanberry, Missouri 64489.

Orders are now being taken for the 1973-1974 Midwest Bible College annual. The 48-page, hardback annual, which is being professionally printed, will contain no advertisements. The fine photography in the yearbook explores every facet of M.B.C. life—classes, students, faculty, extra-curricular activities—and will contain a special section featuring the past three years' graduates. This outstanding annual is available for only \$3.00 if ordered before February 1. After February 1, 1974, the annual will be sold for \$4.00. Don't delay—order your M.B.C. annual today! Send your order to: Midwest Bible College, P. O. Box 158, Stanberry, MO 64489.

God's Day—



Your Day

by Don Buck

I once saw a cartoon which showed a man sitting on the edge of his bed just as the first rays of morning light were breaking through over the eastern sky. He was bleary-eyed, unshaven, and unimpressed. As he squinted at the brightening sky, he muttered glumly, "Oh, no; it looks like another day."

Amusing? Perhaps—until we

realize how many times we ourselves may have been guilty of facing a new day with a feeling of apathy and despair. And when we stop to think about it, this is an almost unforgivable attitude.

Contrast the cartoon character's petulant, sour, negative attitude with that of the psalmist

(Continued on page 22)

Thanks Girls!



Secretary — Bookkeeper — Historical Records Clerk . . . These positions have been filled by three talented young ladies who, for the past three months, have each contributed much to the overall progress of the church work. We are indeed thankful for Debi Kurtright, Paula Wilson, and Barbara Youngs who have volunteered their time and talents to serve as VISTOC workers during the past months. They have each done a tremendous job at their work assignments, and the National F.Y.C. salutes them for their work. We pray God's blessing upon all their future endeavors.



Many important projects like the updating of the F.Y.C. files and the audio visual library have been completed in the National F.Y.C. office because of Debi's fine assistance.

Paula Wilson's efficient work as bookkeeper at Midwest Bible College has brought many benefits to the college office as well as relieved the college director of responsibilities related to the college bookkeeping.



Barbara Youngs has made an important contribution to the Church's historical library of the *Bible Advocate* through her many hours of initiating and cataloguing microfilm of valuable backissues (dating back to 1863) of the magazine.

The purpose of the VISTOC program is to offer any member of the Church of God (7th Day) the opportunity of making a worthwhile and lasting contribution to some phase of the church's program through his personal service and involvement and to offer the various agencies, departments and congregations of the Church the opportunity of utilizing these dedicated lay members in full-time service on a near-volunteer basis. Anyone interested in learning more about the VISTOC program or wanting to volunteer to become a VISTOC worker should write to: National F.Y.C., P. O. Box 2370, Denver, CO 80201.

TELL ME, PLEASE

by Dale Lawson

QUESTION

Could you tell me the small details about the keeping of the Sabbath—like, should we watch TV or listen to the radio?

ANSWER

Rather than give you a list of "Sabbath No-No's," let's look at some Biblical principles that can make defining proper Sabbath activity fairly easy. Those principles as found in your Bible are:

- 1) **The Sabbath is for rest!** We are not to work (Exod. 20:8-11 & Heb. 4:4, 5 & 9, 10).
- 2) **The Sabbath is not a day to conduct business ventures** (Neh. 13).

- 3) **The Sabbath is not a day to seek your own pleasures and think your own thoughts** (Isa. 58:13).
- 4) **The Sabbath is a day not only for rest but also for worship.** (Lev. 23:3; Acts 16:13; Acts 17:2-4; Acts 18:4; and Isa. 58:13).
- 5) **It is lawful to do good on the Sabbath** (Matt. 12:10-13).

Use the God-given principles to determine your Sabbath activity and you cannot go wrong. (*Incidentally, watching TV and listening to the radio make proper Sabbath thought and meditation and personal worship of God, the great Creator, an impossibility*).

BEFORE THEY CALL, I WILL ANSWER

(Continued from page 5)

The boys turned the conversation to the evening's FYC activity, trying to allay my fears. Twenty minutes later Cliff stood up. "I told my folks I'd be back soon. We gotta' be going."

"Let us know when you hear from the guys," Andy said, moving toward the door.

"Yeah, keep us posted," Rod added. He opened the door, and all three gave me a cheery farewell.

I was glad the boys had come. Their real interest and attempts to bolster my courage had helped. I picked up a pencil from the desk, crossed the room, and turned to the crossword puzzle in the newspaper. Sitting in the recliner again, I began to fill in spaces idly.

"Oh, good," I spoke aloud. "There's Hal." I recognized the sound of our pickup. In a minute, he was in the room, his face ashen.

"What is it? What's happened?" I groped, grasping the arms of the chair. My paper slid to the floor.

Hal paced as he talked. "I found out where the boys are—they're still somewhere in the Snow Peak area. Kriss phoned in to the sheriff's office for help about eight o'clock. He and Wally hiked to the lookout this afternoon, then each took a separate trail back to the car. Wally never did show up, so there's a deputy and some other fellows up there looking. . . . Information's kind of sketchy—the officer didn't know any more'n I've told you."

"No," I moaned. "It's cold up there at night. If he could find a shelter—if he just doesn't panic—if he'll just stay put and not wander around—if, if. . . ."

Hal dropped to his knees beside me and bowed his head. I slipped to my knees beside Hal. I prayed as Hal prayed; two earnest prayers pleading for the safety of Wally. I wiped the tears from my wet face as we rose from our knees.

Hal explained that the police told him to come home and sit tight—wouldn't tell him where to go to join the search. "Just wait for a call from us," they had said.

"I'm going to call our pastor and ask him to pray, too," I explained, dialing as I spoke. Our pastor didn't fully understand my quavering story, but he promised to pray and assured me Wally would be all right. I then let Cliff's folks know about Wally. "I promised the boys I'd keep them posted," I explained. To the offer of help, I replied, "Just pray."

I returned to my crossword puzzle. Hal just sat, got up to pace, then sat some more. After fifteen or twenty minutes, Hal called the sheriff's office. "No further word," was the answer.

A calmness within surprised me. Yet, why should I not be calm? We had cast our burden on Jesus. At the same time, my heart cried out for my son who was wandering in the cold darkness or perhaps hunched up against a tree trying to keep warm.

Hal repeated calls to the station every half hour. No news at all.

The ring of the telephone shattered the silence after a lengthy time. Hal leapt across the room in two long strides. "Hello," he responded. "Wally! It's you, Wally! Where are you? Are you okay?"

I waited as Hal talked, warmth flooding me at the knowledge that Wally was on the phone.

"Thank God!" Hal burst out as he hung up. He looked like a man saved from a death sentence. "Wally had the good sense to stay on a logging road leading down the mountain. Somehow he found a big diesel tractor at a logging site. The key was in the tractor, so he drove it on down the mountain until he found a house to phone from. 'Been on that tractor an hour, after walking and running by turns since dark.'"

"I thought it would be morning before he got out," I said. "I didn't think he could be found in the dark."

"He wasn't found—he got himself out. The search party was in the wrong area. They're being called in now. The boys will be home as soon as Kriss and Wally get together now." Hal settled down with a sigh, relaxing now that the anxiety was over.

"Before they call, I will answer. . . ." was the Bible verse that came to mind. God had kept Wally from panicking, kept him on a road and out of the dense forest, kept him from falling over a cliff. Long before Hal and I knelt in prayer, God had prepared a way of escape for Wally. The key in the tractor and Wally's ability to drive it was God's answer. God kept Kriss from running in panic and becoming lost in the darkness, then guided him to a place for help. Wally then found refuge and a phone at the same house where Kriss had driven to for help.

At one-thirty the vigil was over. Again and again the words rang in my ears—" . . . BEFORE THEY CALL, I WILL ANSWER . . ."—a promise made for a future time to God's people, but a promise true at any time for those who trust in Him.

The National F.Y.C. is presently offering this special "package bargain" on merchandise available from the department:

1 Bible Baseball Game	\$3.95
1 Faith Trio Record	\$4.00
1 F.Y.C. Sweatshirt	\$3.00
1 Packet of F.Y.C. Stationery	\$1.25
\$12.20 value for only \$9.95.	

Send your order to National F.Y.C., P. O. Box 2370, Denver, CO 80201

GOD'S DAY—YOUR DAY

(Continued from page 17)

of Bible-times who lived in a primitive sort of world—harsh and rough, and often dangerous. Yet, he could watch daybreak and exclaim in grateful reverence, "This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it" (Psalm 118:24). That was gratitude in its purest and simplest form—gratitude for life, and for a new day in which to live that life.

It was the psalmist's realization of his manifold blessings that made him spread his arms and declare joyously, "My cup runneth over." He was not thinking in terms of a thimble-size (figurative) container. Size had nothing to do with it. But because of all the joy, faith, reverence—and especially gratitude—which he felt, his blessings were boundless and measureless. The best way he could express his

spiritual abundance was to exclaim, "My cup runneth over!"

Does your cup ever run over? If not, why not? Would you be willing to tell the psalmist that your cup did not run over because of a shortage of blessings—when you have a home and loved ones, food and clothing, reasonable health? Hardly!

Today is not just "another day." As the nineteenth-century poet Carlyle said, "Out of eternity this new day was born: Into eternity at night to return."

Each new day is indeed a day "which the Lord hath made." We should be grateful for it and use it always to the glory of God. We should not allow it to return to eternity—wasted, soiled with evil, battered by strife, or scorched with sensual passions.

Revere today, for it is God's day—and yours. He made it for your use and for your pleasure. So rejoice and be glad in it!

—Lighted Pathway

WHAT'S THAT IN YOUR EYE?

(Continued from page 13)

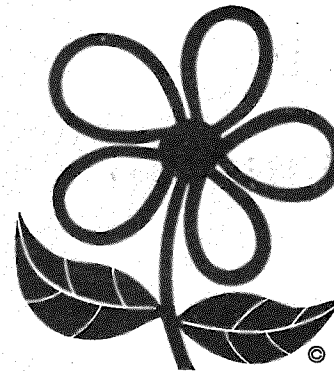
we have been wrong. How can we be prepared to find a mote in someone else's eye when we have a big beam obstructing our vision? We can't! I'm speaking for myself, and I really needed that MOTE-BEAM sermonette!

"I needed it too," Marie smiled, "but I must admit it is easier to see a mote in another's eye than the beam in mine!"

Are you inclined to neglect the "beam" to search out the "motes"? Put your life in the Saviour's keeping! Don't be surprised, then, that you can remove your beam and be able to see clearly to help your brother remove his mote!

2T4G—Take Time For God

by Marilyn Current



"Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

PURITY— Do you possess it?

This month's study is designed to bring to light the importance of developing pure attitudes, thoughts, and actions in our lives. When Christ returns to this earth He wants to be able to present us free from spot or blemish to the Father. In order to achieve this state of purity, we must spend time working at it! The Bible gives many important guidelines for us to follow, and we'll read these in this month's daily readings.

Jan. 1—Isa. 1 (v. 16)

Jan. 2—Matt. 23 (v. 26)

Jan. 3—James 4 (v. 8)

Jan. 4—I Cor. 5 (v. 7)

Jan. 5—I Tim. 5 (v. 22)

Jan. 6—James 1 (v. 27)

Jan. 7—Phil. 4 (v. 8)

Jan. 8—I Pet. 1 (v. 22)

Jan. 9—I Tim. 4 (v. 12)

Jan. 10—II Cor. 7 (v. 1)

Jan. 11—Heb. 12 (v. 14)

Jan. 12—Heb. 6 (v. 1)

Jan. 13—II Cor. 4 (v. 2)

Jan. 14—Psa. 51 (vs. 7 & 10)

Jan. 15—John 15 (vs. 2 & 3)

Jan. 16—Psa. 19 (v. 12)

Jan. 17—I John 1 (v. 9)

Jan. 18—Psa. 119 (v. 9)

Jan. 19—Heb. 9 (v. 14)

Jan. 20—I John 3 (v. 3)

Jan. 21—Gal. 5 (vs. 22 & 23)

Jan. 22—Eph. 5 (v. 9)

Jan. 23—Job 1 (v. 1)

Jan. 24—Gen. 17 (v. 1)

Jan. 25—II Sam. 22 (vs. 21-23)

Jan. 26—Psa. 18 (vs. 20-24)

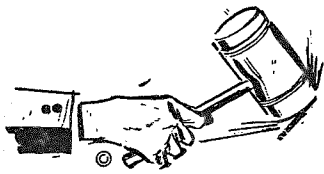
Jan. 27—Matt. 5 (v. 8)

Jan. 28—Psa. 24 (vs. 3 & 4)

Jan. 29—Psa. 15

Jan. 30—Psa. 1

Jan. 31—Psa. 73 (v. 1)



Church Government?

by Marcia Woods

Independence. Local autonomy. No centralized government or headquarters. Every man for himself—or every church for itself—such as the case may be. That is the spirit of many who have split away from the Church of God (Seventh Day) claiming that the Bible does not teach any form of centralized headquarters but rather that each church is to be self-governing.

What does the Bible really say about local autonomy? How was Israel governed? How was the New Testament church organized?

Acts 7 (note particularly verse 38) speaks of Israel as being the church in the wilderness; yet she had very definite rulers as we plainly see throughout her history. Korah and his followers were punished for their rebellion against God's chosen leaders (Numbers 16). Moses was instructed to set up a system of judges and rulers in Exodus 18:21. Later God set up judges Himself, and following that He gave the people kings to rule over them.

In the New Testament, Jesus said that He was the chief corner stone upon which the church was built (Matt. 16:18 and I Cor. 10:4). Ephesians 2:19-21 says that the church is to be built upon a foundation of the apostles and prophets with Jesus Christ as the chief cornerstone. Acts is full of references which show the unity and organization of the early Church of God under the leadership of the

apostles. Notice such references as Acts 9:26, 30; Acts 11:20-23, 24-27 and 13:1; Acts 13:1-3 and Acts 15. Also in Acts we find record of a council held at Jerusalem to determine the doctrinal beliefs of the early church (Acts 15).

Paul carried through the idea of organization as he traveled a circuit among the churches in Asia. We find several examples throughout Paul's epistles which show his concern for the churches and their well-being. In Titus 1:5 Paul says that his reason for leaving Titus in Crete was so that Titus might set everything in order and ordain elders in every city just as he, Paul, had appointed Titus. Throughout the epistle to Titus, he admonished him to rid the church of any who teach contrary doctrine. This message he repeated several times to other churches also. Paul encouraged

working among other churches as he asked that his letter to the Colossians be read to the church in Laodicea and the letter to Laodicea be read to the Colossians (Col. 4:16). At other times he spoke of sending Tychicus to Ephesus (II Tim. 4:9-12) and of sending Timothy to Philippi (Phil. 2:19).

Central organization seems to be so clear in the Bible as Paul speaks against those who cause division in the church (I Cor. 11:25; 1:10-13; and Gal. 1:6-9). We even see the church sponsoring the evangelistic work of Paul and Barnabas (Acts 11:20-27; 13:1-3). A certain amount of local autonomy is, of course, necessary. However, when one considers separating himself from God's church

he must keep in mind I John 2:19—*"They went out from us, but they were not of us; for if they had been of us, they would no doubt have continued with us: but they went out that they might be made manifest that they were not all of us."*

I Cor. 12:25

I Cor. 1:10

Hebrews 13:7

Ephesians 2:20-21

I John 2:19

I Thess. 5:12-13

II Cor. 11:28

John 17:21

The National F.Y.C. has produced a new and exciting Bible Baseball game for all ages. The game has two hundred Bible question cards to help the players learn important and interesting Bible facts. The questions are separated into four levels of Bible knowledge, classified as "Single," "Double," "Triple," and "Home Run" questions. Players who answer their questions correctly move their "man" around the magnetic diamond to pile up scores for their team.

ORDER YOUR BIBLE BASEBALL GAME TODAY!!!

The price is only \$3.95.

Order from:

**NATIONAL FYC
P. O. Box 2370
Denver, CO 80201**



Mark of Merit SCOREBOARD

The 1973 Mark of Merit "race" will soon be over. Several F.Y.C. groups got off to a really good start in 1973 Mark of Merit competition by reporting their first and second quarter's activities, but have not yet reported for the third quarter. We have received the following group's reports:

Mark of Merit SCOREBOARD--THIRD QUARTER

FYC	Merit Points	Bonus Points	Foreign Support	Quarter per Quarter
ARKANSAS				
Fort Smith	148	115	\$6.00	\$40.00
CALIFORNIA				
Outario	47	245	\$2.00	
CANADA				
White Fox	165	20		\$25.00
IDAHO				
Nampa	131	160		\$20.00
IOWA				
Marion	115	100		
MICHIGAN				
Detroit	65	10		
South-West	98	15		\$18.75
MISSOURI				
Joplin	128			\$11.00
OKLAHOMA				
Claremore	70	68		
Shawnee	60	105		\$10.00
Tahlequah	123	115	\$1.50	\$ 8.75
OREGON				
Elmira	93	40		\$10.00
Harrisburg	85	235		
SOUTH DAKOTA				
Eureka	95	95		
WASHINGTON				
Spokane	173	115	\$6.00	\$ 4.50
Tacoma	108	140		\$30.00

If your F.Y.C. is not listed above, be sure to get your third quarter's report in **RIGHT AWAY**. All F.Y.C. groups should mail their fourth quarter reports to the National Office as soon after the first of the new year as possible. We're waiting to hear from you!

*What In The World
Is Happening...*



*Overpopulation ~ Political Scandals
Energy Crisis ~ Mid-East War
U.F.O. Invasion ~ Inflation*
In Your Heart?*

*Get It All Together
at
Texas Winter Retreat
Rocky River Ranch \$11.00*
(Near Austin, off 135) Speakers;
Age's 13-25, Ken Lawson &
December 28-31 Jerry Camero*

ADDRESS CHANGE?

Has your address changed recently? Or will it change within the next eight weeks? If you have an address change, please fill in the lines on the right, then cut off the lower portion of this cover, making sure that you include the old address label on the back side, and mail it to Bible Advocate Press, P. O. Box 2370, Denver, Colorado 80201.

New Address (Please Print)

Name

Address

city state zip code

If any other Bible Advocate Press publications come to your home addressed to other persons, please list their names here:

.....