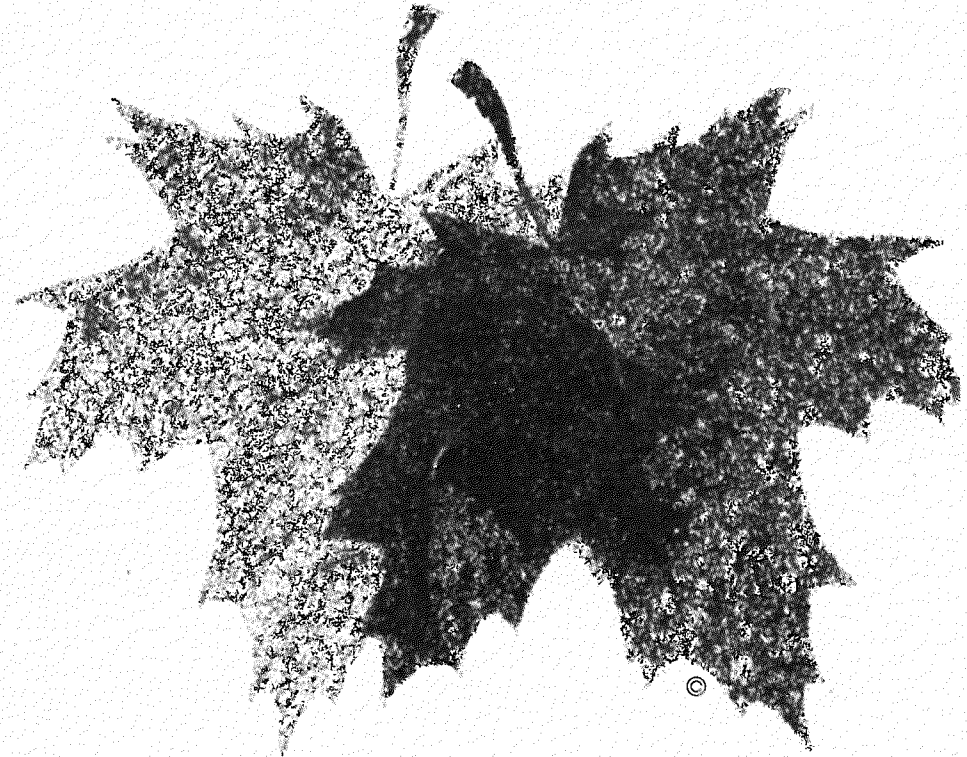
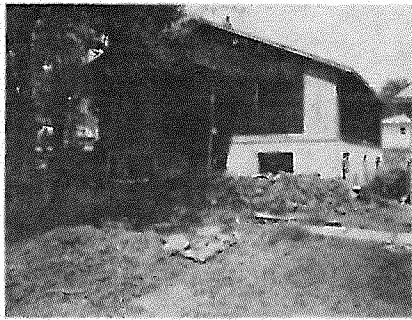


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He enjoys much who is thankful for little; a grateful mind is both a great and a happy mind.—Secker.



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Vol. XXXV, No. 11

Hope E. Dais, Editor

God is pleased with no music below so much as with the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows and supported orphans; of rejoicing, comforted, and thankful persons.

—JEREMY TAYLOR

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The Thankful

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By Victor Burford

At the edge of a small country town lived ten men stricken with a common contagious disease—leprosy! They lived in the same house, shared the same suffering, flourished on the same diet and traveled in the same group.

For them there was no hope for physical recovery since their disease was incurable and fatal. The townspeople had voted unani- mously to isolate them. They had no association with the "clean" folks. They were ostracized from society, from community activities, from families, from friends and from their jobs. They lived bor- ing, lonely, useless and hopeless lives.

New life dawned for them when a strange preacher came to town. Burning with the fire of the Holy Spirit, He walked up and down the dusty streets while He preached that men should turn from sin and fol- low one Christ Who was sent from God to save mankind from hell. "It's time to repent! It's time to repent! The kingdom of heaven is at hand!" The preacher was ardent; He had searching eyes; His voice commanded the people. His message not only promised pardon from sins, but promised healing—physical heal-

ing, mental healing, spiritual healing. The urgency and rele- vancy of His message drew a crowd to throng Him—but the lepers were not among them. They stood afar off. They watched as the preacher drew near. One waved his hand to attract the preacher's attention. He seemed not to notice. The leper waved again and again until soon all ten waved simul- taneously.

The preacher moved with the crowd past the place where the lepers stood. Suddenly there

came a whirling, desperate cry—from the lepers. They cried with one accord. They were all equally necessitous. They were companions in sufferings, companions in prayer, companions in sorrows, companions in need—so they all cried as one. The cry reached the ears of the people above their own noise. It brought the crowd to a halt because it came from men with great and inveterate sufferings. Everyone turned toward the lepers. The people became silent. No one had noticed the lepers before—not even the preacher—but now all eyes centered on them. The crowd parted as the preacher slowly walked through. He stood about five yards from the lepers. Peace, divine presence and suspense filled the air. No one had ever been so near to their sufferings before.

The preacher's eyes steadily shifted from one to the other. From His gaze flowed sympathy, empathy, love, concern and compassion. Then came the command, "Go show yourselves unto the priest." The command demanded faith, trust, confidence—and obedience.

In faith they made a right-about turn. They had only traveled a short distance when one discovered that something strange had taken place within him. His skin was white and clean, his mind relaxed, his strength returned, his shame disappeared, his fears vanished—he was healed. Joy and gratitude filled his heart. A strange impulse motivated him to return to

the preacher. With quick strides he ran. He fell to his knees before the preacher in adoration. He poured out his soul and gave glory, thanks and praise—to God!

But where were the other nine?

* * *

"I've heard that story before!" you may exclaim. Of course you have. It's an old, old story. It's the story of the ten lepers whom Jesus cleansed and the thoughtfulness of the one who returned and gave Him thanks. But this story still carries a living message for every modern Christian that we would all do well to review especially at this time when Thanksgiving is in the air. . . .

The story categorizes two kinds of people—the godly and the ungodly, the grateful and the ungrateful, those who recognize their obligations to God and those who do not.

The nine lepers who did not return to thank Christ for deliverance from their miseries are similar to the ungodly, ungrateful and egocentric peoples of today's world. They consider themselves as owing no allegiance to God. They dedicated themselves to a life of carnal pleasures, accrediting all their material and physical resources to human origin. They depend upon God for nothing, and they give Him thanks for nothing. Supernatural interventions must not interfere with their normal course of living—no, not at all

"... for all things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee" (1 Chronicles 29:13, 14).

—not until the cups of their iniquities become full and sin begins to bring forth its fruits. Calamities strike. Materially, fire destroys the home, an east wind destroys the crops, a tragic accident caused by slow physical reflexes leaves the automobile beyond repair, the bank account exhausted. Physically, the chains of disease latch on—emphysema, V.D., lung cancer, leukemia, muscular dystrophy, heart ailment and, in many cases, death in Vietnam. Then comes the desperate cry, "Where is God anyway? Is He still alive? Why doesn't He do something? Dear God, please help me. . . ."

"Because that, when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were **THANKFUL**; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise they became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and to four-footed beasts, and creeping things. Wherefore God also gave them up to uncleanness through the lusts of their own hearts, to dishonour their own bodies between themselves. Who changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed for ever. Amen" (Rom. 1:21-25).

How differently we can paint the picture for Christians! Like the one grateful leper in our story, true Christians will give God the credit for all their daily supplies regardless of the channels through which they come. The story of an old Christian woman will splendidly illustrate this point: Having exhausted all her resources, the woman began to pray to God for providence. One of many young men in the neighborhood, who usually scoffed at her because of her seemingly pious attitude, decided he would convince her that God does not send food from heaven. He brought some food from the grocery store, and while the woman prayed, he ascended to the roof, dropped the basket of groceries down the chimney, and stood out of sight to watch. How do you think the woman reacted? — surprised? — frightened? — happy? She could have jumped to her feet with her hands on her head, her eyes and mouth wide open in surprise—but she didn't react that way. She could have forgotten her needs, run out of the house with her hands in the air screaming like one who had just seen a ghost—but how dumb and frightening that would look! She could have leaped to her feet and danced up and down the floor to the beat of rock music on the radio without both-

ering to find out who her "Santa Claus" was—but she knew better!

What did she do?—She opened her eyes, fetched the groceries from the fireplace and kept on praying, giving God thanks for supplying her needs. The young man appeared, hesitated for a while, and then said to the woman, "There is no use praying to your God; He didn't send these groceries. I dropped them down the chimney." The woman looked up and promptly and confidently replied, "Listen here, young man, I'll thank God if I want to. I know He sent this food and I'll thank Him, even if He had to force the devil to bring it."

What a striking example of divine recognition this offers! What an example of Christian gratitude! Solomon demonstrated this same principle in his prayer: "Now therefore, our God, we thank thee, and praise thy glorious name. But who am I, and what is my people, that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort? for ALL THINGS COME OF THEE, and of thine own have we given thee" (1 Chronicles 29: 13, 14).

"Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows to the most high" (Psalm 50:14).

Does Christian gratitude stop here? Assuredly not. Christians are obligated to give thanks to God for the mercies He bestows upon others. It should surprise us to know how many people miss this point. Examine your

own attitude. You pray regularly—but do you only give acknowledgment for your own blessings? You testify—but do your testimonies reveal only what God has provided for *you*? You rejoice—but only when He supplies your own needs? This is selfish and improper thanksgiving. Paul teaches us by his examples in relation to the early Christians. In behalf of the Romans he said, "First I thank my God... for YOU ALL, that your faith is spoken of throughout the whole world" (Rom. 1: 8). In behalf of the Corinthians, "I thank my God always on YOUR behalf, for the grace of God which is given you by Jesus Christ. That in every thing ye are enriched by him, in all utterance, and in all knowledge" (1 Cor. 1:4, 5). In behalf of Philippians, "I thank my God upon every remembrance of YOU, always in every prayer of mine for YOU all making request with joy" (Phil. 1:3, 4). In behalf of the Thessalonians, "We give thanks to God always for YOU ALL, making mention of YOU in our prayers" (1 Thess. 1:2).

But this is not all. We have yet to consider the greatest blessing in thanksgiving. This is the blessing that comes to the Church of God, not because we give thanks to God in our prayers, in our testimonies, in our rejoicings and in our conversation. No, it is a more practical and sacrificial thanksgiving. It is to say thanks to God in action by giving back to Him

that portion of our material possessions which belongs to Him because He first gave unto us—we must give Him His tithe and offerings. No other way of saying thanks to God can be appreciated if this one is omitted.

Herein lies a real test of gratitude—but we must pass it. God's command still lives today: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it" (Mal. 3:10). From this practical thanksgiving will come not only physical and material blessings, but the greatest blessing of all—a harvest of many souls, the souls of our friends, of our enemies, of our

families, of the rich and poor, of the youth of our country and even of those who, like the nine lepers, have forgotten God. What greater blessing can there be?

At this Thanksgiving season take a new look. True thanksgiving is not a once-a-year practice. It is a continuous response to a never-ending relationship with God. An acknowledging and confessing—with gladness—the benefits and mercies which God bestows upon us and upon others; and the giving back to Him of that portion of our material possessions that is rightfully His. Let us follow the One who loads us with all His benefits, "Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ" (Eph. 5:20).

The leper did the same.

DO YOU KNOW YOUR NEIGHBOR?

Do you know the neighbor who lives in your block; do you ever take time for a bit of talk? Do you know his troubles, his heartaches, his cares; the battle he's fighting, the burdens he bears? Do you greet him with joy, or pass him right by with a questioning look and a quizzical eye? Do you bid him "Good morning," and "How do you do," or shrug up as if he were nothing to you? He may be a chap with a mighty big heart,

and welcome that grip, if you'd just do your part. And I know you will coax out his sunniest smile if you'll stop with this neighbor and visit awhile.

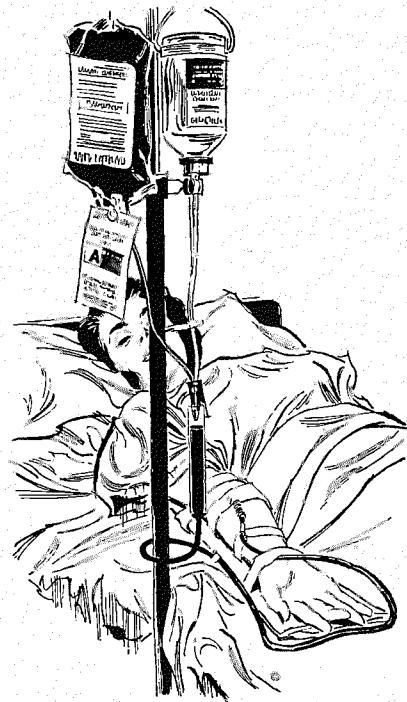
We rush on so fast in these strenuous days, we're apt to find fault when it's better to praise. We judge a man's worth by the make of his car; we're anxious to learn what his politics are. But somehow it seldom gets under the hide, the fact that the fellow we're living beside is a fellow like us, with a hankering, too, for a grip of the hand and a "How do you do!"

—H. Howard Biggar.

Only thirty-four years old, but now Mrs. Smith has been in a coma for many days since her heart stopped functioning following major surgery. By the time life was restored, serious damage had been done to the oxygen-starved brain.

Now her heart beats and she breathes—but that is all. It is so tragic! I do not know her personally; she is the wife of someone on campus where my husband teaches. Yet I still think about it these many days since. She is incapable of responding in any way to her husband, her children, others of her family or friends. The attending medical personnel trying so desperately to help her are unable to gain any response.

This has made me more aware of how much we should value our good health. How grateful we should be to be able to *think*; how careful we should be about our thoughts, our responses, our



reactions. Without a brain, we are no better than the lowest invertebrate or even any animal with a brain but incapable of human reasoning and understanding.

Only God could create an intricate and complex system such as the central nervous system. Therefore only God can help us control what we think or say—and how we say it. When annoyed it is so easy to say something harsh in haste and cause someone to be hurt.

At other times, of course, we can be grateful for the involuntary reactions that might save our life without having to take time to think—for example, the quick slam on the brake.

Are You Sensitive?

by Verna McCoy

The human body which cannot experience pain is either unconscious or the nerves are dead. All of us have had some nerves anesthetized at one time or another, either locally with novocaine for dental work, or an entire portion numbed with a spinal block, or complete unconsciousness for major surgery. That we do not have to endure severe pain for such procedures is one of the marvels of modern medicine; but it would be pitiful if we ever became so insensitive to the plight of our fellowman that we could not feel some of his sorrow or grief and be able to help lift his load. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ" (Galatians 6:2).

The spiritually alive and healthy person is able to feel more because his feelings are not insulated with self-centeredness. But this sensitivity also allows him to feel more joy as he shares in his fellowman's achievements and happiness.

Love is a much-used word today. We see it emblazoned on

signs, jewelry, mini-bikes; sung about and probably talked about at "sensitivity sessions." But we need more than signs and songs, we need action compelled by a heart full of sincere brotherly love. "...let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth" (I John 3:18).

As I thought more about the blessing of being able to be consciously aware of life, I realized that many of us are insensitive to much all about us that is really wonderful. To contemplate infinity—the sea, skies, and stars—and at this season, a generosity of jewels in autumn colors—quiets the mind, yet fills it with awe and wonder at the majesty of God's creative power. We need to be still and know that He is God. "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! (Romans 11:33). Oh, the wonder of it all! Oh, for more child-like trust in such a mighty God.

A promise is given us as youth in Proverbs: "He that hateth covetousness shall prolong his days."

Coveting in Youth?

by Cindy Gibbs

Youth is beautiful! A zest for living! An appreciation for beauty. A search for success. And, as in all other matters, God's infinite knowledge provides him with complete understanding of these innermost thoughts and ambitions of youth. At the same time, His love for youth (and all mankind) prompts Him to advise: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

The Lord knew "that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, ..." He knew that the abun-

dant wealth would lull some into spiritual laziness. He even knew that some would start to fall, "for with their *mouths* they do shew much love, but their *heart* goeth after covetousness."

Coveting is much more than just wishing for your neighbor's wife. Desire or lust or want for something belonging to another is sin regardless into what age group you happen to fall.

In today's material world, money—and striving to possess it—for some reason makes people think they are superior to others. Remember! The LOVE of money is the root of ALL evil: "...which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."

Let us be thankful and content with what we have. Better yet, let us be thankful with fewer possessions. Until time as we know it ends, let us truly love God and our neighbors as ourselves and share that great gift of God's love we have with everyone we see. Soon all coveting and lust will be subdued and left behind.

The Lord gives us promises, and He won't leave us without defense if we truly want to serve and follow Him. He tells us, through Paul, to "covet earnest-

ly the best gifts (from God): and yet shew I unto you a *more* excellent way." What could be more perfect and pleasant? Freedom from sorrow and an escape!!

Our youth IS beautiful. The tremendous strength God has given our bodies at this time should be used for His Glory! The Lord *can* put down the strong forces of lust and secret devices which hamper our sincere desire to live a free life, a joyful life, a full life and a life filled with *peace*.

NOW OUR ADVOCATE—ONE DAY OUR JUDGE!

When He was a young man, Judge Warren Candler practiced law. One of his clients was charged with murder. The young lawyer went all out in his effort to clear his client of the charge. There were some extenuating circumstances, and the lawyer made the most of them in his plea before the jury. Too, there were present in the court the aged father and mother of the man charged with murder. The young lawyer wrought greatly on the sympathies and emotions of the jury by frequent references to the God-fearing parents. In due course the jury retired for deliberation. After reaching a verdict, they returned to the jury box. Their verdict read, "We find the defendent not guilty!" The young lawyer, himself a Christian, had a serious talk with his cleared client. He warned him to steer clear of evil ways, and trust God's power to keep him straight. Years passed. The man was again arraigned. Again the charge was murder! The young lawyer, who had defended him at his first trial, was now the judge on the bench! At the conclusion of the trial, the jury rendered its verdict: "Guilty!" Ordering the condemned man to stand for sentencing, Judge Candler said, "At your first trial, I was your lawyer, your advocate. Today I am your judge. The verdict of the jury makes it mandatory for me to sentence you to be hanged by your neck until you are dead! May God be merciful to your soul!"

Oh, ye unsaved Christ rejecters, accept Him now. He who may now be your Advocate will later be your Judge!—Walter B. Knight



by Cecyl Fischer

The trouble is too many of us don't know what "thanks" is. It is a word we use when we are passed the salt and pepper. It is something the cashier says as she hands us our purchases. It's an embarrassed reply to a nice compliment. It's a piece of etiquette, neatly packaged.

And who would object to the word as such? The world is a little nicer because of it. But on the other hand, "thank you" should be more than a word; it should be a feeling. It should be a warm feeling inside when someone does something nice for us. It should hint of love and brotherhood. It should smack of compassion and understanding and, most of all, it should plant in us the desire to do something in return.

Now let us be careful not to carry this to its ridiculous extreme, that we should never accept a gift or favor unless we are prepared to return something of equal value. If that were the case, how could we accept salvation? Ours is but to do what we can. The desire should be there and when we see a need that we can fill, let's fill it,

whether great or small. It's not the amount that we are able to do that counts. It's the feeling behind it that is the great equalizer.

When it comes to thankfulness, there are two kinds of people in the world—the "sponge" type and the "garden hose" type. To see what I mean, try this.

Get a damp sponge and a piece of garden hose. Now pour water into each of them. The sponge drinks thirstily of the water, growing fatter as it drinks, and barely wetting the surface under it, but the hose gives as fast as it receives. It is needless to say which represents the Christian. It has been said that no thank you is really sincere unless it involves the DESIRE to do SOMETHING in return.

Try to imagine this, if you can. You are a passenger on a small fishing vessel when it encounters a storm and capsizes. You know how to swim, but not well enough. The fright is too much for you and you are panicking as you struggle for air. Suddenly a hand reaches toward you and a fellow passenger helps you aboard the life-raft he has managed to secure. As you struggle together toward the little island nearby where you can wait for help to come, a parcel floats near you and, hoping it is of value, you grasp it. It is—it's

food supplies. Who knows how long it will be before you are found? What a break.

Now the question comes—do you share the food with your rescuer or do you say, "Thanks for saving my life," then eat your fill and offer him what crumbs there may be? The question is almost too ridiculous to ask, isn't it? And yet, Christ saved our lives, even at the price of His own—and many of us offer Him crumbs. Is this what we call thanksgiving?

Thanksgiving Day will soon be here. To many it will mean a day off work, a day off school. To some it will mean a long weekend. To many it will mean a big roast turkey with gravy and cranberries and—oh, my—to some it will mean an opportunity to throw a big shindig. I hope to us who are Christians it will mean a time to meditate about what God has done for us and what we have done and can do for God.

MAN IS INCURABLY RELIGIOUS

In reality there is no such thing as an atheist. Let some sudden danger overtake the so-called atheist, and almost invariably, he ejaculates, "O God!" Robert Ingersol professed to be an unbeliever, an atheist. With devilish delight, he heaped ridicule upon the Bible and the God of the Bible. When he came to the opal gates of death, however, his soul began to freeze with terror. In his fright, he cried out, "O God, if there be a God, have mercy on my soul, if I have a soul!" In the clutches of the grim reaper, death, he seemed to realize that the supreme tragedy of life is to come down in death without God, and go into a Christless hereafter—lost! —Selected

Who Needs It!

by Dorothy Nimchuk

"Christian education? Why should I go so far from home? We have a wonderful new high school right here in town, good teachers and a wide choice of subjects," argued Sarah. She tossed the Spring Vale catalog onto the coffee table and leaned back on the couch as if to indicate the matter was all settled as far as she was concerned.

Mother sighed. She so hoped Sarah would want to go to Spring Vale for the high school years. "I know it's a small school, dear, but it *is* growing and improving all the time. More important, you will receive good Bible training. You need to be well grounded in the truth."

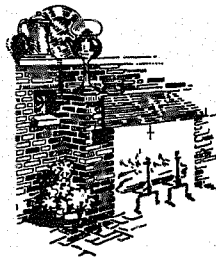
"I can study my Bible right here at home! And we go to church every week. What more do I need? Look at Miss Stevens, the church organist; *she* didn't go to a Christian school. She is very active at church and all the kids think so much of her," continued Sarah.

That remark gave mother the opening she had been looking for and she took advantage of it at once. She knew Sarah valued Frances Stevens' opinion and hoped she would be the one to convince Sarah she needed a good knowledge of the scriptures and the will of God in order to stand true to her convictions in all situations.

"Why not go and see Miss Stevens and see what she thinks. Then when you come back we will discuss the matter further," urged Mrs. Wilson.

"All right, Mother, I will!" And with the decision made she went directly to the phone to call Miss Stevens.

Later that afternoon Sarah was seated in the living room of Miss Stevens' tiny apartment drinking hot chocolate and eating the last of the



delicious sandwiches on the plate. The weather had turned colder and a few snowflakes had begun to fall. The fire in the grate burned brightly and the gray Persian cat was dozing contentedly on the hearth. Once the lunch dishes were cleared away the two settled down for a heart-to-heart talk.

Frances Stevens, 35, tall and dignified, smiled at Sarah and encouraged her to begin speaking. She had helped countless young people over the past years to make decisions for Christ. She had devoted the remainder of her life to working with the young.

"... and Mother wants me to go to Spring Vale. I really don't think it's necessary. What do you think?"

Frances sat so long gazing into the dancing flames that Sarah thought perhaps she hadn't really heard her question. But Frances' mind was racing back over the years—years she didn't like to remember. Finally, slowly at first, she spoke in a soft voice.

"No, Sarah, I didn't go to Spring Vale, although we lived not far from there. I had been on the grounds on many occasions; State Conference all-day meetings and the like. My folks couldn't afford to send me; moreover—like you—I really didn't want to go. I felt I had a better choice of subjects in our local high school and didn't give much thought to all the Bible training I would be missing. Although baptized at an early age, I had little interest in spiritual things.

Graduating with honors, I took a job, thinking to save money for college. Soon I bought a car. Gradually worldly friends began to fill my leisure hours. I was drawn farther than ever away from my Saviour. My daily devotions were very sporadic and more than once I broke the Sabbath when something came up I really wanted to do."

She paused, the silence broken only by the clock ticking on the mantel. Snow fell gently against the window pane. The cat stirred and moved closer to the fire.

"Years passed. Time and money

squandered on worldly interests. My church contributions grew less and less. I was unable to save money even though I earned a good salary. Through my association with non-Christian companions I, too, became quite worldly.

"Then one Sabbath I attended an all-day meeting. The youth slogan, strung on a banner across the front of the church, proclaimed 'Serve the Lord in youth.' Suddenly I realized my youth was almost gone. All I had served was *self*! That day at the altar I knelt and truly committed my life to Christ.

"Since then I have been led of His Spirit and spend much time in study and prayer. But always I think of the years, those wasted years, when I failed to give God my all."

"I do my best," she smiled, "to witness and work for Him now. You see, I've got a lot of catching up to do."

Not knowing quite what to say to this testimony, Sarah remained quiet.

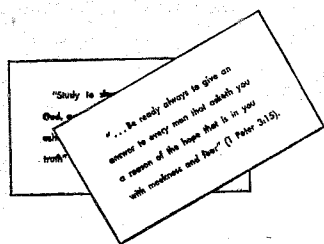
Rising from her chair, Frances walked to the window, looked out at the snow which was falling faster now, and finally turned to face Sarah once more.

"You asked my advice," she said gently, "about Christian Education. I'm all for it. One hundred per cent! I can't help but feel that my own life would have been different had I been better equipped to meet the trials and temptations that befall all of us. You not only receive a good working knowledge of the scriptures; you get Christian fellowship with others of like faith and Christian teachers to guide you when you need advice. When you go into this world, you will be prepared, clothed with the whole

(Continued on page 21)

MINUTEMAN

(Verse Memorization Program)



Luke 6:31

2 Corinthians 5:17

Romans 6:23

Matthew 11:28

1 Timothy 4:12

Romans 8:6

1 Corinthians 3:16

John 3:17

HAVE YOU PROVED YOUR WEAPON?

If you were going out to fight a giant, what would you choose as a weapon? A hand grenade?—or—a slingshot?

When the lad David went out to fight Goliath, Saul armed him with the king's armor, "and he put an helmet of brass upon his head; also he armed him with a coat of mail." And David girded his sword upon his armour. . . ."

"And David said unto Saul, I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them. And David put them off him. And he took his staff

in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook . . . and his sling was in his hand: and he drew near to the Philistine" (1 Sam. 17:38-40).

To the world, and to Goliath who met him and laughed, it seemed David was completely unarmed, but David was not afraid. He was armed to the teeth with a proven faith. This was the weapon with which he had slain a bear and lion bare-handed. He **knew** it well.

The Goliaths we meet today are not literal giants, but they are nevertheless very real. These giants are called by many names—doubt, discouragement, fear, pride, lust, envy, to name only a few. We must choose our weapon carefully and prove it. Shall we meet these giants armed with pain pills, sedatives, dope or alcohol? These are not weapons; they are retreats.

If you are a Christian you have chosen your weapon even as David did. It is our faith. Now the Bible says, "Faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the Word of God" (Rom. 10:17). How urgent it is that we study and know God's Word and prove it that we might have faith to go forth and meet the enemy. David chose to meet the enemy with a sling and a faith he had proven rather than the best of the king's armor which he had not proven. How about you?

Following are eight verses to memorize for this month—eight "smooth stones" if you will, from the brook of faith. We urge you to learn them and prove them—C.G.F.

A Welcome Picnic —and a Welcomed Move!

by Mike Vlad

The month of October proved to be a really exciting one for the students of Midwest Bible College. Our annual college picnic was the occasion when we welcomed the new students to Midwest. A good football game was played at the picnic between the boys from Oklahoma and the boys from Texas. The game developed as a result of a discussion of which state was the best in football. The Oklahoma boys made up the teams and the Texans quickly agreed to their match. The Texans won by a light margin. The score: Texas 40, Oklahoma 0. All in all, it

was a really enjoyable picnic—a few bumps and bruises, but what do you expect from a picnic? The day's activities ended with a message from Victor Burford, student from Jamaica.

Another exciting happening in October was that the men were able to move into the completed lower level of the Men's Dormitory. There are eight men living in the dorm at this time. We hope to have more. The upper level of the dormitory is not completed but it is in the final stages. Also, the students and the local brethren from the Stan-

(Continued on page 33)



Two of the Midwest students, Denis Burrell and David Overman, enjoying the comfort of their new dormitory room.

"GOOD MORNING" LETTERS

We know a man who makes a practice of writing what he calls "Good Morning" letters. He has a list of friends indexed in a little notebook. Before he starts his daily work he selects one to write a letter to. Some mornings he may enclose a few clippings or a poem to one he knows will appreciate them. He says he gets much joy from the mailing of these messages to his friends.

Needless to say, this man has built an everlasting monument in the hearts of his friends, in his hometown, and in the far

places of the earth where some of his letters go. No imposing shaft may pierce the sky when he has passed on, but he will need none to keep his memory green.
—Sunshine

FOR WHAT CAN WE BE THANKFUL?

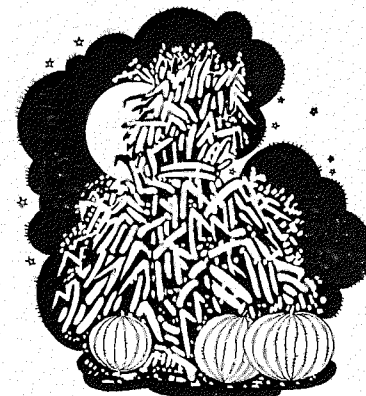
In this Thanksgiving season we are exhorted on every hand to "give thanks." The blessings of life are enumerated at length and we are reminded of the many wonderful things that are ours. Lest this spirit of thankfulness become a shallow "Pollyanna" attitude, here is a suggestion in regard to some of those factors in life for which we are usually not so thankful:

We may be thankful in everything. There are things for which we cannot be thankful, but if we look deeply enough, we may see something in everything that is just cause for thanksgiving. We at least can thank God that the wrong things are not the permanent things; that we have the glorious task of helping to destroy them; that here is our opportunity of rendering service to a needy world—a purpose and a reason for living.

We are not thankful for sickness or suffering, for poverty, ignorance, or crime, but we are thankful for the forces that are surely conquering them; for medical science that is grappling with disease, for institutions of mercy and healing, for the havens of refuge for the helpless, and for the ever-increasing army of noble souls who are giving their time and energy to bringing about a better social order.

Truly there is much in the world for which—and in which—we can be thankful.

Thanksgiving



GIVE THANKS IN SUCH A DAY AS THIS?

Give thanks?
Oh, God, how can my heart give thanks
In such a day as this?
While war and tumult, plague and strife
And terror sweep the earth,
And all that's good and right and just
Has somehow gone amiss?

Give thanks?
With words that tremble
From aching heart and lips grown numb?
Give thanks while men are dying
And women weep and little children starve?
Give thanks? Oh, God, how can I!
With fear and awe I stand before Thee, dumb.

Give thanks? Ah, Yes,
My soul, thou must give thanks—
E'en now in such a day as this:
Though heathen rage and kingdoms be removed,
Though mountains shake and waters swell,
God is thy Refuge, He is thy strength,
Let not thy heart be troubled.

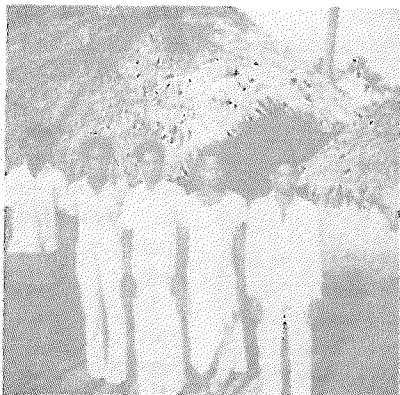
Into His Hands thy ways commit,
Resign to Him His children,
With thee must all things then be well—
E'en from thine inmost being
Give thanks!

... Into Every Nation

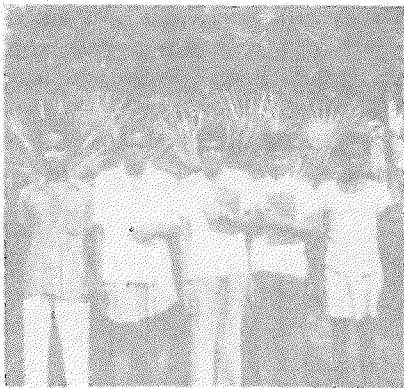
by Ruth Ling, foreign correspondent

Greetings in the name of our Lord.

I am very happy to inform you of some work going on in



FYC Group Anagayala Dibba



FYC Group Neredimezl

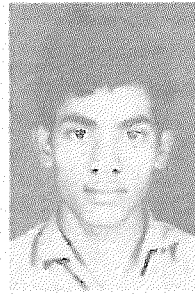
India. Until the present, it has been very difficult to correspond with the youth in India because of their Telugu dialect of English. AIM was being sent there, but only to the advantage of the few who could understand English. Action has been taken, however, to make the AIM understandable to all the youth in India. Here is an excerpt of a letter from Elder Joseph, overseer of India:

"Sister, we are going to publish AIM in our vernacular (dialect) from our former headquarters, Jonnalapelem. Most of our young people do not know English. They studied in our vernacular schools—who know little of English. So we are publishing AIM monthly in our vernacular so that all teenagers can read AIM in Telugu."

The editor of the Telugu AIM is the secretary-treasurer of all the Faithful Youth Changers groups in India and is also the foreign correspondent.

I am so very thankful that the language barrier has been dissolved. This is another example of God's caring for His people.

The young people in India do



P. ISRAEL RAJU
Correspondent
Editor
Secretary-treasurer



K. VENATESWARA
RAO
Assistant editor

not have a camera to show us some of their work. So perhaps your FYC would like to donate a camera to them.

God bless you in your concern for others.

WHO NEEDS IT!

(Continued from page 15)

armor of God. Here, Sarah, take my Bible and turn to Ephesians 6:11-17 and read it."

Sarah found the passage and read aloud, "Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of

God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

"Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."

"A person needs to prepare for anything which he really wants to do. This includes service to God," observed Frances. "Many of the young adults taking over important positions in the church today are Spring Vale or Midwest graduates. They are spiritually prepared to meet and conquer temptations in this life.

"It's like the pastor mentioned in his sermon last Sabbath, We *are* living in the last days of this age. What could possibly be more important than preparing to meet God! What better goal than a home in His glorious kingdom? How better to use our time than to witness of God's love and the free gift of salvation through the death and resurrection of His Son, Jesus Christ? By all means, do go to Spring Vale, Sarah. You'll never regret it."

Sarah was thoughtful for a while, then she smiled. Impulsively she jumped up and threw her arms around Frances.

"You've certainly brought me to my senses, Miss Stevens. Thanks so much and God bless you." She reached for her coat. "I've got to race home and tell Mom the good news! I'm going to Spring Vale this year. I want my life to count for Christ."

IS GOD?

By Tom O'Haver

GOD IS DEAD!

HE NEVER DID EXIST!

God is just a figment of man's imagination!

He is a crutch for the weak! . . .

And the endless and varied suppositions drag on and on. ATHEISTS; THEISTS; DEISTS; PANTHEISTS; Dogmatic, indifferent, or dissatisfied AGNOSTICS!

Who is right?

Who is wrong?

How can we prove that GOD IS; once and for all?

Can God be verified by scientific experiments? No, I'm afraid not. Science can only prove measurable things. How can the depth and expanse of love, justice, and knowledge be calculated?

God cannot be proven by logical and rational arguments either. For every philosophical discussion establishing the existence of God, there is one just as logical and rational that concludes that God does not exist.

Even the Bible does not prove God! It makes no attempt to. But instead, it takes God's existence for granted. Instead of proving that God exists, the scriptures invite us to accept it as fact. By doing so we are then deluged with the proof in super-abundance!

The person who gives God a chance, because he really doesn't have anything to lose in doing so, can find proof everywhere. Yet he could find no proof anywhere before taking this step of faith.

IT IS THE PERSON WHO BELIEVES THAT KNOWS; NOT THE PERSON WHO KNOWS THAT BELIEVES. All the knowledge possibly obtainable cannot alone prove the existence of God.

We must have the faith to believe and then we can see proof everywhere; for He is the great creator of all things.

Shimmering snow under the sun's hot rays melts and flows down from the majestic mountains forming sparkling and graceful waterfalls. The waters are used by the thirsty earth and returned to the air to form new snow.

Glowing sunsets kiss the day goodnight and greet a sky alive with a twinkling majesty.

The fragrance of His presence filters through the crisp forest air of a Sierra night, reassuring us that in all nature He is King.

Like a smiling wildflower springing forth under warming rays and a bubbling spring unable to contain its wealth, so is the miracle of conversion.

We can look above us and see Him molding pictures with billowed clouds, outstretched His arms in lightning; we can feel His tears descending in the rain. He reaches out in love to mankind—to those who are looking in the wrong places for proof, and are giving up, for NOBODY HAS TOLD THEM. They must simply believe, in order to see that GOD REALLY IS!

AN OCCASION FOR THANKS

The spirit of thanksgiving was defined by Carlyle when he said that a man should put himself at zero, and then reckon every degree ascending from that point as an occasion for thanks.

That is what those rugged forefather of ours did, but it is not always what we today, who in America are the beneficiaries of all history's greatest bounties, do. Too often we are apt to complain, to look upon the dark side, to magnify the evils instead of the goodness with which we live.

But it is a truth that despite our century's wars, our difficulties, our fears, and our uncertainties, we live in a day of plenty and of opportunity. We have more to be thankful for than almost any age in hu-

man history, and on this day let us remember that Thanksgiving Day is a "jewel, to set in the hearts of honest men," and be careful that we do not "take the day and leave out the gratitude."

It is good that we should set aside a day each year for Thanksgiving, but let me say with Channing Pollock that it would be better if we gave thanks every day, since the absence of thankfulness indicates the absence of appreciation and pleasure. It would be a great misfortune to have so much that all of it becomes meaningless, and great folly to want what we haven't, rather than be thankful for what we have.

—Sir Oracle.



All eyes are on the batter—bases are loaded, and two outs. What a responsibility the batter holds in his hands! He may strike out or he may make a grand slammer, making the difference of four whole points in the game—and very well determining the outcome of the ballgame. If he comes through with a home-run, he's a hero. Thereafter he gets applauded when he merely steps to the plate. If he strikes out, then, at least for the moment, in his fans' eyes he's a failure.

What kind of "performance" (witness) do you give as a Christian when eyes are upon you? Do you suppose there's ever a time when it is expected that your reaction will be different—more controlled, more patient, tolerant, more Christlike—but instead you actually let your observers down by displaying the same sort of reaction they can expect from someone who does not profess a consecrated Christ-life?

I recently read a simple statement someone made about an acquaintance, saying: "She says she received Jesus as her Saviour. I believe her. She is so kind and forgiving."

This is a challenge. Can it be said of you?

You may not realize that some acquaintance is watching you, seeking to know whether the life you live and the truth you believe is the answer to his needs. Though the church and its members may be scattered over a wide area of the world, still *you* may be the only contact some one person, or persons, will have with your church.

May it never be that your lack of real Christ-living might turn someone from even *trying* to find out whether the concepts you embrace are the genuine.

May it never be said of one of us, "She (or he) *says* she is a Christian, but...she is so quick to lash back with her tongue," or "...she has so little regard for others' feelings," or "...he so willingly and consistently points out his own superiority above others." (Just examine your life to know what the "but" might be in your case.)

There are so many areas in which you can **STAND OUT** as a Christian. If you are a professing Christian, then you are "up to bat." You're "in there

running." So "be thou an example of the believers—
...in WORD
...in CONVERSATION
...in CHARITY
...in SPIRIT
...in FAITH
...in PURITY
...TILL I COME."

(1 Timothy 4:12).

And when Christ appears in the sky, "we shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we

ever be with the Lord." A HOME RUN?? Well, I think it might qualify! Certainly we'll be HOME!

So while you're faithfully running the race, be diligent that you might bring some others "in Home" with you. Make your life a GRAND-SLAMMER for the Lord.

Contact with an opportunity is like contact with a live wire—it is likely to knock a man silly unless he is prepared to handle it.

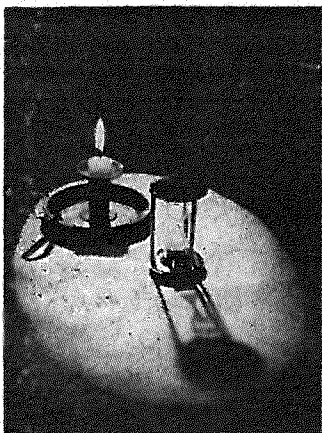
HURTFUL TO MURMUR

It's a hurtful thing to murmur
And be fretful on life's way,
When you ought to be quite thankful
For your blessings day by day,
And for all God's grace and mercy
And the bounties that He sends
Through your loved ones and your neighbors
And the kindness of your friends.

It's a hurtful thing to murmur
And to worry in your soul,
Just because there's opposition
On your pathway to the goal;
Or because the adversary
Speaks and works to hold you down,
And to hinder you from gaining
Life eternal and a crown.

It's a hurtful thing to murmur
When your heart should praise the Lord
For the days of present blessings
And the time of sweet reward
Which awaits the true and faithful
Out beyond this world of strife,
Where there'll be no sin to test you
In the holy land of light.

Walter E. Isenhour



2T₄G-

Take Time for God

by Martha Ling

PRAYER: Dear Father, "Guide our feet into the way of peace" (Luke 1:79).

PEACE

Nov. 15—Gen. 13. Thought: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee...for we be brethren" (verse 8).

Nov. 16—Psalm 34. Thought: "Seek peace, and pursue it" (verse 14).

Nov. 17—Psalm 85. Thought: What is meant by "Righteousness and peace have kissed each other"?

Nov. 18—Psalm 120. Thought: Can you honestly say you are for peace?

Nov. 19—Proverbs 12. Thought: Joy is promised to those who recommend peace.

Nov. 20—Proverbs 20. Thought: "It is an honor for a man to cease from strife."

Nov. 21—Eccl. 4. Thought: It is better to be peaceful and quiet than to be full of vexation.

Nov. 22—Eccl. 10. Thought: One way to be peaceful is to be yielding.

Nov. 23—Isaiah 2. Thought: Won't

it be wonderful when the tools of war are put away for the tools of peace?

Nov. 24—Zech. 8. Thought: "...Love the truth and peace" (verse 19).

Nov. 25—Matt. 5. Thought: The peacemakers will be called God's children.

Nov. 26—Luke 2. Thought: Christ's birth brought peace to men.

Nov. 27—Romans 14. Thought: "Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace" (verse 19).

Nov. 28—1 Cor. 14. Thought: God is the author of peace.

Nov. 29—2 Cor. 13. Thought: If we live in peace, God will be with us.

Nov. 30—Job 22. Thought: "Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace" (verse 21).

Dec. 1—Isaiah 26. Thought: "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee." —a good memory verse.

Dec. 2—Isaiah 32. Thought: Peace

is the work of righteousness.

Dec. 3—Isaiah 48. Thought: Those who listen and heed the commandments will be at peace.

Dec. 4—Isaiah 54. Thought: "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children" (verse 13).

Dec. 5—Isaiah 57. Thought: "Peace, peace to him that is far off, and to him that is near, saith the Lord."

Dec. 6—John 14. Thought: God's peace is different than the world's peace (verse 27).

Dec. 7—Phil. 4. Thought: God's peace keeps us close to Him.

Dec. 8—Psalm 4. Thought: We can peacefully wait for Jesus, because He makes us dwell in safety.

Dec. 9—Psalm 119. Thought: "Great peace have they which love thy law; and nothing shall offend them."—another good memory verse.

Dec. 10—Luke 1. Thought: We need to be taught the way of peace by God.

Dec. 11—1 Tim. 2. Thought: Lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty.

Dec. 12—2 Tim. 2. Thought: Peace is one of the things the Lord wants us to follow.

Dec. 13—Psalm 133. Thought: Christians must be unified in order to be at peace.

Dec. 14—Mark 9. Thought: "Have peace one with another" (verse 50).

* * *

This month Terri Salazar completed 6 months of 2T4G, while Di-

ana Coulson finished 9 months. Kathleen Leach has finished her 1st quarter in her 2nd year. Congratulations!

"Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching" (Luke 12:37).

"Watch therefore" (Matt. 25:13).

Shall He find us awake and watching, or sleeping when He comes? His are words of warning, "Lest coming suddenly," for few will be expecting Him when He comes, few will be watching for Him—"Lest coming suddenly He find you sleeping." Make it the great point of your life that the Saviour who loves you, who died for you, shall find, at least in you, one true to Himself and watching for Him.—H.F.W.

"Till He comes, O keep us steady,

Keep us walking in Thy ways,
At Thy call may we be ready,
On Thee, Lord, with joy to gaze."

—Choice Gleanings

WORDS OF LIFE

Peace is not made at the council tables, nor by treaties, but in the hearts of men.

What your conscience says about you is more important than what the neighbors say about you.

One's true religion is the life he lives, not the creed he professes.

It is better to be short of cash than short of character.

Tell Me, Please

QUESTION:

What is a good argument against evolution?

ANSWER:

1. It is not logical to believe that the cosmos came out of chaos. Any masterpiece in planning and organization results from intelligence. It takes a precise amount of measuring, beating, and baking to make a good cake. It takes precise chords to compose good music, and it takes a correct alignment of words to write a good thesis or book. Understanding this, how can one believe that anything as beautifully organized as this universe came about through accident?

2. There is no known explanation for beginnings. The mind can only go so far until its incapacities leave it dangling. Experiencing this, it leaves us with only one believable explanation—way back God existed “in the beginning.” I admit, readily, that this is no proof that God exists. However, believing He existed in the beginning, it is logical that He created the earth and set the universe in motion.

3. There is neither agreement nor proof supporting the evolution of the

Youth Questions

answered by

Ray L. Straub



species. No valid proof exists that there has ever been a change from one species to another. Changes have come about only within the species.

4. The best argument against evolution is to get to know the Creator personally.

QUESTION:

You are a pastor of a church. Tell me honestly, do you think a person needs to attend church “every” week?

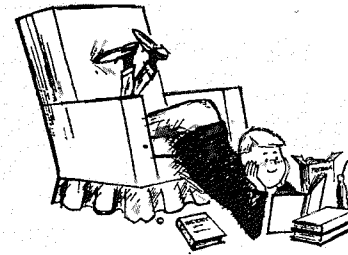
ANSWER:

I *honestly* do! What else do you plan to do on Sabbath? This is a holy day. Observing it as such is a moral issue. If you are physically able to be in church on the Sabbath, that is precisely where you belong!

I am aware that you are doing much better than a lot of other people even when you attend less than each week. Nonetheless, by missing any service without good reason you are making a compromise, and that is costly. Remember the proverb: “A long journey begins with the first step.” An unexcusable absence once in a great while may seem innocent, but the direction that this careless decision takes you can bring tragic harm. You need to quit looking

at others around you for your religious standards and begin looking into God’s Word and then heavenward for your answers.

Absenteeism from church services is a harmfully serious problem. Don’t make it worse. Get on the other side and fight it!



Book Review Corner

by Marilyn Current

DESIGNED FOR DUTY

by Jeanette W. Lockerbie, Moody Press, paper, \$1.00

Though this book of 124 short devotional readings was intended especially for student nurses, it is ideal devotional material for any student—junior high, high school, or college. I read it in high school and found it to be very inspiring. Titles such as “First Day Fears,” “Formula for Wisdom,” “How Honest is Honest?” and “Adding and Multiplying,” show how fitting it is for the average student.

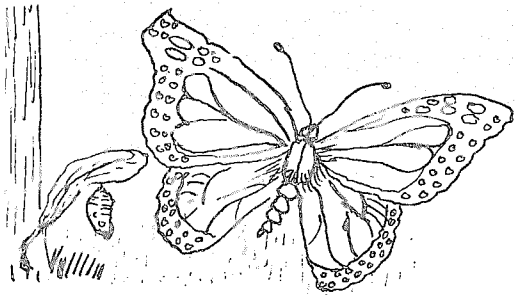
Those of you who attend public schools, and maybe are the only professing Christian in your class, will find special encouragement from these readings: “Your Attitude is Showing,” “Alone in Your Class,” “Ambassador You,” “The Gospel According to You.”

Here are some more interesting titles, just for the record, “Shadows Can’t Hurt,” “Dead Flies,” “Charging Your Battery,” “Promises—Promises—,” and “Why, Why, Why?”

Each devotion in the book is one page long. First there is a suggested Bible reading (and a key thought on a few). After some of the devotional readings there is a short poem or well-known quotation applying to the subject.

One reading a day wouldn’t take up much of your time—maybe five minutes—. But it could mean the difference between a successful, happy day or a “flopped” day. (The difference, you know, is in your outlook—and starting your day out with Christ is bound to give you a better outlook.)

Nature Did It First



Swallows can fly 7,000 miles without chart, compass or radio beam and land at the place they left six months before.

Spiders can make a silken rope, creating the materials in their own chemical laboratory, very fine but strong enough for their support through the air.

Beavers are engineers, constructing without aid of tools, cement or precision instruments, bridges, tunnels, roadways, canals and dams that last for years.

A young squid travels by jet propulsion! He swims by pumping water through a tube along his thin, streamlined body. When pursued, he can gather great speed, and he always jets backwards. When he gets going fast enough, he can set his fins at an angle and take off into the air. He has been seen to fly as far as sixty yards with one takeoff, so leaving his foes behind!

Not long ago a group of scientists were experimenting in Chicago. A female moth of a rare species was placed in a room. Four miles away a male moth of the same species was released: In spite of the din and smoke of the city; in spite of the fact that the female was in a closed room, in a few hours the male moth was found beating its wings against the window of the room in which the female was confined! Explain such "miracles"? God made it so!

Isn't God wonderful? His wisdom and power are revealed a million ways in the innumerable miracles of creation which were planned and executed by infinite intelligence and might.

—Christian Victory

Gratitude is the fairest blossom which springs from the soul.
—Ballou

Count Them Often

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"Some place—to—live!" panted Dan as he paused on the steep incline and reached a hand to Doris. "Poor Jim."

"We have something for which to be thankful," Paul agreed, as he and Ann gained the shabby, unpainted porch of Jim's house. "Thankful for nicer places to live, at least."

While the four paused to recover breath, Paul lowered his tone. "Look," he said, "let's try to say only cheerful things to the poor guy. If we had to be cooped up half this long, I'm sure we would appreciate a little sunshine from someone. Jim's a great fellow, too; I surely feel sorry for him."

"What shall we do?" whispered Ann. "Sing for him?"

Paul nodded. "If it suits. Jim used to like singing. I recall that he was in a quartet before his accident."

"We can sing some sacred numbers which we're going to do at the young people's service, can't we?" asked Doris. "We may not know them too well yet, but—"

"They'll do. Let's go inside."

A weak voice called in response to their knock, and they found Jim in bed. His pale face lighted with a smile of welcome.

"This is great! Welcome to our mansion," he sang out. "Good to see you again. How are you, anyway? Well, I hope."

"We're fine, Jim," said Dan. "So glad to hear it. You know, I've just been lying here looking out the window at the beautiful blue sky, and asking the Lord if He wouldn't find someone to send around and chat a little while." Jim's smile widened. "He surely does answer prayer in a hurry sometimes, doesn't He?"

"We were out for a little hike and decided to stop and see how you were doing, Jim," Paul told him, cheerfully. "Sure must be tough to lie there so long during this lovely weather. But then you seem to be your own cheerful self just the same."

Jim's beaming smile did not indicate any trace of self-pity as he said, "Oh, I'd enjoy getting out of doors, all right. But really, it's not half bad here, Paul. Could have been so much worse you know. I don't see how I escaped being killed in that wreck." Jim pointed to several chairs and a box. "Have the overstuffed chairs, girls. Sorry the stuffing's not so thick in the one."

They all laughed, and Ann exclaimed, "Tell me, Jim, how do you do it?"

"Do what, Ann?"

"Keep so cheerful when you have—well, when you must stay indoors like this, and—why, if I had to do this, I'd—"

"You'd do it just as well, Ann," Jim chuckled. "At first I found it a little irksome, but later, after I'd invented my new game, it wasn't half bad, and—"

"Your new game? What game is that, Jim?"

"I call it my game of 'Count Them Often,'" Jim said, smiling. "Sounds silly, doesn't it? You see, it's just lying here and counting the blessings God has sent into my life—past, present. And sometimes I even try to figure out some He may send in the future, too. It's fun. Anyway, it helps pass the time."

"That's a great idea, Jim," Dan said. "But I doubt that I'd get very far with it if I were in your place."

"Sure you would, Dan. You probably could think up a lot of blessings. After my accident things looked plenty dark. Self-pity was getting me down, and I knew I had to do something. This little game seemed to work."

Ann said, "I'm too busy, usually, even to think of counting my blessings. I should be ashamed to admit it. I doubt that any of the girls in my office ever so much as think of their blessings. But they surely do talk about their misfortunes, aches, disappointments, and things like that."

Jim smiled. "I know. I was too busy, also, before my accident. I got my eyes off the Lord. Now, lying here on my back it's easier to look up. Maybe God had to knock me down. Anyway, my accident and pain have come to be listed as 'blessings.'"

"You list *those* as blessings, Jim?" asked Doris.

"Surely. I was thinking too much about my job, making money, sports, and other things. Had little time left to think

about God, although I've been a professing Christian for ten years or so. That's why I think perhaps God had to let this happen to me so that I would look up to Him again."

None of the four callers could think of any reply to that, but all knew it was reasonable. "Jim," said Paul finally, "you make me feel ashamed of myself. If you have blessings to count, I ought to have many, many more."

"I'm sure I do plenty of complaining about the blessings which I *don't* have," said Ann. "How about a few songs, Jim? Could you endure us?"

Jim chuckled and fumbled among some papers on his bed. "Where is my Blessing Register? Here it is. Down goes a brand-new blessing—hearing you sing. Go to it—and thanks a million!"

Jim jotted a few words on his "register," then lay back to enjoy the singing.

After two or three hymns had been rendered, he said, "Thanks, very much. I can't tell you how much that helps my spirits. Now will you join me in my theme song?" He sang in a clear baritone:

*"When upon life's billows you
are tempest-tossed,
When you are discouraged,
thinking all is lost,
Count your many blessings,
name them one by one,
And it will surprise you what
the Lord hath done."*

As the four were about to leave, Paul said, "Thanks, Jim,

for a very pleasant visit, and for the lessons you have taught me. If that game of yours can make a fellow in your fix as happy as you seem to be, I'm going to start playing it immediately myself."

"Same here," promised Doris. "And Blessing Number One is having been here this afternoon, Jim."

The others said the same, and Jim's smile was wonderful, as he said, "God bless you all—and do come again, soon."

MIDWEST REPORT

(Continued from page 17)

berry church are working quite hard at getting in a sidewalk for the dorm before winter. Good luck at that!

We here at Midwest would like to express our appreciation to the members of the church for their support in helping us have a new dormitory that we can be proud of. Without the efforts of our members the dormitory would have been an impossibility.

—Mike Vlad

NO FAITH!

"I have no faith in men," you say.
No faith in men, my eye!
I saw you board a plane with ten,
And ride across the sky!
"I have no faith in God," you say.
No faith in God, indeed!
Why did you dig the sod
And scatter flower seed?

—The War Cry

Last Chance

Have you sent in your suggestion for our FYC motto for 1972? The deadline is a few days away now—December 1. Here is your opportunity to have a part in selecting a meaningful motto and earn a \$5.00 cash award for yourself at the same time. Put a reminder on your bulletin board—or somewhere—so you won't forget to think!!

Is it Your Aim?

If it's your aim to read AIM and to give AIM to someone else, take action before you put it off any longer. Please don't be an FYC'er without an AIM coming regularly to your own home address.

And then don't forget to be a **READER** of AIM. Make it your goal to read it from cover to cover each month. It's all for **YOU!!**

Address for National FYC Office

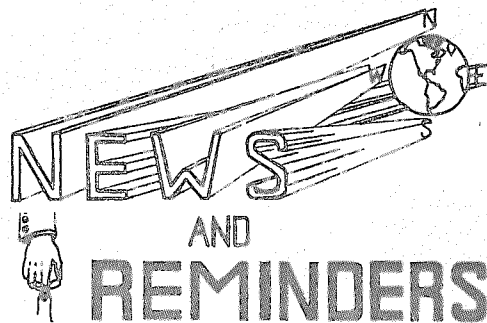
The office for the Young People's Department is located at 1004 Fayetteville Rd., Van Buren, Arkansas 72956, under the direction of Elder Calvin Burrell.

FYC Stationery

Stationery may be purchased from the National FYC office for \$1.25 per package.

FYC groups may order quantities for resale at 75¢ per package.

Two kinds of stationery are available. The plain stationery has an attractive bird on a branch sketch and



a Bible verse. It is appropriate for resale to anyone—or as a gift to anyone.

The FYC stationery has the FYC emblem imprinted in the top right-hand corner and a bird on a branch imprinted in the lower left-hand corner.

National Committee to Meet Next Month

The National Committee will meet in December to formulate FYC plans for the next year. Letters of ideas, suggestions, help, etc., are welcome from any FYC'er to any National Committeeman, so that we may be aware of the needs and wishes of FYCers and groups all over the country.

MAGAZINES HAVE A MINISTRY . . .



Pray that God will use AIM to inspire and guide young people to face all issues of life squarely and honestly—with His help!

You are invited to attend these WINTER YOUTH RETREATS

TEXAS RETREAT

at
CAMP ROBINWOOD, near Conroe
December 24-26

Ages: 12-25 Total cost: \$7.00
Don't miss the Texas youth retreat production, "WE'VE ONLY JUST BEGUN."

Send registration (with \$3.00 deposit) to:
Kenneth Knoll, Route 3, Box 441, Conroe, Texas 77301

DISTRICT TWO RETREAT

at
LAKE BEAUTY BIBLE COVENANT CAMP
near Long Prairie, Minnesota
December 28-30

Total cost: \$18.00

Write to: Larry Hadden, Alfred, North Dakota 58411

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The summer is ended . . .

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