

SEPTEMBER 1971

Aim

The magazine for young people

INVITATION!

The Ft. Smith, Arkansas, F.Y.C.ers request the honor of your presence at their third annual youth retreat,

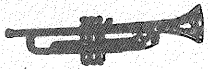
MOUNTAIN-TOP EXPERIENCE.

This retreat will begin at 7:30 p.m., Friday, September 17, at the Ft. Smith church, and will conclude at 3:00 p.m., Sunday, September 19. You will enjoy a day and night atop beautiful White Rock Mountain in the Arkansas Ozarks, in addition to the services at the local church.

Physical food will be offered, but spiritual food will be emphasized during the retreat. Come as you are—hungry!

R. S. V. P.: P. O. Box 100
Van Buren, Arkansas 72956

CALLING ALL YOUNG PEOPLE TO ACTION!!



We are calling upon all young people to help spread the gospel. In October an all-out effort will be made to increase the number of readers of *Aim* and of *Footprints*, a magazine for pre-teens and younger children.

Prepare and plan now so that you will be ready to do your part. Instructions and materials will be sent out to all FYC groups. Be looking for them.

While you are promoting the gospel, you will also earn bonus points for your local FYC Mark of Merit Program.



The
friendly
doors
of
Spring
Vale
Academy

Real knowledge, like everything else of value, is not to be obtained easily. It must be worked for, studied for, thought for, and, more than all, must be prayed for.

—T. Arnold

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

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Vol. XXXV, No. 9

Hope E. Dais, Editor

Greatness stands upon a precipice, and if prosperity carries a man ever so little beyond his poise, it overbears and dashes him to pieces.—SENECA.

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Jay Goes to College

by Mrs. L. E. Holdman

SWEATERS, SWEATERS and more sweaters! All summer Jay Powers had worked at every conceivable kind of job, mostly for this very purpose. At the beginning of the summer vacation Jay had aimed at one goal—to be the best-dressed boy at the college in which he had enrolled just before graduation.

Jay had won the most coveted scholarship at Penn High. To the disappointment of the faculty and all concerned at Penn High, Jay had chosen for his foundation work a small, accredited church college in a southern city. Jay did not tell them that to attend this school had become an obsession with him.

Even years before a scholarship had been dreamed of by Jay, he'd had a consuming desire to go to this college. Jay's grandfather had planted this seed in his ever-so-receptive heart. This little boy idolized Grandfather and went often to the shack where he lived alone. Grandfather was a retired missionary, retired with a very small pension, but with a heart that was ever yearning for the salvation of souls. Over and over through Jay's young childhood, Grandfather would say, "Little Tyke, you must prepare yourself. If you would work for God, you must eventually go to a school that can train you, but your training must start now."

It was this admonition that had always caused Jay to stand at the head of his class. This was the force that had won for him the six-year scholarship to the school or schools of his choice.

Grandfather passed away before Jay was eleven, but this made no difference to Jay. His goal was still illuminated brightly, encased in all of Grandfather's dreams for his life.

Jay had been well liked by his classmates all through elementary and high school. Every associate knew that there was something different about him, but no one had been able to pinpoint it. Jay was a personable young man with a keen sense of

humor. Yet along with his ready smile, there was an aura of sadness that seemed to always be a part of his nature. Jay never had time for light banter, yet his quick wit made him an excellent conversationalist.

The students of Penn High tried to get more closely associated with Jay by inviting him to numerous social activities. But, much to the disappointment of his classmates and especially the girls, it seemed that Jay never had time for any pleasant things in life. They knew he lived in a small cottage with his mother and an ill father; beyond this they knew no more. It had been rumored around school that Jay planned to be a medical missionary. More than one made a wry face with an "Ugh, he's going to waste his life that way!" Still, there was something that had compelled them to vote him the boy most likely to succeed.

While Grandfather planted the seeds of preparation for God's work, he had also unwittingly sown some tares. He told Jay of how he'd had to sacrifice to enter this college. He had told him also that for the full two years he had gone to this school, he had possessed one pair of dress trousers, one sweater and two shirts. Grandfather let more of a sigh than he realized creep into these accounts, probably as he thought of the days when he was physically able to work for the Lord.

So it was after the winning of the sought-for scholarship that Jay remembered Grandfather's gentle sighs. He had taken these as sighs of regret for his sacrifice and vowed this would never happen to him.

Jay felt no twinge of guilt to have spent so much on clothes. His

father's and mother's needs were very few. Out of Grandfather's meager income he secured a handsome sum of insurance with Jay's parents as the beneficiaries. Although this did not leave them rich, it would at least leave them independent for the rest of their lives. Mother and Father even felt they should help Jay some with his school needs, but he would not hear to this. So it was with great satisfaction that Jay packed his luggage the last evening before his departure.

When Jay arrived at the college he found it to be all he had ever dreamed it would be. The beautiful campus, the ready smiles and warm handclasps of his fellow companions gave him an exuberant feeling.

Here at school, even as at Penn High, his classmates were strangely drawn to Jay. His joyous laugh made him a favorite among the lighthearted of the school. His sincerity and willingness to work made him a winner among those who took their serving the Lord most seriously. But to each of these classes, Jay's handsome wardrobe was a source of wonder.

Jay received the thrill of his life when he became a member of the soul-winner's club. This was a club organized for the sole purpose of witnessing to the unsaved that Christ is the answer to their problems. Week after week, as Jay went with these witness teams, his heart would swell when he with a partner would lead men and women to the saving knowledge of Christ.

Then one day something happened. There was a late enrollee. Jay was irresistibly drawn to him. His serious grey eyes looked into Jay's keen brown ones and there seemed to flash be-

Habit can sometimes become as binding as a ball and chain; so it was with Jay. He had a very shopworn, uncomfortable feeling.

tween them a mutual feeling of friendship. Then a still stranger thing happened. Either by coincidence or perhaps by the hand of the Lord, some changes were made, and Alan Turnball became Jay's roommate.

It was about time for the evening meal when Alan moved his things into Jay's room. Jay helped him so they could go to the cafeteria together. Jay hid his surprise when Alan unpacked his lone suitcase. One suit, two pairs of pants, two dress shirts, three sport shirts, one school jacket and a few other necessities were his entire supply of clothing. Jay had a warm, prickly feeling when he thought of his elaborate wardrobe.

It took very little time to hang up the few pieces of attire; they took little space in the empty closet. One drawer was adequate for the rest of his belongings. Jay looked for some sign of embarrassment on Alan's face, but, strange as it seemed, he could find none.

When Alan and Jay returned from the cafeteria, they were deep into their plans for the evening. The feeling of friendship they had experienced at their first meeting had developed into a joyous camaraderie. The boys hurried to do a little studying. That Alan was taking almost the same subjects as Jay was quite a coincidence. Delight and surprise were equal partners when Jay found Alan was also planning to be a medical missionary.

For the first evening since coming to school, Jay Powers was seen

around campus wearing the same clothes he had worn all day. Somehow he could not bring himself to open that closet door. Oh, how he wanted to. Habit can sometimes become as binding as a ball and chain; so it was with Jay. He had a very shopworn, uncomfortable feeling in the same slacks and sweater he had worn to the classroom, but that stuffed closet back in his room gave him a more uncomfortable feeling.

In the days that followed Jay was seen more and more in the same few outfits. Always the closet door was opened when Alan was in the shower room or away for some other reason. Jay guarded that closet as if it contained a family skeleton.

Jay acquired a great respect for Alan as he came to know him better. That Alan was one of the most devout young men he had ever known, Jay was sure. It seemed the salvation of souls was uppermost in Alan's mind, while the material things seemed to him the least important. Jay began to have an overwhelming desire to become like him. The greater his desire to be like Alan became, the heavier the crowded closet weighed on his conscience. To himself he vowed that Alan would never see the inside of that closet.

Then one day the inevitable happened. Starting for the library, Alan discovered he had the wrong notebook. He merrily retraced his steps. This was a beautiful day, and this was an all right world were his thoughts.

Jay had thrown wide his closet door. There was a deep scowl on his face. The handsome array of woolens, nylons and orlons no longer held any charms for him. Whatever made him think that clothes were such an important item anyway? It was with this heavy scowl on his face that he turned to encounter the amazed look on Alan's face. Only in men's shops had Alan seen such a varied display of apparel.

Jay fell into the nearest chair. Alan looked closely at Jay. Here was this veritable storehouse and Jay kicked around in the same few outfits day after day. Jay noticed Alan's questioning look.

"Yeah, they're all mine," he grudgingly admitted, "rightfully, too. I did not steal a one of them."

"But fella." Alan sought for words, "you, you—"

"I know, I never wore a third of them," Jay said. "They've weighed too heavily on my conscience."

"But, but I don't understand," stammered Alan.

"It's just this," explained Jay. "Somewhere, don't ask me where, I got the foolish notion that clothes were of utmost importance to a boy in college." I worked almost night and day before I came here with only one thought in mind—to be the best-dressed boy in school. I don't think anyone would have disputed it if I had made any claims. Now I despise them."

Alan's vocabulary seemed quite limited at the moment. "How come," was all he could think of to say.

"I don't want to make you feel bad, pal," spoke Jay, "but, the day you came in, well, when I saw your scanty supply of clothing—please for-

give me, I'm not poking fun. I saw your small wardrobe, yet I saw a joy I had never seen before in anyone's face. For the first time I felt perhaps I had sinned in placing so much emphasis on clothes. I wish I could do something with them so that I would never have to see them again."

A light dawned in Alan's eyes. He grabbed Jay and pulled him out of his chair. He had found his voice.

"You're my size, aren't you, buddy? You're my size." Jay's face fell. This was no solution. He had even thought a few times that he would offer some of his things to Alan. But somehow he never figured he would accept them. It was hard for him to believe that Alan would get so excited over sharing someone's wardrobe.

"That's it, that's it." Alan was shaking Jay violently in his joy.

Now it was Jay's turn to be speechless, "What's it?"

Alan was almost incoherent. "We have been praying, my home church, I mean; we had to have the answer this week. You see," Alan joyously continued, "two young men from Africa have come to our country, bringing their families with them. They will be touring the states and speaking in the churches. They are badly in need of clothing. Our little church decided to take the responsibility of seeing that they were adequately clothed. The women and children pose no great problem. The ladies of the church are busy sewing for them. But *brother* to try to dress two men for a year's continual traveling requires almost a small fortune. They're both my size, buddy, how

(Continued on page 27)

God's Wonderful Deliverance

A true story written from an
account by Sister E. Rosell

I shall never forget it! The world was at war and our country was in a state of complete chaos. Japan had invaded and conquered the Philippine Islands infiltrating our country from north to south. Life seemed to come to a standstill. All schools and businesses were closed—houses and factories had been bombed and burned—parents were separated from their children. People were filled with fear as they fled from the towns and villages to hide in the hills and forests. Some were not able to escape and were shot or cruelly massacred. Our family safely evacuated to some land we owned located about three kilometers outside of town.

A group of Filipino soldiers, who were hiding from the enemy too, chose to pitch camp just behind our house there in the country. These soldiers even held their secret meetings inside our home. The Filipino soldiers

remained safely hidden, and we carried on a semblance of nearly normal everyday living until the day a Filipino man turned spy and reported the soldiers' camp behind our house. Upon receiving the spy's report, the Japanese soldiers made plans to attack the Filipino soldiers. Fortunately a Filipino policeman who was being held captive by the Japanese learned of their plan to attack, and this brave man ran ahead of the Japanese soldiers to warn our soldiers of the impending attack.

It was very early one morning just after my husband left the house to work in the field that the policeman arrived in the Filipino camp with the warning. I noticed an unusual amount of activity in the camp—soldiers were suddenly running here and there, and I grew quite suspicious. One soldier ran up to our house and shouted, "The Japanese soldiers are coming here

to attack!" Somewhere a shot was fired, and this quickly brought my husband home from the field.

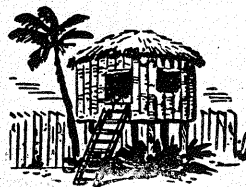
As soon as my husband was within voice range of our house he shouted, "Let all the children down!" Our five children were still sleeping when one by one I jerked them out of the mosquito net and let them down through a hole in the floor. My husband reached up for them, lowered them to the ground and made them lie flat on the dirt under the house (Our daughter, Betty, whom many of you know, was about 11 years old at the time this happened. Our youngest child was only one.)

We had just gotten under the house when the bullets began to fly. A few weeks before this time we had piled a big log and a stack of boards in front of our house. These boards, which we had planned to use for building materials, now served as protection for us. The Japanese kept firing as they advanced toward our house. The bullets whizzed over our heads and the children all cried and trembled. "God alone can help us," I told my family. "Let's pray to Him." How fervently we prayed in those moments of danger.

The boards in the fence encircling our house were about two inches apart, so through the fence we could be seen lying under the house. The Japanese soldiers moved in closer and closer firing all the while. When they had reached our fence my youngest son cried out so loudly

that the soldiers heard him.

"A child! A child!" shouted one soldier. The group of soldiers moved inside the fence and then I stood up with the baby. When the soldier saw me, he said, "Come out, lady." One



by one we came out from under the house.

My husband approached the soldiers saying, "All the soldiers ran away already." Two Japanese soldiers quickly raised their guns to my husband's head and both shouted, "This is a soldier! This is a soldier!"

"No, I am not a soldier—I am a teacher!" my husband protested. They kept their guns steadily aimed at him as the children and I desperately pleaded with them to believe he was not a soldier. "He is a teacher, He is a teacher," we cried, but the two Japanese soldiers ignored our pleas and kept their guns aimed and ready to fire at my husband. It seemed as if some Unseen Hand held the bullets in the soldiers' guns. My husband approached the Japanese captain who immediately drew his saber to strike my husband. Before the saber reached my husband's head a tall American dressed in white grabbed the captain's hand and said, "Bueno ese hom-

bre," which means, "This is a good man."

"All right, bring your family out," the captain said to my husband as he put his saber down by his side. My husband turned to thank the white man, but he had mysteriously disappeared. The Japanese soldiers then led us over a hill where we could take shelter from the bullets. But there was no more shooting. All of the Filipino soldiers had fled from their camp because they had been warned enough in advance so that they could escape. How very sad we were when we found the policeman who had brought the warning of the Japanese attack lying among our banana plants. He had been shot and killed.

Since the Japanese found the Filipino camp deserted, they decided to search our house. They ransacked the house inspecting all of our possessions. In one trunk they found a pair of breeches that had been left in our house just the day before by one of the Filipino soldiers. These breeches caused the Japanese soldiers to again suspect my husband to be a soldier. We anxiously waited and watched, wondering if they would also discover the shoes which the same soldier had left. I had placed them in a can, covered them with coconut husks and hid the can under our stove. How thankful we were that the shoes were never discovered.

What a hard thing it was for us to just stand back and watch these soldiers rummage through

all of our personal belongings! They overturned everything, scattering papers and grains of corn all over the floors. They feverishly searched for hidden guns. When they had thoroughly searched the house and found no guns they began to gather a spoil. First they caught our chickens, cooked them, and ate them right there in the midst of our own home! Then they gathered up our eggs, ripped down the mosquito nets, picked up our blankets, clothing, utensils and everything of value. They piled all these stolen goods in our carromate and carried it with them. Their final mark of destruction was to set fire to the boards in front of our house. The fire quickly spread to the house, but a good neighbor brought water and put the fire out so our home was not totally destroyed.

Our house was a *sight* to behold—what a mess! The people who gathered around to see the damage were sure that all our family had already been killed. When we walked out from behind the hill all the people surrounded us and repeatedly asked how we had escaped death. We told them of our wonderful, divine deliverance and praised God for it. To this day we still praise God for saving our lives in such a wonderful and miraculous way. Thanks be to the Lord. He wonderfully saved us. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them" (Psalm 34:7).

Love's First Test

SOME TIME AGO A HINDU WOMAN was converted chiefly by hearing the Word of God read. Because of her newly-found faith, she suffered persecution from her husband.

After she had been a Christian for some time, a missionary asked her, "When your husband is angry and persecutes you, what do you do?" She replied: "Well, sir, I cook his food better; when he complains, I sweep the floor cleaner and when he speaks unkindly, I answer him mildly. I try, sir, to show him that when I became a Christian I became a better wife and a better mother." Though the husband could withstand the preaching of the missionary he could not withstand the practical preaching of his wife. And so she won him to Christ.

The Hindu woman was a good exponent of the fourth verse of this great love hymn (I Cor. 13). "Love suffers long and is kind." It suffers long and is kind while it suffers. Many suffer

long and then become cross. Some suffer long and become sour. Others suffer long and "gripe"; but Divine love suffers long and is kind in her sufferings.

LOVE THAT SUFFERS AND IS KIND gives vent to no hasty speeches. It does not "fly off" and give a piece of its mind. (Most of us need about all the pieces we have.) Love suffers long! Peter was greatly tried over a brother. He had forgiven him several times. It had become an "old chestnut." So thinking he had forgiven him the last time, Peter went to Jesus and asked, "How often shall I forgive a fellow? Seven times?" (He doubtless thought that he was generous.) "Oh, no," answered Jesus, "a life of love forgives seventy times seven." Love suffers long.

"AND IS KIND." The root meaning of the Greek word for "kind" is *to be useful*. Being kind is a willingness to put oneself at another's disposal. Being

kind was an outstanding characteristic of Jesus. In His whole earthly ministry He was kind. "He went about doing good." In His dying hour how kind! Though suffering on the Cross He was kind to His persecutors: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." He was kind to the malefactor there: "To day shalt thou be with Me in paradise." He was kind to His mother, even in His expiring hour as He committed her to the Apostle John. Andrew Bonar has well said, "You are not very holy if you are not very kind."

A GUEST WAS IN SIR BARTEL'S HOME. He had never met Sir Bartel, because he had come while Mr. Bartel was away.

Mrs. Bartel asked the guest to meet Mr. Bartel at the depot. The guest replied, "I do not know him!" Then his hostess replied, "If you see a tall man helping someone, that's he!" It is a wonderful thing to be known as a *kind* man, a *kind* woman! It is one of the evidences of getting out of babyhood, spiritually speaking. A Christian who has become a spiritual man is known by his little kindnesses and courtesies of life.

"That best portion of a good man's life is his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love." Love suffers long and is kind while it suffers. This is the first test of Divine love.

—*The Gospel Message.*

Views of the News

Blessitt in Loop Rally says America's Woes Spiritual

Chicago (EP)—An invasion of Chicago's Grant Park last year brought young people wildly throwing rocks and bottles at police. On May 23, a counter-revolution brought more than 2,500 young people shouting "Hallelujah!" amid choruses declaring, "Chicago Police, we love you; Chicago Police, Jesus loves you."

The Jesus people, led by Sunset Strip Minister Arthur Blessitt, drew attention of some 4,500 amazed passersby as they marched into the Civic Center singing hymns.

There are people here today who were once strung out on acid or speed, but who are strung out today on Jesus," the Rev. Mr. Blessitt said. "There is only one way out, and that is through Jesus. Man, He's where it's at."

The rally was the climax of a parade led by Arthur Blessitt and his five-year-old son. The mod minister was brought to Chicago by the Home-wood Flossmoor Optimist Club in an attempt to counteract the drug scourge among youth. Blessitt has a Christian night club on Hollywood's Sunset Strip which he calls "His place."

I WILL!

BUT FIRST . . .

by Raymond M. Veh

While walking on the shores of Galilee over nineteen hundred years ago, Jesus saw four fishermen—Peter, Andrew, James, and John. They were busy mending their nets with their father. In conversation, Jesus said simply "Follow me."

The amazing thing is that these four fishermen "straightway" left their nets and followed Jesus. They could not resist Christ's call. They were obedient without question to the highest impulses within themselves. The Bible says, "Immediately they followed him." Such response is significant.

Later another man was called to enlist in the company of Jesus' disciples. He said, "I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest, but first let me go and say good-bye to my folks." That wasn't good enough for Jesus. To the unnamed man, he said, "No man who puts his hand to the plow and looks back is fit

for the kingdom of God."

Jesus countenances no divided allegiance among his followers. If any would seek to share in His kingdom, nothing else can come first. Obedience to the commands of our Lord must be genuine and without reserve. Other things must be subject to the loyalties we give to the Supreme One in life.

Many people today endeavor to maintain a divided allegiance—to the way of Christ and the ways of the world. They say, "I will be Christian—but first. . . ." They want to satisfy some other demand that does not quite fit in with being a Christian. Let us consider some of the appeals that twentieth century moderns put first, while the commands of Jesus have to wait.

"I will . . . but first *let me make my fortune.*" Some folks resolve to be good Christians—after they are financially secure. It is hard to be Christian

in an unchristian economic order, so they join in the scramble for the world's good with "no holds barred." When they have made their fortune and can be assured ease and comfort, they will turn to Jesus' way of love and unselfish service.

"I will . . . but first *let me have a good time,*" others say. They think that one cannot be a Christian and have fun. So they choose to have their fling, to drink the cup of life to the full—"eat, drink, and be merry." "You only live once," they boldly hint. They plan, of course, to slip back into the straight and narrow way after they have had all the worldly fun they can absorb.

"I will . . . but first *let me get the office (or honor) I am seeking*" is the plea of others. They will follow the Christian way after their ambition is achieved. After two years of collegè, a student transferred to another institution which had a chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa. He focused his energies on getting one of those coveted gold keys. In the achieving of his goal, qualms of conscience dared get in his way. He cheated in class and on examinations. Some day he might turn honest, he ruminated, but first he had to be a Phi Beta Kappa man.

The Kingdom of God admits no such divided or postponed allegiance. Jesus wants men and women who will accept the limitations which discipleship imposes—that of complete obedience. He wants disciples who

will be content with as much of the world's goods as they can secure by Christian means, who will choose the kind of fun to which Christians are entitled, and who will seek only the offices in which they may serve with honor and dignity and integrity, counting it their first ambition to be servants of Christ. "I will . . . but first" is not good enough for Christ and His disciples.

Christ's call is a call to complete obedience. "If ye love me, keep my commandments," the Master said. As His final commission to His disciples, Jesus commanded, "Go ye therefore and teach all nations . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." That's a mighty big order—observing all the exacting standards which Christ set up for His followers. Yet our task is to follow His leading, to obey His commands.

A true disciple of Jesus Christ dares to think of himself. He is not a victim of mob psychology; he does not blindly follow the thinking and behavior of the group. He has a mind and dares to use it! He lets others know that, as a follower of Christ, he has certain moral and spiritual principles in which he believes and which he tries to follow at all times. His associates cannot help knowing that his first loyalty is to Christ.

If we truly follow the Christ, we dare to radiate the brilliant

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Earth — And A Star

by Isabel Gray

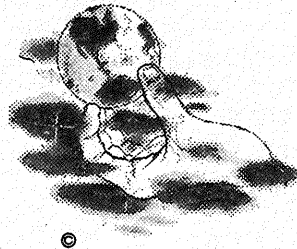
*"Disappointment—His appointment,
Change one letter, then I see
That disappointment in people,
Draws me closer, Lord, to Thee!
I must not lower my standard,
Because someone disappoints—
But still set it ever higher,
T'ward the goal that He appoints.*

Disappointment and disillusionment in people is one of our worst, if not the worst, experiences in life. It is worse than death, itself, in fact, for we have not only lost the person, but we have lost the ideal, also. But, we must remember we are not the *only* ones in the world who are or have been disappointed.

There are the "laughter and tears, wherever we go—sorrow and sighs, each one must know." And "broken vows and disappointments, thickly sprinkled all the way...."

It may be we have *expected* too much of *people*. We are all, more or less, "hero worshipers," at heart. We set people on a pedestal. Not that we shouldn't see the *best* in them. But, we should not *expect* too much of them. For they are "just people," after all. And the most we can expect is *confidence* in our real friends, and when we have that we can overlook their faults and frailties, for they will have them, and we love them just the same, even if they do.

But, to *lose confidence* is something we cannot recover—*only*



in Him. "The night has a thousand eyes, and the day but one. But the light of the whole world dies when day is done. . . . *And the light of the whole life dies, when love is done.*" But God can restore and revive the heart and life so stunned and "killed" to others, so that you will look at them through *His* eyes, seeing their possibilities in Him, and though not depending on them or their fickleness in nature, you can depend on Him and His ability to change and recreate the nature in them.

"Fix your eyes upon Jesus,
Look oft in *His* wonderful face,
And the things (and people) of earth will grow strangely dim,
In the light of *His* glory and grace!"

Our dear friend, Iolita, whose ideals and life inspired this message, reminds us how she, too, in her early schooldays, was one of the "hero worshipers" we are recalling. "Many were the disillusionments that came my way," she remembers. "I was always startled to see the *earthly* in those ideals," she relates. "Many a cherished friendship has been marred by disillusionment. My ideals shattered into bits! And, all the time the Lord was doing His best to get my eyes fixed on *Him*! How encouraged I have been when the Spirit reminded me of that old proverb I learned in those early school days! '*Hitch your wagon to a star!*' Little did I realize then how deeply this, and some other famous quotations we memorized, would be stamped upon the inner recesses of my heart!" our friend continues. "And, when the Spirit awakened me with the words from this quotation, He whispered, '*Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth*' (Col. 3:2). And, as I pondered over it, He whispered again: '*Keep your eyes on the star!*' That star is *Jesus*, our One great Example, and Redeemer! The One foretold to deliver His people Israel—and all in Him!"

"Sometimes the enemy says, 'Your goals and ideals are too high!' But ever the Spirit encourages with the admonition—'*Hitch your wagon to a star!*' His guiding light shines brighter with the passing years! Never should we be satisfied with the *earthly*! But always searching for glimpses of *Him* in others, yet keeping our eyes on the *Star!* For, 'as the things of earth grow dim, more Heaven we can see—as we spend less time with others, we have more time for thee.'"

"Disappointment—His appointment,"
Lord, may I Thy plan not mar —
But, "with open face beholding,"
E'er reflect Thy guiding Star!

"There shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel" (Num. 24:17). "But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same Image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

Tell Me, Please

Youth Questions
answered by
Ray L. Straub



QUESTION:

I am becoming serious enough about a certain girl to consider marrying her. I love her, and I am convinced that she will make a good wife for me. Our religions are very similar. She has let me know that she will not leave her church. Can you see anything wrong with my going to church with her and joining hers since we believe a lot alike anyway?

ANSWER:

Often it is when religions are similar that the greater hostilities arise. Being able to agree with someone on many opinions or teachings does not automatically do away with those areas in which differences of belief exist. There are several churches that are similar to ours, but I consider them no more acceptable than those which are more dissimilar.

It seems to me that your girl friend is answering your question as well as I could. She seems to reject the possibilities of leaving her religion even though yours is much like hers.

If you wish to have a good marriage, do not treat your differences as though they don't exist. They certainly exist in the mind of your friend! Dis-

cuss these differences in your religions and try to come to some agreement. Go to the church that you both feel teaches the most truth. Appeasement on religious matters is a poor way to begin a marriage, no matter which partner does it.

QUESTION:

I am ready to be married, but my fiance has not been baptized. My minister will not perform the marriage unless he is baptized. Do you agree with this?

ANSWER:

I presume that your pastor has good reason for setting forth this stipulation, and I do not question his judgment in doing so. It deserves your respect.

I do not think that your fiance should be baptized just so that your pastor will marry you. You need to be cautious about this. Baptism never was and never should be a ritual that qualifies one to get married. Baptism is our answer of a clear conscience toward God. It follows our repentance and the death of our carnal nature.

This is a matter that you need to discuss with your pastor thoroughly. I suggest that you get at it promptly.

The Heart of a Christian

by Denis Burrell

"He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love" (John 4:8). This verse shows the importance of love in a Christian's life. Many times Christ taught His disciples and us to love one another. He made it clear that if we don't show love to our brothers and our enemies then we can not love God.

One of the hardest things for most people to do in this life is to forgive those who trespass against us. Many times people offend and embarrass us, but Christ said that we should forgive people no matter what they do to us and to forgive as often as they offend us. We should always pray as Christ prayed: "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors" (Matthew 6:12).

Although we live in a world of war and fighting, Christians are to be peaceful and gentle (Gal. 5:22, 23). To our friends we are usually peaceful and gentle but sometimes we do have differences. Even though we do have problems with our friends these do not end our

friendships. In Matthew 5:43, 44 Christ tells us that we have to love our enemies and not just our friends. It is easy to love and respect someone who loves us, but to love someone who treats us unfairly demands a lot more from us.

Finally, we are commanded to be witnesses to everyone. Christ said before He went into heaven that we are to be witnesses to all the world (Acts 1:8). Many times we fall short of this command by not witnessing to those with whom we work and to those with whom we go to school. We should not be afraid to talk to people about Christ and His Commandments. Christ said if we do not confess Him before people then He will not confess us before God (Matthew 10:32, 33).

We Christians should always strive to be gentle and peaceful, loving, forgiving, and inspiring in our witnessing to others. If we possess these attributes, we will show others that we are putting Christ first in our lives.



FJC in Mexico

Dan Davila, Spanish correspondent

“Paz a vosotros,” “Peace be unto you” (John 20:19).

The Church of God (7th Day) in Mexico has always had youth groups with meetings and activities prepared and directed especially for them. These youth groups were functioning at a local level because a national youth program did not exist. However, in some cities where they had more than one church the youth worked together. Each group attended their own church, and about twice a year they would all get together for a special occasion—such as local youth retreats, evangelistic promotions and other related activities.

LEJIM

The church later tried to organize the youth under a national program. The whole organization in the Republic was named “LEJIM” (*Legion Evangelica Juvenil Israelita Mexicana*). Each one of the local young people’s groups was named “SQUADRON.” Each local group scheduled its own working programs, adjusting themselves to the young people’s constitution or to the advice and indications of the General Young People’s Leader. The effort was very sincere, but unfortunately these plans were only practiced in Mexico City.

FJC

Correspondence had been established with the leaders of the LEJIM but after some time it was discontinued. The National FYC (USA) felt the burden and challenge to have all the youth of God united in purpose, mind, and spiritual force for the glory of God. Included in the list for this call to unity was Latin America, including Mexico.

Correspondence was re-enacted with the youth ministers in Mexico and was truly welcomed. The response was that a National

Leader would be named very soon (which is now history), also that a constitution and program was in progress for the youth. But that was not all. They also asked for information, ideas, orientations, literature and things that would be expedient to their youth.

Immediately after the Leadership Youth Retreat, Boulder, Colorado, August 21-24, in keeping with the decision of the National Youth Committee, my wife Holly and I traveled to Reynosa, Tamps.,



This picture shows the Gasca Martinez family walking down the road after they got off the bus. The rest of the way to the river had to be traveled by walking about one mile of level road, and then one mile of climbing to where the church is located. Both parents of this family were baptized.

Mexico, to explain the youth work in the U.S. and to offer them assistance with their youth work there. A regional Ministerial Council was taking place then which Elder Wilfrido Martinez and Elder Raul Escalante attended. They gladly received the youth literature and decided that the Mexican youth should unite with all the youth of the Church of God.

Elder Dale Lawson, my wife and I attended their Ministerial Council in Mexico City in November, 1970. For more information about the results of that meeting read AIM, December, 1970, and MESSENGER, December, 1970.

FJC NOW!

The following is an excerpt from a letter written to Elder Lawson from Elder Wilfrido Martinez, chairman of the Mexican Conference of the Church of God (7th Day).

"The first work the National Directive took on its shoulders was to organize Youth Directives of the Districts, so that these directives of the District would be in charge at the same time of



This is a picture of baptismal services. At the extreme right of the group is Elder Aurelio Rodriguez Villegas who is also the director of the seminary in Puebla, Pubela. At the extreme left is Elder Rodriguez' wife. The man holding the guitar is Elder Rosalio Alonso Perez who is Secretary-Treasurer of the seminary and also a teacher; he is also the overseer of that district, No. 4.



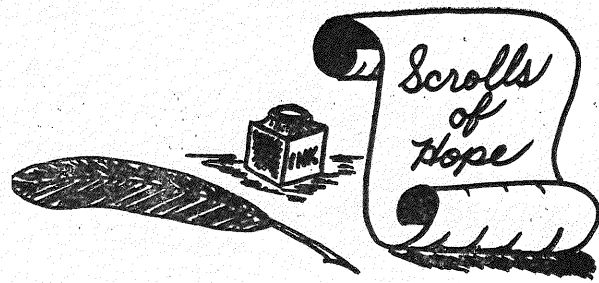
This is a picture of Daniel M. Perez who lives in Puebla., Puebla, Mexico, where we have the Church of God (7th Day) Seminary. He likes music and singing, and he can speak and write in English fluently. He aspires to come to Midwest Bible College to study.

organizing the Local FJC's... the Directives are now busy in organizing the local FJC's in the churches of each one. This will perhaps take about a year because there are districts that have an average of about 75 churches in each one, but the youth are now working with enthusiasm... As you may see, letterheads have been elaborated very similar to the FYC and with the new theme for 1971... The FYC Constitution has also been adopted to make it function here in Mexico. The last news is that very soon the FJC will initiate the publication of their magazine, which will be named "YOUTH RADIANCE" ("FULGOR JUVENIL"), which will be elaborated by the youth and will be dark (pigment) sister of "AIM." We entrust this work to the Lord Jesus and to your prayers."

But that is not all! The youth in Mexico were thrilled spiritually during June 21-27 because "NATIONAL YOUTH WEEK" was celebrated nationwide for the first time, according to the ideas proportioned by the FYC. For more details about the "National Youth Week" in Mexico watch for the next report that will be in the December issue of AIM.

Brother Wilfrido Martinez said that this work is entrusted to the Lord Jesus and to your prayers. Please pray for the promotion of the gospel through the youth in Latin America.

Our plans and designs should be so perfect in truth and beauty, that in touching them the world could only mar. We should thus have the advantage of setting right what is wrong, and restoring what is destroyed.—Goethe.



We listened with interest—and some amount of awe—at the gusto with which Madelyn Murray O’Hair denounced the Christian religion and anything that harks of a spiritual identity with our Heavenly Father in this life—or of a life hereafter. It was a debate-type television program. Her “opponent” was the well-known minister, Bob Harrington.

As we listened, we were reminded that it’s not *always* the one who agrees with and identifies with whatever we have to say who inspires us to higher heights—to deeper depths. The one who challenges our belief—and even the very foundation of our faith—may help us to search our own reasoning—our faith—our anchor.

Mrs. O’Hair laughed heartily at any mention of phrases of a spiritual nature. “Aren’t you ashamed,” she said mockingly, “—a grown man speaking of being dead, born again, and spiritually alive. . . .” Immediately 1 Corinthians 2:14 comes to mind. “But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.”

“Read the Bible,” was Mrs. O’Hair’s advice. She referred to it as a ridiculous book. Ironically, within two days after hearing her denunciation of the Bible, we came in contact with a man who also had been a confirmed atheist.

Nature speaks to us of the magnificent handiwork of God.

Archaeological discoveries offer an overwhelming accumulation of evidence that supports the Bible.

Fulfilled prophecy thrillingly assures us of God’s existence and of the Bible’s authenticity.

The change in the life of a sinner witnesses to us of the power of His Spirit.

But God is not explained through logic. Probably for every proof one may offer you can find someone who will offer proof against it if he chooses to disbelieve. The most intelligent, most clever, most logical individuals would be the first to acknowledge God if some laboratory experiment were our basis for belief. Rather, God is revealed to the believing, yielding heart of one who reaches out with the unseen, undefinable element of faith.

(Continued on page 34)

If You Catch My Sons, Please Be Brutal!

Here is a letter written by a mother to her police chief in Topeka, Kansas—she sets forth her views on “police brutality.” We have just one comment to make: “What a mother!” We have just one question to ask: “Why is her tribe so small?”

To begin, I should first tell you that I have two teenage sons, and being a mother, I cannot help but want the very best of everything for them. I am not a “typical mother” in that I see things that many mothers never hear of, much less become involved in, because my husband is a minister and we see the very best and the sordid worst.

I would like for you to be brutal with my sons. Is that a surprise?

If you find them speeding in a car, please be brutal. I have sat at a hospital holding a grieving mother’s hand because of someone’s mistake. That was brutal. I have gone with my husband to tell a wife her husband was killed. That was brutal. I have played organ music at funeral services for babies, teenagers and adults, because

someone drove too fast. That was brutal.

If you catch my underage sons with liquor in their possession, please be brutal.

I have sat all night by my husband’s side trying to piece together two underage young men’s lives, both broken by drinking. That was brutal. I have listened to the horrors experienced by another man while he was drunk and heard him recall the many jails he has served time in for this. That was brutal. I have tried to console a mother whose daughter was killed after being struck by a drunken driver. That was brutal.

If you should find my sons with drugs in their possession, please be brutal.

I have tried to rehabilitate a woman just out of prison for shooting her husband while she was drugged. That was brutal.

I have seen a handsome young man turn into an ugly one because of drugs. That was brutal. I have seen a young mother who was addicted to a drug scream

and rave for a lack of a "fix." That was brutal.

If you find my sons committing any kind of immoral act or carrying any pornographic materials, please be brutal!

I have listened to the sad cry of a young girl who was pregnant but not married. That was brutal. I have been present when a boy and girl broke the news to their parents that they had to get married. That was brutal. I have tried to comfort a mother whose beautiful daughter was criminally raped. That was brutal. I have seen a promising young man with a brilliant future have to give it up, too young to assume the responsibilities of a wife and baby. That was brutal.

If you ever see my sons taking something that isn't theirs or willfully destroying property, please be brutal!

I have walked in a hushed, sacred church that was stripped of everything that could be sold. That was brutal. I have seen a lovely, expensive home and yard completely torn up by vandals. That was brutal. I have wiped a

little boy's tears and helped him hunt for his stolen bicycle. That was brutal.

If you should ever catch my sons doing anything illegal, please be brutal! I have come to realize that your kind of "brutality" cannot in any way compare with the brutality that comes from breaking laws.

My husband and I have tried to teach our sons that their rights end where someone else's begin. We believe that they have learned this lesson. But in case they forget, we look to you and others who influence their lives—teachers, coaches, etc., to see that they remember.

And if you must be brutal to remind them—then please be brutal!

I do not want my two sons to grow into two grown-up boys. I want them to become men, able to assume their places in this world and make good contributions to it. I sincerely hope they won't need your help; but if they do, and if you must, then be brutal!

Pennsylvania Law Enforcement Journal.

ATTITUDE

Once, out of all anguish and the sorrow of my heart,
I wrote a song, and put my pent-up passions in its art.
And the great world never heeded this soulful human groan,
For it bore a burden infinitely heavy of its own.
Once, out of all the happiness and joy within my breast,
I made a little song, and blithely sent it on its quest.
And the great world, with its infinitely many joys divine,
Still had room and instant welcome for this little song of mine.

—William Dix in *The Uplift*

Saints

in

Wrong

Places

Some get under the tree of discouragement, like Elijah (I Kings). Discouragement is a destroyer of faith, a damper upon love, and a veil upon the fact of hope; therefore it is a sin to be discouraged.

Some get on the slippery path of worldliness, like Abraham, when he "went down" to Egypt. There is no tent of separation, no altar of communion, and no revelation of joy in Egypt. These are only found at the Bethel of fellowship with God (Gen. 12: 7-10; 13:4).

Some get on the housetop of self-ease, like David (II Sam. 11:2), who stayed at home when he should have been in the battlefield. His self-ease led to self-indulgence, which brought upon him the chastening hand of the Lord. Self-ease, like rust, corrodes the spirit with the mildew of unbelief, wraps the moral fiber of consecrated work, and blinds the eyes of the devotee to the sight and attractive beauty of Christ.

Some are ensnared in the meshes of disobedience, like the man of God out of Judah, who was entrapped by the wily old prophet of Bethel (I Kings 13: 9). No saint on earth, no angel from Heaven, no devil from hell and no man under the sun, should turn us aside from the plain direction of God's Word.

Some get into the doubting castle of unbelief, like John the Baptist, who sent his disciples to Christ to know if He was the Messiah (Matt. 11:3), after he had proclaimed him as such (John 1:34). Doubt is a faith-crippler, joy-killer, zeal-dampener, mind-darkener, love-retarder, hope-annuller, and Christ-hinderer.

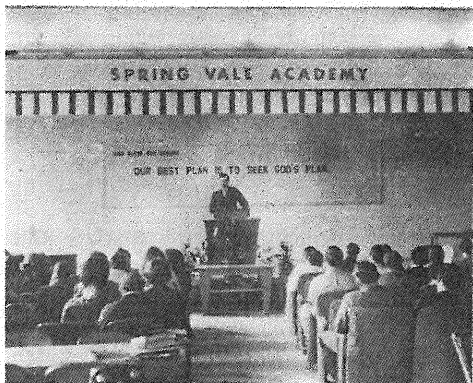
Some get into the sieve of self-confidence, like Peter (Luke 22:32, 33). When self puffs up and we warm ourselves at the world's fire, we place ourselves
(Continued on page 27)

1). Give God credit for His Creation and see His wonders through a microscope. Study biology through our new textbook written with creation as its theme. Stop counting backwards to evolution and count forward to eternity.



3 2 1 BLAST OFF! 1 2 3 . . .

LET GO AND LET GOD HAVE HIS WAY WITH YOUR LIFE!



2). Learn of the Lord and find His prescription for happiness for you as you count God first in your life.

3). Let go of what is holding you back and come to Spring Vale this term. Why fight the urge any longer?



Students Count at SVA

(They also read, write and worship at SVA).

SVA students *count* the days before arrival at Spring Vale and have difficulty eating and sleeping as the day approaches. Those who have graduated *count* the weeks until they can return to reminisce about the many exciting times of the past. The unpleasant memories don't count when they recount the pleasant times of songs, games, laughter, and serious moments of sharing burdens.

When it comes to starting a day right, students and staff *count* it a real blessing to let God speak to them through the Bible and through prayer. This is the only way to make each day *count* for Christ. When it comes to counting their blessings at the Friday night or Sabbath services . . . they are unable to count them.

... WHAT'S HOLDING YOU BACK?

SAINTS IN WRONG PLACES

(Continued from page 25)

where Satan can grab us, and when he gets hold of us he riddles us to the loss of our power and joy.

Some get into the ring of wrangling, like the disciples, who "disputed among themselves" as to who would be the greatest (Mark 9:34). They did not strive for the lowest place, nor as to who should be nearest to Christ. Strife is the child of pride, the companion of ambition, the killer of unity, the grief of the Spirit, the bane of humility, the hinderer of the Gospel, and the despiser of love.

—London Christian.

JAY GOES TO COLLEGE

(Continued from page 6)

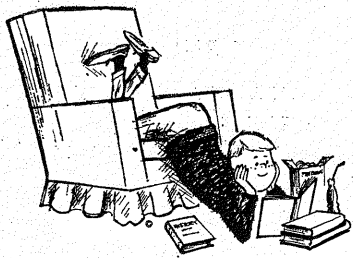
about it? Did you have something like that in mind?"

The realization of what Alan was saying began finally to dawn on Jay, and his countenance shone. He grinned as he said, "Well, it isn't exactly what I had in mind. My mind was perhaps more on taking them to the city dump some night after everyone was in bed."

There was a quick discussion of plans, a hurried phone call to Alan's parents to tell them the good news. The boys then went to hunt some boxes. They were sure of a clothes-packing good time.

A good thought for tomorrow:

The first mile alone is drudgery;
the glory comes with the second mile.



Book Review Corner

by Marilyn Current

QUARAN—TEEN

by Warren Wiersbe

Having trouble planning that next rally program? Want some ideas that are relevant and inspiring to today's teens? Then you'd better get a hold on a copy of *Quaran-Teen*, by Warren Wiersbe (editor of "Youth for Christ Magazine")! You'll probably have a lot of fun putting together the programs suggested in this book.

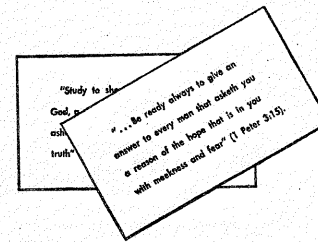
Quaran-Teen consists of twelve readings, each dealing with a "disease" common to teen-agers. Along with each reading are program suggestions giving the aim, necessary props, participants, and basic outline to put together a great rally. You use the basic outline only as a guideline, inserting your own ideas to make it even better.

Warren Wiersbe says in the preface of his book: "Comparing spiritual problems to disease is nothing new. Jesus did it when He said, 'They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick!' The Prophet Isaiah told his people, 'From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores...' And, looking at the same sinful nation, Jeremiah asked, 'Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?'"

Some of the "diseases" (or programs) described in the book are: "Bone-Rot," "Sleeping Sickness," "Lockjaw," "Poison Ivories," "Medicine Man," and "Never Say Diet!"

So why not invite Dr. N. E. Teen to help you with your next program? He'll make it a lot easier, more fun, and more inspiring, too!

I sometimes doubt the goodness of that everlasting bore, whose love embraces mankind but skips the man next door.



MINUTEMAN

(Verse Memorization Program)

LITTLE DROPS OF WATER

by Cecyl Fischer

"Little drops of water, little grains of sand, make the mighty ocean and the beautiful land..."

How would you like to sit down some day and learn 96 verses? Or even some week. Let's see, that would be about thirteen verses a day. Doesn't sound too bad does it—but try it. I think you'll find it rather difficult, and I think you would find that the next week you would remember very little of what you had memorized.

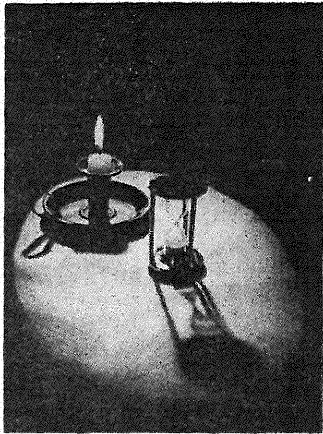
We have asked you to learn 96 verses—not in a day, not in a week or even a month, but in a year. That amounts to only about two verses a week. Maybe that doesn't sound like a very big challenge to you. That's all the more reason you should try it. If you can't meet the small challenges, how can you expect to meet the large ones?

To learn two verses a week it is best to learn the verses early in the week and repeat them every day or several times each day, rather than wait until late in the week and learn them quickly and then relax. The longer time we spend memorizing these verses and their locations and the more times we repeat them, the longer they will stay with us.

Two verses a week is really very little. But if you learn two verses a week, that's 104 verses a year and in ten years you would learn over 1,000 verses this way. To have 1,000 verses at your fingertips is a desirable thing for a Christian.

Resolve to learn these verses. They are the little drops of water that will build in you a mighty ocean of knowledge and faith.

Proverbs 1:8	Proverbs 3:5	Psalms 90:12	John 3:18
2 Timothy 2:21	James 2:10	Matthew 7:8	Isaiah 53:6



2T₄G-

Take Time for God

by Marilyn Current

WISDOM

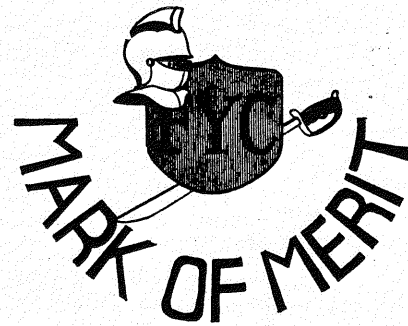
PRAYER: Heavenly Father, Grant me heavenly wisdom in my Christian walk, that I may put the things of earth aside, and strive to be more as you would have me be.

- Sept. 15—Job 28.** True wisdom is the fear of the Lord.
- Sept. 16—James 3.** Wisdom from God is pure and full of good fruits.
- Sept. 17—Proverbs 1.** Only fools despise wisdom and instruction.
- Sept. 18—Proverbs 19.** If we love our own soul, we will seek to get wisdom.
- Sept. 19—2 Chron. 1.** Solomon considered wisdom more desirable than riches.
- Sept. 20—1 Kings 4.** Solomon's wisdom brought him more fame than his great riches. (The world is in far greater need of wisdom than of wealth.)
- Sept. 21—James 1.** Like Solomon, we can receive wisdom by asking God for it.
- Sept. 22—2 Tim. 3.** The Holy Scriptures are able to give us godly wisdom (unto salvation).

- Sept. 23—Proverbs 13.** Association with wise companions will increase our wisdom, but association with the ungodly (fools) will lead to eternal destruction.
- Sept. 24—Proverbs 2.** We should seek wisdom as though it were silver and hidden treasures.
- Sept. 25—1 Cor. 12.** Wisdom is one of the gifts of the Spirit.
- Sept. 26—Proverbs 3.** Acquiring wisdom brings happiness.
- Sept. 27—Proverbs 4.** Wisdom will help preserve and keep you from stumbling.
- Sept. 28.—Proverbs 16.** Solomon reminds us that wisdom is more to be desired than gold or silver.
- Sept. 29.—Eccl. 9.** The words of the wise are heard more in quiet than the loud cry of the leaders of fools.
- Sept. 30.—Matt. 25.** The five wise virgins prepared for the coming

- of the bridegroom, while the five foolish didn't.
- Oct. 1—Proverbs 8.** All the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it (wisdom).
- Oct. 2.—Proverbs 9.** A wise man will appreciate being rebuked.
- Oct. 3—Eccl. 7.** Wisdom offers more strength than might offers.
- Oct. 4—Psalm 37.** The righteous speak of wisdom and judgment.
- Oct. 5—Prov. 14.** A wise man fears and departs from evil.
- Oct. 6—Prov. 10.** "The wise in heart will receive commandments."
- Oct. 7—Proverbs 15.** "A wise son maketh a glad father."
- Oct. 8—Prov. 17.** We need to learn

- to hold our tongues—this is part of wisdom.
- Oct. 9—Prov. 28.** "Whoso keepeth the law is a wise son."
- Oct. 10—1 Cor. 1.** God will destroy earthly (ungodly) wisdom.
- Oct. 11—1 Cor. 3.** "For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God."
- Oct. 12—Romans 1.** One prophecy of our times is that men, thinking themselves to be wise, will become fools (teachers of evolution, etc.).
- Oct. 13—Prov. 26.** "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceits? There is more hope of a fool than of him."
- Oct. 14. Proverbs 21.** "There is no wisdom nor understanding nor counsel against the Lord."



by Nathan Lawson

HOW IMPORTANT IS MARK OF MERIT? I suppose that most youth groups have pondered this question over in their minds. Mark of Merit is really as important as each youth group makes it. To understand its importance, you must understand its purpose and the reason for which it functions as a part of the National FYC program for local youth groups to participate in.

A GUIDELINE FOR ACTIVE YOUTH GROUPS. Mark of Merit exists as a guideline of important activities that each local FYC needs to carry on in the work of the local church. These activities are important to the Spiritual life, not only of the young people, but of the whole church. For this reason, every local FYC

should be involved in the Mark of Merit Program. We ought to do these things regularly and reach out from there to greater things for the work of God. Our greatest effort is the least we can do for our God Who loves us so much.

F.Y.C.	Mark of Merit Points	Bonus Points	N. F.Y.C. Support	Foreign Project
White Fox, Can.	280	59	\$ 3.00	
Marion, Iowa	330	966	5.00	
Fort Smith, Ark.	310	300		
Tacoma, Wash.	330	400	10.41	
St. Paul, Minn.	320	290	6.04	
Harrisburg, Ore.	330	745	16.84	
New Auburn, Wisc.	330	275		
Bloomington, Calif.	285	365	14.25	\$6.00
Alfred, N. Dak	310	195	13.00	
McAlester, Okla.	245	210	2.91	
Saginaw, Mich.	220	185	4.85	
Ontario, Calif.	300	286	7.91	
Southwest, Mich.	270	225	2.55	
Eureka, S. Dak.	320	256	15.82	
Elmira, Ore.	290	205	5.08	
Conroe, Tex.	320	100	7.35	1.50
Tahlequah, Okla.	320	275	1.59	1.50
Denver, Colo.	270	230	27.00	
Stockton, Calif.	310	371	6.50	
Lodi, Calif.	245	90	10.20	6.00
Sacramento, Calif.	330	167	22.97	6.00
San Antonio, Tex. (Sp.)	285	230	39.93	
Marion, Ore.	330	130	5.17	6.00

THANKS FOR GREAT SUPPORT OF NATIONAL F.Y.C.

The National FYC would like to thank you for your great support this year through the Mark of Merit Program. This quarter a special thanks goes to the San Antonio, Texas Spanish FYC as top supporter of the National FYC. 15% of their local FYC income amounted to \$39.93. Thanks again to each local FYC that supported the National FYC.

ATTENTION!

Let the Mark of Merit Program guide your youth group into an active work within your local church. May God help us, as His youth, to do His work while there is yet time.

New Chairman for the Young People's Department

A new chairman has been appointed by the Executive Board—Elder Calvin Burrell, member of the Young People's Department 1967-69 and member of the FYC Leadership Committee 1970-71.

As a teacher at Spring Vale Academy from 1965-1970, Brother Burrell also served as boys' dean (1965-1968). In 1967 he served in the capacity of principal at Spring Vale.

Brother Burrell has been a member of the Sabbath School Committee during the past two-year term, 1969-71.

Other members appointed to serve on the Young People's Departmental Committee are Elder Kenneth Knoll, Conroe, Texas; Brother Jerry Moldenhauer, Owosso, Michigan; and David Robinson, Stanberry, Missouri.

Pray for the National FYC Committee as they work for God.

Address Change

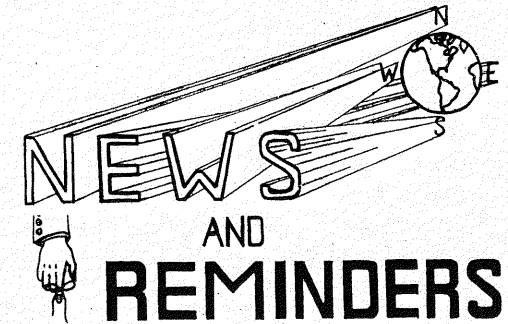
The office for the Young People's Department will be located at 1004 Fayetteville Rd., Van Buren, Arkansas 72956, under the direction of Elder Calvin Burrell.

FYC Sweater Sales

The National FYC still has a good supply of FYC sweaters for sale.

All sizes are available in the apple green and canary yellow solid colors.

Large sweaters are available in the green, blue, and gold pin stripe colors. Medium sweaters are available only in the green pin stripe. No



small sweaters are available in the pin stripe.

The solid colors sell for \$3.50 and the pin stripe colors sell for \$3.00.

FYC Long-Play Albums

Three long-play albums are available through the National FYC office. These include the stereo album by the Faith Trio and a limited supply of two Hi-Fi albums, the 1965 National Youth Team and the Challengers Quartet.

The prices are as follows.

Faith Trio album, "Put Your Faith in One Pair of Hands"	\$4.00
Challengers	3.00
1965 National Youth Team	2.00

FYC Wall Plaques

We have a supply of beautiful wall plaques which would add handsomely to the decor on your bedroom wall or your den. These are made from wood with the lettering, FYC, on them.

Your FYC group should have one for your bulletin board.

The plaques sell for \$2.00 and may be ordered from the National FYC office.

FYC Stationery

FYC 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.

1972 Motto Contest

Remember the 1972 Motto Contest. See the August AIM for details.

Materials and Helps

For materials and helps to give hints on organizing or building a more active FYC group, write to the National FYC office at 1004 Fayetteville Rd., Van Buren, Arkansas 72956.

I WILL—BUT FIRST

(Continued from page 13)

light of the gospel of Christ. We do not try to camouflage ourselves to look and act like the environment about us. We do not try to pass as part of the landscape instead of stand out in bold relief against it.

When we discover the meaning of dynamic Christian discipleship, we dare to be different

CAN YOU READ AND WRITE IN SPANISH?

If you can write in Spanish, you are someone we need to help us in the correspondence with Spanish-speaking young people who would like to have American FYC pen-pals. Here is your chance to help in the worldwide FYC work.

If you are willing to help us, please write to AIM or to:
Daniel Davila, 1611-A N. Hayes, Springfield, Missouri 65803

from the crowd. We live distinctive lives of noble purpose and high endeavor, completely surrendered and obedient. We put Christ first!

—Lighted Pathway

SCROLLS OF HOPE

(Continued from page 22)

Evidence, you say?? There is archaeology. There is prophecy. There is creation itself. There is so much more. There is plenty of evidence. But faith is the final "... EVIDENCE of things not seen" (Heb. 11:1).

"... The preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness: but unto us which are saved it is the power of God.

"For it is written, I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and will bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent.

"Where is the wise? where is the scribe? where is the disputer of this world? hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?" (1 Corinthians 1:18-20).

It wouldn't hurt so much to become angry, except that, for some reason, anger makes your mouth work faster than your mind.

MIDWEST BIBLE COLLEGE DOORS HAVE OPENED FOR THE 1971 FALL TERM

Ministerial students and Biblical Foundations students who have joined the MBC family are pictured below.



Front row: Elder Max Morrow (Director), Gail Rincker, Patricia Chapman, Mrs. Jewell Linville (teacher), Diane Williams, Faith Ling, Elder Stanley Kauer (teacher); second row: Tom Davison, David Overman, Haskell Hughes, Nolan Rincker, Jerry Griffin; third row: Mike Vlad, Harris Kinzler, Victor Burford, Steve Kurtright, Harvey Yarbrough, Larry Moldenhauer (teacher); back row: Vernon Dickinson, Ivan Burrell, David Robinson, Paul Linville, Denis Burrell.

Not pictured are Elder Floyd Turner (teacher), Brother and Sister Don Lawson (cooks), Ray Youngs (student) and Sister Ginger Youngs (dorm supervisor and part-time student).

These young men and women are preparing themselves for service in gospel work. Pray for their Spiritual growth and success in their undertaking. The administration also needs your prayers and financial support.