



More About Our Cover...

Mr. Garner Ted Armstrong is contemplating Petra's auditorium in this cover picture. Read Mr. Norman Smith's article, *WE FLED PETRA*, beginning on page 5, for the important thoughts that were coursing through both their minds — thoughts you brethren need to share!

(Letters to the Editor on page 14)

Mr. Garner T. Armstrong,
Executive Director,
Ambassador College,
P. O. Box 111,
PASADENA, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Armstrong,

As you may know, during the recent visit of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Armstrong to Australia, it was my pleasure to have associated with your folks and accompany them to Adelaide, Melbourne and Brisbane. I spent a good deal of time discussing your radio and future media planning in Australia with Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Wayne Cole and I am sure this has been most beneficial to all concerned.

I was aware that on leaving Australia, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong were to meet up with you in the Holy Land and I rightly figured you would be preparing and recording a number of broadcasts for "The World Tomorrow" programme from that area.

You may recall copies of all your scripts come to me for checking prior to broadcast in Australia; I read all of them, not only to check and protect your organisation, but also because I find the subject matter of great personal interest.

May I say how absorbing I found your scripts on the Middle East and The Holy Land in particular.

Twenty-five years ago (during 1940/1941) I was a soldier fighting in World War II Campaigns in Libya, Syria and Greece, and, of course, travelled and crisscrossed over Egypt and many parts of the Holy Land.

Your well-written scripts have brought back some vivid memories to me, not the least being how we soldiers also were got at and cheated by the local population and how we were given incorrect and misleading information on the past history and situations relative to the Holy Land — as it was then, so it is now.

Do you know, Mr. Armstrong, to my knowledge, you are the first authoritative person who (pardon the expression) has had the "guts" to tell the World what a farce it is to be led along by the local professionals whose sole object is to wrongly commercialise and mislead people on the great past events of the Holy Land. Many informed people visit the area, but seem to be afraid to speak the truth about many of the sordid conditions which exist and it is most refreshing to have your authoritative and constructive comments.

I am sure amongst others, many thousands of returned soldiers, sailors and airmen in Australia who served in the Middle East Campaigns will follow this particular series of broadcasts with great interest. I trust my comments are of interest to you; any authoritative observations, such as yours, are of great interest to Australians. During the course of two World Wars, thousands of our men fought and died in the Middle East area and most of us are well aware it could happen again.

Handling your Radio assignments in Australia brings me into constant contact with Mr. Wayne Cole and his staff out here. To me, it is a very happy and pleasant association and we all get along very well together.

I trust you will be able to visit us again in the not too distant future. I know you have a very busy schedule, but nevertheless, I guess you will find time to fit in another trip to Sydney.

With best wishes and kind regards.

Yours sincerely,

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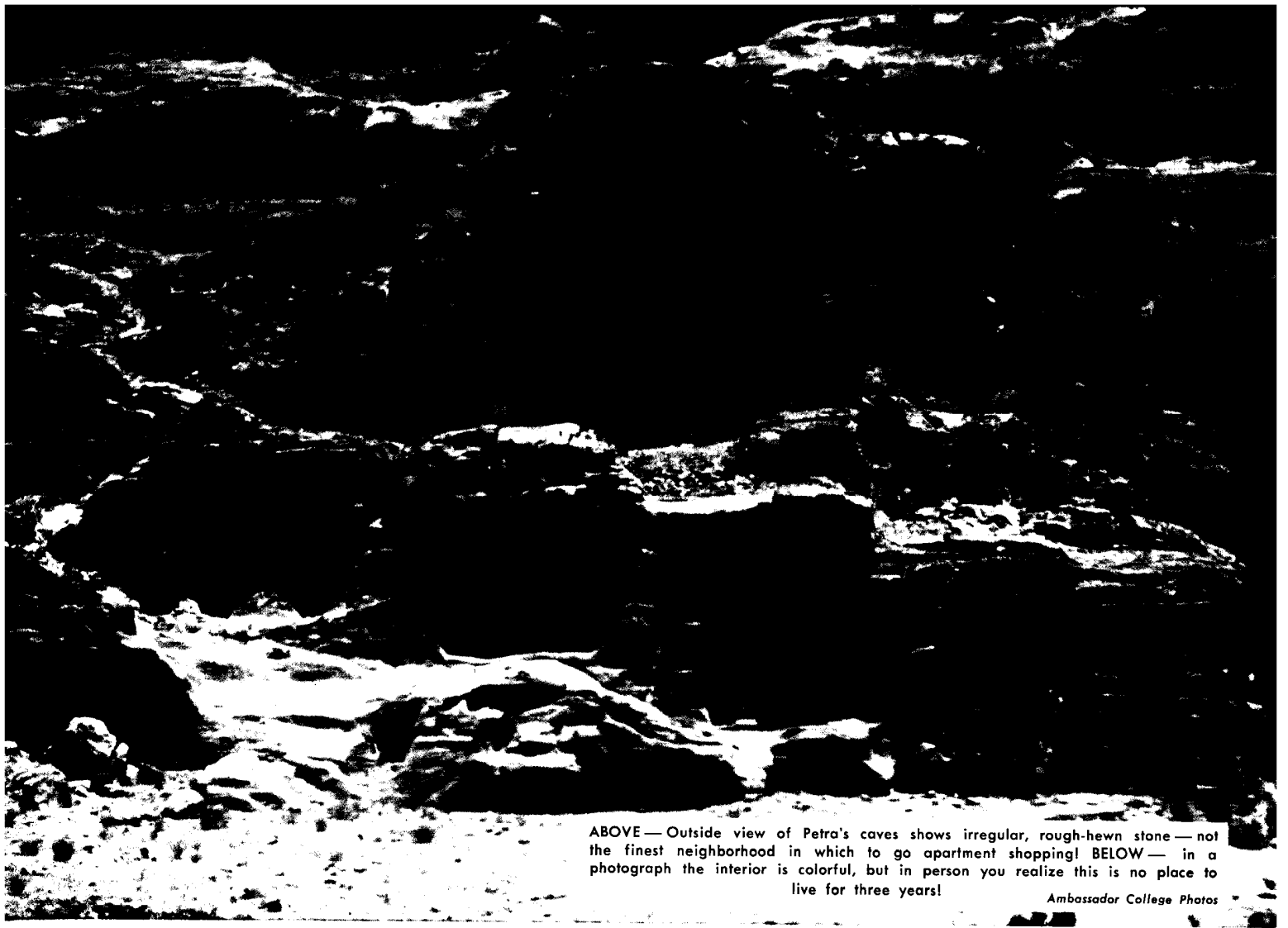
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change in your address. Please include both old
and new address. IMPORTANT!



ABOVE — Outside view of Petra's caves shows irregular, rough-hewn stone — not the finest neighborhood in which to go apartment shopping! BELOW — in a photograph the interior is colorful, but in person you realize this is no place to live for three years!

Ambassador College Photos



WE FLED PETRA!

What should your attitude toward Petra be? What is it like there? Here is an eyewitness report from the Director of the Radio Studio and Evangelist rank minister.

by Norman A. Smith

"**W**E'RE GOING TO PETRA!" Electrifying words, those. Where will you be when you hear them? What will be your attitude? Will you be ready? Or will *you* ever hear those words?

Our schedule called for a trip to Petra on Thursday, April 28th. As you have heard on the broadcast and read in *The PLAIN TRUTH* we were delayed a day in Lebanon in order that we might arrive at the airport in Amman just at the time of the Royal send-off of some of the Arab Sheiks by King Hussein.

Jerusalem

After clearing customs at the Amman Airport our party was divided up into several different taxis for the journey to Jerusalem. Each taxi was already partially filled with other groups so we had to split up to fill the remaining spaces in each taxi. It was a noisy ride to Jerusalem. The cars were quiet enough—'65 or '66 Dodges and Plymouths. It was the drivers and their proclivity to blow their horns at any and everything that happened to be on or alongside of the road that caused the problem.

On the outskirts of Jerusalem we approached a sign in bold black letters "NO SOUNDING OF THE HORN WITHIN CITY LIMITS." I thought, "That's great. What a relief." To my amazement the driver gave two or three blasts of the horn to show his contempt for the sign and proceeded to sound off more frequently as the traffic thickened. You heard the din of horn blowing on one of the programs made in Jerusalem. I soon surmised that the lowest indignity you could heap upon an Arab taxi driver would be to clip his horn wire. He would be utterly frustrated.

Mr. Armstrong had had enough of guides and taxi drivers for a while; therefore, our first move after checking

in at the Intercontinental Hotel was to rent a couple of Volkswagens for the trip to Petra the following day, Friday. Thursday afternoon we made a trial run with the VW's from the Mt. of Olives across the brook Kidron (it's dry now of course) up the other side of the Kidron Valley into the Old City of Jerusalem where we viewed The Dome of the Rock, The Wailing Wall as well as plenty of other dark cavernous walls, streets and hovels that somebody needs to wail over. After coming out of the squalor of Old Jerusalem into the late afternoon sunshine again it was like meeting a long lost friend to find our VW's waiting for us.

Back at the hotel Mr. Hunting arranged for box lunches, water, etc., for the next day's outing. Petra and return is an all-day trip from Jerusalem. About 205 miles each way. We wanted to leave early in order to return before the Sabbath, so Mr. Hunting arranged for a 4:30 a.m. breakfast at the Coffee Shop or so he thought. He arranged it all right but we hadn't yet learned that those Arabs are a disarranged people and the Coffee Shop boy was not about to get up at 4:30 a.m. to accommodate a few American tourists.

Nobody was in the Coffee Shop when we arrived the following morning. Fortunately it was not locked and with the cooperation of the desk clerk we were able to find some hot water and a few slices of bread — some butter, too, I believe. Lyle Christopherson had brought a jar of instant coffee with him. We had bread and instant coffee for breakfast. We *did* find the lunches had been prepared and were ready. There was no water, however — none that we would dare drink, anyhow. We raided the cooler in the Coffee Shop and came up with assorted bottles of beer and Pepsi-Cola. These were placed in a wooden crate. No ice. This would enable

us to withstand the desert heat, we hoped. We had no false illusions about the tantalizing *taste* of warm beer or Pepsi-Cola.

After stowing our camera equipment, refreshments, etc., under the hood, bonnet, mouth, or whatever you call it, of the Volkswagens, we were off to Petra. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong and Lyle Christopherson in one; with my wife Charlene and I and Mr. Hunting in the other. Mrs. Hunting was battling the Jordanian plague and remained behind to rest.

On the Desert Highway

I believe it was about 5:30 a.m. when we departed on the wide, divided 4-lane boulevard leading east toward Amman. At the edge of Jerusalem the highway is no longer divided however. We soon began the winding descent around and down the canyons that slope off rather quickly from Jerusalem, elevation 2500 ft. to the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea, elevation 1286 ft. *below* sea level. Before turning south to Petra you must descend into the Jordan Valley, come back up out of it again and continue east-northeast almost to Amman before cutting south on the plateau east of the Jordan via the Desert Highway.

The Desert Highway today is a wide 2-lane blacktop strip in fine condition built with American dollars and assistance a few years ago. It was still early and relatively cool as we headed south on the high plains — approximately 2500 ft. elevation. The terrain was relatively barren except for a few spots of green at water holes, but we could imagine what this country must have been like with knee-high grass waving in the breeze when the tribe of Reuben (Numbers 32) gazed upon it and decided this was the place for their cattle.

Soon the sun rose higher and hotter.

Mr. Armstrong flashed his lights and gave the signal for the first stop. It was still early but we figured why not have a drink before it gets hot. During this and subsequent stops several of those new Plymouths and Dodges passed us. We wondered where everybody was going. We soon found out.

Nowhere have I ever driven through country so devoid of vegetation of any kind. One hundred miles or so and no sign of a tree. After the rest stop Mr. Armstrong pulled out in front and there was nothing to look at but his license number, 26040. "That adds up to 12. We'll have to tell Mr. Waterhouse. Wonder what mine is. Say, they put the license number on the key chain don't they? There it is, 13564. That adds up to 19!" Well, anyway, so much for that. I suppose it had to add up to something, but at the time it seemed interesting. Except for an occasional camel or a few goats there wasn't anything else to think about.

Nearing Petra

Finally we approached Ma'an. Here we added gasoline or petrol. The turnoff to Petra was only a few kilometers farther. Leaving the main highway which continues to the Gulf of Aqaba we began a climb back to the west on a one-lane paved road. This road soon reaches an elevation of 5,000 ft. according to an ONC Air Navigation chart of the area and then drops back into a valley where the village of Wadi Musa is located.

The descent continues slightly until you approach the "jumping off" place for Petra. Petra itself is apparently between two and three thousand feet above sea level. At the "end of the road" they have recently added a building called The Petra Rest House. In front of The Petra Rest House were several automobiles with numerous tourists milling around not quite sure where they were nor what was what, all the while being harassed and befuddled by numerous Bedouin peddlers.

As soon as we got out of the car the Bedouins swarmed around us. They attempted to force their wares upon us. A knife, a scarf, a turban, a piece of rock, a Roman coin or whatever else they had was being offered. We prob-

ably said "No thank you" in various forms, intensities and inflections 15 or 20 times in the next few minutes, all the while turning around, walking away sideways or backwards or doing whatever we could to shake them off. Eventually they either gave up or some fresh prospects arrived and we were able to think again. If I ever go back and take the recorder along I think I'll put a tape on that just says, "No thank you, I don't want any — No thank you, I don't want any — No thank you, I don't want any . . ."

To try to take pictures, to try to operate a camera, a tape recorder or anything else with somebody over your shoulder looking down your neck and trying to jam a knife in your side not because they want to stick you with it but because they want to sell it to you— is *distracting*.

While we were getting organized several large buses of Arab students apparently, rolled up from somewhere. Whether this was their annual field trip or an everyday occurrence I don't know. Next I heard a clinking sound of glass bottles banging together. The Nehi Express was passing through on its way to Petra. There were 4 donkeys each loaded

with five 24-bottle cases of orange pop or Pepsi-Cola, 480 bottles in all. As the donkeys bounced along the bottles clinked and clanked. Ferde Grofé should have heard it.

From this point the trip to Petra through the Siq was reported as 5 kilometers, approximately 3 miles. Since they had horses for rent the distance may have been slightly exaggerated. Mr. Armstrong arranged for horses for himself, his wife, my wife and Lyle. Mr. Hunting who was suffering from the effects of Jordanian food chose to suffer it out at the Rest House. He had been to Petra previously. I had the 16mm movie camera. If you've seen movies taken from horseback you'll know why I decided to walk.

We then proceeded down the trail which gradually narrowed into the Siq. Soon we were within the narrow red rock canyon. The width in most places is at least 6 to 10 feet with the rock wall ascending vertically two or three hundred feet. At least the Siq was shady and not so hot as the desert outside had been. As we approached the mouth of the Siq our cameras were clicking, capturing the classic Petra photograph of
(Continued on page 23)



Ambassador College Photo

At the first stop, Mr. Norman Smith stretches his long legs and checks things over.

ing to experience the benefits of obedience and will no longer resent the laws or chafe under the authority of God's Government.

God is love (I John 4:8). He gave His Son so that mankind would not perish but have everlasting life (John 3:16). If we have the mind of God, we will be thrilled with the prospect of having an opportunity to *share* the priceless benefits of God's way with all mankind in the World Tomorrow. We will be motivated by a genuine desire to *serve* the millions and billions of future begotten sons of God. *Love* then is the spiritual motivation which we all must have.

Hard Work Is Necessary

You might have the right spiritual motivation and nevertheless *FAIL* to qualify! It takes more than desire. Spiritual daydreams and visions of grandeur are not enough to insure that you will be qualified to discharge the sweeping responsibilities of rulership in the Kingdom of God.

The desire to which Paul refers in I Timothy 3:1 is not merely idle dreaming or wishful thinking. It means "to *stretch* oneself, reach out one's hand" that is, "to aspire or STRIVE FOR." Just as no man is *automatically* qualified for the ministry, no one is automatically qualified to be a king or priest. In both cases, it takes earnest and properly directed effort. Years of intensive preparation and training are required before you will be qualified to fulfill the job Christ is preparing for you.

Strive To Enter

Jesus Christ commanded, "STRIVE to enter in at the strait gate: for many will *seek* to enter in, and shall not be able (Luke 13:24).

There must be a *sense of urgency* in your seeking. A listless and lackadaisical attempt is *DOOMED TO FAILURE!*

The word for "strive" which Christ used is a remarkable word indeed. It means "to enter a contest, to contend in the gymnastic games; to endeavor with *strenuous zeal*; TO FIGHT or STRUGGLE." We not only are to know what we *want* — that is, to ultimately be in the Kingdom of God — but to be vigor-

ously and forcefully preparing ourselves for that tremendous position we hope ultimately to fulfill.

The apostle Paul used this same word in his triumphant statement made shortly before his martyrdom. "For I am now *ready* to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have FOUGHT [to strive, struggle or endeavor with strenuous zeal] a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and *not to me only*, but unto ALL them also that love His appearing" (II Tim. 4:6-8).

Those who desire the office of a king or priest in God's Kingdom most certainly desire a GOOD WORK. However, it is a work that can be accomplished only by those who have met the *qualifications*.

Examine your motives! Do you want to rule for the purpose of *servng* countless millions of future sons of God? Are you developing the mind of a servant *now*? Here is where to begin — this is the way to a *rightly* motivated desire to be a part of the Kingdom of God.

(To be continued)

WE FLED PETRA!

(Continued from page 6)

the huge carved temple directly opposite. Any feelings of grandeur we may have felt were quickly swamped by the milling crowd of tourists, Bedouins, Arab students, etc. Charlene remarked that it looked like Disneyland on the 4th of July.

Before we could contemplate our arrival we immediately had orange pop and Pepsi-Cola stuck under our noses by the local vendors of the Wadi Musa franchise. For 2 or 3 miles I had been playing leapfrog with our group, running ahead of them and then photographing them as they passed. I was tired, dusty and thirsty. As a TV ad writer might say an "influencible — someone with buying power and a need and desire to buy." The need and desire was there all right but I didn't like the idea of some Arab cramming

it down my throat. So I said, "No thank you," and continued taking pictures. Ten or 15 minutes later when I caught this Petra pop vendor seated, with his back turned I walked over to his cooler (warmer would have been a better term) and announced that I would like an orange pop. He came up off his stool as if it were a "hot seat." His expression was a mixture of frustration and joy. Frustration because he had "missed a sale" but joy that I was buying anyway.

We proceeded around to the right and out into the area where the valley widens out to perhaps one half or three quarters of a mile in width. In this area is the arena which would seat perhaps three to five thousand people on rock benches or steps. Cushions could be a top-selling item here. On each side of the valley are numerous caves or tombs as they have been called by explorers. We looked inside a few of them. They make a convenient location for subdued light when changing film. Of course we could always tell several people had been there before us. We weren't judging this by the film boxes left behind either. There are no rest rooms in Petra. And no shovels either. (See Deut. 23:13.)

From the arena we could see out into the plateau beyond. As we were observing that any mechanized army would have easy access to Petra from the west — the Siq is not the only means of entrance — this observation was immediately punctuated by an army helicopter flying overhead.

Petra is listed in the Atlas as a place of ruins. It certainly looks ruined. No food, no water, no nothing. One phrase I remember hearing describes it best: "A God Forsaken Hell Hole."

It is *lower* than the surrounding terrain. The caves are supposed to be tombs or *graves*. The people that used to live there *died out* and *there's no sign of God around there today*, so the description fits.

A Good Feast Site?

How would Petra stack up as a Feast Site?

When we plan for a Feast of Tabernacles site we have to consider climate

and availability of water. How many thousands of gallons of water are needed? How many tons of waste material have to be disposed of? How many truckloads of food staples must be brought in? How many beef cattle must be slaughtered?

This becomes a massive problem just for 8,000 or 15,000 people and we only plan for 8 days at a time. But in Petra, if that's the place, we are talking about 50,000 or 100,000 people — or more — and not for 8 days, not for 80 days but more on the order of 1260 days! *All the goats in Petra wouldn't last through the first meal!* The problems are simply beyond human ability to cope with. In its present condition Petra would be appropriate for only

