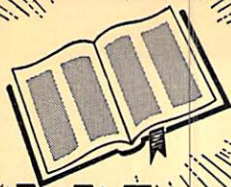
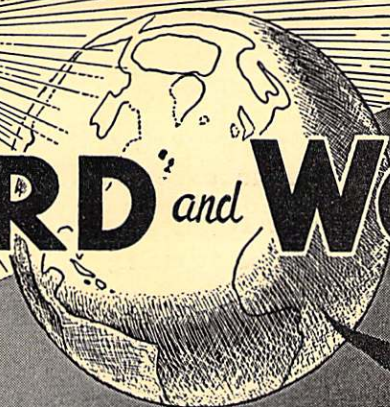


"Holding fast the faithful Word . . ."



The **WORD** and **WORK**



"Holding forth the Word of life."

AUGUST, 1988

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IF WE COULD SEE BEYOND TODAY

If we could see beyond today,
As God can see,
If all the clouds should roll away,
The shadows flee;
O'er present griefs we would not fret,
Each sorrow we would soon forget,
For many joys are waiting yet
For you and me.

If we could know beyond today,
As God doth know,
Why dearest treasures pass away,
And tears must flow;
And why the darkness leads to light,
Why dreary days will soon grow bright,
Some day life's wrong will be made right,
Faith tells us so.

"If we could see, if we could know,"
We often say,
But God in love a veil doth throw
Across our way.
We cannot see what lies before,
And so we cling to Him the more;
He leads us till this life is o'er —
Trust and obey.

—Norman J. Clayton

PROGRESS

Until I learned to trust,
I never learned to pray,
And I did not learn to fully trust
Till sorrows came my way.
Until I felt my weakness,
His strength I never knew;
Nor dreamed till I was stricken
That He could see me through.

Who deepest drinks of sorrow,
Drink deepest too of grace;
He sends the storm so He Himself
Can be our hiding place.
His heart, that seeks our highest good,
Knows well when things annoy;
We would not long for Heaven,
If earth held only joy.

—Barbara Cornet Ryberg

THE WORD AND WORK

"A monthly magazine set to declare the whole counsel of God."

Alex V. Wilson, Editor

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Theme: DEATH AND WHAT FOLLOWS

Life is Short, Death is Sure

Alex V. Wilson

At almost every funeral I preach, I quote those lines by an unknown writer, "*Life is short, Death is sure; Sin's a curse, Christ's the cure.*" That pretty well says it all, doesn't it?

How absurd are those people who avoid thinking about death and eternity. I've been privileged to visit at least eight different countries around the world. They had various languages, food, dress, homes, customs and holidays—but they all had cemeteries! And yet so many folks refuse to face up to the implications of their mortality, and the "intimations of their immortality"—as Wordsworth the poet put it.

So this month we look squarely at physical death and various questions it raises. But first, in this editorial, let's consider *spiritual* life and death, based mainly on the words of the risen Christ to the church in Sardis, "*You have a reputation of being ALIVE, but you are DEAD*" (Rev. 3:1). In studying His letter to that church, I was impressed by the insights of several writers, and want to share them with you now. Ponder these words and apply them to yourself and your congregation.

Beautiful Skeleton

"Outward appearances are notoriously deceptive: and this socially distinguished congregation was a spiritual graveyard. It had a name for virility, but it had no right to its name. Its works were beautiful graveclothes which were but a thin disguise for this ecclesiastical corpse. The eyes of Christ saw beyond the clothes to the skeleton. It was dead as mutton. It even stank. . . .

"Let us not rate too highly the opinions of the world or even of the Church. Some Christians grow too depressed when criticized and too elated when flattered. We need to remember that 'the Lord sees not as man sees; man looks on the outward appearance, but the Lord looks on the heart' (1 Sam. 16:7). He looks beneath the surface. He can survey our motives and thoughts and desires." (From *What Christ Thinks of the Church*, by John Stott).

Peaceful—Like a Cemetery

"The strange fate of (the *city* of) Sardis was that life had been too easy for it. It had grown flabby and had sunk into an easy and voluptuous decadence. And the fate of the *church* in Sardis was the same. It was not threatened by any of the dangers which menaced the other churches. There was no threat from Caesar worship and from persecution; there was no threat from the malignant slanders of the Jews; there was not even any threat of internal heresy from within the church. The church of Sardis was completely untroubled from

without and from within. The church of Sardis was at peace—but it was the peace of the dead.” (From *Letters to the Seven Churches*, by William Barclay).

Here's a thought based on Barclay's observations: Maybe we should be somewhat grateful for problems in our churches—if they keep us from pride, smugness and complacency. Reread John Newton's great hymn, "Tis My Happiness Below"; also meditate on the next section.

Freedom's Lure into Lethargy

"He had just emerged from existence under a regime that took an intolerant view of Christianity. But now, viewing Christians who live not only in freedom but in relative popularity, this man was appalled. To him, these Christians seemed casual about their commitment, preoccupied with position and possessions, contaminated by the world. And he said so.

"A few months later he went back to visit the friend to whom he had spoken so bluntly when he first arrived. He asked if his friend remembered what he had said, the bitterness of his criticism. The friend remembered.

"The man stood silent for a few moments, reflecting. The friend tensed for a second attack. 'I have come to apologize both for what I said and the way in which I said it,' he said simply. 'I was merely afraid. I did not know how dangerous freedom could be. It has been a year now. And I am worse than those I criticized.'

"Then he added a significant statement: '*It is more difficult to live the Christian life under freedom than under repression.*'" (Ruth Graham in *Christianity Today*).

How did Sardis Get that Way?

"It might be profitable to inquire how the church at Sardis, being dead, yet had a reputation for being alive.

"1. Is it not more than likely that the name they had for life had been won by their fathers who may have been vitally alive? It is very possible that the church there began with a mighty movement of the Spirit of God. But in process of time, just as the Ephesians had left their first *love*, these had left their first *life*. This is suggested by verse 2: something remained of life from a former day. . . . This certainly is true of many churches in this day: their reputations for vital Christianity being not earned by themselves but by those of a former generation.

"2. It is almost certain that long after the life had gone out of Sardis, works were maintained in order to keep the reputation of a living church. And activity is often mistaken for life. 'Great reputations often have slender foundations,' said Spurgeon. Once having had the name they would not easily give it up even if keeping it involved pretence.

"Were we able to visit Sardis, no doubt we would see a church of great activity, many worshippers, and pleasant services. They wanted a name for godliness; but they didn't want God.

"3. It may be that the reputation for life was maintained by those few even in Sardis who had not defiled their garments (v. 4). Some-

times a whole church seems to be alive because of the living few. The vigorous activity of a handful of dedicated believers may make one forget the dead masses in the church." (From *The Lamb and the Book*, by G. R. Crow).

Downward Spiral

"To our grandparents, Christianity was an *EXPERIENCE*. To our parents, it was an *INHERITANCE*. To most of us it has become an *INCONVENIENCE*. And to our children it has become a *NUISANCE*. Every generation needs a revival." (Richard Halverson).

Is such decline inevitable? No. Halverson's last sentence shows the way of escape: revival. And the living Christ told Sardis how to become thus revived: "Wake up! Strengthen what remains and is about to die. . . Remember, therefore, what you have received and heard; obey it, and repent. . . He who has an ear, let him hear what the Spirit says to the churches."

* * * * *

I'm Living to Die

Richard Frazeur

What would you do if you were told you had only a few years to live? Before you answer, think it over carefully. Then read the true story written by a young man whose illness had sentenced him to die.

I fidgetingly sat in Dr. Edward Lundgren's office on a mid-May afternoon in 1954 in Chicago. A week had passed since the removal of a lump from above my collar bone, and the results of its examination were due from the laboratory. The doctor faced me, his expression grave. "Do you have any relatives in town, Dick—someone we can talk this over with?" he asked.

After my week of speculation, a foreboding swept over me that all was not well. The nerves at the ends of my fingers began to flick. "No, my family is in Lansing, Michigan." The doctor then explained, "Your loginess and this abnormal growth gave us a strong suspicion of what to expect from the biopsy. We were right. You have Hodgkins disease—a chronic, malignant growth of the lymphatic system."

Since I had studied physiology and anatomy, I partly understood what he was saying, but when the full import of his words fell upon me, they slapped me across my face. Chronic! Malignant! I knew what those words meant. And the sum of the two words, I knew was *fatal*. As we sat there in a moment of thick silence, these thoughts raced through my mind. Suddenly I was aware that Joanne, my fiancée, must be told, and the doctor could give her the best explanation possible.

"My fiancée is here in Chicago. May I bring her in to talk with you?" I asked.

The meeting was arranged. Joanne and I sat in the outer office not saying much. At long last our turn came, and we went in. The next hour was a painful, heart-rending experience for Joanne. We

were planning to be married and now the doctor told her in no uncertain terms that my incurable disease would bring a premature death (probably in three or four years). This sudden blow plunged us in a state of depression, though both of us at the time were already Christians. On our way to her apartment we talked of it in monosyllables, and before we parted we prayed for God's mercy and guidance. We knew He would answer our prayers. He did, but not in the way we had expected.

At first I rebelled at the thought of dying. I wanted to live—I was just 27 and was very much in love. I wanted to be married and have a family like other men. Why did this thing have to happen to me? It all seemed unreal—the sort of thing that always happens to other people. What had I done? Had God forsaken me?

On a September evening in 1948, in a small church in Michigan, I had acknowledged Christ as Savior. I told God that night: "Do with me what You will—use me to Your glory." Now was this—this fatal disease—to be to His glory? I remembered I had been sincere that night, but my heart was fickle, for I had gradually slipped into a carnal way of life, lasting until I came to Chicago early in 1954. A Christian friend challenged my attitude and life, and the result was my rededication to Christ.

Near the same time, on Valetine's Day, I met Joanne, and it wasn't too long before friendship ripened into love. When I asked her that important question and she said "Yes," life looked perfect. Joanne and I planned to be married that summer. We discussed my going to college and preparation for linguistic work in the mission field. But now suddenly our plans were ensnared, and I fought against these fetters that dared to interfere with *my* plans—for it was always "*my plans.*"

In June 1954 I received my first treatment for Hodgkins disease—a nitrogen-mustard solution injected into my blood stream. This treatment has a tremendous reaction that always leaves me sick and unable to eat. It lasts about a week.

When the reaction from the first treatment left me, I reported back to my old job as assistant shipping clerk in a publishing house. The big boss called me to his second floor office. He cleared his throat ominously and commenced. "Dick, we can sympathize with your sickness, but we question whether or not you can handle the job. You've repeatedly been absent from your work, and we thought it necessary to hire someone else to replace you."

If I was depressed when I learned the outcome of Hodgkins disease, then I reached a new low now, for to be without funds, to have large medical bills hovering over me, and then to lose my job...! This was more than I could bear. I had to bring my burdens to Christ in prayer; otherwise I could not be responsible for my actions. The only reason the future didn't look hopeless was that "... the trial of ... faith ... though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor ..." (I Pet. 1:7) stared remindingly at me from God's Word. I remembered the trials of Job and his eventual outcome and began to smile again.

My Christian friends rallied to my assistance. My church, Moody Memorial Church in Chicago, helped in a great way to alleviate the financial burden that illness had brought. My landlord said not one word about the room rent that was piling up; instead, he made sure that I had enough to eat. Joanne cheered me when I became discouraged, and upon occasion, I cheered her. I was never sure which did me more good. My roommate advanced me enough money for incidental expenses, and when I assured him that I couldn't repay him very soon, he shrugged it off with, "The Lord has given me more than enough. Forget it." I cannot forget it!

The summer months poured into one another, and I finally found a night house-detective position in a men's residence club. That lasted only a month before my sickness again began to tell on me.

It was hard finding work. I was extremely limited, in the first place, because of poor eyesight. In October I finally found another job, this time with a publishing company as a shipping clerk. And because I no longer do heavy work, I lost it just before Christmas.

In times past I had been a merchant seaman, short-order cook, salesman, and shipping clerk, but now all doors of former occupation had slammed shut in my face. My little world was in a very sad shape, I thought, and the vicious seeds of self-pity began to sprout. "O God, why won't You intervene?" I would cry in my prayers—and at the same time refuse to abandon "my plans."

I didn't mourn the loss of that job too long, however, because a sudden loss of strength sent me back to the hospital for another treatment. While I was thus inactivated, different thoughts presented themselves. I remembered a conversation I once had with my pastor. He had told me, "In whatever you do, Dick, you must trust implicitly in God. You should ask and wait for *His* plan in your life." The full meaning of this finally sharpened into focus, and I wanted only to seek His will. At last, I was acting on Romans 12:1-2, "... present your bodies a living sacrifice ... be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God."

When I gave myself over to Him and began to let Him control my life completely, peace came into my heart, even as it had when He forgave my sins. Now Jesus and His plan for me were all that mattered—if I lived, I was His; if I died, I was His.

The idea of writing was presented to me. This was something I could do without too much strain. And I would be helping others know the wonders of knowing and fellowshiping with Him.

"But how can I learn to write effectively?" I prayed. Someone told me of Christian Writers' Institute of Chicago, and during the summer I enrolled for a course. Joanne encouraged me and I sat down to a typewriter and wrote.

Writing wasn't at all easy, and I wondered if my stories would sell. I wrote and sold two articles. I was encouraged and wrote and submitted more. This was just what I needed! It was a medium of expression and a means to be used of the Lord, for who can deny that writing is a definite ministry. My prayers were being answered

—the Lord was using me. All that was lacking was my marriage to Joanne.

Joanne and I had nursed the desire to be married even through the darkest moments. I was reluctant, though, because I was in debt, and I wanted to be sure I could support a wife. However, in May 1955, I was again in the hospital, and the futility of waiting for a "better" time was shown to us by our pastor. So on a rainy Friday evening in June 1955, at 8 p.m., we became husband and wife.

Things are going along smoothly now. I have a peace in my heart that "passeth all understanding." My writing keeps me busy, and I am blessed with a wonderful helpmate.

Occasionally some well-intentioned soul will tell me I should ask for divine healing. I have, several times, but since I haven't yet received it, I, like the Apostle Paul, am content with God's grace.

Other people will cluck their tongues and try to offer a little sympathy. But despite the circumstances, little do they know the deep peace down inside, and peace that only a heart surrendered wholly to God through Christ can know.

True, there are times when I don't feel too keen about leaving this earth. But at other times I feel like a prisoner that has been promised a release sooner than he expected. When I think of my wife left alone and bearing the load of loneliness, I feel concerned. And when I see all the work that needs to be done in my Lord's fields, which are white unto harvest, I pray that my time will be extended a little longer. Nevertheless, not my will, but His will be done. And I say more firmly than ever, "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose" (Romans 8:28).

This article by Richard Frazeur was published in *Power* in 1956. The Lord answered Dick's prayer that his time be extended a little longer and it was not until Jan. 23, 1962, that he received his Home-call. During the previous year and a half his condition had steadily worsened, but he continued to trust the Lord and be a testimony to those with whom he came in contact. The last time Joanne saw her husband alive was when they shared devotions the evening before his death.

Preaching at Dick's funeral, Dr. Alan Redpath, then pastor of Moody Church, compared this young man to Job and at the same time emphasized the way of salvation for any unbelievers who were present.

In December 1963 Joanne received a phone call from one of Dick's brothers who was passing through Chicago. He informed her that just a few weeks previously he had become a Christian. The Lord used a combination of circumstances to bring him to Christ, one of them being the sermon preached at Dick's funeral. Great was Joanne's rejoicing as she once more saw God's hand in the life and death of her husband.

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Should Children Know About Death?

Yes. Learning to accept death is a natural experience in life which must not be ignored. Most importantly, a child should not only be exposed to death, but should also be prepared for and guided through the period of loss.

WHY?

Surprisingly, the "protection-philosophy" with regard to children's knowledge of death is a current trend stemming from our own death-denying culture. Parents often isolate children from the pain of growing old. They remove grandma or grandpa to a nursing home or hospital. Worse, when death occurs, the child is assigned to a baby-sitter while everyone else participates in the funeral. Allowing the child to be a part of the ceremonies, and even the conversation, helps relieve his fear of the rest of his world crumbling.

Mystery also may be avoided by a proper explanation of death. Each time a child inquires and is denied sufficient response he delves into his own memory bank to create an answer. The longer such mysteries persist, the more difficult they are to correct.

Children may experience adverse emotional reactions. They may become angry, hoping their tantrums will restore normality. They may neglect playing and eating because of guilt—not realizing their actions had nothing to do with the death. These reactions are quite normal, but continuation indicates maladjustment.

HOW?

Honesty should frame death discussion with children as in all "life-forming" subjects. Since the purpose is to reduce fear and induce trust, all information should be factual and not easily discounted by "playground buddies." There is nothing worse than being the last to know the secret and being given the excuse: "Honey, we didn't think it best to tell you."

Simplicity is also vital. Too much information clouds a developing mind when the child is exposed to new language and ideas.

Environment often shapes conversation. Whatever setting is chosen, it should insure an atmosphere where expression can be released freely. Possibly staying in the comfortable family room or going to the familiar back yard playground will spark questions and ease tension.

Love, individual warmth and reassurance should be shared. Closeness and involvement convince the child that his security is certain; and sorrow is more easily faced together. Often parents brace themselves for this "instruction period" by medication and other methods of throttling the emotions. Actually, the child is comforted by tears of his parents realizing that if he were to die they would care. A minister or close friend may assist.

WHEN?

Age grouping often indicates which aspect of death most concerns the child.

1 - 4 These years represent a time where untouchable or unseeable truths are not understood. The child is concerned with his physical needs.

4 - 7 At this age the comprehension level is limited. The biological process of death is being discovered so questions will tend to be factual.

7 - 12 During this developmental period, loss of a close relationship is realized. Discussion involving readjustment is appropriate.

12 - and above. Psychological and religious beliefs are explored throughout adolescence. The child relies on the parent to support tradition when the child questions it.

Because of a variety of influences such as age, personality, and social and religious background, certain guidelines should be followed.

1. The child should be the main factor in the decision.

2. The child should be consulted and encouraged to participate, but not forced.

3. Information should be given only as the child needs or requests it.

VISITATION

The reality of death is visually expressed as viewing the body helps the child to understand that the loss is unchanging. It is best to expose the child prior to the arrival of the visitors. Upon their arrival he will discover the strong feelings others had for the deceased; most assuredly he will be absorbed in that comforting, caring experience.

FUNERAL

The funeral is a ceremony which culminates the days of grief by paying verbal tribute to a life lived. The mature child gains much strength from the sincere words delivered by preacher or friends.

CEMETERY

The gravesite affords a lasting tangible memory. Witnessing the burial helps the child identify the whereabouts of the body. If the child does not attend the interment, he should be taken to the cemetery at a later date.

By including the child in these traditions many of his questions will already be answered.

REMEMBER . . .

Just as a tree must be exposed to rain, snow, wind or forces other than sunlight in order to grow, a developing child must face the unfortunate but (in time) acceptable aspects of life. We know he will react to the death, but it is the responsibility of the parent to guide these reactions.

Emphasis should be placed on the happy experiences that were shared with the deceased so that pleasant images are fresh and constantly being recalled. Above all, the youngster should be commended for all the unforgettable attention he gave the treasured person. His hurt will be lessened and his memories enhanced when he understands that he added much to the happiness of the deceased's life.

For everything its season, and for every activity under heaven its time:

*a time to be born and a time to die;
a time to weep and a time to laugh;
a time for mourning and a time for dancing;
a time to scatter stones and a time to gather them;
a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing;
a time to keep and a time to throw away;
a time for silence and a time for speech;
a time to seek and a time to lose.*

(NEV)

* * * *

The Three Mightiest

F. W. Borehom

God never allows the forest to obscure the trees. He never loses the individual in the crowd. There is a most impressive passage in the prophecy of Ezekiel in which this vital truth is strikingly emphasized. If, God says, and He says it four times over, if He has occasion to send war or pestilence or famine upon Jerusalem, and if, at the time of the dreadful visitation, Noah or Daniel or Job be in the city, He will see to it that no harm of any kind comes to them.

Noah and Daniel and Job! The conjunction of names is wonderfully suggestive. It proves that God in not tyrannized by historical perspective. Writing at that moment, we should never have dreamed of associating those three names. Noah had been dead for thousands of years; Job had been dead for thousands of years; but Daniel was actually living; he was one of the Hebrew captives down in Babylon.

No man, cherishing any respect for historical perspective, would have inserted the name of a living man between two such ponderous names as those of Noah and Job. If I am speaking of the world's great military leaders, I may instance Alexander and Caesar and Napoleon: it would never occur to me to include the name of any man now living. A commander now living may or may not merit inclusion in such a list: but I instinctively feel that it is too soon to assess his relative value and importance. If I am speaking of the world's classical writers, I may mention Homer and Dante and Shakespeare: it would not occur to me to include the name of an author now living: I should feel that, brilliant as a contemporary might be, it was impossible as yet to see him in his true historical perspective. But God has no such scruples. He sees time in the light of eternity. And, when He makes up His list, He does not hesitate to set the name of Daniel, the living captive, between the names of Noah and Job.

That is very beautiful. A man has not to be dead in order to be great in the eyes of the Lord. When He makes up His list of three, He may easily say, Moses and John Smith and Paul; or David and Mary Brown and John the Beloved Disciple; or Abraham and Thomas Johnson and Mary, the sister of Lazarus; or Elijah and Rudy Robin-

son and Peter. John Smith may be only a small shopkeeper in a London suburb; Mary Brown may be only a shop assistant in New York; Thomas Johnson may be only a carpenter at Cape Town; Ruby Robinson may be only a busy mother with her bevy of small children in Melbourne; it does not matter. God sees the real greatness of Daniel, even though he be only a contemporary captive in Babylon, and He sets his name between those of Noah and Job, both of whom have been dead long, long centuries.

IS ANYBODY DEAD?

But perhaps I am distorting the subtle truth that is the real glory of the passage. I have said that Noah and Job had been long dead, but had they been? Were they dead? Are they dead? Is anybody dead? Is there such a thing as death?

Is not this the question that underlies that stupendous affirmation that Jesus made to the Sadducees? As touching the resurrection of the dead," He said, "have ye not read that which was spoken unto you by God, saying, 'I am the God of Abraham and the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob.' God is not the God of the dead but of the living."

What does this mean? It means that, to God, Abraham was alive—as much alive as Peter. Isaac was alive—as much alive as James. Jacob was alive—as much alive as John. And, therefore, Noah and Job were alive—as much alive as Daniel. The artificial distinction which leads us to say that the ancients are dead whilst we moderns are alive does not blur the divine view. He inhabits Eternity; Eternity embraces what we call the Past and what we call the Present and what we call the Future. He is equally at home in each of the ages. In celestial grandeur He moves familiarly among them all. The limits that hedge us about so tyrannically—the limits of Time and Space—do not fetter Him. He dwells in glorious timelessness and spacelessness. Residing in Eternity, He feels perfectly at home there. And there—with Him in His Eternity—are, not only Noah and Job, but Daniel; not only Adam and Paul, but I, myself; not only Isaiah and John Wesley, but the man who will be born a thousand years hence. The distinction between Noah and Job on the one hand and Daniel on the other is a distinction that is rather apparent than real.

NOAH, DANIEL AND JOB

"If," says the promise four times repeated, "if Noah, Daniel and Job be in the city, as I live, saith the Lord God, they shall deliver neither son nor daughter: they shall but deliver their own souls by their righteousness." The most sacred and delicate and precious things of life, that is to say, can neither be inherited nor bequeathed nor contracted. I cannot receive them as a legacy from my parents: I cannot communicate them to my children: I cannot impart them to my friends and acquaintances. The body may have ancestors and descendants: the soul has none. Even in the cases of men of the stature of Noah and Daniel and Job, the soul stands in splendid and terrible isolation. In the presence of God it abides awfully alone.

One more question before we close—perhaps the most intriguing

and baffling question of all. Why, of all the saints available for selection, did God choose these three— Noah, Daniel and Job?

Noah is the greatest example known to us of a *believing* faith. *By faith Noah, being warned by God of things not seen as yet, prepared an ark.* Far from the water, he built a ship. The heathen laughed, but what cared he? God had spoken: he believed: and, notwithstanding the apparent absurdity of his behavior, he acted on his faith. And, centuries afterwards, God liked to think about it. If, He says, when war and pestilence and famine come, Noah is in Jerusalem, My protecting hand shall be upon Noah.

Daniel is the greatest example known to us of a *daring* faith. He was told that the king had signed a decree forbidding his worship. But what cared he? My Lord, he answered, is the King of kings! *And when he knew that the decree was signed, he went into his house, and, his windows being open toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime.* There was no ostentation: he did not pray more or pray differently: there was no flinching: he prayed just as openly and just as frequently. And God liked to dwell upon the thought of it. If, He says, when war and pestilence and famine sweep the city, Daniel is in Jerusalem, My guardian hand shall be upon Daniel.

Job is the greatest example known to us of an *enduring* faith. Pain upon pain; trouble upon trouble; loss upon loss. But Job held his faith. *Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.* And, centuries afterwards, God liked to think about it. If, He says, when war and pestilence and famine ravage the people, Job is in Jerusalem, My sheltering hand shall be upon Job.

Noah, Daniel and Job! Each of the three stands in striking contrast to the other two. There is scarcely one respect in which any two of them are similar. Yet each is very dear to God. And so I learn that, in order to please Him, I have not to resemble Noah or Daniel or Job—or anybody else. I must be myself for Him. I must express my affection for Him in my own way—the way that is native to my own temperament and personality and conditions. And if, by His rich grace, I develop my individuality along the lines most natural to me, I shall, like Noah and Daniel and Job, become so precious in His sight that, in the day of darkness and disaster, He will make me His peculiar care and I shall stand, tranquil and undismayed, amidst the fall of matter and the crash of worlds.

* * * * *

It's Hell, It Really Is!

by Greg Livingstone

If you are a serious Christian, somewhere along the line, you have realized that there really is existence after death, "in the presence of the Lord" or "in heaven." But with considerably less comfort, you realize the opposite as well: that there really is existence after this

life, separated from God . . . hell. Maybe you are not quite sure if you believe in hell, or if you do, *why* you do, but it's one of those beliefs you secretly hope your non-Christian friends are not aware of.

When I was first challenged with Christ's claims regarding hell, my first reaction was negative. I figured that if God is a good guy, He must like me. After all, most people like me. What's God's problem if He can't like me, a regular guy? Even after I became convinced that the scriptures are authentic communication from God, and therefore not to be trifled with, I had a lot of difficulty swallowing the words "hell fire." Surely God is clever enough to have a plan B.

But then I realized how utterly ugly, gross, wicked and manipulative I myself was, and I saw that the real intellectual problem is not so much why "good guys" go to hell, but why anybody deserves to have their slate totally cleansed and be invited to enter the presence of the Holy God. The more I experience mankind with all their self-centeredness, hypocrisy and dark side, the more I realize that the biggest intellectual problem is why *everybody* isn't banned from the presence of God into everlasting separation.

REAL LIVES HEADED TOWARD HELL

Still, this didn't help much when I landed in Bombay, India, in my first missionary endeavor and faced multitudes of people scurrying here and there, so thick that I couldn't see the sidewalk. Millions of real people. None of them Christians. "Could all these people really be headed for a Christless eternity?" I asked myself.

Later, while sharing Christ at the American University of Beirut, I befriended a Muslim from Libya. He came to the brink of the Kingdom. His greatest stumbling block was, "How can I go back to Libya as the only person who is right, the only person who is saved? Could it be that the entire population of Libya is under the wrath of God, headed for 'punishment with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord?'" (2 Thess. 1:9).

FACING HELL'S IMPLICATIONS

I know that if God were to invite me to make a proposal for a change in His Constitution—if I could change any of these issues of reality, the cardinal doctrines of the Christian Faith—I would vote to eliminate hell. I mean, who needs it? Think of the implications of really believing in hell! Before I became a Christian, I was a fairly carefree guy. Nobody to worry about except myself. After I became a Christian, suddenly I had to worry about 2.7 billion people, 17,000 people groups without a church—most of whom don't even have a witnessing Christian in their culture who knows their language and could point them to "the Way, the Truth and the Life." If hell is a reality, multitudes of people are eternally in trouble.

Why did I become a Christian? Because it made me feel good? No, because I believed that I would be an ostrich with my head in the sand if I did not. I could relate to Peter when he said to the Lord Jesus, "To whom else can we go, You have the words of eternal life."

And why did I become a missionary? Because I'm the missionary

type? No way! But because Christ's way is true. God is not willing that any should perish and neither am I.

PICTURING THE PLAGUE

Somehow, it's much easier to think in the physical realm. If your city was suffering an enormous plague that left people lying on the streets dying, and you knew of a warehouse that had the very medicine to save them, how much guidance from God would you need to know what to do? You probably wouldn't call a conference to decide why these people got the disease. You probably wouldn't debate whether or not they deserved to die. It's not likely that you would ask yourself if you had "the gift" to distribute medicine. Can you imagine yourself shrugging your shoulders, musing that "dying probably isn't that bad anyway"? Or can you imagine yourself looking out your window at the people writhing in pain on the streets and calmly concluding that what you saw was "God's problem"?

It's quite obvious that many of us would drop what we were doing, grab a bunch of our friends if possible, head for the warehouse, load up with the medicine, and go to work. It may be simplistically put, but why is it so difficult to transfer the picture into the condition of God's beloved creation, mankind?

Still, when we look around us, most of the "good Christians" we know are not conscious of living in the midst of an inestimable tragedy. Few Bible-believing Christians seem to have integrated the reality of hell into their lifestyle. It hardly seems appropriate to wear a sandwich board in the local shopping center emblazoned with "Turn or Burn!" In fact, it's even difficult to "feel" that our roommate or our neighbor across the street who is such a nice guy is really destined to a Christless eternity. (This, especially, when you suspect that he manifests more of the fruits of the Spirit than you do!)

FOLK CHRISTIANITY

Finally, you may be among those who've never had a satisfactory answer to the constant jeer, "What about all the people who have never seen a missionary, never heard about Jesus Christ? Surely God can't be sending them to hell." Some years ago, I began to realize that my belief system was based not so much on the Scriptures as on popular notions which I had imbibed from others in my life. What most of us act upon as our basic beliefs is in fact what the anthropologists would call "folk religion." In the United States, Christianity is divided up into countless versions of "folk Christianity."

The belief systems may range from the haughty, sophisticated New England "Puhlease, I cannot conceive of a religion that believes in hell," to Hollywood's "Somebody up there likes me," to the "born-again Jock," who inadvertently becomes a relativist when he says, "Well, for me when I take Jesus into the huddle, things go better."

The issue, though, is not what we feel comfortable with, but what is reality.

HELL'S REALITY DEMANDS BELIEF

So why do I believe in hell? For the same reason I believe in heaven. Our Lord Jesus Christ, who proved that He was indeed the

Creator visiting the earth (with full knowledge of reality), confirmed the contemporary Jewish belief that indeed there was life after death, and some would spend it in blessedness, in a place prepared by God for those in right relationship to Himself. But others ("you are of your father, the Devil") Christ clearly asserted would live forever separated from God, in a sphere of existence prepared for those who have deserted Him, either aggressively or passively. They want no part of God interfering with their own will. Hell is an eternal granting of a wish to live without the present pressure or need to worship their Creator.

Is hell then to be our primary motivation in giving our lives in total involvement for the "discipling of the nations"? Perhaps not. The honor of our Lord Jesus Christ is a greater motivation. But if the prospect of bringing glory to God does not propel us toward the great goal of "a church for every people," then THINK about hell!

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REPRINT:

DEATH IN A BRIGHTER PERSPECTIVE

Gordon R. Linscott, 1967



For years I have known that Paul said it is "very far better" to depart this life and be with the Lord Jesus. And I believe it. As a matter of fact, I once wrote a paper on the subject for a college class. In it I cited the testimonies of numerous Christians who paused briefly before crossing over and gave their impression of what lay before them—joy, assurance, peace. I doubted none of them, but still my faith was somewhat academic in nature—it lacked the element of experience which says, "I know it!"

Things are different now. Suddenly I *know* what heretofore was but hearsay. What was to many a tragedy has been to me an unspeakable blessing. I speak of the collision at Winchester that took four young lives—and almost the fifth. Of the girls who died, two had been in my classes through high school. I knew them well, and loved them as though they were my own children. The first news of the crash—it was no accident; accidents don't happen to God's children—came as a shock. The blessing was to follow later as various ones of us pondered the event together.

Five weeks earlier Sharron and Barbara were part of a group on a retreat in the woods. On the last evening, as we sat in a circle

talking about what the Lord meant to us, Sharron said something like this: "For quite some time now, I have had the feeling that the Lord has some special plans for me, but I don't know just what it is. Here of late, I've been impressed that it is something really big. It's going to be wonderful, and it's going to be soon." Later she privately told a close friend, "I wonder if the Lord is coming back right away. I know I'm going to see Him, soon!" She lived in the joy of that anticipation, and now her joy is made perfect. How can I grieve over Sharron's death, when it is the greatest event of her life?

When I went to the funeral home to view the body that had belonged to Barbara, I was met by her mother. I could hardly believe my eyes. No tears, no sad tale of self-pity, no questioning the goodness of God. Instead, a bright smile, eyes that sparkled with joy, and a testimony of thanksgiving and praise to a gracious and loving Lord. She talked about how Barbara enjoyed spending time with the Lord. "Every morning she was up before the rest of us. How many times I've found her with her Bible or in prayer! If she didn't have to go to school, she might go back to bed later, but her day began with the Lord." And now she was with Him, perfectly and forever! She spoke of the earthly sorrows that the girls would never experience. "Barabara and Sharron were such close friends," she continued, "and Naomi." (Naomi was the lone survivor.) "You know," she added, with a note of disappointment in her voice, "It's too bad that Naomi couldn't have gone with them." Very far better! These had been but words to me, but not any more. The commentary of Rose Hutchens gave them reality.

VICTIMS OF OUR CULTURE

While still meditating on this brighter view of death, I ran across a writing that dates back to 125 A.D. It was directed to Emperor Hadrian by the Athenian philosopher Marcianus Aristides, and was an explanation of what Christians believed and practiced. With regard to death, he wrote:

If any righteous person of their number passes away from the world, they rejoice and thank God, and escort his body as if he were setting out from one place to another nearby. When a child is born to one of them, they praise God. If it dies in infancy, they thank God the more, as for one who has passed through the world without sins. But if one of them dies in his iniquity or in his sins, they grieve bitterly and sorrow as over one who is about to meet his doom.

This brought a question to my mind: Do we Christians of the 20th century derive our funeral customs—and much of our feelings about death—from the Scriptures, or from our (pagan) culture? Is our departure from this life a defeat or a victory? Perhaps in too many cases it remains a question. A person was a "good" church member, but nobody really knows how he stood with the Lord. It is hard to celebrate a victory when nobody is sure that a victory has been won. Those of us who knew Sharron and Barbara have no doubts about them; it is not hard for us to share their joy. But how many Christians manifest the enthusiasm for the Lord that those girls radiated? Consequently, the general pattern of our funerals follows that of the world—not of much comfort to the bereaved, and

not much of a testimony to the world. May the Lord grant us that kind of life that will turn our funerals into victory celebrations unto the Lord!

* * * * *

HEAVEN

Winston Allen

For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed to usward. (Rom. 8:18)

A preacher who had announced that he planned to speak about Heaven the next Sunday received the following letter from a man who was very ill:

Next Sunday you are to talk about Heaven. I am interested in that land, because I have held clear title to a bit of property there for over fifty-five years. I did not buy it. It was given to me without money and without price. But the donor purchased it for me at tremendous sacrifice. I am not holding it for speculation since the title is not transferable. It is not a vacant lot. For more than half a century I have been sending materials out of which the greatest architect and builder of the universe has been building a home for me, which will never need to be remodeled nor repaired because it will suit me perfectly, individually, and will never grow old. Termites can never undermine its foundations, for they rest upon the Rock of Ages. Fire cannot destroy it. Floods cannot wash it away. No locks nor bolts will ever be placed upon its doors, for no vicious persons can even enter that land where my dwelling stands, now almost completed and almost ready to enter in and abide in peace eternally, without fear of being ejected.

There is a valley of deep shadows between the place where I live in . . . and that to which I shall journey in a very short time. I cannot reach my home in that city of gold, without passing through this dark valley of shadows. But I am not afraid, because the best friend I ever had went through the same valley long, long ago and drove away all its gloom. He has stuck by me through thick and thin since we first became acquainted fifty-five years ago, and I hold His promise in printed form, never to forsake me nor to leave me alone. He will be with me as I walk through the valley of shadows, and I shall not lose my way when He is with me.

I hope to hear your sermon on Heaven next Sunday from my home in _____, but I have no assurance that I shall be able to do so. My ticket to Heaven has no date marked for the journey—no return coupon— and no permit for baggage. Yes, I am all ready to go, and I may not be here while you are talking next Sunday evening, but I shall meet you there some day.

Thinking about prophecies in the Bible dealing with heaven can and should be a powerful motivation and comfort to Christians as we seek to obey the Lord's Great Commission and as we face the sufferings of this present life. God's promises had a similar effect on Old Testament saints. Of Abraham we read, "By faith he became a sojourner in the land of promise, as in a land not his own, dwelling in tents, with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise: for he looked for the city which hath the foundations, whose builder and maker is God." (Hebrews 11:9, 10). Moses chose not to "enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; accounting the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt: for he looked unto the recompense of reward" (Hebrews 11:25, 26).

Of other heroes of faith we are told that they were willing to be strangers and pilgrims on the earth because they desired "a better country, that is, a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed of them, to be called their God; for he hath prepared for them a city" (Hebrews 11:16).

Many hymns express the true Christian's desire for heaven: "O They Tell Me of a Home," "I Have Heard of a Lard," "The Sands of Time Are Sinking," "I Am a Stranger Here," "When All My Labors and Trials Are O'er."

The word heaven brings to our minds that which is supremely beautiful and satisfying and secure. The basic meaning of the Hebrew and Greek words for heaven is "that which is above." Actually there are three heavens referred to in the Bible: (1) atmospheric, (2) stellar, and (3) "the heaven of heavens." Such expressions as "rain from heaven" and "the birds of heaven" refer to the first. "The stars of heaven" are located in the second heaven. 2 Corinthians 12:1-4 speaks of "the third heaven" or "Paradise." This is where God's throne is located; a fuller description is given in Revelation 4 and 5.

Heaven is a real place. Jesus said in His farewell discourse to His apostles: "Let not your heart be troubled: believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I come again, and will receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go, ye know the way" (John 14:1-4). For almost 2000 years the Lord Jesus Christ has been preparing a place for His bride, His people. Think of the wonders He created in this present world before it was cursed by rebellion and sin. But no sin will be there. That prepared place for a prepared people will be beautiful and wonderful beyond the power of words to portray (a flickering candle cannot illuminate a brilliant sunset).

Heaven is not just a condition or state of being, not something ethereal or nebulous. Heaven is a place just as real as this world on which we now live. When by God's grace we see His heaven, perhaps our reaction will be comparable to the reaction of the Queen of Sheba when she saw the splendor of Solomon's kingdom: "The half was not told me."

The inhabitants of heaven will have real bodies. "We shall be like him (Christ), for we shall see him even as he is" (1 John 3:2). In 1 Corinthians 15, 1 Thessalonians 4 and 5, Romans 8, and Philippians 3 Paul writes about the resurrection of the Christian's body. In Philippians 3:20, 21, we read: "For our citizenship is in heaven; whence also we wait for a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ: who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation, that it may be conformed to the body of his glory, according to the working whereby he is able even to subject all things unto himself." It is important to note that Christ's resurrection body—the body He now has in heaven—is a real body which the apostles and disciples saw and felt (man-made things in heaven will be the nail prints in His hands and the

evidence of the spear thrust in His side). He ate food in their presence and said, "A spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye behold me having" (Luke 24:3). But His resurrection body had new and strange powers: He could pass through a door without opening it; He could travel from one place to another with the speed of thought. Think of the implications of this in exploring the wonders of the new heaven, the new earth, and the new Jerusalem.

The Scriptures indicate we will know each other in heaven. Moses and Elijah were still Moses and Elijah on the Mount of Transfiguration. Identity does not change with the passing of time or conditions. David expected to be reunited with his baby which died; he said, "I shall go to him, but he will not return to me" (2 Samuel 12:23). Stephen recognized the risen and ascended Lord. Paul said, "Then shall I know fully even as I am fully known" (1 Corinthians 13:12).

What will we do throughout eternity? Of course there will be rest from labors, and there will be heavenly music, but this is not all, far from it. We read in Revelation 22:3, "His servants shall serve him." As God provided interesting and challenging employment for Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden before sin entered, so He will provide for His own in heaven. Forever we will be learning more about our infinite God and the wonders of His love and grace and power. In heaven our worship and fellowship and obedience will be perfect. "Just to be near the dear Lord I adore will through the ages be glory for me." "Face to face with Christ my Savior, face to face, what will it be, when with rapture I behold Him, Jesus Christ Who died for me?"

In Psalm 16:11 David wrote, "In thy presence is fulness of joy; in thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." T. D. Talmage said, "You cannot see Venice in a month! Nor can you see the city of God in a day! No, it will take all eternity to see Heaven." 1 Corinthians 2:9 may be applied to heaven, "Things which eye saw not, and ear heard not, And which entered not into the heart of man, Whatsoever things God prepared for them that love him." Our present thinking about heaven falls far short of what the reality will be. Special rewards in "the life that is to come" and the capacity to enjoy that life will be proportionate to our love and sacrifice for the Savior in "the life that now is."

Who can enter heaven? "Only they that are written in the Lamb's book of life" (Revelation 21:27b). Jesus gave three very important *exceptions* regarding salvation:

- 1) Except ye believe that I am he, ye shall die in your sins" (John 8:24 b).
- 2) "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish" (Luke 13:3).
- 3) "Except one be born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God" (John 3:5).

If we can say as did David in the 23rd Psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd," we can also say as he did, "Surely goodness and loving-kindness shall follow me all the days of my life; And I shall dwell in the house of Jehovah for ever."

Questions Asked of Us

Carl Kitzmiller



Will heathen people who have never had a chance to hear the gospel be lost?

Every *responsible* person who does not accept and follow Christ as Savior and Lord will be lost. The New Testament does not offer any salvation except through Christ. We simply cannot avoid the plain meaning of many Scriptures. "He that hath not the Son of God hath not the life" (1 John 5:12).

It is around that word *responsible* that the interest centers, however. Who is responsible? Many Christians believe the Word makes an exception of children until they reach an age sometimes called "the age of accountability." This is not clearly set forth in Scripture, but it is true that Jesus speaks of the children in terms that indicate they are not under condemnation (Matthew 18:1-6; 19:13-15). Until the child can know what sin is, who Jesus is, and can exercise faith, we assume, on the basis of this rather weighty evidence, that sin is not imputed or else the cleansing of the Lord is imputed.

In the same way we may raise questions concerning the person who has never grown up in mental capacity. We do not believe God holds responsible those of whatever age who have never possessed the mental capacity of believing. (Those who have lost sanity after having capability and opportunity to believe are surely in a different situation.)

With the same reasoning some would hold that those who have never heard and therefore have not had a chance are not responsible. The cases are not exactly parallel, however, for to normal persons moving toward adult status, there comes a consciousness of sin. It is universally true that even unenlightened people develop a sense of right and wrong, thus of sin and a consciousness of having sinned. Certainly the untaught are not *as* responsible (cf. Lk. 12:47-48) as those of us who have had many opportunities, but it is not possible to see them as safe, either. Under the old covenant God seems to have allowed for such ignorance, but the early proclaimers of the Gospel declared that day past (Acts 14:15-17; 17:30). Even those who have never heard the Gospel are not without the testimony of nature, and hence, are "without excuse" (Acts 14:17; Romans 1:20-21). Romans 2:12-16 seems to suggest judgment for such ones on the basis of how well they have lived by their own innate standards, but even so, the passage speaks of perishing (v. 12), not of salvation.

It seems to me that God has not fenced Himself into a corner

with respect to such ones and He does not clearly say what their final status is to be, but neither have we any real reason for dismissing them from responsibility before God or ourselves from responsibility for carrying the gospel to them. Of this much we may be sure: Christians are under orders to carry the Gospel to every person in the world (Matthew 28: 19-20; Mark 16:15-16). We must not hold back on the grounds that those who have never had a chance will be saved. We do well to regard it as a life and death matter.

The Bible teaches that Christ was tempted in all points as we are. Some teach that He was unable to sin in any of those temptations. If this is so, how could He be tempted?

I agree that where there is no possibility of sin there can be no temptation. Such is the nature of temptation that it must find a possibility of response in the one tempted. Even in sinful man certain specific sins may not be very tempting because the individual has little desire for that particular evil. Yet, in one sense those who insist on the inability of Christ to sin are right. The problem is the same one we meet all the way through the Gospels and arises any time we consider the perfect presence of both God and Man in one Being. God cannot sin. Man can sin. A Being who can sin is less than God. A Man who cannot sin is not perfectly man. Combine manhood and God and you have a problem. Finite minds are never quite satisfied with the explanations, never quite understand the God-Man. Seeing this is all the doing of God, however, we need not be too surprised we do not understand it. There are many facets of His being we do not and cannot understand.

Our God neither slumbers nor sleeps, but Jesus slept. Our God is not circumscribed by infirmities of the flesh; Jesus hungered, thirsted, grew tired, and wept. God cannot die, but Jesus died. Some would use these paradoxes as "proof" that Jesus was not God, but nothing could be further from the truth. He was God, but He was God in human flesh. It is to be expected that on earth among men we often see the human side of Him. Many of the Gospel accounts seem to show more of His human characteristics than of His characteristics as Deity. God took on Himself human flesh for a purpose and accepted some of the limitations that a human body imposed.

As God, Jesus could not yield to the temptations of Satan; in fact, He was not even tempted. Had Jesus yielded He would have shown Himself to be an imposter and one less than God. But as man, He was sorely tempted and was kept from sin, not by a mechanical impossibility, but by His resisting. As contradictory as that seems, it is nevertheless, true.

It is my conviction that Jesus met Satan's temptations in His role as Perfect Man. He refused to perform a miracle or call for angelic help. He resisted with the same equipment Adam had for resisting—the revealed and known will of God—and He was successful. He went into the arena with Satan with human power

to show that man did not have to fall. Moreover, He knew by experience that power of temptation because as a man He experienced desire and could have yielded. If as a man He could not have sinned, then there was no temptation and He did not learn by experience so as to be touched with the feeling of our infirmity. Yet this is one of the very reasons for His temptation (Hebrews 5:1-10; 4:15).

Sometimes, especially when dealing with God, we can only accept both apparently contradictory sides of a truth and wait for the time when we shall no longer know in part (I Corinthians 13:9-10).

How Shall I Prepare for Missionary Work?

J. Oswald Sanders

GROW SPIRITUALLY

The missionary candidate must have experienced the new birth that is the result of trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. Of course. But a faith that fails to mature beyond the salvation experience will be of little use overseas. So make sure you are growing spiritually.

How? Make a habit of daily prayer fellowship with your Lord. Build that fellowship around His Word, digging into it each day. No amount of Bible school training can take the place of this intimate, two-way conversation with God.

Obey your Lord. In obedience the life is kept strong and free from sin. Listen to His voice through the Word, speak to Him in prayer, reach out for Him to others— and you will grow spiritually.

You should be gaining an in-depth knowledge of the Word of God. Whether you should train in a Bible school or in a seminary depends on your Christian background and development.

Along with this fellowship with the Lord and growth in Bible knowledge must go experience in Christian work. Develop the know-how of dealing with people and their spiritual problems. Learn to lead people to the Savior and to build them up in Him. Learn to serve others and to serve with others in and through the local church. In experience be discovering what it means to be a member of Christ's body. And don't wait until you are free for full-time ministry to find ways of serving the Lord. Make your home, your campus, your place of employment, your home church fields of missionary endeavor.

A period of full-time Christian work, however, can add an important dimension to your training for overseas ministry. Experience in a pastorate, in Bible teaching, or in home missions will give opportunity to prove God's promises and to try your spiritual armor, demonstrating to yourself and to others your missionary potential. Full-time Christian service also often teaches us, as no other way can, that "we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." (2 Cor. 4:7).

DEVELOP MENTALLY

While academic training is secondary to spiritual fitness, the missionary candidate cannot have too wide a general knowledge nor

too good a mental training. Higher education develops good study habits and gives the wherewithal for a wise approach to practical problems.

Teaching the Word—and often our call is to teach and to train—is a ministry of the highest value and fruitfulness. Thus education courses that teach us to teach and to communicate can greatly enhance our effectiveness.

While we do not minimize the power and fruitfulness—under God's blessing—of a gifted worker who has not had the advantage of higher education, the young missionary today does well to have an academic training that will command the respect of well-educated nationals of the third world, for many are coming into the church and taking their places in Christian leadership.

You should have a good reading background for the work God has called you to do. Read missionary biographies and study missionary methods. Research the country of your interest—its people, history, religions, politics, trends. And seek out an understanding of the place of the church in God's economy and of the principles of church growth.

MATURE SOCIALLY

Social grace is closely related to our spiritual influence in touching other lives. We must learn to get into peoples hearts and lives without giving offense. If you cannot mingle easily with those of your own nationality, how are you ever to win the confidence of a people of another language and culture? Be prayerfully working on this area of your life now. Ask God to increase your love for people and to make you able to feel at home with others and able to make them feel at home with you. Developing social grace will also prepare you for adapting to another culture.

Cultivate friendships with international students. Invite them into your home. Learn from them, and develop your ability in cross-cultural communication.

Learn to cooperate with others in a team. Being unteachable and unable to work with others is to be off to a bad start for any type of service.

Temperamental "bumps" and idiosyncrasies, personality complexes, faddishness in diet, and fastidiousness in habits often cause untold sorrow and failure on the mission field. Check up on yourself; ask friends to point out candidly any social peculiarities you might have. Then work with God and others to eliminate problems.

KEEP PHYSICALLY FIT

Keep an eye on your health. This does not mean you should be morbid or introspective about it. But be sensible. Few missionaries are quite as well as they would be on their own soil and in their home climate. So make an effort to complete your training in good health.

If you have to work your way through school or find study a strain on nerves, by all means cut down on activities, even good ones, to get more rest and relaxation. Regular habits of sleep, moderation in all things—in fact, a well-disciplined life—will help you carry a fairly heavy load of study and still maintain good physical condition.

Remember, there is no gain, only loss, where studies and preparation undermine health.

The number of missionaries who serve only one term overseas is regrettably large. Sometimes the reasons for early termination are beyond the missionary's control. Sometimes the reason is spiritual breakdown. Sometimes failure to make physical and social adjustments, combined with spiritual defeat, accounts for unfruitfulness. Because conflict is part of all spiritual work, but particularly of missionary work, the missionaries who have left their mark upon the peoples of other lands and who have borne fruit for Christ have been disciplined men and women. Thus fitness in all four areas of life—spiritual, mental, social, and physical—must be our goal in preparation.

Viewing the News

Jack Blaes



THE POLITICAL PURPOSE: A NEW AMERICA. Michael Harrington, described by the *New York Times* as an American conscience, tells us, "The Democratic Socialist envisions a humane social order based on popular control of resources and production, economic planning, equitable distribution, feminism and racial equality. I share an immediate program with liberals in this country because the best liberalism leads toward socialism." Harrington has much praise for a Dukakis presidency "Because," he says, "There will be new possibilities for talking to the people and changing things and creating another America. A Democratic administration always opens up a space for those who stand on the Left." If we think and act as if it is only possible to do this kind of work in a Democratic administration, we are sadly mistaken. These change agents know no political party. Even the "conservative" Reagan Administration found "space" for those who stand on the Left.

COMMERCIAL BANKS IN THE U.S. ARE, AS OF NOW, supplying Soviet bloc nations with over \$2 billion each month in new loans. Representatives

Toby Roth and Jack Kemp have presented a bill, HR 3095, which is now before the Banking and Foreign Affairs Committee, to deal with this financial fiasco. This bill would give the President control of the export of financial capital and discretionary authority to control the export of goods, technology and cash that could be used for terrorist acts. It would also require banks to declare the number of united loans and to make the list public and require financial institutions to make public any investments in any Soviet debt obligations. It sounds like something you may want to write about to your Congressman and ask him to support.

FOR THE PAST 70 YEARS THE U.S. GOVERNMENT has financed the economic and military development of the Soviet empire. So we, the U.S. have created the monster that has devoured nearly half the world, and which has told the rest of the world, including the U.S. that its sincerest intentions are to consume it as well. The U.S. government has used the military might of the Soviets as the main excuse for the continuous build-up of its own defense. Now, in addition to what we've already given to the Communists, and are yet

sending in many different ways, we are spending \$300 billion on our present defense program. The U.S. and this monster empire is in what is known as an arms race. The politicians are divided as to what the U.S. should do. One group says stop arming, another says we must defend ourselves, so we have to keep arming. At the same time we continue to aid the monster with goods, technology, and money which takes away substance we need to care for our own people. Plus the enormous cost of armaments year after year. Why doesn't someone see that if we would take the Soviet empire off the dole, we would be helped two ways; we would save the enormous amounts in aid, and the Soviet masters would have to put its soldiers to work to care for the legitimate needs of the country and the threat of war they now are will be removed, and the need to spend these vast sums for defense will be unnecessary. What a blessing it would be to all the rest of the world to be relieved of the threat that this evil empire is. It could be done, and I believe it is the most workable solution I've heard.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

Its all over now. From all the rhetoric, they have no plan to remove the scandal of abortion. They seem unaware of the scandal of homosexuality, so that will only spread. The same can be said for the scandal of pornography. They did mention AIDS' so they must be aware of it, but it is not scandalous enough to take appropriate action to remove its cause. They are not as concerned about the separation of church and state as they seem to have been on other occasions. No one was disturbed that a "Reverend" came in second as the people's choice for the Presidential nomination. The Rev. Jackson's name was mentioned from the podium more than any one else's. He most certainly was honored "with their lips", but the most obvious thing in the whole convention was "their heart was far from him."

NONE DARE CALL IT BIGOTRY.

When Federal District Court nominee Shannon Mason of Virginia was before the Senate Judiciary Committee for confirmation, he reported that he had dropped membership in any organization that might be considered as ra-

cially discriminatory, even mentioning a small dance-sponsoring group. Senator Metzenbaum of Ohio, not too kindly, suggested that he had not gone far enough. "And," asked the Senator, "did you ever have any involvement or participation with the NAACP, the Urban League, the National Negro Scholarship Fund? I guess my point is financial support, not actual involvement, with any organization that is frankly black-oriented. Give me something in your background other than the fact that you say you are a fair person. I never heard—and I am not saying you are a bigot—but I never heard of a bigot who described himself as a bigot. Every bigot always says, 'I am fair.'" I expect half or two thirds of my friends and one of theirs would qualify according to the "fair" Senator Metzenbaum as bigots. Myself, I call that a pretty "fair" demonstration of bigotry on the Senator's part.

Not only would Senator Metzenbaum deny being a bigot, he also admits that he is sick of being labeled a "liberal." At least, that's what he told Marc Pearl, executive director of the Americans for Democratic Action. He feels that this is hurting him in his reelection campaign this year. It seems that he has earned a perfect 100% voting record according to the extreme liberal ADA. It's not his voting, mind you, but the publishing of it that disturbs the Senator, and gives his constituents reason to be looking for someone more to their liking. Sounds mighty like the system may start working in our favor for a change. According to Pearl, the law maker made this proposition: If I got the signatures of 25 other Senators to a letter asking you to stop doing the rating (informing my constituents) would ADA stop doing it? I always knew he was a liberal, he didn't have to do a thing to convince me.

SOME NOTABLE QUOTES. JESSIE JACKSON:

"Hey, hey, ho, ho, Western culture's got to go." "Long live Fidel Castro, Long live Che Guevara!" JIMMY SWAGGART: "To allow a preacher of the Gospel, when he is caught beyond the shadow of a doubt committing an immoral act to remain in his position as pastor would be the utmost gross stupidity." CARL ROWAN: "Anyone found in possession of a handgun except a legitimate offi-

cer of the law goes to jail—period.” (1881) “(I favor) a complete and federal ban on the sale, manufacture, importation, and possession of a handgun (except for authorized police and military personnel).” (1985) “Let the National Rifle Association or others call me a hypocrite because I fired a gun in a moment of personal peril. I shall still be for strict gun control. . . . But let them know that as long as authorities leave this society awash in drugs and guns, I will protect my family.”

(1988) And this one from MARK TWAIN I include as being appropriate in these days of political speeches: “The history of our race, and each individual’s experience, are sown thick with evidence that a truth is not hard to kill and that a lie well told is immortal.”

• • • • •
LET’S BE VERY PRAYERFUL THAT JEHOVAH’S will will be done in this land and all over the globe. And in me and you!

Building Better Christian Families

by Fred W. Schott

A REVIEW OF GOOD PARENTING PRINCIPLES

Parenting, or working with children, or being a grandparent, is not easy—not if we take our tasks seriously. I hope these seventeen lessons have been helpful. I wanted more than anything that they be 1) Biblically sound and 2) practical for modern families, parents, teachers, youth workers and church leaders.

I also hope these lessons have left you more hopeful, more confident, more positive about children and families. Loving, living with, and working with children, though difficult, are some of life’s greatest experiences. By the grace of God, and with the support of His people, all of us have everything we need to do a good job.

In closing, remember the following points:

- The Hannah Principle: “Children are a sacred trust from God. Someday we must return them to Him.”
- Be quick to “stroke,” to compliment, and to make positive predictions about children and all members of the family, plus the family as a *unit*.
- Talk less and act more when disciplining.
- Be quick to discipline, but make love its centerpiece—and you need not be severe.
- Empathize and try to understand the teens you love, even when you discipline.
- Know the “danger signs” that tell us teens are getting into serious situations.
- Be quick to listen, slow to speak, and slow to anger.
- Pray, and learn to depend upon the help of the Holy Spirit.
- Remember, the Bible offers great help and great insight into parenting and dealing with children and family. Keep studying carefully the scriptures for more insights by which to build stronger Christian homes.

(Next month: Fred’s responses to your Questions on Parenting. Send them to 1404 N’ Ave., Omaha, NE 68107.)

NO EASY ANSWERS FOR WIVES

Rebecca Huntley

The calls come anytime and from anywhere. Their stories are similar. An unfaithful husband obsessed with sex in one form or another. The wives I talk to are devastated, at the end of their rope many times. They feel as though they have nowhere to turn and no one they can talk to because of shame and guilt. The desire of most is the same, "How do I save my marriage?" Most don't want divorce, they want to know how to repair, restore or change the circumstances.

The Holy Spirit is faithful as I depend on Him to counsel these dear ladies from God's word. It always amazes me how the truth lifts them up and gives them courage to follow the Lord. Self-denial, prayer, fasting and trusting the Word of God are the difficult answers I often must give. We must place our trust in God and be obedient. This may seem like a simple answer to a very difficult problem but I have found that Christian women respond to the truth. Many know the answers but they need Scriptural confirmation.

Sometimes the Holy Spirit needs to convict them of their own sin. One woman from Georgia was angry and hurt because of her husband's behavior. She told me that she was an obedient wife but as we talked, the iniquity in her heart became revealed. She was thinking about avenging her husband's unfaithfulness by committing adultery herself. The Holy Spirit convicted her and she repented of her thoughts.

A woman from Texas had been praying and fasting, hoping that God would stop her husband from going through with his divorce proceedings. When they did go through, she became embittered with God, blaming Him for not keeping their marriage together. She called me for counseling and as we talked, she revealed that she had married her husband, knowing him to be unsaved. It is never the Lord's will for us to be unequally yoked with unbelievers but she had assumed that it was God's will for them to marry. As we talked she realized that she had done wrong by marrying him in the first place. Coming to grips with the truth gave her peace.

There usually aren't easy answers for the wives of men who are obsessed with other women. But we can always rest assured that if we will commit ourselves to doing things God's way, everything will work out for the best in the end. Any wives who wish to talk to me can get my home number from the Pure Life office.

(In these days when pornography is so easily available, sex addiction of all kinds is doubtless more rampant than we think—even among church-members. If someone you know is struggling with this, you may want to check out a Christian ministry called Pure Life Ministries, P.O. Box 1932, Fair Oaks, CA 95628.

I have not used their tapes or books, so cannot at this point evaluate any of their materials except their newsletters—from which the above article is taken. Their catalog lists titles like "Sexual Idolatry," "Restoring the Marriage," "The Spiritual Warrior," "The Jesus Series," "The Fast that Frees," and "Counseling the Sexual Addict."—Editor)

An AMAZING story from the history of missionary radio ministry

Coincidence or Divine Plan?

by Gleason Ledyard

Richard Bronson had been a member of the Far East Broadcasting Company family from its beginning. Having had experience in business management, he had kept the home office running smoothly. But the day came when he and his family were able to head for Manila for a term of service as general director.

Before World War II, the Bronsons were missionaries in eastern Europe. For a number of years they worked among Slavic people. During that time he learned enough of the Russian language to be able to converse in a limited manner.

As soon as the first overseas transmitter was operational in Manila, Bronson urged the use of Russian language broadcasts, and they were some of the first released on a regular schedule.

As Richard Bronson tells it, I saw the Communists jamming our signal more and more, until our engineers were able to count as high as eight jammers zeroing in on our 10,000-watt voice. Although the jamming was very serious, still, because of technical reasons, it was only about 50 per cent effective. The signal went through and could be heard by those who wanted to listen. It was during this period when jamming was so bad I wondered if it was worth it all.

At this point, I was considering asking the program department to take off the Russian programs entirely and use that time for more Chinese releases because it is the largest language block in the world. It is said that one out of every four is a Chinese. We were praying to know if we should cut out the Russian and concentrate more heavily on Chinese.

One afternoon, our daughter Kay fell and broke her ankle and had to be taken to the hospital in the south side of Manila. After we were finished at the hospital, we started back toward the city of Manila intending to drive through it, but as we approached the heavy traffic, I told Marge I just couldn't fight that traffic again. I had been in the city three times that day and didn't feel up to an hour of working my way between and around "all twenty thousand" jeepneys!

We decided to turn round and go to Christian Radio City, which is north of Manila, via the circumferential drive. Because of the extreme heat and high humidity, Marge felt faint and suggested we stop and get some coffee. The nearest place was the Manila international airport. We stopped there.

Upon entering the airport restaurant, we discovered fifty or sixty European people and, having been so accustomed to seeing black-haired Filipinos, we were completely astounded. Men were wearing heavy wool suits with baggy pants and vests, while the women wore bubushka shawls.

My first thought was that they were probably Hungarian refugees being repatriated out in the Orient, since it was near the end of the

Hungarian uprising. But as we sat down at a small table and pulled ours as close as we could to theirs, we discovered they were speaking Russian. Then, I was all the more concerned as to where all these Russians came from!

Trying to strike up a conversation with an elderly couple, I had little success since we had been away from actual ministry with Russians for so long. Finally, I asked the elderly lady if she could speak German—thinking I could do better with that language. She said, “Na, vee no speak German, vee no speak English, vee Russians.”

At that moment a young man about twenty-five years old came over and sat with the elderly couple and told us in very poor English that they were his grandparents and that the whole group were on their way to *freedom*. And he said that with a great deal of emphasis! Then he added that they were from Manchuria and were on their way to Australia.

To try to converse any further was no use; he just couldn't understand my English and I couldn't understand him. Finally, our conversation degenerated down to my counting from one to twenty in Russian and saying a dozen or more phrases in Russian that I could remember. Then he counted to twenty in English and said a few expressions.

It came time for them to leave and proceed by plane to their destination. Most of them were getting up and making ready to leave the room. At that moment, I thought of one more phrase— it was “*Slova Bosia*,” which means something like “Praise God!”

I wish you could have seen the look on their faces! That young fellow jumped from his chair, and the elderly couple beamed from ear to ear as they looked with astonishment to us. The young man pointed to the ceiling and hallooed, “*Slova Bosia, Slova Bosia*.” Then turned to me and pointed to his own chest and cried out, “I also! I also!” At that very moment we realized we were brothers in Christ!

That young man ran round among those people and gathered together about ten of them and came back to us. We found they, too, were Christians. When they learned we were Christians, they could hardly believe it because they had been told by the Communists for years that nobody anymore believed in God. The excitement was tremendous. Although we could not make each other understood, tears began to flow down their cheeks. The little old lady was down on her knees and had her arm around Marge's legs. And the little old man was searching in his pockets and finally came out with a Russian stamp and gave it to Kay as a souvenir.

Just then a big, fine-looking Russian came over and, in perfect English, said he had been secretary of the YMCA in Harbin, Manchuria and asked if I were from a radio station in Manila. I said, “Yes.”

Then he asked, “Do you broadcast the evangelical religion in Russian?”

I answered that we did, and he questioned further, “O twenty-five meters?”

I said, “Yes, we sure do!”

He replied, “Well, friend, we have been listening to you for years.

You have been the only contact we have had with Christians on the outside.”

“Finel” I said. “That is marvelous, but what about the jamming? Don’t they jam our signal something terrible?”

“Oh yes,” he said, “the jamming! But, you know, this young fellow you have been talking to took an ordinary radio and converted it to 25 meters. We would go to his home in the middle of the night—two or three at a time—lest we be suspected, sit on the floor, cover our heads with a blanket, divide a set of headphones so that several could listen at one time, and try to hear some message of hope and encouragement from the outside world.” He continued. “That jamming almost drove us crazy, but you know, it was worth it all if we could only hear just one word, the Name of Jesus, or just one verse of Scripture. It was worth it all! Then we knew that faith wasn’t dead; that there were Christians on the outside who believe in God and maybe were praying for us!”

“Almost beside myself with joy, I found we were walking out the gate together, but the customs officers were holding me back from going on out to the plane. As the crowd kept walking slowly toward the transport, the big fellow yelled back, “Continue the broadcasts. There are many thousands of Russians listening to that broadcast and depending on your message of hope.”

The farther out he got, the louder he yelled. “The Communists don’t realize the finest Gospel propaganda is in the hymns of the church. Continue to broadcast the music. They don’t jam it at all. Don’t stop broadcasting. There are many depending on it. Make it as late at night as you can. God bless you!”

In a few minutes the door of the DC-6 was closed, the stairs rolled away, propellers were turning and the plane taxied to the end of the runway.

This had all happened in less than fifteen minutes! Now it seemed like a dream. We couldn’t believe such a thing had happened!

Later that day I checked with the Philippine Military Intelligence and the American Embassy and no one knew of any Russian refugees going through Manila that day! Not a single newsman or photographer was there to get a story. No one had known of the flight! And yet the Lord caused us to be there at that very time to be encouraged that the Russian broadcasts were going through. You can be sure we didn’t take the Russian programs off the air. We increased them instead.

Sometime after these refugees arrived in Australia they wrote stating they had been in Communist Chinese territory. Russians in Chinese country didn’t get along well with the Chinese leaders. They wanted to get rid of them because of all the food they were eating and the jobs they were taking away from the Chinese. As long as they left Manchuria, it didn’t matter to the Chinese which way they went—east or west.

The Russian government bid high for them to return to their homeland. Promises of good jobs, lots of food, and everything wonderful were made to them; but the choice was theirs. If they had

invitation from any country, they were free to leave. Some went to Australia, some to Canada, and some to South America. But a few fell for the promises made by the Russians and returned to their native land, never to be heard from again. But before they parted, they all agreed to listen each night to the Russian broadcast coming from Christian Radio City, Manila—those in Australia, those in Canada, those in Russia (if they were able to listen), and those in South America. And they would have fellowship together in the Gospel through the radio even though they were separated by thousands of miles.

Let me tell you, this experience made me tingle from head to foot!

THE GREATEST TEST

Help me to walk so close to Thee
That those who know me best can see
I live as godly as I pray
And Christ is real from day to day.
I see some once a day, or year,
To them I blameless might appear;
'Tis easy to be kind and sweet
To people whom we seldom meet;
But in my home are those who see
Too many times the worst of me.
My hymns of praise were best unsung
If He does not control my tongue
When I am vexed and sorely tried
And my impatience cannot hide.
May no one stumble over me
Because Thy love they failed to see;
But give me, Lord, a life that sings
And victory over little things.
Give me Thy calm for every fear,
Thy peace for every falling tear;
Make mine, O Lord, through calm and strife
A gracious and unselfish life:
Help me with those who know me best
For Jesus' sake, to stand the test.
—Barbara C. Ryberg

Two Months in Jail Was Worth It

Gordon Magney

The Turkish jailor told me to relax since I would be under his care for at least 5 years. I couldn't imagine anything worse than spending the next 5 years in a little Turkish prison. My fiance, Grace, was in Tehran and I wasn't sure she would wait 5 years. Obviously our plan to avoid arrest while sharing the Gospel in eastern Turkey had failed. My main concern that Christmas was how to get out of

jail. Some of you were praying for me 21 years ago and God answered your prayers. But why did God allow that to happen?

One of our fellow prisoners, a Kurd named Ramazan who claimed to have killed a dozen men, accepted the Lord. A young boy from the village who smuggled letters in and out for us also found the Lord and is now working for the Bible Society. The four of us learned a lot of lessons during those two months in jail.

Our cell was in the prison basement, but once a day we were allowed out for exercise and fresh air. We would sing Turkish songs, I would play my trumpet, and one brother would even get some preaching in before the jailor hustled us back to our cell. Our only audience were the children who gathered in the surrounding rooftops.

This September (1987) I met a Turk from that same village who told me he had become a believer. "How did that happen?" I asked. "When we were children," he said, "there were some men in prison, and we would listen to them from the rooftops singing songs and talking about Jesus. There are 20 of us now who are believers as a result of those brief open-air meetings!"

Without trials there are no deliverances; without battles no victories. So let's "count it all joy when we meet various trials for we know that the testing of our faith produces steadfastness" (James 1:2,3).

NEWS AND NOTES

"They rehearsed all that God had done with them . . ."

Something New at Woodland Bible Camp:

A Senior Citizens Week, September 11-16, 1988. (Sunday night 6:00-Friday morning 9:00.)

The activities of these days will be geared for people 50 years or older. There will be recreation, visitation with friends, and good food for both physical and spiritual needs—all for \$35 per camper.

Belmont Church of Christ, Winchester, Kentucky:

We are anticipating a wonderful MISSIONS CONFERENCE this year and hope you can join us! "Missions: Doors of Opportunity" will be held Friday evening and Saturday, October 21 and 22.

We will have many workshops—led by missions representatives from various ministries and areas.

Key Speakers will be Chuck Davis of AIM and Robert Garrett, missionary to Zimbabwe.

Film—"The Wait of the World"

—Drama—Tim and Lisa Jones

Youth Extravaganza—activities specifically for youth beginning Friday night after the film

Please make reservations for the Banquet of the Continents (\$2.50) Friday evening and the catered lunch (\$2.50) Saturday. Deadline for being assured of a meal is Wednesday, October 19.

For more information, call me at 606-744-5233, or write me at the church.

—Jonathan Garrett

Gallatin Tennessee:

The following have been selected and approved to serve as Elders:

Ben Joe Moss, David Schreiner, Kenneth Stockdell, Earl Rodgers, David Stewart, Harold Whitaker

Also 13 men as deacons.

Southeast Church of Christ, Jefferson-town Ky.:

We thank the Lord for increased attendance lately. Our average weekly attendance at Sunday school was

149 during May. And our average attendance at the morning worship services was 212 during June. Both of these were new records for us.

Portland Church of Christ, Louisville:

We had a "Persecuted-Church Sunday" again this year. In order to appreciate what our brothers and sisters in underground churches go through, we sang without hymnals—and very softly (to avoid detection by police, spies, etc.). No one used Bibles during the service; even the preacher used only a hand-copied passage (for in some repressed lands the few who own Bibles fear losing them if police invade the meeting). We also prayed for specific individuals who are being persecuted in Marxist or Muslim lands—and their families and churches. Information and suggestions for such services may be obtained from Open Doors, P. O. Box 27001, Santa Ana, CA 92799. They encourage such a meeting annually.

At Portland we set a goal of at least 25 people to be converted during 1988. We trust this will cause us to pray and work with more urgency. Thank God for 13 who have been baptized by the end of July.

Manila, Philippines:

Over 190 students enrolled at Central Bible Institute this semester (starting in June). This is the highest in CBI's history. Please pray for our students, staff, and facilities. Pray that we may grow in knowledge and Christian living.

—David Moldez, C.B.I. Director

News from Word & Work's Office:

We thank all those who helped fix up & paint up our office building.

Please pray for W & W's ministry and circulation. Our circulation has climbed back to 966. Help us get over 1,000 subscriptions by the end of '88, and even more next year.

Sad to say, inflation hurts us all. The mailing rate for books increased from

69¢ for the first lb. & 25¢ for each additional lb. to 90¢ for the first lb. and 35¢ for each additional lb.

Also the cost for binding requires us to sell the bound volume of W & W—1987 for \$11.50 plus postage.

One way that churches can both help and be helped by W & W is to order your "Christian Art" Bulletins through our office. This is a full-color bulletin service. An entire quarter's supply of bulletins is shipped to your church at one time. Orders must be made over 30 days before the first bulletins are needed. Cost for each Sunday's supply is \$3.35 per hundred bulletins. Write for more information.

Louisville Fellowship Week:

We are thankful for the hard work done by many during and in preparation for the recent conference. Attendance was up somewhat during the day sessions, or so it seemed. The special offering for missions amounted to \$1,949.

If you have suggestions for next year's conference, why not get in touch with the chairman of this year's committee: Joe Stone, Rt. 4, Box 164, Taylorsville, KY 40071. 502-447-2316.

Important Coming Events:

Restoration Forum VI, to be held at Akron, Ohio November 1-3.

Central Louisiana Christian Fellowship, at Glenmore, La. Nov. 14-17. More next month about both of these.

Belmont Church, Winchester, KY:

Our Sunday morning worship was opened with a beautiful rendition of the song, "I Asked the Lord," sung by Belmont's 20 voice choir, trained and directed by Buddy Haggard. We had 112 for Bible Study and 141 for morning worship. Tom and Christy Nickell are happy parents of Colin Thomas, a second little son! We are delighted for Tom and Christy. Pray for them as they still face difficulties and dangers in their translation work in the Philippines.

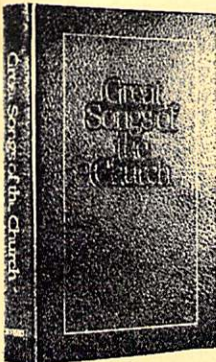
COMING NEXT MONTH:

RESCUE THE PERISHING— WHY AND HOW?

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