

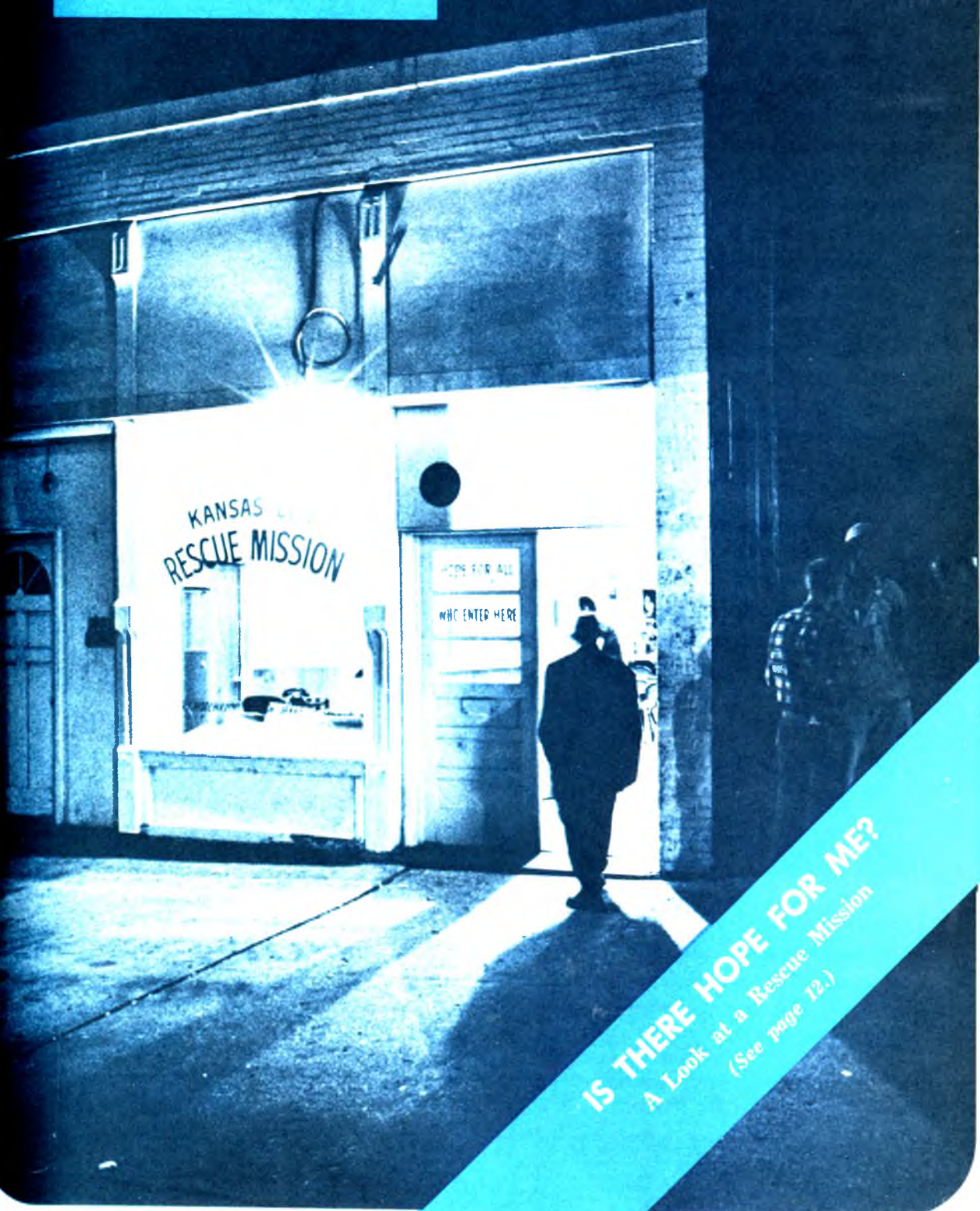
herald

OF HOLINESS

Church of the Nazarene

November 10, 1965

Easy Money



IS THERE HOPE FOR ME?
A Look at a Rescue Mission
(See page 12.)

THE PHARISEES had developed an amazing ability to condemn other people.

They were strict in matters of religion. In their system of religion they had passed through a period of probation. They had successfully completed certain examinations. Having done so, they felt superior. They actually “despised others” who had not reached this high standard of performance.

Jesus repeatedly warned His disciples about the temper and spirit of the Pharisees. In the Sermon on the Mount, He specifically stated the characteristics of the citizens of His kingdom. He required an uncritical temper. His standard and command are this: “Judge not, that ye be not judged” (Matthew 7:1).

The tragedy of the Pharisees was the fact that they became critical with regard to others and hypocritical with regard to themselves.


Critical and hypocritical—the two



*General
Superintendent
Coulter*

often go hand in hand! Exacting and demanding of others, but lax and unscrupulous in examining oneself!

Jesus did not denounce the high standards of the Pharisees. But He

A blue line-art illustration of a man wearing a turban, looking thoughtful with his hand to his chin. The text 'THE CAPACITY TO CONDEMN' is overlaid on the image in large, bold, black letters.

THE CAPACITY TO CONDEMN

denounced their moral hollowness! So in the lives of Christ's followers there must be the spiritual quality of love.

Growth in grace is always accompanied by deep humility. Progress in spiritual things is always manifested by a charitable spirit toward others.

“Judge not.” “Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye?” “Cast out first the beam out of thine own eye.”

Spirituality does not consist of the capacity to condemn—but rather, the capacity to discern, to forgive, to help, and to love.

**Was Paul Carlson
A Martyr by Choice?**

Hamlin: ON MEDICAL MISSIONS

**By HOWARD HAMLIN, M.D.
Medical Missionary**

IT IS ONE HOUR AFTER MIDNIGHT Sunday. The dying coals in the fireplace probe my numbed feet with friendly fingers of warmth. I am munching gratefully as I begin to eat the Saran-wrapped cold chicken, cheese, and apple pie which Maxine has thoughtfully arranged for me.

Certainly it is not the optimum time for writing, but I didn't plan it that way. I had sat down at my desk immediately after Sunday lunch to write the article about medical missions which had been requested several months ago. Its publication date was to coincide with the anniversary of Dr. Paul Carlson's martyrdom in the Congo.

But before I could write a line, the jangle of the phone at my elbow broke into my review of the accounts of that ironic Congo massacre. It was the nurse on duty calling me to the hospital to see emergency patients. From that moment until the midnight watch a continuous stream of the mangled and the ill poured through the reception room

door:

- an infant with tetanus (lockjaw)—the product probably of the cow dung smeared on the umbilical cord at birth seven days previously;
- a strangulated hernia, requiring immediate bowel resection;
- a man with multiple stab wounds;
- a woman who had been hit on the head with an iron bar;
- a British soldier, struck by a car, unconscious and dying;
- a sucking stab wound of the chest with a lung which required immediate suture;
- a European man assaulted and stabbed;
- and a score of others with varying complaints

Using the open end of his Landrover as a medicine shelf, Dr. Howard Hamlin treats hundreds of African bushveld patients, some of which are pictured below.



who needed care between the cases in the operating theater.

And now, to my article. What could I write which would characterize medical missions? What appropriate eulogy could I add to the thousands already offered to the martyred Paul Carlson?

Suddenly "the penny fell"—my article had been in the making all afternoon and evening. The day had written a poignant page in the autobiography of medical missions.

But first I needed to define or identify my subject. What is "Medical Missions"? What characteristic does the medical missionary career have which correctly sets it apart from other medical practices? Is there any basic difference between my day here and that of thousands of busy medical doctors in Chicago, New Orleans, Toronto, or Glasgow?

● Long hours, very little personal freedom to pursue hobbies, greet the family, or eat a home-cooked meal;

● a steady stream of "nuisance cases," of inconsequential problems, interspersed with really needy ones;

● chronic fatigue—

all of these seem to be endemic for medical practice anywhere in the world.

However, there are some differences:

The medical missionary—

● receives less monetary remuneration;

● has usually more primitive working environment and equipment;

● is an intruder into another man's country, a stranger to the customs and mores of his adopted people—and for that reason is often resented.

But these are marginal differences; they are quantitative rather than qualitative.

One cannot talk accurately even about the spiritual emphasis of the two careers; for to the Christian medical doctor, the spiritual welfare of his patients is his first concern, be he in Los Angeles or Nairobi.

If there is a basic difference, then it



The shade of a scrubby tree forms a canopy for the open-air dispensary as Dr. Hamlin treats an ill patient. Two African medical aides are nearby.

probably is:

The divine compulsion (or call) to devote one's life to a people who otherwise would have no chance for spiritual or physical health.

It was this divine compulsion which first took Paul Carlson to the rain forests of the Congo in 1961 for a five-month short term of service. It was the desperate need of the people and the thumb of God in his back that took him back again in 1963. And it was this same divine compulsion which made him return to his patients in the face of desperate danger.

The rains have washed the blood stains from Lumumba square in a city called Stanleyville, in a country called the Congo; but the work which Dr. Carlson founded lives on as others with that same burning heart nurture it.

This is medical missions. Dr. Carlson was not a martyr by choice. He wanted to live and continue the work which possessed his very being. But he courageously faced martyrdom rather than give up the work which he felt was God's delegated responsibility to him. In his last message home before his capture in September, 1964 (as reported in

Decision Magazine, Feb., 1965) he wrote:

"Pray that through the trials we face here we may be an effective witness for Christ, and that through the trials being faced we may see growth in the Congolese church. [They] . . . do not realize that in this century more people have died for Christ than in the early centuries, which we think of as the days of the martyrs."

The Landrover was bouncing over the washboard roads of the Swaziland deep bushveld. My Swazi driver and I were on a double mission: to give medical evidence in a border police post concerning a murder, and to visit one of our farthest dispensaries.

Suddenly my driver broke into the steady staccato of the wheels with his halting English, "Docktela, I believe you must be like Jesus!"

I started with the impact of his words and wanted to remonstrate emphatically, "No! No! Don't even say such a thing. Please don't compare me to my blessed Lord!"

But he continued without a pause. "Two years ago my mother was suffering from a very large tumor in her abdomen. She could not work; she could only drag about painfully from place to place. Then you removed the tumor and now she is healthy and happy again. She runs at her work like a young girl. This is the picture I have in mind of what Jesus did when He was on earth. He healed the sick."

Then it was clear—the eulogy was not for me personally. It was a vote for medical missions—for the compassionate ministries.

To this simple, uncluttered mind was equated what had happened to his mother with the great heart of compassion of Jesus, who could not pass by human suffering and do nothing about it.

"Now when the sun was setting, all they that had any sick with divers diseases brought them unto him; and he laid his hands on every one of them, and healed them" (Luke 4:40).

About This Issue . . .

Last November 24 a hail of bullets from Congolese rebel guns cut down a missionary doctor. Paul Carlson has since become emblematic of a love that is willing to suffer to human limits.

Twelve months later Dr. Howard Hamlin, a Nazarene medical missionary also in Africa, comments on the philosophy which he feels led Carlson and other missionaries to their deaths. As you might expect, Hamlin goes a bit farther than his original assignment. He offers a sound missionary philosophy, and in addition some "Hamlin on Wry."

The cover and a feature article on pages 12-15 explore the work of a Nazarene rescue mission in Kansas City, Missouri. The mission is operated by the Kansas City District. What is the extent of the work? What are the problems? What hope is there to help those who need it? These are some of the questions the text and photos seek to answer.

—Managing Editor

Volume 54, Number 38 NOVEMBER 10, 1965 Whole Number 2794

HERALD OF HOLINESS: W. T. Purkiser, Editor in Chief, Elden Rawlings, Managing Editor; Velma I. Knight, Office Editor; Bill Lakey, Staff Artist. Contributing Editors: Hardy C. Powers, G. B. Williamson, Samuel Young, Hugh C. Benner, V. H. Lewis, George Coulter, General Superintendents, Church of the Nazarene. Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned unless postage accompanies the material. Opinions expressed in signed articles are those of the authors and do not necessarily represent the official position of the Church of the Nazarene. Published every Wednesday, by the NAZARENE PUBLISHING HOUSE, M. A. Lunn, Manager, 2923 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Missouri. Subscription price, \$3.00 per year, in advance. Second-class postage paid at Kansas City, Missouri. Address all correspondence concerning subscriptions to: Nazarene Publishing House, P.O. Box 527, Kansas City, Mo. 64141. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send us your new address, including "ZIP" code, as well as the old address, and enclose a label from a recent copy. Printed in U.S.A. PHOTO CREDIT: Cover, Elden Rawlings

Harassment Continues, but . . .

Reds Agree to Allow Preaching

By REV. PAUL B. PETERSON

President, Eastern European Mission

(EP) IN THE SPRING and summer of 1965, I once again preached the gospel behind the iron curtain. I obtained official permission to minister in Yugoslavia and Poland and preached in the Soviet Union. When applying for my visas to Yugoslavia and Poland, I had stated exactly what I desired to do. I even had an official invitation from a strong association of churches in the latter country to minister to their congregations.

However, the attitude of Communism to religion, and perhaps more especially to Christianity, remains practically unchanged. Religion is still considered the opiate of the people and so is opposed in every possible way and by every known means.

From the time the Communists came into power in Russia on November 7, 1917, they have stopped at nothing to uproot and destroy the Protestant church. These efforts have not been confined to the Soviet Union. The attack against Christianity has been made in all eastern European countries.

The fact remains, however, that the gospel is being preached freely at the present time. Why is there a more favorable climate now? The courage and fortitude of eastern European Christian ministers has been heroic. However, public sentiment, both east and west, against the harassment of Christians has worked toward loosening the chains binding the Christian minister.

What kind of men are our associates behind the iron curtain? The answer should be clear from what has been said above. But it would be naive to think that there are no informers, no secret collaborators with the respective governments, no Judases in the ranks. I have had some of them pointed out to me.

However, even when the fires of persecution have

burned most fiercely, God's true servants in all of these countries have carried on their ministry openly. Ministers in Bulgaria, for instance, are still harassed by the police, but their position would be even more acute if they tried to conduct so-called underground services. Secret worship may succeed temporarily, but not for any length of time, because it is not possible to develop such a ministry due to the vigilance of the police.

Many years ago we learned that to engage the services of "secret gospel workers" involves tremendous risk from the standpoint of their soundness in the faith, their moral standing, and their recognition as true servants of God who have proved themselves as ministers of Christ. Underground Christians have no standing with the recognized churches in iron curtain countries because the churches carry on their ministry openly.

The gospel is preached behind the iron curtain by a witnessing church that has endured intense suffering because of its faithfulness to Christ.

Life Is Forever

*Life is forever. It is death that soon
Shall pass, and all the starless night shall be
No more remembered in the glow of noon
That, undiminished, lights eternity.
When crucifixion came with hope interred,
Emmaus, destination of despair,
Was warmed with revelation and a word
That told them He was living—He was there!*

*Though loved ones gone may walk with us today,
Our eyes are holden and the furlongs reach
Alone and endless. Even though they may
Expound God's plan, we cannot hear their
speech.
But in that city whither our steps turn
We shall break bread, and how our hearts shall
burn!*

By LOIS BLANCHARD

THE WHITE MAN he came to our Bible school that day. He spoke words that made my heart burn. I do not forget. He said that where he is, missionary people are very poor. They want a church. They have no church, they have no money. What to do? They think and think. Then they decide the mother of the house will take out rice each time she cooks. That rice is for God. And hunger, it hungers them all the time because of the rice for God. On Sunday they take the rice to church. They give the bag to God. With God's rice they buy another board for the church that is to be. They build the church with hunger. Now they worship God well.

And my heart it burned and burned as the man talked. It burned like a blacksmith iron. What will I do for God? I come to this Bible school to learn English and how to follow God well. In my village they tell us about God and about His Son. I want to follow this God well, so I come to this school. Now I know English small small, but I know other things better. I must walk gently to be His follower. He is not a God to be deceived.

My teacher she teaches us about giving to God. But there are two men inside me. One wants to give and one does not. I am struggling with these two men when this white man comes to our school. He tells us about the hunger church, and his word it gets inside me. It turns and turns. I cannot sleep. What do I give for God? That night I take counsel with my heart. I know I must do something, but what to do? I cannot give my hunger to God, for my wife cooks lots of yam. My hunger, it would be too little for God. I have no money. What will I give? Then I know. I have a strong back. I will give my tiredness to God. I tell Him that, above my tithe,



EASY MONEY

By EILEEN LAGEER, Nigeria

I will not make an offering to the Lord my God of that which costs me nothing.

I will work for Him every Thursday of the new moon. I will work with a hoe until I am tired. I can give Him that work money and my tiredness too. Then I go to sleep.

But my teacher she says let all Christians give cheerfully, not grudgingly, "for God loveth a cheerful giver." So my first Thursday I sing at my hoeing. I

sing a long time and my heart is glad. I want to be a good follower of God—like Christians in America. I don't want her people to be ashamed of me. I know they give much money to God. Their tiredness must be much more than mine.

It is now three months since the man spoke to us, and today is God's Thursday again. But the cheerfulness is not in my heart. I am tired. Last night my child almost died from his sickness, and I did not get sleep. He is better now—I thank God—but I am feeling tiredness greatly and my body does not want work.

There is that shilling in my box which I found on the path yesterday—maybe I can give that to God for my work today? It is more than I have earned some Thursdays and would buy as much. Would He take that? But if I give Him easy money, will He smile into my heart as He has before? Teacher says not to give God what costs us nothing. And how can I give Him my tiredness if I do not work today? And those people far away where the missionaries live—what will they say if I give Him only easy money?

"He is not a God to be deceived," she said. I must walk rightly if I am to be His follower. I cannot give what does not hurt.

So though my body aches and my heart is not yet cheerful, still I will give Him what I have said. I will give Him my shilling, yes, and I will give Him my tiredness too.

Giving, to be meaningful, must be sacrificial. The above article is printed with the prayer that a new dimension will be added to Nazarene commitment in the **THANKSGIVING OFFERING** this year.

—Your General Stewardship Committee

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THE PARABLE OF THE WATCH

By **SERGIO FRANCO**
Editor, Spanish "Herald of Holiness"

BEHOLD, my wife gave me a watch.

It was an anniversary present, meant to take the place of another wristwatch which she had given me also on another anniversary of fifteen years before, a watch that I lost on a trip.

My new watch is shiny and pretty. When I get to the office, I like to put it on my desk, supported by its band, where I can see the time whenever I need it. For more than a year my watch served me well.

Then, suddenly, it stopped.

I wound it and did all that I could to get it to run. In vain! The tiny second hand seemed stuck to the face. So there it was: very new, very shiny, but very useless.

Immediately I feared the worst; perhaps one of its delicate wheels was out of place, or one of its fine axles was broken. No doubt it would be a costly repair. I visualized the minus sign in my checkbook.

Finally I took courage and went to the repair shop—the same one where the watch was bought. I explained my problem to the watchmaker. With an utterly impersonal attitude, almost like one performing an autopsy, he opened the case. Carefully he placed the magnifying glass over his right eye and with a sharp instrument he moved a piece here, a wheel there. I, my blank expression not revealing my true emotions, waited. The diagnosis was fast and final.

"There is nothing broken in this watch. It is dirty. That is all."

Dirty! What indignity! Not even some decent trouble, like a broken spring, the result of a quick jolt of the watch against another object in my

pocket, where, notwithstanding the many reminders of my patient wife, I often carry it!

And all it needs is to be cleaned! What an anticlimax! It does not need a new part. It simply needs to be rid of that fine dust and dirt which, in spite of the waterproof case, has been able to penetrate the movement.

Later I saw that in my watch and what had happened to it there was a simple parable.

Yes, what happened to my watch often happens to Christians. Our spiritual movement comes to a halt. All that matters has stopped. We may look just as nice, but we are not "ticking." No longer do we serve our purpose for being here: to worship God and to serve Him. Is the cause of it some thunderous fall? Some moral or doctrinal breakdown? A severe blow of the enemy has crippled us so?

No!

The searching eye of the Master Watchmaker will see that the only trouble in our movement is that it is dirty. It is dirty with the accumulation of dust, very fine dust which has bypassed even the ordinary precautions of our soul. It may be the dust of guiding ourselves by other people, of being careless, or of going where we do not belong.

Now we are stopped. Just like watches that do not mark time. Nothing broken or out of place—just dirty. And useless.

Quick, let the Lord cleanse us! In one hour of communion and complete commitment to His perfect will, let us be clean, so that nothing will hinder the turning of the wheels. That fine particle of dirt, yes, and that other one . . . out, out!

Fine, now we are ready. Tic, tac, tic, tac . . .

The Look That Lost a Race

By RALPH EARLE

ROGER BANNISTER, an Englishman, was the first man in history to officially run a mile in less than four minutes. This he did in May, 1954. The very next month John Landy of Australia topped his record by 1.4 seconds.

On August 7 of that same year, at Vancouver, British Columbia, the two athletes met for a historic race. Nobody paid any attention to the also-rans. The question was: Who would win, Bannister or Landy?

As Bannister and Landy moved into the last lap the other contestants were trailing far behind. Landy was ahead. It looked as though he would win.

But as Landy neared the finish line he was haunted by the question: Where is Bannister? Finally he couldn't stand the strain any longer. He looked over his shoulder. As he did, his step faltered. Bannister surged by him to break the tape. As Landy reviewed the race for a *Time* reporter, he said something like this: "If I hadn't looked back, I would have won the race."

So it is for many Christians. In Hebrews 12:1-2 we read: "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses [the grandstands are full of the saints of old, many of whom are named in the preceding chapter], let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience [better, endurance] the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author [Beginner] and finisher of our faith."

The word for "race" when this passage was written is *agon*. It indicates a competitive athletic event. The Christian life is a marathon race where endurance counts for more than speed. "He that endureth to the end shall be saved," said Christ.

The only way that we can win this race is by "looking unto Jesus." He stands at the goal, waiting to receive us and crown us as victors. That is the picture Paul paints in II Timothy 4:7-8.

IT WAS at a humble Nazarene altar on the eve of my eighth birthday that I first sought the Lord. The church was at Woodstock, Ontario, Canada, then one of the few churches in Ontario and a part of the Michigan-Ontario District. The pastor was my father; the speakers for the evening were Rev. and Mrs. L. Sparks, returned missionaries from India.

I remember so well feeling the urgent call of God to my young heart, and I could scarcely wait to kneel at the altar. God did save me that night, and I never ever really got away from it. True, as time passed and I entered my teens and high school, I drifted some, but God kept tugging at my heart.

It was when I was sixteen, in a little Nazarene mission in Galt, Ontario, that I next heard God's clear call. I felt as a minister's daughter I was doing all right. My pastor-father invited Revs. Ellis and Ruth Teasdale to hold special meetings for us. During one of the closing altar calls God spoke to me, and I replied: "But I don't disobey my parents, nor smoke, nor drink, etc." Then God said, "But you do ----," and He put His accusing finger right on the area of my life not pleasing to Him. Humbly I knelt at that old wooden platform and asked God to forgive me and to clean up my life. The next Sunday morning I taught a beginners' Sunday school class and I have been teaching ever since.

A few months later our mission closed and we cooperated with a new Church of the Nazarene in Preston, Ontario, a few miles away. It was a beautiful little church with some dear old praying saints of God. At this altar God sanctified me wholly and at this altar I joined the church.

Then came 1939! I had been keeping company with a young man whose mother had been saved in one of my father's cottage prayer meetings. He attended church with me regularly but had never made a decision to accept Christ as his personal Saviour. Many were praying for him.

In July, Miss Gertrude Payton, wheelchair evangelist, came to Preston. All of that two weeks we bombarded heaven for George's salvation. The meetings were to close on a Friday night. George was a weaver and was at the time working the night shift. Sunday came and went and George did not make a decision.

During the following week I prayed much for George, and I told God I was willing to end our relationship if He wanted me to. Thursday night I prayed through; I could pray no more. The burden had lifted! Friday afternoon, the day of the

Mother of Four Recalls Being Saved as a Child

By **MARIE A. AYRES**
Galt, Ontario, Canada



last revival service, George telephoned me at 5:30 p.m. A carload of cotton had been derailed at Montreal and they had no work, so he would go to service with me.

That night the moment the altar call was given, George made his way down the aisle and wept his way through. The angels in heaven rejoiced with us over this seemingly impossible victory. George had always said that when he accepted the Lord he wanted it to be in such a way that everyone would know he meant it and not just because he was my boyfriend.

September, 1939, Canada declared herself at war with Germany, and the following June, George enlisted in the king's army; but how thankful we were that he had first joined the ranks of the King of Kings! Before long we were married—and by our first anniversary George was on the high seas headed for England, and I settled down to await the arrival of our first child. Words can *never* express what the fellowship of godly saints and the guidance of a Spirit-filled pastor meant to me during those next three years.

My father stood with me at the altar as we dedicated George, Jr., to the Lord. We both wept, as did most of the congregation, for only God knew if his daddy would ever return home. But he did return home, and without a scratch! Our God is abundantly able, praise His name!

The years that followed brought to us two more

boys and a precious little girl, and one by one we gave them back to God with willing, thankful hearts. Oh, yes, they have presented problems through the years, but our church has provided them with spiritual guidance, clean recreation, and wholesome companionships. How we thank God for a church that makes a place for the young people, and for pastors and leaders who carry a burden for their souls!

After seventeen years in Preston, God marvelously opened up the way for a Sunday school to be started in Galt. Several worn-out cars had "given up the ghost" after carrying about twenty-five children to Sunday school each week. Four months after the Sunday school began, my pastor-father went to be with the Lord he loved so dearly. He had seen a new beginning to his dream of twenty years previous.

Soon the Galt church was organized with 8 members. Ten years later we are reporting 45 members and a live-wire building program. Our present converted house seats 70; Easter Sunday morning we had 172 present. All 4 of our children and our daughter-in-law have found spiritual help at the Galt church altar—2 of the children joined the church here, and here our first grandchild was dedicated to the Lord.

What does the future hold? Only God knows, but whatever it is, we can only say with heartfelt, everlasting gratitude, "God bless our church."

EDITORIALS

By W. T. PURKISER

Testimony and Spiritual Pride

It has sometimes been charged that any testimony to holiness of heart would be presumption and spiritual pride and therefore in itself sin. The contention is usually based on the claim that no man can know what lies buried in the depths of his subconscious, and therefore to profess freedom from sin is presumption.

The current popularity of what is known as the "depth psychology" lends some surface plausibility to this notion. Whatever else Sigmund Freud accomplished, he did convince a great many people that the springs of human inclination and action lie far below the present consciousness and beyond the control of the present purpose.

Without entering the psychological debate, this much must be said: No sanctified person has ever claimed that his testimony was based on his capacity to see into the depths of his nature. We may readily admit that our introspection, our ability to see inside our own hearts and minds, is indeed limited.

What we have here is a case where a passable psychology becomes an impossible theology. The argument, if it proved anything, would prove too much. It would, for example, destroy possibility of the knowledge of forgiveness of sins.

Who would claim that he has been able to examine with his own eyes the record of his life in the book of God's remembrance? Who could testify that he knows his sins are forgiven because he himself has seen the page wiped clean, its tale of guilt and transgression expunged by the blood of Christ?

Yet no Christian would object to testimony of sins forgiven on the basis that it is presumption and spiritual pride. For we do not receive such knowledge through any natural capacity or any ability to "see for ourselves."

We know our sins are forgiven for two reasons. The first is the Word of God. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins" (I John 1:9). God has plainly said that confessed sin was forgiven sin.

But we also know through the witness of the Spirit. "For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear," said Paul; "but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God:

and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ" (Romans 8:15-17).

IN EXACTLY THE SAME WAY that we know our sins are forgiven, we may know that our hearts have been cleansed. The same Scripture which assures us that confessed sin is forgiven sin also says "But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin" (I John 1:7).

As in the case of the knowledge of sins forgiven, the inferential knowledge which comes from the Word of God is substantiated by the experiential knowledge which comes from the witness of the Spirit. Paul speaks to this point when he says, "Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God" (I Corinthians 2:12).

The writer to the Hebrews likewise states: "For by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified. Whereof the Holy Ghost also is a witness to us"—a witness first given in the promise of the new covenant, but made personal in the writing of God's laws in our hearts and minds and in the full assurance that accompanies faith (Hebrews 10:14-22).

And John, who was so concerned that Christians "know that they know," wrote, "And hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us" (I John 3:24).

INDEED, A WORD OF CAUTION is in order. There is a right way and there is a wrong way to testify to holiness of heart. The wrong way is to say, "I am a holy person. I am free from sin. I am clean and pure within." The right way is to confess, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanses me from all sin"; or, "The wonderful grace of God is so precious to me, filling me with His love and making pure my unworthy heart."

The difference is easy to see. The wrong way smacks too much of the Pharisee who went into the Temple and lifted up his "Fs" to heaven: "I am not as other men are . . . I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess" (Luke 18:11-12).

But the humble confession to what God has done glorifies our Father which is in heaven. Those whose hearts are cleansed have every biblical sanction for testifying in humility to the sufficiency of

God's grace. "But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me" (Acts 1:8).

Unsung "Profiles in Courage"

This is the title of an editorial by James F. Cole in a Baptist publication. It stresses a very serious side to the work of the ministry in this age.

The status of the minister of the gospel in modern society has drastically changed within the last quarter-century. A church leader warned a group of Baptist ministers in New Orleans two years ago: "Prepare yourselves to be the most hated men in America within ten years."

Just recently in Atlanta, Georgia, the synodical presidents of the Lutheran church were told: "There is a growing loss of respect for clergymen and attacks on them are going to become more common. Clergymen have been at the end of a long list of 'authorities' who have been attacked or criticized in a number of ways." Included in his list were police, teachers, doctors, and political officials.

What is known as "anticlericalism"—opposition to the influence of religious leaders in the life of society—has been gaining momentum since World War II. This is of real concern to the ministry, both for the damage it does to the Church, and because of its effect upon those who might otherwise hear and heed God's call to preach.

All denominations face the fact that fewer and fewer of their choice young people are feeling the "Woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel!" Part of this is due to the declining vitality of personal religious experience. Part of it may be due to the lowered public estimation of the ministry.

It is not easy to determine all the causes for what Mr. Cole calls "the shattered image" of the ministry. One element is the spirit of revolt working throughout the world. Everyone and everything have become targets for unceasing criticism—even the dead are not exempt.

THEN THE ROLE OF THE MINISTRY is becoming more and more complex. In addition to preaching and ministering to the spiritual needs of a congregation, the minister is called upon to be an organizer, an administrator, a publicity man, a social worker, a financier, and sometimes a contractor or even a carpenter and day laborer.

Mr. Cole comments, "With the invasion of the church by the world and its tag-along yardstick of success, the minister is now expected to excel in each of his roles. The impossibility of the task leaves him vulnerable and his image marred.

"He is known not so much as a servant of the Lord and shepherd of the flock, but as a promoter, go-getter and ramrod. In the minds of some, he is a hired man who is to vicariously perform their religious rites, especially in the area of sacrifice."

Two other items ought to be named. The careless criticism of pastors and evangelists by church members in the home, in the neighborhood, and in their social contacts has done a great deal of damage.

But preachers themselves have not been without blame at this point. Their criticism of each other, to one another and to laymen, has been far below the rigid ethical code imposed by other professions such as medicine and law.

EDITOR COLE has a good point. There are multitudes of unsung "Profiles in Courage" in the ministry of the gospel today. In spite of every human liability, they go about their work seven days a week with quiet dedication. Mr. Cole's closing words are to the point:

"The role of the minister needs to be redefined. It is not what it was fifty years ago, and it is not now what it will be fifty years hence. Yet, the primary objective of the minister will always be that of communicating the gospel. The dimensions of the cross demand 'servant-hood' of the minister and a readiness to do and to be what love requires.

"Etched on the statue of the famed Phillips Brooks is the single inscription, 'Preacher of the Word of God, Lover of Mankind.' This is the unending challenge of the ministry.

"Paul expressed it, 'Wherefore seeing we have this ministry, we never lose heart.' Disenchantment may be a word in the preacher's vocabulary, but it should never be a permanent condition of his mind.

"The ministry is lonely, hazardous, but adventurous; yet it offers compensations unknown to the world. It is a life full of glad surprises. And it is the noblest of callings."

The Senator's Second Thoughts

Senator Everett M. Dirksen, minority leader in the United States Senate, has replied to the letter opposing Sunday elections sent him on behalf of the Committee for Christian Action of the Church of the Nazarene by its secretary, Earl C. Wolf (see *Herald* editorial, "A Dangerous Proposal," October 13).

The senator expressed his appreciation for Mr. Wolf's interest, and stated: "Since the bill was introduced I have been literally flooded with correspondence and must admit that the great majority expressed rather strong opposition.

"I thought this was a good idea and introduced the bill to find out how the people would feel about it. Now that they have spoken in such unmistakable terms, I do not intend to pursue the matter any further."

We commend the senator on his openness, and appreciate the fact that he intends to allow the matter to drop.

Is There Hope For Me?

Homeless, this old man stares into the medical clinic where in a few minutes he will unwrap his badly encrusted foot. Not an alcoholic, but ill most of his life, he had shuttled from one veterans hospital to another. Apparently walking his way to the hospital, he heard about the mission.



By **ELDEN RAWLINGS**
Managing Editor

What will you give for a life?
... a bowl of soup? A warm bed? Medical aid? Yes, these are but extensions of the hand of compassion ... the cup of cold water to him who is thirsty ... and a life is saved to live another day. Another day of what? Drudgery? Despair? Agony? Pain? Torment?

But the sign reads, "Hope for all who enter." Is this an idle, thoughtless statement? No, for with the soup, the bed, the aid, comes an invitation to look and live—an offer of healing—a message of hope for a brighter tomorrow.

The mission was this man's only home. A sporadic drinker, he was found dead from exposure not far from the river shortly after this picture was taken.

I CAUGHT UP WITH BERT HOTCHKISS, the Rescue Mission superintendent, right outside the mission door. He had been stopped by a short, stooped Negro man who wore round glasses with clear-plastic frames. He had a dollar bill in his hand, and was stuttering out his appreciation for something Bert had done for him. He tried to give him the dollar.

Apparently all of the conversion power which Bert had been talking about for eleven years had not gotten through to him. He wavered a little as he waved the bill. He had come from down the street where two doors away was a dimly lit tavern. A woman and two men stared out with pale faces and sick-looking eyes.

The man, who had put his money away somewhere in his dilapidated suit, was now, with some degree of solemnity, unwrapping a cigar. He started in on a story which I could see right away was going to take a month to tell. I bid Bert good-bye between the stutters, and started across the dark street. Bert broke in, invited the old man back to church, told him to put his dollar in the offering plate, and followed me.

He picked up the conversation by telling a success story which was eloquent. It was not nearly so eloquent as the one I had just witnessed, which wasn't a success story at all.

He told of being at the Missouri District camp meeting last summer. When District Superintendent Ed Simpson asked him to speak, Bert said he noticed a man in the crowd who had been saved at the mission. He asked him to testify. The man in the pew stood up and told of his back life and how the Rescue Mission had providentially been accessible when he needed it. This had been several years before. Now he testified of being a Christian, employed in St. Louis, attending a Church of the Nazarene there, becoming a husband, and ultimately a father. He was a derelict who had been



Dr. Lottie McWherter, reclaiming after she finished medical school, offers her professional services one night a week. She checks the patient for lung congestion, a frequent ailment among men who sleep outdoors in all kinds of weather.

Photos by Crandall Vail and Elden Rawlings

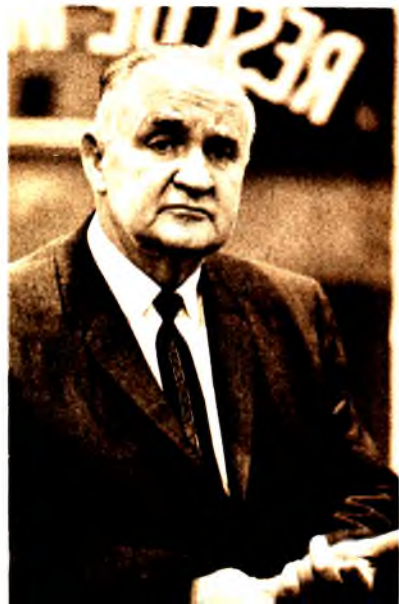


Following the preaching service each night, dinner is served. "It isn't always beefsteak," Hotchkiss said, "but it is nourishing." The mission also serves breakfast, and for those who have a job, a sack lunch.



It is a long way to the altar for hat-clutchers on the back seat. Hotchkiss pleads with them gently to turn their troubles over to God.

Bert and Thelma Hotchkiss spend all of their time in the mission. They have an upstairs apartment. He preaches, and invites other area preachers and Sunday school classes in to hold services. Thelma, among other duties, helps Dr. McWherter in the clinic. The Hotchkisses plan to return to pastoring after the first of the year.



Light breaks through. This heavily jacketed, youthful looking Negro man, who had an "auntie in Pittsburg who knew Jesus," was converted after praying at the mission altar.

converted and rehabilitated to a normal way of life.

In a normal year, more than 36,000 men are ministered to by the Kansas City Rescue Mission. Last year, the total was more than 40,000. Many, like the old Negro man, are willing to accept the physical help, but never the spiritual. A few, as in most other strata of living, find the ability to overcome their fears and apprehensions, and turn their ragged lives over to God. It takes an optimistic, sympathetic person like Bert Hotchkiss to continue a work like this.

Bert was converted from a life similar to the ones he is trying to help now. He was a gambler and a boomer cook and waiter, and had worked in forty-three states before he was saved in a Church of the Nazarene in Bradleville, Missouri. In 1952 he was invited to come by Dr. Jarrette Aycock, then Kansas City District superintendent, and founder of the mission, to hold a revival meeting. In July, 1951, while in his second pastorate, Bert and his wife, Thelma, accepted responsibility for the mission.

The work has been carried on at five different locations, each a rented building, until the last time the mission moved. Here, on Walnut Street, not far from the Missouri River, the district purchased a white-front building which serves as a dining hall, dormitory, and medical clinic for the transients, an apartment for workers, and a sanctuary for any who wish to come.

A young doctor, born in Emporia, Kansas, and saved in her early life, was reclaimed at Kansas City (Missouri) First Church after she finished medical school and sought some place to be of service. Lottie McWherter volunteered her services one night a week to open a clinic and give medical aid to anyone who comes into the mission. Her church pays for medical supplies.

The mission feeds, clothes, beds down, offers medical treatment, and preaches to fifty or sixty men nightly. Bert goes a bit farther. He endeavors to find jobs for the men to work at during the day. They work in car washes, care for lawns, and any other odd jobs available. The mission asks nothing from



the men other than a chance to let a Christian influence be felt in their lives.

This pays off in men finding spiritual help. Often, Bert said, men will come to him in the morning though they did not go to the altar the night before. He will counsel and pray with them in the semiprivacy of his simply furnished, opened-end office. A pencil-sketch of Dr. Aycock, who was himself saved in a mission, hangs on the wall. In the office with no one else around is where Mr. Hotchkiss feels the most profitable spiritual work is done.

Hotchkiss sees the mission as a scriptural project. "We can only help men to understand love as we minister to their physical needs," he said. "We depend on the gospel to change their hearts.

"We treat these people no differently than we would anyone else," he offered. "But we are more to the point in press-



THE CHURCH AT WORK



ing the claims of the gospel." The educational level of the men varies greatly. The mission ministers to university graduates, businessmen, and an occasional fallen Sunday school superintendent. Then there are those who can boast only of having served under General Patton during World War II or something equally inconsequential. Nothing else much had happened of importance during the ensuing twenty years.

As a group sat waiting for medical attention, some stared blankly at the wall ahead of them, others mumbled a brief sentence to someone near. A few ducked their heads when a camera was pointed at them.

But from these have come some who have been dramatically changed by the gospel. One evening among the nine seekers at the altar was a sixteen-year-old boy and a forty-eight-year-old man who looked much more than his age. The man prayed through first, but staved nearby. He even knelt again and prayed with the teen-ager. The boy prayed through and stood. Among those shaking hands with him was the man who had prayed through earlier. He asked the boy's name. The man looked startled. He asked the boy his mother's name. The boy told him. "My God, Boy! You're my son!" The two had not seen each other for fourteen years. Both left that night to start life anew. Bert cried as he told me the story.

Two problems face the Rescue Mission board under the auspices of the Kansas City District, of which Rev. Wilson Lampher is superintendent. First is the lack of a shepherding pro-

gram for the converted men and, occasionally, women. It is important to get these men out of this environment, Hotchkiss said. This has not always been done.

The second is that of finding a replacement for the retiring Hotchkiss. A diabetic and a heart patient, he must find somewhere to go where the strain is not so constant. He has. Already, Thelma and Bert are working on the building of a new Church of the Nazarene in Hilda, Missouri, downstate near where the couple was originally converted nearly twenty years ago.

WORLD MISSIONS E. S. Phillips, secretary

Letters from Missionaries:

BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA—Argentina is a great nation. It is one-third as large as the United States of America. It has a great people and a great civilization. There is wonderful liberty to preach the gospel. We may preach in the church, on the streets, in the open air; we may sell Bibles any place in the republic and distribute literature freely without being disturbed. I feel that we should use every available means to get the gospel out while this wonderful liberty is ours.

We are getting out there to where the people live and work all too slowly. I know that we are by no means the only church working at this job in Argentina, but I do feel that we have a special message for the people of our day, and we must get it before the attention of the generation.

But we are not producing preachers fast enough to get out there to them with the gospel. Traveling all across this vast republic and seeing the multitudes who are without God and salvation, I began to have dreams of having a rolling church—a church on wheels—to make trips where we have no church and to give them the gospel. We have finally been able to see our dreams realized. We were able to dedicate this wonderful church on May 1. Then immediately we went on the first campaign, visiting San Luis, Mendoza, San Juan, La Rioja, Catamarca, Tucuman,

Jujuy, Santiago del Estero, Cordoba, and Rosario. This trip took us two months. We traveled about four thousand miles, preached to an estimated six hundred thousand people, sold 171 Bibles and 250 Testaments, and gave out 85,000 pieces of literature. God was marvelously with us. He protected us in times of danger; He protected us from being sick and gave us strength for the many labors. We expect to see redeemed people in heaven because of this campaign.—*John A. Cochran.*

BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA—God came tonight!

It was in an upper room in the chapel service of the new Bible school building in Buenos Aires. The Holy Spirit moved among us as Mrs. Spurgeon Hendrix spoke to the students about the power of the Holy Spirit. The Spirit of God honored the message and a number of the students made important decisions as all moved closer to God. Unusual? Yes, in a way, but yet this is the natural normal experience in a holiness church.

There was that sweetness of His presence. It was that same presence we have felt many times in past years, in revivals, youth camps, Bethany Nazarene College, Nazarene Theological Seminary, our General Assemblies, Mexico, and now in Argentina. It was that power that enables young people to face God and themselves squarely and then to go out to do exploits.—*Norman Howerton.*

MOVING MISSIONARIES

Miss Marilyn Manchester, new missionary, is in language study in Mexico. Her address is Apartado No. 27-166, Mexico 7, D.F., Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurie Seaman, new missionaries, are now at P.O. Box 1245, Port of Spain, Trinidad, West Indies.

Miss Virginia Stimer is at Nazarene Mission, Banz, Western Highlands, Territory of New Guinea. Miss Mary Ann Wagner is at P.O. Box 92, Florida, Transvaal, Republic of South Africa.

Rev. and Mrs. Charles Melton, Japan, have moved to P.O. Box 63, Chiba City, Chiba Ken, Japan.

Rev. and Mrs. Denny Owens are living at P.O. Box 3423, Manila, Republic of the Philippines. These are new missionaries, brother and sister-in-law of our Korean missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. Donald Owens.

Rev. and Mrs. Paul Beals have returned to British Honduras. Their address is P.O. Box 27, Punta Gorda, British Honduras, Central America.

Rev. and Mrs. Bartlett McKay have a new furlough address. It is 903 Ammitry St., Nampa, Idaho.

Rev. and Mrs. Jack Riley have a new furlough

Every member of our church is a steward of the grace of God. What have we that we did not receive? One practical way to demonstrate our faithfulness and love is to give in a "big" way through the Thanksgiving Offering for world missions on Sunday, November 21. Our potential is far beyond our immediate goal.

Samuel Young
General Superintendent



address. It is 914 North Cedar, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Miss Phyllis McNeil, new missionary, is taking advanced training in Scotland. Her address is Macdougall House, North Road, Bellshill, Lanarkshire, Scotland.

Rev. and Mrs. Phillip Torgrinson are on furlough at 1814 So. 7th, Ironton, Ohio 45638.

Miss Ruth Saxon is on furlough from Trinidad. She lives at 7419 Brooklyn, Kansas City, Missouri. She is attending Seminary.

Dr. and Mrs. Kenneth Stark have returned to Swaziland. Their address is Box 14, Manzini, Swaziland, South Africa.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lindeman, new missionaries to Japan, are in language school. Their address is 12502 26th N.E., Seattle, Washington.

Rev. and Mrs. Chester Naramor will be leaving soon for Chile. Their address will be Casilla 368, Arica, Chile, South America.

Mrs. Eugenia Coats, retired missionary at Casa Robles, has a change of address. It is now 6355 No. Oak Avenue, Temple City, California.

HOME MISSIONS

Orville Jenkins, secretary

News Notes

EUROPEAN DISTRICT, SOUTH AFRICA—Bringing to a close eighteen years of service, District Superintendent Charles H. Strickland reported to the district assembly one new church—Uitenhage—organized with thirty members, an increase of fifty-six in church membership, and five spiritually rewarding youth camps. Dr. Strickland will become the president of a new Bible college in the U.S.

ANCON, CANAL ZONE—Plans for a new church building on well-located property are making progress, according to Pastor Richard H. Loeffel.

SAMOA—Rev. Jarrell Garsee challenged his congregation recently to celebrate his birthday by having an attendance equal to his father's age of seventy-nine. "They took the challenge," Mr. Garsee said, "and we had eighty-six last Sunday morning."

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA DISTRICT—A Spanish-speaking church in San Jose was organized September 12 with eighteen members, according to District Superintendent E. E. Zachary. The pastor of the church is Rev. Lynn Sumner, a Spanish and Portuguese interpreter for the social security department.

Prayer is requested for . . .

. . . the new work in Stockholm, Sweden, which needs a well-located, adequate property. Presently the church is meeting on the fourth floor of a Y.M.C.A. building.

. . . for Douglas Perkins, South Africa, the son of Rev. and Mrs. Floyd Perkins, who is suffering from a glandular disorder. Rev. Floyd Perkins is principal of the Nazarene Bible College.

. . . the Bermuda church, which is in the process of relocating.

. . . the new European Bible College in Germany, which is near its official opening.

. . . Of Local Interest

Three Nazarene pastors joined Rev. Asa H. Sparks, pastor of the Mobile (Alabama) Riverside Church, in breaking ground for the church's new educational unit. Rev. Billy H. Cooner, Mobile First Church pastor, will serve as



Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Stockett

Bethany Couple Celebrates Sixtieth Wedding Anniversary

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Stockett, Bethany, Oklahoma, celebrated on September 11 their sixtieth wedding anniversary at a family reunion at the Disneyland Hotel Anaheim, California.

Nine of their ten children along with their families were present for the celebration.

Two of the Stocketts' sons are Nazarene pastors. They are: Joe, at Sierra Madre, California; and John, at the San Francisco (California) Chinese Church. One son, Marvin, was killed in World War II.

Nazarenes for nearly fifty years, the Stocketts are members of Bethany First Church. They have thirty-five grandchildren, and eight great-grandchildren.

building contractor. Rev. Donald Douglas, Mobile Parkway Church pastor, is the architect. Rev. Walter W. Thompson, former Riverside pastor now serving at Grand Bay (Alabama) First Church, delivered the sermon prior to the ground breaking. The educational unit will cost \$11,000, but, according to Mr. Sparks, will be valued at \$25,000 when complete.

A Negro woman serving as a hospital maid in South Carolina recently told Senior Chief Hospital Corpsman William F. Bowden, who has been in the U.S. Navy for twenty-two years, that she had passed on a copy of the "Herald of Holiness" to a Negro man, and through reading it, he was converted.

Rev. A. Furman Harris, a pastor in the Church of the Nazarene for fifty years, was honored recently in a service planned by his family, in the church in Cottage Grove, Oregon. Oregon Pacific District Superintendent W. D. McGraw was the speaker. The Harris family have three children, all of whom were present for the service.

Membership has grown from twenty-one to fifty-five in one year in the Jacksonville (Texas) First Church "in one

of the most successful years in the history of the church," according to Mr. R. T. Thompson, church secretary. Rev. T. C. Potts is pastor.

Four persons joined the church—two by profession of faith—as a result of a revival in the Sioux City [Iowa] Central Church. Evangelist George Grimm preached during "the best revival the church has ever known," said Pastor Ben C. Johnson.

Three separate altar services without preaching set the tone the first Sunday of a revival in the Farmington Falls, Maine, church, according to Evangelists George and Charlotte Dixon.

Evangelist Frank Roddy said 165 persons were saved in 3 Ohio revivals he has conducted this year. Two new churches were also started.

Rev. Robert L. Ellis has returned to full-time activity as pastor of the New Castle (Indiana) First Church following a gallstone attack from which he was hospitalized several days.

The High River, Alberta, Canada, church has increased from twenty-seven to near fifty in Sunday school, and recently six members were added by profession of faith, according to Rev. Elwyn A. Grobe, pastor.

Evangelist Daniel Stafford is now providing his own lodging by pulling a trailer. This is his thirteenth year in evangelism.

Retired Pastor Discovers New Form of Ministry

Rev. Paul H. Andree, eighty-three, a retired Nazarene pastor in New Eagle, Pennsylvania, has recently discovered a new ministry, simply by looking with interest and compassion on those who live around him.

He is contacting people who are sick, depressed, spiritually bereft, or in physical need, to express his interest in them. As more people learn of him, they have started calling him. He has experienced healings of people for whom he has prayed, and has found his ministry encouraging to them and to him also.

"I have made as many as sixty-five contacts in one day and prayed over the phone with more than twenty who



CALIFORNIA SANCTUARY COMPLETED—Work was completed recently on a new sanctuary by the Auburn (California) First Church.

"SHOWERS of BLESSING"

Program Schedule

November 14—"A Missionary Challenge," by E. S. Phillips

November 21—"The Siamese Twins," by Russell V. DeLong

November 28—"Repent or Perish," by Russell V. DeLong

were sick, discouraged, bereaved, or aged," said Mr. Andre. He has written more than fifty gospel tracts to help in his work.

His ministry was recently described in a feature story which appeared in the Donora, Pennsylvania, *Herald-American*—Monongahela, Pennsylvania, *Daily Republican*, a daily newspaper which serves two cities near where he lives.

Pastor Sees Effect of Personal Evangelism

"Ever since I have been a Christian," said Rev. John Lundy, pastor at Montrose, Colorado, "I have had a desire to be a soul winner. But the thing that got me started was attending a conference on evangelism."

The conference occurred several years ago in Pasadena, California.

As a result of his promise to God at the conference, twenty-one persons were converted within a month through personal evangelism, Mr. Lundy said. Scores more were converted during following months.

One of the first persons Mr. Lundy

talked with was an eighty-five-year-old woman. She confessed to not having been a Christian, and knew little about the Bible. Following her conversion she attended a class to prepare for church membership. On the Sunday she joined the church she handed the pastor an envelope and added: "I have never paid my tithe, and the only thing I know to do is to pay tithe on my savings." The envelope contained a check for \$2,000.

THIS SUNDAY'S LESSON

Brian L. Farmer

Topic for November 14:

Jonathan: Selfless Loyalty

SCRIPTURE: I Samuel 13:3-14:52; 18:1-20:42; 23:15-18; 31:1-2; II Samuel 1:1-27 (Printed: I Samuel 20:12-17; 23:15-18) GOLDEN TEXT: *Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends* (John 15:13).

Jonathan's was a most noble spirit—incapable, one gathers, of hatred, disloyalty, jealousy, or mistrust. Such men as he never find life an easy game, but they always have more than it takes to win.

Jonathan had no desire (it would have been out of character) to be disloyal to Saul his father, nor would he betray his friend David.

How does a man strike an honorable balance when his allegiance is called for in opposite directions? And this is not such a merely academic question as some might imagine. It is, for example, the daily problem to be faced by not a few teen-agers who are seeking to serve Christ and at the same time not to be disloyal to non-Christian parents. Is there any rule of thumb to

live by in situations such as this?

Let us hurry to admit that these situations can at times be exceedingly difficult. The only way is to resolve that at *all costs* loyalty and obedience to God are supreme. All other loyalties, respects, and allegiances must take their place under the umbrella of this proviso.

This is the teaching of the Bible, though some seem slow to see it. The Bible does call for children to be obedient to parents, but the New Testament adds a qualifying phrase, "in the Lord." In all matters of moral inconsequence the Bible calls for a high degree of family loyalty. After all, the family is the unit of society in a Christian community and needs all the support it can get. But if obedience to a parent, for instance, involves disregarding a moral law, then the parent must be respectfully disobeyed. God's law and God's call constitute the highest authority there is and must always, for the Christian, take precedence over every other consideration.

Happily, for most of us, this sort of heart rending does not arise very often. It is not pleasant to say the least. But men of wise heart are usually able to salvage the relationships all around even if, as with Jonathan, the cost is very life itself.

Lesson material is based on International Sunday School Lessons, the International Bible Lessons for Christian Teaching, copyrighted by the International Council of Religious Education, and is used by its permission.

Deaths

ERIC A. MABES, seventy-three, died unexpectedly October 10 in Kansas City, Missouri. An emigrant from Germany, he had lived in the Kansas City area forty-four years. A memorial service was held October 12 in Kansas City (Missouri) First Church, where he was a member. Mr. Mabes is survived by his wife; a son, Robert; a daughter, Mrs. Jane Wiberg; one sister; and six grandchildren.

ALVIE C. MIZE, sixty-nine, died September 13 in the Veterans' Hospital in Denver, Colorado. Interment was in Longmont, Colorado, following funeral services in charge of Rev. Frank Stinnette. Mr. Mize is survived by his wife; one son, Gerald; two daughters, Mary Mize and Mrs. Geneva Badgett; three grandchildren; and two brothers.

MRS. LAURA SAUNDERS, ninety, a longtime member of Colorado Springs (Colorado) First Church, died September 2. Rev. R. E. Bridgwater conducted funeral services. Mrs. Saunders is survived by five daughters, three sons, eighteen grandchildren, twenty-seven great-grandchildren, and four great-great-grandchildren.

MISS EFFIE HOPKINS died September 23 in Las Vegas, Nevada. Survived by one sister, Clarinda O'Bannon, she was a charter member of St. Louis (Missouri) First Church.

Announcements

BORN

—to Richard and Wilma (Alexander) Rushing of Ridgefield, Washington, a son, Randy Lee, on October 8.

—to Rev. and Mrs. James W. Daniel of Little Rock, Arkansas, a daughter, Karla Beth, on October 4.

—to George and Martha Reed Garvin of Westchester, Illinois, a son, Brian Reed, on October 3.

MARRIAGES

—Charlotte Ruth Zink and Richard D. Mottram, Jr., September 4, at Jamestown, North Dakota, Church of the Nazarene.

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AT GENERAL ASSEMBLY—George T. Aughinbaugh, longtime legal counselor for the Church of the Nazarene, appeared briefly before the 1964 General Assembly. At his side is General Superintendent Samuel Young. Oregon Governor Mark Hatfield is to the right and behind Aughinbaugh.

George Aughinbaugh, Church Legal Counselor, Succumbs

George T. Aughinbaugh, eighty-five, a Presbyterian layman who served for fifty years as legal counsel to the Church of the Nazarene—all but five years without pay—died October 18 in his Kansas City home.

General Superintendent G. B. Williamson assisted in the funeral service, held October 21 in the Second Presbyterian Church in Kansas City. "Thousands of his friends in the Church of the Nazarene will gratefully remember George Aughinbaugh as a wise counselor in legal affairs," Dr. Williamson said, "and will cherish the memory of a friend with highest esteem and deep affection."

His early work for the church dates back to Dr. Phineas F. Bresee in 1912-13. He became official legal adviser to the Nazarene Publishing House in 1922, according to Dr. M. Lunn, retired Publishing House manager. "He steered us through some difficult situations at the publishing house and in the general church," Dr. Lunn said.

Aughinbaugh, who started practicing law in Kansas City in 1908, was present for the 1964 General Assembly in Portland, Oregon. "He has been a vital part of the growth and progress of our denomination," Dr. John Stockton, general treasurer, said. "He was always alert to approve anything that would promote the work of the church and opposed that which he felt would reflect on the cause." Dr. Stockton served as a pallbearer at the funeral.



Northwest Graduates Named "Outstanding Young Women"

Two Northwest Nazarene College graduates—one, a Nazarene missionary educator—were named "Outstanding Young Women of America" by a national group headed by Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson.

Phyllis Hartley, a 1956 N.N.C. graduate, and Irene Ammons, who was graduated in 1964, were selected among 6,000 women between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-six by the editors of the annual biographical compilation. They were selected on the basis of contributing something to others, charitable activities, professional excellence, business advancement, and civic recognition.

Miss Hartley is a teacher of commercial subjects in Japan Christian College, Chiba, Japan, operated by the Church of the Nazarene. Miss Ammons is a schoolteacher in Idaho.



Hartley

. . . Of People and Places

The Bible College Offering taken September 12 has reached \$75,233. The number of churches participating is 2,130.

A workshop for district secretaries has been scheduled for January 10-11, just prior to the Conference of Evangelism, according to General Secretary B. Edgar Johnson.

Dr. William M. Greathouse, president of Trevecca Nazarene College, delivered the keynote address October 19 for the college Student Leadership Conference where twenty-five campus leaders and faculty members met.

Thirty-five students from Olivet Nazarene College toured the World Headquarters and Nazarene Publishing House, October 22.

Two television interviews, spot radio and TV announcements, and printed promotional materials introduced the Greater Calgary Nazarene Crusade in which the six Nazarene churches combined their fall evangelistic emphasis. "Numerous spiritual victories" resulted through the united revival efforts, according to Rev. J. Grant Swank, Jr., crusade chairman. Los Angeles District Superintendent L. Guv Nees was evangelist and the Speer family were musicians.

Chapman B. Cox, twenty-four, son of Rev. and Mrs. C. B. Cox, Upland, California, recently received a Bachelor of Law degree from Harvard Law School. He received a \$6,000 scholarship to attend the University of Southern California, where he graduated *magna cum laude* in 1962, was awarded a scholarship to Cambridge University, where he spent one summer studying, and had two offers of scholarships to law schools, including Harvard. He is now employed by a Los Angeles firm. Rev. C. B. Cox is an evangelist in the Church of the Nazarene.

The corporations of the General Board of Foreign Missions and Church Extension were amended October 22 to become perpetual corporations rather than with fifty-year limitations. This action was taken when these two corporations lapsed after being in operation for fifty years, according to General Secretary B. Edgar Johnson. "Foreign Missions" was amended to "World Missions" to comply with the current departmental name. Only one other time has the corporation been amended. This came with the deletion of "Pentecostal" before Church of the Nazarene when the church name was shortened in 1919.

Compacency Breeds Carelessness

TWO BOYS GREW UP in the same community. They played together, attended school together, and seemingly had the same chance in life. The homelife, however, was different. In one home the mother was a devoted Christian, but the father was a man given to strong drink and all sinful habits.

This mother struggled under many handicaps and much persecution. This caused her to trust the Lord more, and so she grew in grace and the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. She found ways to keep her children in Sunday school and church. She also did her best to place good literature in the hands of her children.

The son of this mother learned early in life the evils of strong drink, and even though there was beer in the cellar and whisky in the cupboard he never tasted either in his life.

In the other home both parents were temperate in regard to strong

drink, but saw no reason to fight against it. They did not take time to attend church or Sunday school and just permitted their boys to go if they so desired, which was not very much.

They often made light remarks before their children about the drunken condition of the other home, but they did nothing constructive to teach their boys the sin of strong drink.

One day one of their boys took a little "nip" from the bottle. It was just a social drink, as they call it. He thought that was as far as it would ever go—just a nip now and then. But another day he had some troubles, so he decided to drown them. But when he came to himself he had more troubles, which he tried to drown. This went on into weeks, then months, then years, until now there is no stopping. Today he is a hopeless alcoholic—that is, he is hopeless outside of the grace of God. God could, and He wants to, save his soul and heal his drunkenness.

The lesson I derived from this is: It is better to fight the devil at every turn of the road, even at home, than it is to give way to complacency. To harbor the devil in sheep's clothing is much worse than to face persecution in open conflict.

The devil is more pleased if he can get God's people to take a complacent attitude about sin and sinful practices than he is over all the hellholes of the world.

Complacency leads to softness, but fighting the devil makes for seasoned soldiers of the Cross who would rather die than to compromise. A

the Answer corner

Conducted by W. T. PURKISER, Editor

Are there a true and a false condemnation? If so, how can one tell the difference? How can one know whether God is trying to show him something, or if the devil wants to depress and rob him of victory?

There is a true and there is a false condemnation. False condemnation comes from below. Satan is "the accuser of our brethren" (Revelation 12:10), both before God and in our own hearts.

True condemnation comes through the checks and promptings of the Holy Spirit. We are not to quench His promptings (I Thessalonians 5:19), nor grieve Him by ignoring His restraints (Ephesians 4:30).

The difference is not always easy to tell. Generally, the Holy Spirit uses the Bible in correction and reproof (II Timothy 3:16), while Satan uses the opinions and attitudes of people. The result of the Spirit's leadings is light; the result of the devil's condemnation, if we give place to it, is darkness.

The Spirit's leadings are usually specific. They deal with particular items. Condemnation from below is more apt

to be general, a generalized anxiety that attaches to no particular object.

Usually the Holy Spirit does not crowd or rush us, or push us for immediate and ill-considered action. He gives us time to pray and think. Satan drives for hasty decisions or actions.

The Spirit's voice grows stronger as we wait upon the Lord, and false condemnation tends to leave as we "assure our hearts before him" (I John 3:19).

One of the best ways to drive away the fog of false condemnation is to praise God. He gives us "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness" (Isaiah 61:3).

There is a pathological depression which comes from physical illness or a supersensitive conscience. This must be dispelled by the faith which is more precious than gold, even though like gold it is tried in the fire (I Peter 1:7-9).

I have recently come from a camp meeting where the glory came down on the services. On the way home, I remarked that these same evangelists who saw altars lined at all services, and people shouting up and down aisles, would barely move a stick if the services were in a church edifice, particularly large, new cathedrals where formalism and deadness are the rule. Given the choice of a blessing in a barn, or formality in a new, varnished cathedral, I say give me the old shed. If we are to worship the interior of a building, I recommend the big Roman Catholic cathedral here. How about it?

Well, I'm with you most of the way. I'd much rather have blessing in a barn than the absence of it in a "varnished cathedral." If I were to worship the interior of a building, I'd look for the biggest and best I could find to worship.

But unless the blessing comes from the barn, it isn't necessary to be in a barn in order to be blessed. I was saved in a dusty, dingy old lodge hall that had been rented for the services of a home mission church. But the dust and the dinginess didn't have anything to do with my salvation.

Nor have I ever gone to church to worship the interior of the building. I grant that one may be hindered or helped by his environment in worship—particularly on the first exposure to that environment. But if he really goes to

worship, the Spirit can get through to him whether he's in a shed or a temple.

From our experience on a memorable Sunday afternoon during a General Assembly in the huge and rather awesome Civic Auditorium, I would surmise that if you got the same people together for the same purpose anywhere else you'd get just about the same results you saw at the camp meeting.

I'm sure you'll agree that we should not measure the workings of the Holy Spirit altogether by the number of people shouting in the aisles. Whenever two or three—or two or three hundred, or two or three thousand—meet in Christ's name, He has promised to be present. Let's claim that promise—in barn or shed, in cathedral or temple.

good soldier uses the equipment that the authorities, for whom he fights, provide. Our great Commander has said, "Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of

his might. Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil" (Ephesians 6:10-11).—Fred W. Parsons.



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