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Herald of Holiness

C H U R C H O F T H E N A Z A R E N E



**MY BROTHER
THE ALCOHOLIC**

**CRACK-CRACK,
COKE-COKE**

FOODAHOLICS

**ALWAYS DECEMBER
BUT NEVER CHRISTMAS**

**WHAT THE
LORD IS
TEACHING ME
ABOUT PRAYER**

ONE MINUTE FROM YOU CAN PREPARE THEM FOR ETERNITY.

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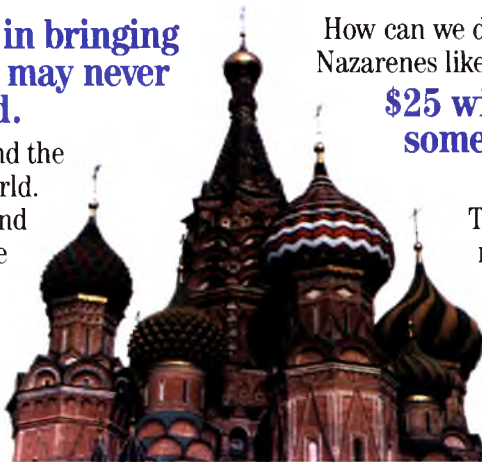
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Herald of Holiness

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WHEN GOD SAYS NO

BY BOB LEITTON
AS TOLD TO PENNY BARGO



Shoving my sermon notes aside, I reached for the phone with a sigh—seems like its cue to ring is linked to my quiet time.

“Bob, come pray for me.” Ruth’s voice trembled with the words that followed. “I’m hemorrhaging,” she whispered.

What’s this all about, Lord? I prayed as I bolted out of my chair. Hesitating for a moment, God’s presence settled upon me. “Prepare your heart,” He seemed to say.

I grabbed my coat and keys and rushed to the parsonage, across the parking lot from the church. My wife trembled on the bed, clutching her Bible. Reaching down, I stroked her hair, noticing its softness, now jet black in contrast to her paled countenance. She’s so fragile, I thought, a shiver rippling through me.

“C’m on, honey, let me pray for you,” I said, gathering her in my arms.

For a year, Ruth had been battling a low-grade fever, along with periods of extreme exhaustion. She tired easily, often becoming edgy, even with Renee, our 12-year-old daughter.

Medications and prescribed antibiotics afforded only short-term relief.

Now, this latest episode spurred the doctor into scheduling Ruth for a complete battery of tests. I was concerned, but not troubled; Jesus was our Healer. How could I know that my faith in God’s goodness was about to spin off into the darkest days of doubt ever to touch my ministry?

Several days later in the waiting room of the hospital’s x-ray department, Ruth’s doctor was paged. An uneasiness gripped me. They’ve found something wrong with Ruth, I thought. Soon afterward, the doctor approached me, Ruth’s x-rays in hand.

“I have bad news for you,” he stated.

He showed me the pictures, point-

ing out a large mass on Ruth’s kidney.

“Is it malignant?” I asked.

“Undoubtedly,” he nodded.

Ruth was scheduled for immediate surgery. “If the surgery is a success,” the doctor said, “she may have three to five years.”

I hung on to the fact that God had never failed us before, and held Ruth’s hand as she was wheeled to the operating room. She squeezed my fingers.

“Always serve the Lord. You’ll be all right,” she smiled. I kissed her and watched the door close behind her.

O God, spare her, please. We need her.

After what seemed an intolerable wait, the surgeon emerged from behind the dreaded door and pronounced the surgery a success. Renewed hope surfaced.



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I stormed through the house, intending to let the worker know exactly how I felt. At Ruth's door I stopped short!

Before our two pastorates, Ruth and I had functioned as a team in evangelistic work; Ruth at the piano while I preached. After Ruth's recuperation, she felt so good that it wasn't long before she not only played for the worship service but sang a solo as well. She never looked better, or more beautiful. The touch of God was evident upon her as she sang "We Shall Behold Him." My eyes filled as God's presence filled the sanctuary. All at

once, those words came to me again. "Prepare yourself."

I knew it was the Lord, and I sensed that Ruth was singing about her own imminent homegoing. Angrily, I pushed the thought aside. *No! She can't die. Renee needs her mother. Lord, You must heal her.*

Just when life had almost returned to normal, another blow struck. Again, the phone rang in my study, and this time Renee's voice broke

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into my thoughts.

"There's something wrong with Mom!" she cried.

I found Renee crying over her mother, who lay unconscious on the floor.

"Daddy, she's dead, she's dead." Renee sobbed.

I struggled to get Ruth on the bed; much to Renee's relief, her mother still had a pulse. When Ruth came to, she seemed partially paralyzed, and I thought she had suffered a stroke. However, we learned it was a seizure, and Ruth was hospitalized again.

"You be good now," she admonished the ambulance attendants. "You accept the Lord—you need Him."

When she returned home, Ruth's vision was blurred, and her eyes watered constantly. Since she couldn't focus her eyes, I would read the Bible to her. One day I found a scribbled note in her Bible.

"God, I yield myself to You. I no longer have control of my life or body." I slipped into the bathroom and bawled. *Lord, I can't give her up. She's part of me.* Ruth had been my best critic, and I was just beginning to realize how much my wife complemented my ministry.

The following day, I was strengthened from reading 2 Corinthians 4:16. "Therefore we do not lose heart. Though outwardly we are wasting away, yet inwardly we are being renewed day by day" (NIV).

Although she physically weakened daily, Ruth's devotion to her Lord and Savior never waned. She prayed for visitors, and they left saying, "She ministered to me." If Ruth entertained doubt, she rarely showed it. Even as Renee and I took over the housework, Ruth's words, "When the Lord heals me . . ." prefaced every solution to the increasing difficulties.

On New Year's day, Ruth returned home from yet another hospitalization. The cancer had spread throughout her body, and she was bedfast. Our home had become a crisis center with a time bomb on the hearth. *Happy New Year, God. Are You there? How can I pray for others when You don't answer my prayers for my own wife?*

One day I found Ruth watching Renee (who looks strikingly like her mom) doing her homework in our bedroom. When Renee left, I sat on the hospital bed Ruth now occupied.



"Jesus will never fail you," Ruth told her.

FULFILL

A response to Psalm 138:8

Fulfill in me
Your perfect will for me,
Creator wise
Whose loving eyes
Will never leave Your children.

Secure, I'll trust
My Father sure and just.
To run or rest,
You know what's best,
And I will gladly follow.

Eternal peace,
Eternal praise,
Eternal God!

—Ken Bible

"If God takes me home, make sure Renee takes piano and violin," Ruth said. "Don't let her forget me."

Choked up, I buried my face in the pillow. She was slipping away, and I was powerless. My prayers weren't working. Later, I slipped into the sanctuary and knelt at the altar rail.

She's too young, God, and too talented. We need her here. Why won't You heal her? O God, why don't You answer?

Sobbing uncontrollably, I felt God's presence surround me. Into my heart came the words, "My grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness" (2 Corinthians 12:9, NIV). I knew God had answered; and His answer was no.

Please, God, I can't watch her suffer. Either heal her—or take her home. Just end her agony. Help me, please.

When I arose, I somehow knew I would find the strength to face the future. As Ruth's illness progressed, we obtained the services of a homemaker. After a hectic week, I'd handed the hospice volunteer a chore list, then left to run some errands. When I rushed into the house later, one glance told me nothing had been done.

Now what? Can't I even leave for a few hours? I stormed through the house, intending to let the worker know exactly how I felt. At Ruth's doorway I stopped short. The hospice worker, on her knees at Ruth's bedside, an opened Bible before her, held Ruth's hand. Tears filled my eyes as I listened.

"Jesus will never fail you," Ruth said. "You just ask, and He will come into your heart. You'll never regret following the Lord."

Ruth's gaunt face beamed as the weeping hospice worker repeated the sinner's prayer and received Christ as her Savior.

The bright morning sunlight danced off the mirror as I entered the bedroom with a cup of tea. It was Maundy Thursday.

"When is Easter?" Ruth asked drowsily.

I adjusted the drapes. "This Sunday is Easter, honey."

She smiled and closed her eyes. I tiptoed out to the kitchen to wash the dishes. A few minutes later, hearing the sound of the respirator, I returned. Ruth's head had slumped to one side, a wistful smile on her lips. Her face glowed. She was gone. H

This I Believe



Lately, I've been thinking much about the work of God as Creator. The opening words of the Apostle's Creed have come to mind: "I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth."

I believe in God . . .

The existence of God cannot be proved or disproved. The Bible and the Creed affirm God; they do not argue God.

The opening words of the Bible set the tone for its entire witness to God. "In the beginning, God . . ." He is affirmed without any attempt to furnish intellectual proof of His existence.

The Creed begins, "I believe in God . . ." It provides no arguments to support the belief. Faith has its reasons, but reason is not the ground of faith.

"God is" and "God is not" are statements of the same kind. "God is" is a positive creedal statement; "God is not" is a negative creedal statement. Both are statements of faith, not science. The theist *chooses* to believe in God, the atheist *chooses* not to. God is not found at the end of an argument. A decision has been made in the heart before arguments are structured in the head.

I cannot find God through reason, however persistent the quest. I seek Him in vain unless I recognize that He has already sought me. I can only respond to Him. He calls and I answer. He demands and I obey. He gives and I take. The Bible calls this "grace."

I believe in God, the Father Almighty . . .

To say Father is to imply *child*. God has an "only begotten Son," our Lord Jesus Christ. God has

many adopted sons and daughters, those who trust in Jesus Christ as Savior and who serve Him as Lord.

To say Father is to imply *authority*. The child obeys the Father, respecting His authority. The Father assumes responsibility for the child, respecting its dependency.

To say Father is to imply *fellowship*. As Father, God communes with His children. The Father speaks to us in His Word and by His Spirit. We speak to Him in prayer and in praise.

God, as Father, is never frustrated. No prohibitions or restrictions can be placed upon His wisdom, power, and love. Circumstances are never beyond His control. His purposes cannot miscarry. His plans are never defeated. His goals are attained by invincible means.

He is the Almighty. He never wrings His hands in anguish or despair because He is unable to care for His children.

He is never frustrated by weariness, embarrassed by poverty, or twisted by hate, as earthly fathers can be. He is all that good earthly fathers wish to be but cannot. He is all that evil earthly fathers should be but will not. He is Almighty, possessing a power of love, wisdom, and goodness unlimited by time and space, unconquered by demons or men.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth.

God created the heavens and the earth. He conceived them in His mind and spoke them into existence. There were no spectators to His acts of creation, and there can

be no reporters of His acts of creation. I can only know what He pleases to reveal about creation, and that is found only in Scripture. I cannot believe any human speculation, therefore, which contradicts divine revelation.

What God creates He *sustains*. He is not the dispensable maker of the deist. He continues to animate the universe. He energizes its life and controls its destiny.

He is present in all He made, but He is not contained by it. He cannot be *excluded from* His creation, and He cannot be *restricted* to His creation. He is not the sum total of existence; He is the sole reason for existence. He is before all else, within all else, and beyond all else.

**God's delivery systems
are impervious to sabotage.**

What God creates He *redeems*. Creation has been corrupted by sin but not abandoned by God. He works in love to restore what has been lost. At infinite cost to himself. He provides for a new heaven and a new earth to be peopled by a new humanity. History encloses a history, a history that opens into eternity, a history of what God has done in Jesus Christ to redeem His fallen handiwork. He is reconciling all things to himself. He is the origin, purpose, and goal of creation.

In this God I do believe!

✠

Always December, but

He had been sleeping in a coal bin to escape the recent cold wave. Coal dust clung to his hair, his shabby clothes, his hands and face. When he presented himself at the Kansas City Rescue Mission, Elmer was the very picture of all his losses.

His lost list read like this:

- wife,
- children,
- all other family members,
- home,
- career,
- respect,
- self-respect,
- and hope.

Looking for a bite of food and a friendly face, this 41-year-old has-been staggered into the Kansas City Rescue Mission. There (by some sort of divine providence?) my dad, who was then the superintendent of the mission, spotted him.

Dad gave him some stew, a pallet, and some floor space to sleep on. Next morning when Elmer had sobered up some, Dad talked with him. Dad seemed especially drawn to this least likely of all prospects.

He contacted a hospital that ran a detox unit. Dad filled out the preliminary application for treatment in Elmer's behalf. But when he handed it to the manager of the detox unit, he took one look at the name and snorted in laughter. "Mr. Tracy, we have had that rascal in here a dozen times. Nothing works for him. We won't spend another dollar of the taxpayers' money on that worthless jerk. We won't accept him. Mr. Tracy, he's hopeless."

Next Dad telephoned Leeds Farm, which back then operated a "dry-out" program. He asked if he could send them a "client" for 30 days of rehabilitation. Dad had worked with them before, and they always accommodated him when they could. When dad gave them the "client's" name, however, they said, "Sorry, we've had Elmer out here so often

that he thinks he owns the place. We've given up on him. He's hopeless."

Dad called the police department and asked if they would pick up Elmer and at least put him in the drunk tank for a few days so he would have shelter, food, and a barrier between him and the cheap wine he lived for. "Sure, we'll come and get him," the officer said. "What's his name?" Dad told him and the officer laughed. "Rev. Tracy, forget it. We know him. He's a piece of trash. We don't want him cluttering up our facility. Anyway, he's hopeless."

Dad then began to call various members of Elmer's family. Each one of them made the same angry speech, which according to Dad went something like this, "Mr. Tracy, we don't want to hear about Elmer, we don't want to think about him, as far as we are concerned he does not exist. We would not give you 25 cents to help him. He's hopeless."

Day's end. Dad returns to the mission. "Elmer, you are in big trouble—nobody wants you. The hospital where you have been so many times will not take you. Leeds Farm won't take you. The police won't even come and pick you up. Your family hates the sound of your name. Nobody wants you. What are you going to do?"

Elmer was sober by now, and when Dad recited again the litany of rejections that he had been trying for a dozen years to deaden with alcohol, he was overcome. The always-hungry tooth of remorse bit deep into his heart like a piercing December wind. Elmer curled up in the fetal position on the floor and began to cry.

Dad, a big man, six feet two inches, 240 pounds, towered over

Elmer and watched him weep. Then, rather gruffly, he said, "There is one person who will take you."

With the most cautious note of hope Elmer asked, "Who?"

"Jesus."

"Oh don't tell me that, preacher."

"He *will* take you, Elmer."

"Preacher, don't you think I have prayed a thousand times from a thousand back alleys? He doesn't want me either!"

Dad went on to explain the gospel to Elmer and finally led him in a fervent prayer of repentance. Elmer found Christ that day. But he was still an alcohol addict. I say this reverently, but I'm not sure that God could have saved Elmer from alcohol by himself—He needed my dad.

Dad committed himself to helping Elmer. It wasn't as though Dad had nothing else to do. He had a full-time job at the railroad; he was the

He's a piece of trash. We don't want him cluttering up this facility. Anyway, he's hopeless.

husband of one and the father of five, and he was the superintendent of the mission that served food and presented the gospel every day of the year. But to this he added becoming friend and prayer partner of a hopeless alcoholic nobody wanted.

For months it was a daily battle—God and Dad and Elmer against alcohol. Some days alcohol won. But even in the bottom of the ninth, God and Dad and Elmer would not give up. The deliverance finally came.

Never Christmas

Elmer's testimony, which I never tired of hearing, was always the same. "When the hospital wouldn't take me, when the farm wouldn't take me, when the police wouldn't take me, when my family wouldn't take me, Jesus took me, and He saved me from drink."

He would then hold out a hand with fingers spread out wide and show everyone that he could hold his hand steady when, for years under alcohol's rule, it had been a trembling hand. He would then close his testimony (which was usually given before the homeless folks in a mission service) with this declaration. "Right now, if it were drink or die—I'd die before I'd drink."

I grew up and left home. Eight years went by. I came home for a visit. Dad took me to a used car lot where Elmer worked. I treasured a chance to see Elmer. Our conversation was interrupted when Elmer's boss came up. "Excuse me," he said as he handed Elmer a huge roll of cash. "That guy over there paid cash for his car. Elmer, would you put this in the bank for me on your lunch hour?" The Lord was restoring the years that the locusts had eaten. Before I left, Elmer told me, "Right now, if it were drink or die, I'd die before I'd drink."

Elmer went on to start his own business. It wasn't much, but he was the guy on the other end of the "General Hauling" ads you see in neighborhood newspapers, and I went away to pastor churches in Kansas, Indiana, and Pennsylvania. Twenty years had gone by when I moved back to Kansas City to work for Albert Harper in the old Church Schools Department at headquarters.

One evening while my family and I were watching television, I grew restless and felt led to retire to my bedroom for prayer. I laid down on the bed and the Spirit brought El-

mer to my mind. I thought that my religious imagination was playing tricks on me again. But I prayed for him anyway. But that wasn't enough. The Spirit kept prodding me. Did He want me to look up Elmer? Or, was I just being sentimental? Besides, my dad had been dead for nearly a decade now. We had lost touch with Elmer.

I felt foolish. I told the Lord that I didn't even remember Elmer's last name, so how could I look him up. We had always just called him Elmer. After all these years I couldn't pull up a last name—which almost got me off the hook. But then it came to me that his last name began with an "H"—but that's as far as I could get.

Mentally I promised the Lord that soon I would go through the "H's" in the phone book and, if I found something that rang a bell, I would check it out. But for now Perry Mason was coming on and . . . But that was not good enough for the Lord—how He nags you sometimes—He reminded me that there was a phone book within arm's reach. Why not check the "H's" now? I turned over on my side so I could reach the phone book on the nightstand. I get skeptical when other people tell me things like I am about to report to you, but I tell you the truth. I could barely reach the phone book from where I lay. I grabbed the top half of the book and it fell open in the middle—in the "H's." But not just in the "H's"—my right thumb was on the name I had forgotten: *Hulse, Elmer.*

It was late, but I called him anyway. He was an old man now and very sick. We talked of old times, and of my dad, and of the Lord who delivers from addictions and who

knows when we are old and sick and need a friend. Once again, he told me, "Right now, if it were drink or die; I'd die before I'd drink."

A few months later Elmer died. I preached his funeral. It was easy. I spoke of the White Witch that C. S. Lewis created—that wicked ruler in whose realm it was always December but never Christmas. I said that Elmer had lived in that realm until Jesus came (like Aslan the Lion in Lewis's story) and broke the power of addiction. I recited for them Elmer's testimony. We all wept and praised the God who is greater than human addictions.

Our world is filled with victims of assorted addictions. Several hungers enslave men and women we know—alcohol, tobacco, drugs, lust, gambling, pornography, praise, approval, and food. If you suffer from any of these addictions, you know what it is

***I'm not sure God could have saved Elmer from alcohol by himself—
He needed my dad.***

to live where it is always December, always a season of chill and cold and biting winds, with no joy of Christmas to keep hope alive.

If you know someone who wrestles with an addiction harder to handle than a three-headed mad dog, you may want to pass along to them this issue of the *Herald* with instructions for them to read the articles by Stephen Miller, Lowell Ferrel, and Donna Wright. It's only August, but Christmas is coming.

H

The Readers Write

Working Women

Thank you so much for the article by Rebecca Laird in the April issue. It was with a feeling of relief that I read the article "Working Women." For a long time I've felt the isolation of which she wrote.

I am a registered nurse, not only because it is my profession but also because I know it is what God has chosen for me. Over the past few years I have had to miss scheduled church services due to job demands. Although my preference would be to attend church rather than be at work, it has been rare that anyone has ever said "missed you in church."

The impression is that somehow I don't measure up to other mothers because of working full-time. Having a career doesn't change my spiritual needs and desires. Neither does it change my capabilities as a mother, wife, or Christian.

I pray that the church will take heed and put into action those recommendations presented. Thanks again for such a timely article.

*Ruth Brant
Bartlesville, Okla.*

Give Me a Break—or a Brake

The last thing I needed was Becky Laird's whiny diatribe about "working" women.

Ms. Laird attempts to use statistics to support a popular lament: We modern women experience so much more stress and fatigue than our Christian foremothers did. Give me a break! I strongly question that Susanna Wesley's ordinary day with 10 or more children (and no modern conveniences) was any less stressful and fatiguing than anyone's workday in the 1990s. Let's not fall into the "My life is worse than yours" trap.

Ms. Laird also excerpts the humanist C. H. Jung's statement that isolation is the opposite of community, and applies it solely to the church in her column. The implication is that the church has responsibility to meet all of one's emotional needs. C. H. Jung's definition of community is not confined to the church, if it indeed would include it at all! He refers to society in general.

Healthy Christians recognize that emotional support comes from many interwoven circles of relationships: spouses, family, friends, coworkers, and so on.

Jesus said, "Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest." We do well to remember that promise.

*Faith Mapes
Brookville, Pa.*

No Excuse for Abuse

Please consider this a congratulatory letter for the timely articles in the March issue of the *Herald*, regarding sexual, physical, and psychological abuse.

This writer is a licensed marriage, family, and child counselor, and has listened to many scenarios regarding these abuses over nearly 20 years in practice. It has been appalling to me how many of these patients come from evangelical churches, including our own. A granddaughter was psychologically and physically abused in a Sunday School class in one of our . . . churches, and as a result she is afraid to go to Sunday School.

It is really inexcusable that the church tends to push this subject under the rug and use biblical terms to excuse the behavior. Addressing the admonition for the church to get her voice back is certainly one that the church seriously needs to consider. . . .

It's about time the church begins to face reality. I do not find any conflict between confrontive in-depth therapy and what is taught in the Bible.

*Pauline J. Samp
Glendora, Calif.*

No More on Child Abuse

I am writing to you concerning the article "Family and Sexual Violence: What the Church Needs to Know and Do" by Carmen Renee Berry and also the editorial by Wesley D. Tracy in the March issue of the *Herald of Holiness* magazine. These were informative articles, and we realize as Christians we need to be informed about abuse as there is much abuse in the world today. But why does the *Herald of Holiness* have to contain eight pages of this subject? We need to read something uplifting after hearing of sexual abuse on every TV, radio stations, and reading of it in every newspaper. I am a Sunday School kindergarten teacher and a grandmother of six, and I am concerned about all the sexual abuse.

I am very disturbed because in the article on family violence there is a list of things to do if you think your child has been abused. It states to believe the child. Children rarely lie about sexual abuse. I just do not agree with this! I have three friends who have all been falsely accused of sexually abusing some children in school. There is no adult evidence, only these few children saying this happened. Two hundred children never saw anything happen. I've studied this case for over two years now, and I've also attended some of the trials. I've heard for myself these children lie and fantasize about things that just didn't happen.

If the *Herald of Holiness* continues to publish articles on sexual abuse I will cancel my subscription. Thank you for taking the time to read this letter.

*Maevene Leep
Myrtle Point, Oreg.*

Mr. Lunn

Earth seems a little emptier these days now that New Jerusalem has claimed one of its sons. M. A. "Bud" Lunn was a brother beloved to all of us who had a chance to work with him. . . . Many of our lives were enriched with the simple conversations and decision meetings that surrounded Bud Lunn.

Forever we will remember how decisions were made . . . with the simple phrase: "We are here to serve the local church; if the local church needs it, then we have to find a way to do it." Bud Lunn steered the Nazarene Publishing House from a small organization to a great printing center. The hours he gave to the church will probably go unsurpassed. Even into the wee hours of the morning and into the weekend, Bud would be found serving his church faithfully at his desk. . . .

In the years I knew him personally, he was constantly reading every piece of literature published by the Nazarene Publishing House, and ingrained himself to the truths that would be made available through pulpit and Sunday School. M. A. Lunn was a tremendous church businessman, but best of all, he was a genuine Christian.

*Gary Allen Henecke
Portland, Oreg.*

Too Pro-Israel

I commend you on printing the article by Tony Campolo on the "pro-Israel" position of many evangelicals. For a long time I have considered that the "giving" of the land of Palestine to the Jews in modern times, even if it is assumed that God intended for them to have the land again in the latter days, is comparable to Jacob and his mother, Rebekah, scheming to get the birthright and blessing that belonged to Esau. There God clearly had revealed that it was His will for Jacob to have these, but that doesn't justify the sinful deceit and scheming resorted to in order to bring it about in man's way. If it is to be, let it be done God's way, a way of righteousness and justice.

*Prof. Paul Lund
Chairman, Missions Dept.
Vennard College
University Park, Iowa*

Too Pro-Arab

I have been reading the articles of the "new" *Herald* as well as what the readers have been writing with interest. After reading Tony Campolo's "hot potato" in the May issue, "Are Evangelicals Too Pro-Israel?" I have come to the conclusion that you are purposely trying to be controversial, for whatever reason. To me, it was ridiculous to go out and dig up something like this to feature in the *Herald*. I think I'll send my copy to Yasir Arafat. I believe he'd appreciate it more than I did. Especially the picture of the big, bad, Israeli policeman, "his pistol holstered," as you put it, yelling at the poor Arab woman, who probably just hit him on the coconut with a rock! As a friend of Israel and a student of Bible prophecy, I'd need five pages to express all the things I disagree with in this article, and then you wouldn't print it, so quickly let me list the major ones:

1. Israel exists today as a nation because God has brought the Jew back to his homeland, not because the Western nations wanted to "dump" unwanted Jews on Arab land, as Campolo states.

2. Jerusalem is in the hands of the Jews because the times of Gentile control over it are now over, as Jesus prophesied. (Luke 21:24). I believe we witnessed prophecy fulfilled when they got it back during the Six-Day War.

3. I believe there will be a rebuilt Temple before Jesus returns, because 2 Thessalonians 2:4 says the antichrist will declare himself to be God from it and stop the sacrifices going on in it (Daniel 9:27). Read the October 17, 1989, edition of *Time* magazine, and you'll see how far they've come to make that reality.

4. It is a myth to say Palestinians need a homeland. They already have one. It's called Jordan.

5. I believe the generation spoken of by Jesus in Luke 21:32, that wouldn't pass away till all be fulfilled, was the generation that would see Jerusalem come back into Jewish hands, in 1967. Not the generation before A.D. 70, as Campolo states.

6. If Israel were to give the West Bank to the PLO, it would take only about 20 minutes to drive by car from the Mediterranean Sea, the western border of Israel, to the West Bank, which would become the eastern border. The people Hitler tried to exterminate, who are still surrounded by Arab enemies, would need their heads examined if they put themselves in a position strategically to have to defend borders no wider than that.

I could say so much more. Please don't give us any more "junk" like this. If I want to hear this type of pro-PLO propaganda, I could turn on Dan Rather each evening, and it wouldn't cost me \$9.00 a year to hear it!

Darrell Nicklow
Homer City, Pa

Holy Land and Holy Children

I would like to see such terrible troubles answered according to Scripture and the *Manual*, like it used to be. Not one word was said in that anti-Israel article, May 1990, about the Arabs centuries ago *stealing* the Holy Land from the Jews.

Some of those answers of parents helping teenagers turn out right were so silly. I have 6 children and 12 grandchildren and they are all involved in church and they *all* married Nazarenes—even to the married granddaughter. Not one word was said about the restraining power of the Holy Spirit, praying together as a family over problems, scripture to explain their stand, and the *Manual* to further explain it.

Don Owens' mother is my kind of Nazarene, but I'm afraid today that those other parents are too busy loving their faults and failures to realize that the Lord has all the answers to teenage problems. I'm sure if her teenagers had a problem she wouldn't have given the Lord a minute's peace until the problem was solved according to the Lord's will.

Mary Holt
Charleston, Ill

Can't Do Without It

We got two notices that our *Herald* subscription needed to be renewed and with all our expenses and all the reading material that comes to our house from *Guidepost*, etc., we thought we could do without the *Herald* this year . . . we have so much to read.

Then yesterday our May edition to the *Herald* came with the wonderful articles! First I turned to page 24, "What a Difference a Mother Makes." What a wonderful story! Then I love to read W. E. McCumber's page . . . always have, and we like to hear him speak! Just found out that he is a chicken thief! An interesting article.

Well, I could go page by page and tell you how much I have enjoyed what I thought would be my last issue of the *Herald* for a while.

I came to the story by Mark Diemer on page 44 "Who Needs a Coat in California?" I just *had* to write a letter to this good man!

Juanita Turner
Rossville, Ga.

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General Superintendent's VIEWPOINT

Keeping Your Perspective

BY GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT RAYMOND W. HURN

I learned some very important lessons as a college freshman. I made a deliberate decision to attend Bresee College in its final year of existence. I was influenced by the loyalty of Kansas farmers who had mortgaged farms to keep the Hutchinson, Kans., school alive during depression years. The enthusiasm of a warm-hearted young president, Rev. Harold W. Reed, who never seemed to lose his vision, as well as student groups who visited the home mission church my dad pastored, influenced my choice as well. I made a trip to Pasadena, Calif., and Bethany, Okla., first to check out Nazarene colleges. There was also the promise of a job waiting tables in the Bresee College dining hall. What teen could ask for anything more?

I enrolled in a course titled "Introduction to Philosophy." One class assignment was to interview someone about his philosophy of life. Knowing that the young president was in his final year of service to a college destined to close, I was curious about what his philosophy of life might be, and sought an appointment.

Upon learning my mission, he turned immediately to the fourth chapter of Philippians and read to me these words from verses 11 through 13:

"Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: every where and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be

hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

This really stimulated my interest in Philippians, and I soon discovered Philippians 3:12-14:

"Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect: but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus. Breth-

These two passages of scripture became guiding lights for me in all the years that have followed.

ren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

These two passages of scripture became guiding lights for me in all the

years that have followed. Later, when changing pastoral assignments, I usually would preach my first sermon from Philippians 3:13-14. It became my style of administration to forget the past in an effort to understand the contemporary reality, the challenge that immediately faced me.

I knew I was called to preach, so it seemed appropriate that I make myself available. But I didn't know how to do that until I learned that some of the seniors who pastored churches on the weekends had a clergy permit that allowed them to travel on the railroad at half price. I immediately walked to the railroad station and obtained an application. Rev. Harold Reed, the president, signed it, recommending me.

I made it a habit to sit on the front seat of the church and write down everything Pastor M. G. Jobe preached. He even asked me to speak in prayer meeting that year.

My first sermon was preached right there in Hutchinson, Kans. The gospel team arranged the service in the Salvation Army Citadel and invited me to preach. It was an exciting moment for a boy preacher.

On some weekends the district superintendent, Dr. O. J. Finch, called in to find someone to supply where there was no pastor. I was always available. Usually there were only a few people in these small places, often only two or three. I had no means of transportation and thought nothing of long walks to reach the railroad or

Continued on page 47

Harvest . . . and Discipline



Being raised on a farm, you get into cadence with the march of the seasons. You quickly learn to cooperate with the laws of nature—or suffer the consequences. You learn that there are sequences that must be followed with great care. The farm also teaches that discipline is a necessary skill. I shall not soon forget the lessons of discipline my father administered—with vivid and impressive style. Thanks, Dad!

The writer to the Hebrews, in chapter 12, has a most interesting discourse on discipline and the spiritual life. He has just completed a long section in which he has publicized the disciplined faith of the Old Testament heroes and of Jesus, the “author and perfecter of our faith” (NIV). What a wonderful set of models the writer has placed before us!

Suddenly the writer makes a swift turn in his discussion and definition of discipline. In verse 5, he begins talking about the discipline that is administered to us—not the discipline that we initiate. He talks about the value of that discipline. He reminds us that discipline is an indication that God really cares for us. After all, if He didn’t care, such discipline would not be given.

In verse 10, the writer turns to the results of discipline [the word *discipline* does mean “to train in order to perfect.”] The author says: “*But God disciplines us for our good, that we may share in his holiness. No discipline seems pleasant at the time, but painful. Later on, however, it produces a harvest of righteousness and peace for those who have been trained by it*” (vv. 10-11, NIV).

Discipline and harvest. What an interesting set of ideas! The two are

inseparable. No discipline; no harvest.

Back on the farm our attention was set on a harvest that included pigs, cows, chickens, wheat, oats, corn, and garden produce. What a wonderful sense of accomplishment as we stored the produce for the winter—or sold it at the market!

The writer to the Hebrews is talking about a harvest of holiness and peace and righteousness.

Discipline—whether the discipline we impose upon ourselves or that which God imposes upon us for our learning—produces a wonderful harvest. But the harvest comes only to “those who have been trained by it” (v. 11, NIV). The Greek word for *trained* is the origin of our modern word *gymnasium*.

Yet in things spiritual, the harvest is not something we have earned, for the harvest is the gift of God. Even the farmer knows that he does not create the harvest. He only cooperates with God and nature and is rewarded with the gifts of harvest.

What does a harvest of holiness look like? Holiness refers to something or someone who belongs exclusively to God, so exclusively that the divine presence is visible in that person, so exclusively that usage is reserved for the work of God alone.

What does a harvest of peace look like? For the writer to the Hebrews, peace is not the absence of struggle and strife but the presence of the undergirding of God. It is a presence so stable that nothing threatens the stability of the person in possession—such a peace is

clearly an Old Testament *shalom*.

What does a harvest of righteousness look like? Righteousness is a relationship with God that results in integrity and consistency and genuine moral behavior.

Suddenly all of the pain of the discipline is eclipsed by the wonder of the harvest. Dallas Willard, in *The Spirit of the Disciplines*, writes: “A discipline for the spiritual life is, when the dust of history is blown away, nothing but an activity undertaken to bring us into more effective cooperation with Christ and his Kingdom” (p. 157).

Suggested Spiritual Journal Exercises:

1. Write several paragraphs evaluating the relationship of discipline and harvest in your own spiritual life.

Discipline is an indication that God really cares for us.

2. What disciplines are missing in your spiritual life? Remember that we only need to work hard at the disciplines that correct weaknesses in our lives.

3. What are the evidences of the harvest of holiness and peace and righteousness in your life?

4. How are you responding to the disciplines intended for your learning?

Morris A. Weigelt teaches New Testament and Spiritual Formation at Nazarene Theological Seminary.

H

A PROFILE OF NAZARENE EVANGELISM AND CHURCH GROWTH

What is the profile of evangelism and church growth in the Church of the Nazarene, U.S.A., as we approach the 21st century? In the George Gallup, Jr., survey in 1989, 1,000 pastors, 1,000 laymen, and 80 district superintendents were asked to respond to questions on this theme.

Revivals

Early history of the Church of the Nazarene can be virtually written in the revival reports of evangelists who carried out thousands of church-planting efforts and local church revivals. In 1990 there are 575 commissioned and registered evangelists and song evangelists; 158 are commissioned (full-time, holding 30 or more revivals per year) and 274 are registered (holding fewer than 30 revivals per year). Many others are also active in evangelism such as retired general superintendents, district superintendents, evangelists, pastors, and students. Most denominations do not have a strong revival orientation or a group of itinerant evangelists active in revivals to this degree.

Twice as many laymen as pastors or district superintendents felt that revivals are "very effective." More than one-half of the laymen and district superintendents, with almost one-half of the pastors, found revivals in the Church of the Nazarene to be "fairly effective."

Principal changes called for in revivals include more effective preparation, greater revival emphasis, longer meetings, stressing the goal of evangelism, and more dedicated workers. Pastors also felt strongly that there needed to be better training and accountability for the church's evangelists. This was underscored also by district superintendents and laymen to a lesser degree.

Personal Evangelism

Nearly all district superintendents and pastors testified that they have had training in personal evangelism with almost 100 percent saying that this training was either "very useful" or "somewhat useful."

The survey sought to discover if there was an individual accountable in the local church to lead the effort to train others for outreach and church growth in gen-

eral. One-half the laymen believe there is such a person designated in the local church. Pastors, in fact, report that a little more than one-third of the churches do have someone specified to be accountable for church growth and outreach training.

District Leaders

The district superintendents report that at the district level there are persons who have been appointed or elected to direct, coordinate, or train people for church

Which of the following groups of Nazarenes feel most strongly that revivals are "very effective"?

- A. laypersons
- B. district superintendents
- C. pastors

growth in the following proportions: three-quarters of the districts have someone appointed to lead the effort in new church planting (52 percent witness that they have ethnic church planter leadership); more than half the district superintendents say that someone is designated to lead the effort in church growth training in general; about one-half of the districts have someone designated to train or promote the starting of new Sunday School classes and extension or satellite Sunday Schools. Only 33 percent of the districts have designated someone to be responsible for directing or coordinating the personal soul-winner training effort.

Which of the following do those responding to the poll think needs most emphasis in coming years?

- A. personal evangelism training
- B. longer revival meetings
- C. friendship evangelism

Changes Recommended

The promotion of friendship evangelism was at the top of the list of recommended changes, with pastors stressing this slightly more than laymen and district superintendents. Laymen and district superintendents most strongly agreed that training of the laity should be a high priority. All three groups called for a high concentration on evangelism in the local church and called for a stronger emphasis on holiness.

New People

Nearly all pastors and laymen put forth special effort to speak to new people who attend the local church. They also encourage participation in the church's various activities. More than half the pastors and nearly half the laymen would make telephone calls to follow up on the visitors. Laymen were strong in their wish that pastors be encouraged to visit, but an almost equal proportion of laymen said that they would make personal calls themselves on a visitor. Ninety-four percent of the pastors testify that they make personal visits on those who visit the church. More than one-half the pastors and one-third of the laymen would extend friendship by inviting the new people to their homes. An equal number would send a card or letter. An extremely small percent of the laymen, however, would invite the stranger to their home for dinner. Sixty-nine percent of the pastors encourage the laymen to visit new people. One percent of the laymen and 19 percent of the pastors would invite the stranger to participate in a membership class.

Dr. George Gallup, Jr., was very affirming of the strong evangelistic emphasis of the Church of the Nazarene as well as of the unity that we have in purpose, doctrine, and outreach. The fact that an average of 25,190 new Nazarenes joined the Church of the Nazarene each of the last five years in the United States (125,981 for the five years) is in and of itself an affirmation of the strength and quality of evangelism among Nazarenes today.

Raymond W. Hurn
For the Board
of General Superintendents

General Board Elects Regional Representatives For New Board Of Pensions And Benefits USA



Mr. Robert Moench (L)
Tigard, OR



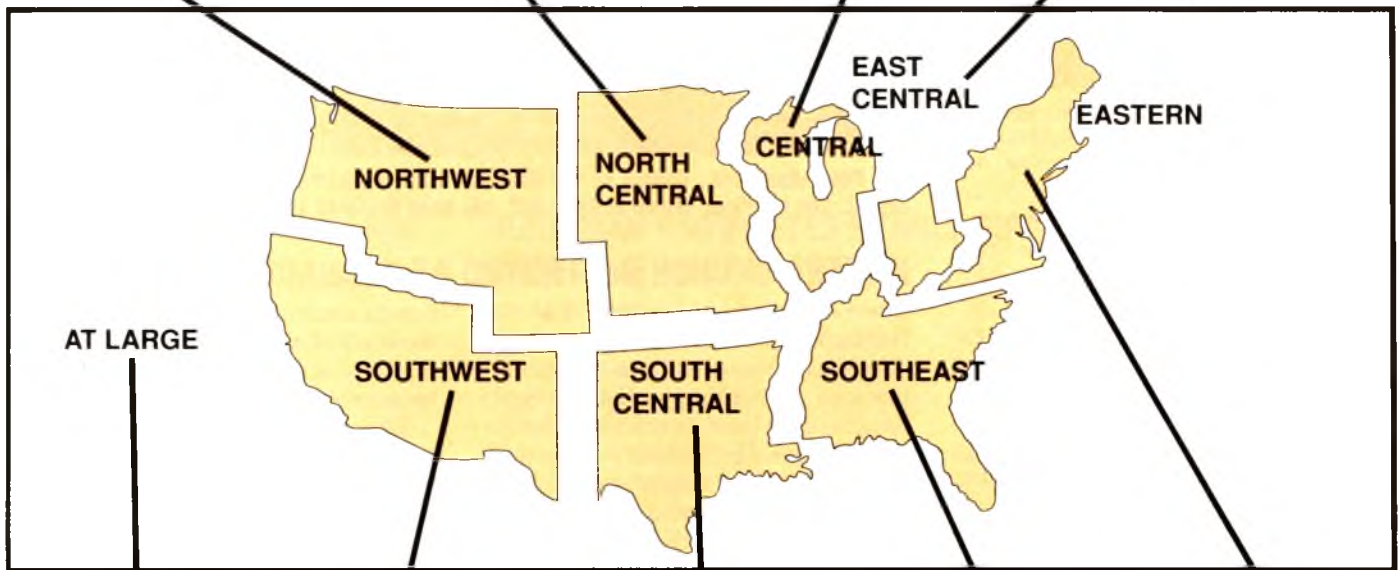
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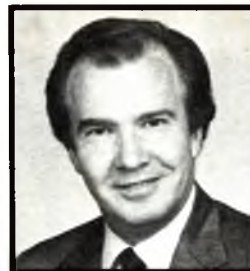
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Dr. Melvin McCullough (M)
Bethany, OK

Rev. James Bearden (M)
Irmo, SC

Dr. Clarence C. Jacobs, Sr. (M)
Brooklyn, NY



A new nine-member Board of Pensions and Benefits USA was elected in February to serve for the quadrennium. Membership is made up of one representative from each U.S. region and one member at large. The Board's bylaws call for no fewer than four ministers (M) and four laymen (L) to be elected.

Duties include the administration of the various pension and benefit plans offered to local churches and districts for their

workers. Over 12,000 Nazarene ministers and lay workers are covered in the U.S. and Canada. During 1989, more than \$22 million in benefits was paid out for active and retired Nazarene ministers, their families, and layworkers employed by local churches and church agencies. ("Basic" Pension was nearly \$6 million; TSA and IRA nearly \$4 million; Life Insurance over \$1 million; medical and dental claims paid out under the Nazarene Health

and Hospitalization Program nearly \$12 million.) Funding for these plans comes from local churches paying into the Pensions and Benefits Fund and from premiums paid either by the participants or by their church employers.

At its meeting in May, the new Board organized itself, elected Dr. Dean Wessels to continue as Director for the quadrennium, and began conducting its official business.

AKRON DISTRICT HARD HIT BY FLOODING

Families from four Nazarene churches were impacted by the flash flooding which left at least 21 persons dead June 14 in Southern Ohio. Approximately 35 families associated with the Church of the Nazarene were affected by the flood. At least four children from these families died, and as many as 12 families lost their homes and all belongings. The churches are located in the towns of Shadyside, Powhatan Point, Bellaire, and Tiltonsville.

Nazarene Compassionate Ministries has given \$20,000 to provide immediate assistance to Nazarene families who were affected by the flooding, according to Tom Nees, Canada/U.S. director of Compassionate Ministries.

Nees says there is no need for food or clothing, but that Nazarenes who wish to help should send money.

All donations to the Hunger and Disaster Fund are approved as 10 Percent Specials. Contributions should be sent to Norman O. Miller, general treasurer, 6401 The Paseo, Kansas City, MO 64131. Please mark your check for Ohio Flooding Recovery.

An appeal is also being made for Work and Witness teams who can go into the area to help Nazarenes to rebuild their homes. Persons interested in this should contact Tom Nees in Washington at (202) 232-9091.



The Petersburg, Ind., Church of the Nazarene suffered extensive damage from a tornado June 2. The building, valued at \$150,000, has been declared a total loss.

INDIANA CHURCH DESTROYED BY TORNADO

The Petersburg, Ind., Church of the Nazarene was destroyed by a tornado during recent storms that swept across the area, according to B.G. Wiggs, Southwest Indiana District superintendent. The building, valued at more than \$150,000, was declared a total loss. Wiggs said that the church has good insurance and will rebuild as soon as possible.

More than 150 homes in Petersburg were destroyed by the tornado. A tornado also touched down in Bedford, Ind., where the district office and par-

sonage are located, but those properties were not damaged. Several Nazarene families across the district lost their homes during the storms.

The situation in Petersburg was even more critical because of recent flooding. The heavy rains and flash floods in the area washed away the city's water mains, leaving the area without water for several weeks.

Pastor Grant Foster and his people have been holding services in the parsonage and a local church until other arrangements can be made, Wiggs said.

The West Baden Springs, Ind., Church of the Nazarene was also damaged by flooding, according to Pastor Claude D. Wilson. Wilson said that several government officials, including U.S. Senators Dan Coates and Mike McCloskey, surveyed the damage at the church during a tour of the town.



Tom Nees (left) Canada/U.S. director of Compassionate Ministries, surveys flood damage at the Shadyside, Ohio, Church of the Nazarene along with Pastor Charles Floyd (center) and Akron District Superintendent Floyd Flemming (right).

PLANS ANNOUNCED FOR EVANGELISM CONFERENCE

The Quadrennial Conference on Evangelism will be held October 29-31, 1991, at the Fort Worth, Tex./Tarrant County Convention Center, according to M.V. Scutt, Evangelism Ministries director. The theme for the conference will be "Vision '91: Entering the Decade with the Harvest in View."

MVNC FILLS ADMINISTRATIVE POSTS

Four administrative positions were recently filled at Mount Vernon Nazarene College, according to LeBron Fairbanks, MVNC president. The MVNC Board of Trustees accepted Fairbanks' recommendations of Richard H. Raymond for vice president for finance and management; Selden Dee Kelley III as dean of student development; Ron J. Phillips as vice president for institutional advancement; and William Griffin as assistant to the president.

The posts become available with the retirements of Stanton Parry (vice president for finance and management) and John Donoho (dean of students), and with the shifting of responsibilities within the college's institutional advancement office.

Raymond comes to his post from an administrative assignment at the George Washington University Biostatistics Center in Washington, D.C. Kelley, a consultant for General Dynamics, Convair, in San Diego, is enrolled in the Ph.D. program at U.S. International University in San Diego. Phillips has served as an administrator and faculty member at MVNC for the past 13 years. Griffin recently retired from a 22-year pastorate at Indianapolis First Church.

"All of the men are highly motivated and dedicated Christians," said Fairbanks. "They have strong skills, educations, and the temperaments to do the jobs that I have asked of them."



Raymond



Kelley



Phillips



Griffin

SOLOCON GROUPS MEET ACROSS THE COUNTRY

Nearly 600 single adults met together Memorial Day weekend at three different sites around the country for SoloCon '90. Each group enjoyed special music, speakers, and various activities.



SoloCon West in California. (Photo by Jim Kersten)



SoloCon Midwest in Arkansas. (Photo by Stern Photography)



SoloCon Mideast in Indiana.

PAUL INAUGURATED AT ENC

Cecil R. Paul was installed as the 10th president of Eastern Nazarene College during the college's spring baccalaureate service.

In a speech following a prayer of consecration by General Superintendent Raymond W. Hurn, Paul challenged his audience to hold onto power lightly while clinging tightly only to God.

"We share a common mission, and it is expressed by this recognition, that it is God's kingdom and God's power, and it is for God's glory that we serve," said Paul.

Among those in the audience were Quincy Mayor James Sheets, a 1958 ENC graduate, as well as Senator Paul Harold and Quincy City Councilors Tim Cahill, Ted DeChristofaro, and Peter Kolson.

Paul replaces Stephen Nease, who left the presidency to become the commissioner of education for the Church of the Nazarene. The new president served as Communications Division director for the Church of the Nazarene from July 1987 to August 1989. Prior to this, he was a professor of psychology at ENC, where he also served as chairperson of the psychology department and as founding director of the college's division of Graduate Studies.

NBC GRADUATES 95

Nazarene Bible College awarded 95 degrees and diplomas during recent commencement exercises. Sixty-one students received associate of arts degrees, while 31 diplomas were presented.

Education Commissioner Stephen Nease presented the graduation address during commencement exercises, which also included recognition for three retiring faculty members: Clarence Bowman, T. Crichton Mitchell, and Janet Smith Williams.

In addition to the ceremonies at the Colorado Springs campus, 15 students graduated from four of the 17 multicultural extension centers in the U.S., according to R.T. Bolerjack, vice president for Multicultural Extension Training.

Twenty-one students received lay ministry diplomas from the Nazarene Indian Bible College in Albuquerque,

N.Mex. General Superintendent Donald D. Owens presented the commencement address.

The Instituto Teologico Nazareno in Los Angeles presented one diploma in lay ministries. Two students received the associate of arts in biblical studies from Pasadena's Armenian Bible College.

POINT LOMA CELEBRATES 80 YEARS

Point Loma Nazarene College celebrated its 80th commencement with the graduation of 416 students June 10 in San Diego. General Superintendent Donald D. Owens spoke at the event, which saw the conferring of 255 bachelor of arts degrees, 37 bachelor of science in nursing degrees, and 124 master of arts degrees.

In related ceremonies, three PLNC nursing students were commissioned into the United States Navy.

ONU GRADUATES 402

Olivet Nazarene University graduated 402 students during recent commencement exercises. This represents the second largest graduating class in the school's history.

Eighty-six graduate degrees were conferred and 285 undergraduate degrees. Twenty-seven graduates received the associate of arts degree and one ministerial certificate was awarded.

Honorary doctorates were conferred on C. Neil Strait, Michigan District superintendent; E. Keith Bottles, Chicago Central District superintendent; and Oval Stone, Northeastern Indiana District superintendent.

C. Neil Strait presented the commencement address, and Leslie Parrott, ONU president, preached the baccalaureate sermon.

Timothy Hildreth (right), a business administration major from South Portland, Maine, receives the Robert Milner Award as the outstanding young man of the senior class. The award was presented by ONU President Leslie Parrott (left).



Michele Quandt of Portland, Ore. (left), Tina Rikansrud of Seattle, Wash., and Kari Perkins of Aurora, Colo., share a laugh together after graduating from NNC.

GOVERNOR CHALLENGES NNC GRADUATES

The governor of Idaho urged the 1990 graduates of NNC to go into the world "with grace, with faith in God, and with trust in your conscience." Cecil Andrus made the statement in an address to the students during Northwest Nazarene College's 74th commencement June 10 in Nampa.

The 216 degrees presented included 180 bachelor of arts, 13 bachelor of science, 15 associate of arts, 5 master of education, and 3 master of ministry. Honorary doctor of divinity degrees were conferred on Jim Diehl, pastor of Denver First Church, and Joseph Mayfield, former professor of Greek and religion at NNC.

"Having the governor of Idaho at NNC during the state's centennial year is a distinct pleasure," said NNC President Gordon Wetmore. "The opportunity to combine a commencement and a centennial into one event is truly bringing the new and old together."

The governor spoke at NNC just three days before the official celebration of Idaho's 100th anniversary of statehood.



THANK YOU...

FOR SHARING YOUR LOVE WITH THEM THROUGH THE 1990

EASTER

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D. MOODY GUNTER
Stewardship Services Director

Hospitality: Making Strangers into Friends



The train from Paris arrived at the Macon station after dark. My husband and I disembarked and waited for a bus to the village of Taize. When we realized that it had loaded at a different stop, our hearts sank. We already had traveled for hours to reach the ecumenical, religious community, internationally known for its reconciliation through prayer, worship, and hospitality. We had to get to Taize tonight. Our time in France was short.

The information desk at the station posted a list of telephone numbers for taxis. I called the first number on the list, desperately relying on my college French to communicate.

I hung up and said, "I think we are to wait outside for a silver car with a blonde woman driver." My husband looked at me skeptically, and I was very relieved when a silver car pulled into the station and the blonde woman said, "Taize?"

Forty minutes later we turned onto a windy road and stopped just beyond a small village. Lights gleamed from a yellow farmhouse on top of the hill. Inside a fire roared and we were greeted warmly. Our letter asking permission to visit had not arrived. We were not expected, but it didn't alter the welcome extended to us. We were strangers in a strange land, but we were ushered in as friends.

Within minutes, one of the brothers escorted us to a guest house. Our room was simply furnished—two cots, two woolen blankets, a clothes rod with two hangers, a nightstand, chair, and a wooden bowl with shiny fall apples. Someone had prepared for us. We had everything we needed: a warm place to sleep, a place to hang our coats, and something to stay our

hunger after a long journey. My eyes filled with tears of gratitude. We were no longer strangers but friends.

Hospitality is the friendship offered to a visitor. The word *host* or *hostess* originally meant "a lover of strangers." Hospitality is the process of changing a stranger into a friend.

In biblical times, hotels did not exist. Sojourners depended on the hospitality of those living along the journey for provision and protection. Today, hospitality is more of a choice—we don't have to take strangers in for them to survive. Yet the biblical command to "practice hospitality" is as important as ever. In a mobile society, people are often displaced and far from relatives and friends. We still need each other—not so much for soup and a bed but for friendship and community.

The practice of modern hospitality requires much the same as it did in biblical times—an attitude of preparation and anticipation of another's basic needs. When we invite someone from out of town to stay the night in our home, we prepare by leaving the porch light on, turning down the guest bed, leaving the key under the mat. We willingly take the risk of opening our lives to others.

Some people just seem to have the gift of hospitality—my friend is like that. Last summer, when we were acquaintances becoming friends, I called her, asking if I could drop by after running an errand near her house. When I arrived, the smell of fresh blueberry coffeecake and brewing coffee

wafted from the kitchen. She greeted me and started her young daughters playing together in their room. She pushed aside the work she was doing from the kitchen table, and we sat down to talk. When the phone rang, she asked if she could return the call later. In every way, she made space in her life for me. She offered me the warmth of true hospitality. Her welcome provided the healing that an open home and life can bring to one in need. In the process, we became friends.

The Book of 1 Peter addresses communities of Christians who felt like strangers in their own city. Verses 4:9-10 reads, "Offer hospitality to one another without grumbling. Each one should use whatever gift he has received to

The word host or hostess originally meant "a lover of strangers."

serve others, faithfully administering God's grace in its various forms" (NIV). This exhortation reminds us to act in such a way as to transform society by God's welcoming love. Practicing hospitality is a visible way to bring about a little heaven here on earth.

Hospitality does not require starched linen tablecloths or good cooking; all it takes is a commitment to open our lives and homes so that others can enter in, feel welcome, and become friends. H

MY BROTHER, THE ALCOHOLIC AND DRUG ABUSER

BY STEPHEN M. MILLER

My younger brother took his eight-shot revolver and loaded it with two bullets placed four chambers apart. Then he spun the cylinder. In the game he played, Russian Roulette, he would have one chance in four of taking a bullet to the head with the first shot.

My 32-year-old brother, an alcoholic and drug user, decided on this game a few days after he failed to patch up his marriage. He wanted to return to the wife and two small children he had left several months before.

He had gone to his wife's apartment and had talked with her in the doorway. "I told her I wanted to stay," he confided to me. "She looked at me and smiled and said, 'Well, it'll be kind of crowded seeing how there's somebody else in the bed right now.'"

That's when he realized there was no going back.

He put the gun to the right side of his head and pulled the trigger. It didn't fire.

As he sat in an old chair in his tiny living room, the television played its scenes: "Wheel of Fortune," of all shows.

Without spinning the cylinder, he pulled the trigger again. Nothing.

If the next chamber was empty, the fourth would certainly not be. Again without spinning the cylinder, he pulled the trigger. Again, nothing.

The fourth time would certainly kill him. He knew he was really going to die. But he wanted to die. He figured hell could not be worse than his life. He put the gun to his head. By now tears were streaming down his face. He pulled the trigger.

Nothing.

In deep rage he flung open the cyl-

inder and saw that the third attempt had been a hit. But it hadn't fired. He slammed the cylinder closed again, spun it around and shot at the wall. A slug ripped through the plasterboard and sank deep into the wood.

"I remember sitting there thinking," he said. "I can't even kill myself right."

The Bent Arrow

When we were growing up I thought we were a living version of the idealistic Walton family of TV fame. The folks at church even called me John Boy because I liked writing and was the oldest of the five children. But alongside the four straight arrows flew Chuck, the bent arrow.

"He was the one we had trouble keeping a handle on," Mom said. "His friends were absolutely opposite of our own family. Sometimes I wondered if we were as close as I thought we were. I wondered what would draw him to the lowest . . ." Her voice trailed into silence.

Chuck was in fifth grade when he first got drunk. He and Tom, one of the bullies of the grade school, skipped class for the occasion.

Tom's dad was an alcoholic. "Tom drank," Chuck said. "because when he'd come home his dad would beat him, and he figured if he got drunk he wouldn't feel the pain as bad."

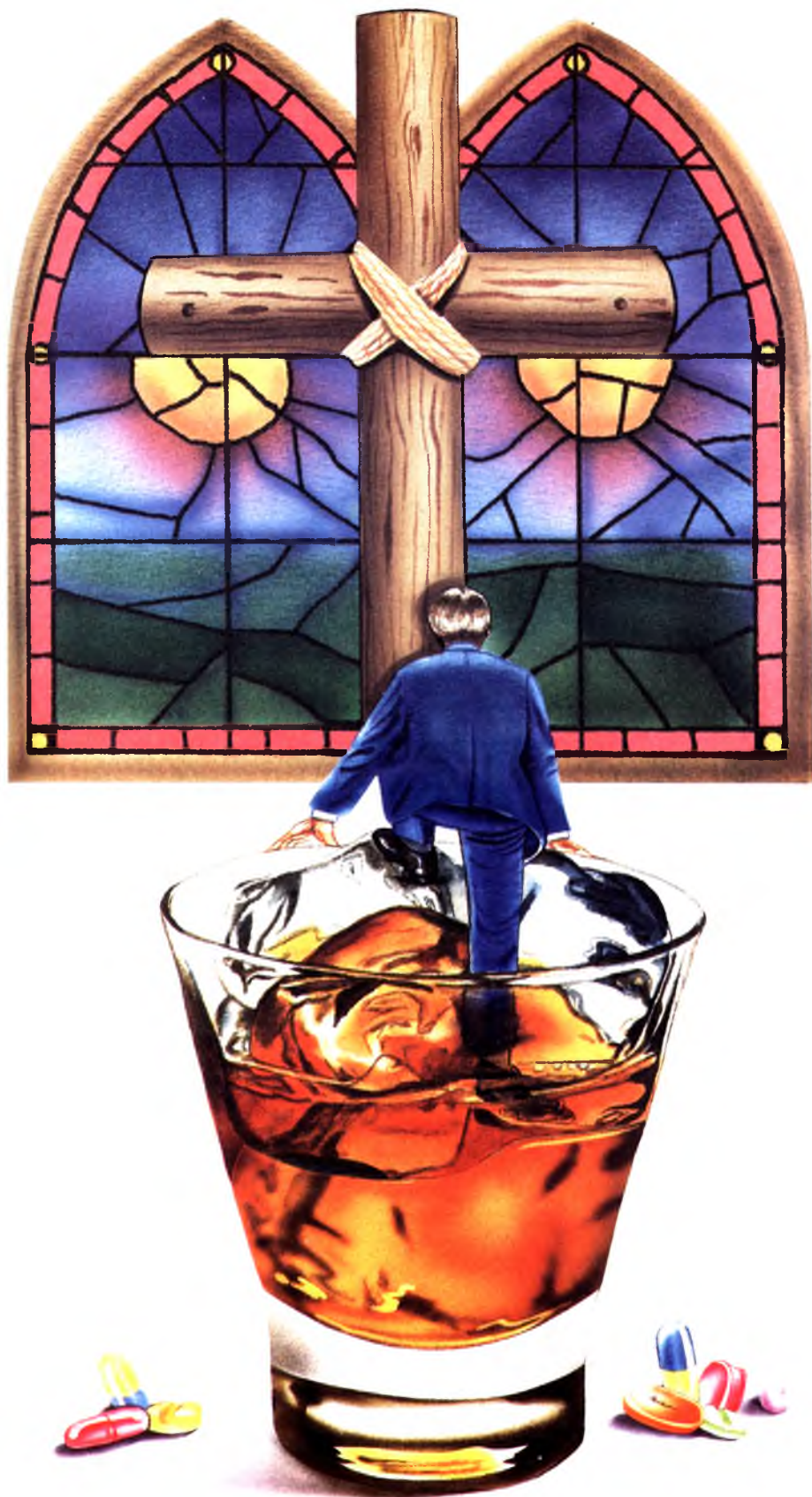
Tom's cousin called the school and reported the pair "absent due to illness." And the boys took a six-pack of Pabst Blue Ribbon beer and hiked half a mile to the woods-shrouded cemetery in the suburbs of Akron, Ohio. Out front was an empty fountain. The two climbed inside for protection from the cool, spring winds.

"That was the first time I ever drank and really got drunk," he said. "I got sick. I remember the taste of it. It smelled and tasted like car wax. It was terrible. I don't know why I drank it. I guess to get the buzz or to be like Tom. I don't know, maybe to fit in. It seemed like a lot of people did it."

Mom had been praying and fasting for Chuck since his young teens. She hadn't known his drug problem began this early—when he was 10 years old. When I told her, she sat silently for a while. Then I asked her what she was thinking.

"That's the age of his son," she whispered.

He was raised in a Nazarene family, and drunk by age 10.



When I asked her if she felt guilty about not figuring out Chuck's secret earlier, she gently asked a painful question in response. "Do you? You slept in the same room with him."

Then I asked Mom how she felt about four of her children staying in the Church and one slipping into drugs. She said, "It made me feel like it could happen in any family."

By the time Chuck was in 10th grade, he was smoking marijuana with his school friends. Then a couple of years later, in the Army at Fort Bragg, N.C., he began drinking heavier and experimenting with other drugs. He said he tried everything from sucking dried LSD drops off slips of paper to eating hallucinogenic mushrooms that grew beside cow manure.

"Whenever I went to the ammo dump I always picked a lot of mushrooms for the guys in my squad," he said. "Just about everybody used drugs. Everybody partied. Not just the alcohol."

"The mushrooms tasted really bitter, nasty. But next thing I knew, I was down on the ground staring at grass. You needed to be outside with a lot of room, because you always got a closed-in feeling."

When his military stint ended, he returned to his hometown with a wife and a son. He also stopped the experimenting. He limited himself to alcohol and marijuana. But even with that, he knew he had a problem.

"I remember Dad came over," Chuck said. "I had just gotten done smoking a joint. I had a real bad hang-over from the night before. He came up, and he was talking to Barbara and wanting to know where I was. She told him I was with a friend or something. And all the time I was in the

Continued on page 30

FOODAHOLICS

The Problem No One Talks About

BY LOWELL O. FERREL

Here is a word that makes all of us feel uncomfortable,” intones the minister, with a twinkle in his eye, “—temperance.” The congregation giggles; he smiles broadly; and then seemingly satisfied with the momentary discomfort he has injected into his presentation, he goes on to introduce his *real* subject.

I am not amused these days when a preacher menacingly suggests that he might just someday be bold enough to preach on the subject of temperance. The lack of temperance in our society is not a laughing matter. It is not just those who pop pills, poke veins, quaff beer, inhale smoke, and sniff lines of white powder who lack temperance. But even among the faithful, we find a serious lack of control. It comes in many forms (e.g., TV, work, spending, etc.), but probably none is more obvious than that found in our eating practices.

***John is an addict!
He is addicted to food
just as the alcoholic is
addicted to alcohol.***





John, the Obese

John is a young minister. He is 60 pounds overweight. Bright, articulate, and highly gifted, he knows only too well the high cost of obesity. His overweight father almost died of a heart attack. Consequently, John and his wife live apprehensively as to his own fate if he does not lose weight.

There are also social implications. John knows that he is not fulfilling his potential. Professionally, because of his weight, his opinions are not taken seriously and he is constantly being relegated to secondary roles. Some of this is not John's fault. Society is heavily prejudiced against obese folks—and for that there can be no excuse. But, John knows his problem is not just a matter of discrimination, genetics, or metabolic imbalance. John is an addict! He is addicted to food just as the alcoholic is addicted to alcohol.

John lives to eat. When the church has a social, he worries during the day as to whether there will be enough food at the occasion to satisfy his appetite. Just to be safe, he will probably eat a "snack" before he leaves home. At church, piling his plate high, he will take—then, and again later when he returns for seconds—some good-natured ribbing. When he gets home that night he will probably grab a handful of Oreos and a glass of milk before going to bed. The next day John will find numerous opportunities to indulge his "habit." When bored, he will go to the Quik Trip for a package of peanuts or a sack of M&Ms. On visitation, he will manage to stop at his favorite Dairy Queen between calls for a hot fudge sundae. Of course, as a pastor concerned about young people, he must join the youth when they go for pizza after services.

John's weight continues to climb. It is hard for him to bend over to tie his shoes. He gets red-faced and out of breath climbing stairs. His sex drive has declined, and he feels ugly and unattractive. His clothes fit tight, and he is forced to buy expensive, large sizes that he keeps outgrowing. Well meaning, but insensitive, people feel it is their responsibility to inform him



The addict uses preoccupation as a form of escape. The fantasies cut off pain and provide psychological relief from despair.

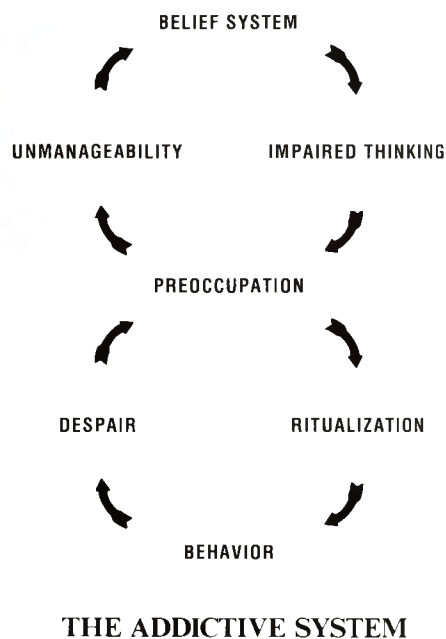
that he is overweight and advise him to go on a diet. He becomes resentful and irritable.

John knows that he is overweight and that he should diet. He has tried numerous times to lose weight—and has done so successfully several times. His main problem is that he cannot seem to break out of the addictive cycle.

Anatomy of an Addiction

Society tends to equate addictive disorders with simple behavioral indiscretions without realizing the extent to which such disorders involve the whole person in an extensive, self-defeating life-style. Psychologist and author Patrick Carnes has described addiction as a cycle of (1) destructive

beliefs, (2) impaired thinking, (3) pre-occupation, (4) ritualization, (5) acting-out, (6) despair, and (7) unmanageability (*Counseling the Sexual Addict: Systems, Strategies, and Skills*, CompCare Publishers, Minneapolis).

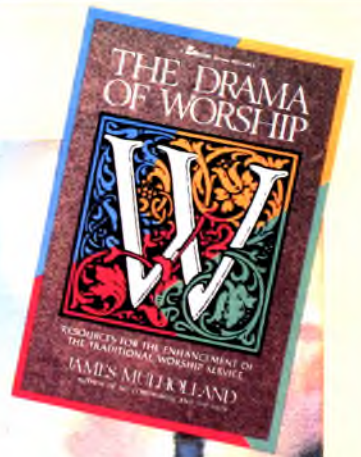


—Patrick Carnes, Ph.D.

Carnes feels that all addictions are ultimately derived from destructive *core beliefs* (e.g., "one should never be unhappy"; "only X can make me happy"; "I can escape pain by doing X," etc.). These erroneous beliefs sustain the addictive behavior. Generally the specific beliefs appear innocuous. However, under closer scrutiny, they are found to contain significant flaws. The beliefs often undergird a life-style of self-sufficiency and idolatry. The addict is trying to meet his own needs and this causes him to look to things (e.g., drugs, food, money, possessions, etc.) rather than to God. This may explain why in the 12-step program of Alcoholics Anonymous the first measures leading to recovery involve admitting to a powerlessness over the offending substance and a willingness to turn one's life over to a higher source. These steps counteract the

LET

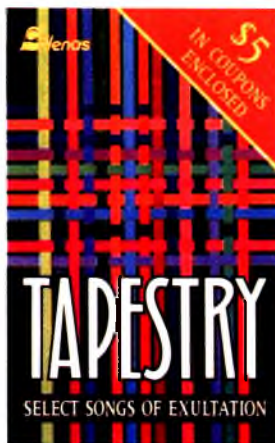
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"He Hideth My Soul," from *Find Us Faithful*

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HHMB-620	Songbook	\$5.95
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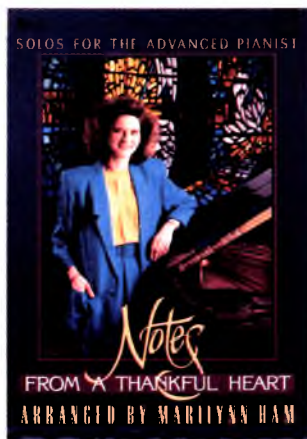
This is the third release in Lillenas' always top-selling series of low-voice solo collections.

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The Two-part Enthusiasts

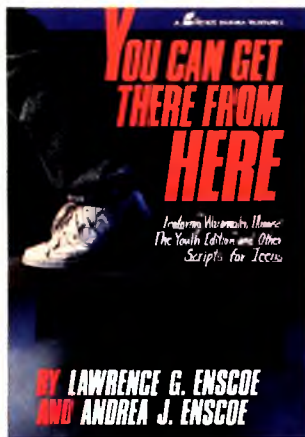
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- A Basketful of Hope (Moses)
- The Right Tune (Choir ministry)
- How to Make a Withdrawal from the Rat Race (Taking time)
- No Fun Being Young (Enjoying childhood)
- The Event of the Year (Missions)
- Our Pastor Needs a Vacation (Song)
- The Exterminator (Pharaoh)
- Take My Advice . . . Please (Samson)
- The Volunteer (Volunteerism)
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- III. You Can Get There from Here: Seven Sketches and Monologues on Surviving the Teen Years

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Lewis' first book on Christian theater met with unusual success. *RT Two* is a natural follow-up, with two complete scripts that utilize this highly accepted technique. Each presentation is 45 minutes or so in length and is made up of a number of short scenes and transitions.

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- Guilt
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- Vanna White Never Gains 10 Pounds
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- The Wages of Sin
- Dear Dad/Dear Sinner
- Conclusion

and . . .

- The Christian Pursuit of the Trivial Game
- Understanding Some Christians' Love
- Hymn Singing in the Real World
- Christian Jargon
- Substitute Teacher at Junior Church
- Who Do You Think You Are?
- The Counseling Voice
- Christian Want Ads
- Another Rich Young Ruler
- Lonely Strangers
- Conclusion

Both scripts include extensive production notes. Lewis' style of readers theater should not be confused with the static, nose-in-the-manuscript variety. These are two highly usable plays.

HHMP-657

\$8.95

addict's tendency to rely on self and displace affection into things.

Just as wrong behavior is stoutly defended—to wit, the explanation of a child who has just been caught with one hand in the cookie jar—so, also, are false beliefs. Most addicts are very much caught up in a system of denial, rationalization, projection of blame, etc. This attempt to defend the faulty belief system is what Carnes calls *impaired thinking*.

The faulty belief system and impaired thinking cause the addict to become *preoccupied* with his particular craving. In the case of food addiction, he will fantasize of snacks, delicacies, favorite dishes, and full-blown feasts. These fantasies are anything but simple diversions or passing fancies. Preoccupation is a significant aspect of the addiction system. The addict uses preoccupation as a form of escape. The fantasies cut off pain and provide psychological relief from despair. As Carnes points out, the addict may actually invest more time in preoccupation than in the addictive act itself.

An advertising adage states, "What gets your mind eventually gets you." By extension—preoccupation with food fantasies motivates certain behaviors. The addict, however, does not generally go directly from fantasy to acting out because he has his own internal inhibitions. The way the addict overcomes his own resistance has to do with *ritualization*. Most addicts have self-defeating rituals that operate in such a way as to insure that they will come in proximity with an opportunity to gratify their secret lust. Once the ritual brings the addict into the presence of food, he yields to the occasion and the *behavior* itself gets expressed.

Afterward, the addict is likely to feel *despair*. The addict has destroyed his diet and, to cut off the pain, he may short-circuit back into preoccupation with food and relive the entire self-defeating cycle.

Reality is a harsh taskmaster, however, and eventually natural laws dictate that he will have to reap what he sows. Because he consumes far too



Society tends to equate addictive disorders with simple behavioral indiscretions.

many excessive calories, his weight will climb until he becomes so obese that he can no longer deny or rationalize away his problem. In short, his life will become *unmanageable*. At this point, he is likely to desperately want help.

Where Can You Find Help?

Which brings us to the crux of the problem. Where is the addict like John going to go to get help? There was once a time, in the not so distant past, when such problems were connected clearly with the realm of church ministry. Temperance was taken seriously and people who lacked temperance were not simply chided and referred to "fat clinics" in the secular sector. Real sermons were preached on the subject of temperance; temperance was sought at the altar; and, small groups of Christians met regularly to support and encourage one another in overcoming these "besetting sins."

What has happened to the church's ministry in this area? Could it be that we have lost sight of the fact that addictive disorders reflect spiritual bondage? If addiction is undergirded by destructive beliefs and false ideas regarding happiness, who, other than the church, is in a better position to dispel these myths?

Incidentally, the other day John came by the office. He had lost 60 pounds. He was trim, athletic looking, and obviously pleased with his accomplishment. I had been there with him in the beginning phases as he came to grips with how unmanageable his life had become. I also had the good fortune to have been able to witness his own personal rediscovery of *grace* and the new lease it gave him on life. I was there when, with considerable trepidation, he determined to share and covet the prayers of the men in his fellowship group. In the ensuing months, these men became his support group as he undertook to lose weight. (He even posted a large banner in the church office over his desk announcing his goal and the date he hoped to be there.) Within this framework of dependence upon God and his church, he regained control of his life.

The battle is not over yet, and John would be terribly deceived to think so. The behavior has stopped, but relapses are common and the addictive cycle can be reinstigated easily. I think now, though, that John understands better the power of addiction and will probably take the message of recovery and hope to others. He is also likely to appreciate and utilize the church as a resource for helping people with these kinds of problems. For that, he will be a better Christian and a better minister. H

Lowell Ferrel is a psychologist and serves as an adjunct professor at Nazarene Theological Seminary.



“CRACK-CRACK, COKE-COKE”

Can a drug addict really find new life in Christ?

BY DONNA WRIGHT

Photos by Mike Ballai

You pass someone and faintly hear, “Smoke, Smoke, Crack, Crack, Coke, Coke.” You realize the faint voice is a subtle “advertisement” for the ultimate high. Then a cop appears . . . the faint voice is silent . . . the cop passes by . . . and just as he is out of earshot, the faint voice is heard again, “Smoke, Smoke, Crack, Crack . . .”

The scene is Times Square, New York City. Yet in the midst of this darkness, God has chosen to place a beacon of light—The Lamb’s, Manhattan Church of the Nazarene. Into those doors, almost two-and-one-half years ago, walked Butch Hines. It was a Sunday morning, and he was well-dressed—the picture of success—at least that’s what you saw on the outside. The truth was that for him life was just beginning.

A drug addict for 24 years, on the Sunday he walked through the doors of the Lamb’s he had been “clean” for less than three months.

Butch never knew his father . . . his natural mother was an alcoholic and a drug addict. There was no “home life.” There were other brothers and sisters, but he’s not sure how many. As a small child growing up in Butch’s “home,” perversion was normalcy.

By the time he was eight years old, he had been in and out of every place imaginable—the homes of relatives, friends, anyone who would take him. Butch was a problem child that needed a solution. The “solution” turned out to be interment at the children’s ward at Bellevue Psychiatric Hospital.

“They used medication to keep us children under control,” Butch recalls. “There was no school. There were social workers and counselors,

but they were not much help. Bellevue became my ‘home’ for a year.”

From Bellevue, he was moved to a psychiatric hospital that was more like a jail than a hospital. “Bars were everywhere,” says Butch. “You could not go anywhere unescorted, and you could be punished for anything at the discretion of those in charge.”

Punishment consisted of “packs”—being wrapped like a mummy in sheets soaked in ice cold water and left like that for a day or more. You were tied and strapped down to your bed. Rape was an everyday occurrence. There was no school.

Butch was nine years old.

An uncle came to visit Butch once, but the abuse he witnessed was so bad he couldn’t take going back. Instead, he fought to gain the child’s release through adoption. His Aunt Christi and Uncle Britian, though separated, agreed that adoption would be the

best thing for Butch. After a year, the adoption was final and Butch was released. His aunt and uncle became the only mother and father he ever knew.

Weekdays were spent with Christi in Brooklyn. He even started attending school. Things seemed to be going OK. Weekends were spent with Britian. They would go on walks, to baseball games, and to the polo grounds. Britian was a good man, a passive man; but Britian was an alcoholic.

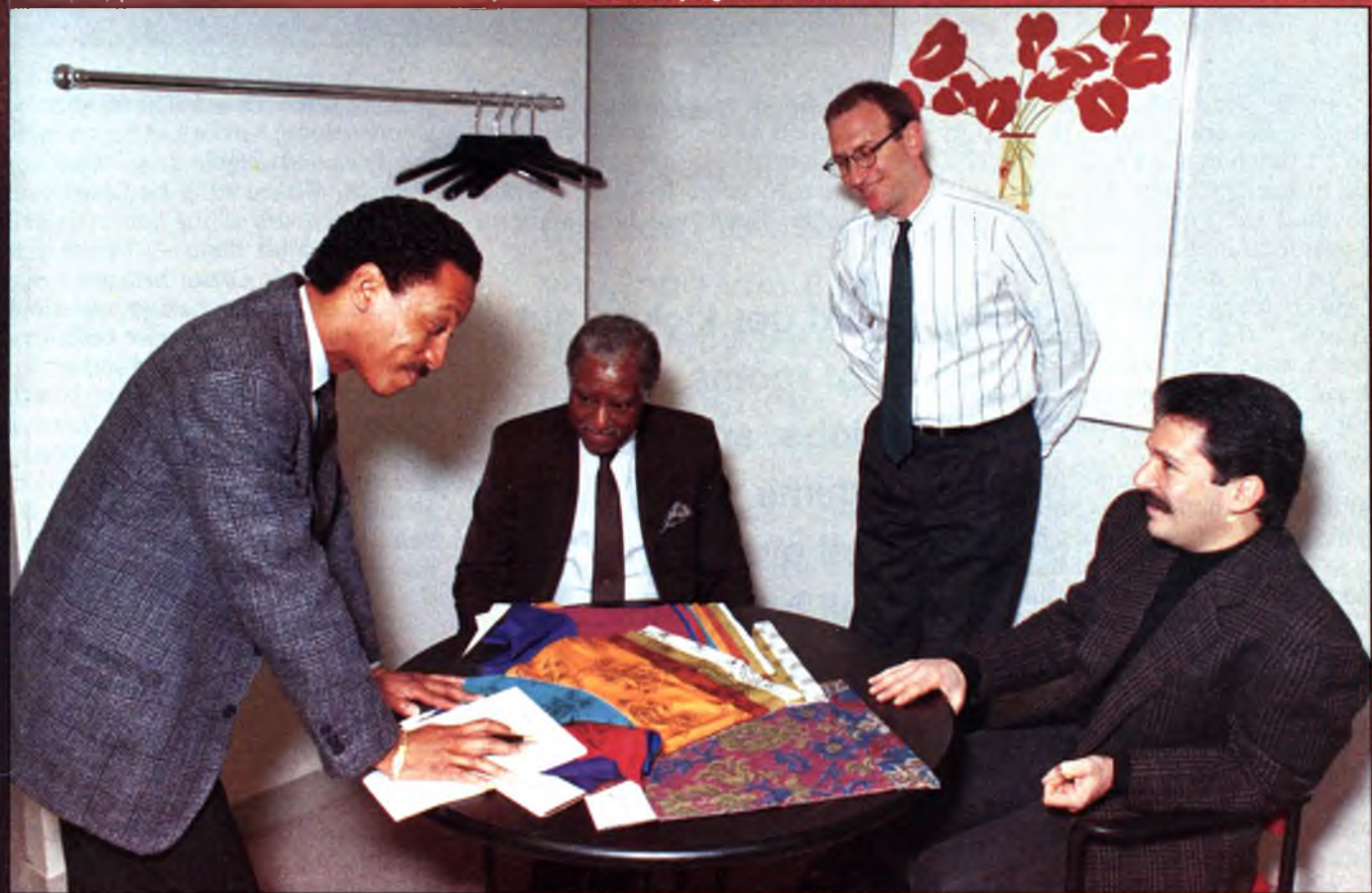
Two years after Butch’s adoption, Britian died of cirrhosis of the liver.

Butch expressed no emotion in response to Britian’s death, but the hurt was there. He stopped going to school, began living promiscuously, and started toying with drugs. He began by “skin-popping” heroin. By the time he was 15, Butch was “main-lining”—injecting the drug directly into a vein.



After serving breakfast to homeless persons on Friday mornings, Butch Hines (wearing the apron) invites them to attend Friday night's Cocaine Anonymous meeting.

Butch (left) previews swatches of material on the job in New York City's garment district



Butch Hines and his daughter, Nichelle, on the second anniversary of the Cocaine Anonymous group at The Lamb's.



To say the least, things were not good in his new "home." In an effort to get Butch to make something good of himself, Christi used the only method she knew—she yelled and screamed. Her harsh words stung.

"At 17, mom discovered my 'works' (drug paraphernalia)," says Butch. "She took the keys to the house away from me and told me to leave. She never really expected me to walk out, but that is exactly what I did."

The subways became his home, and he did whatever was necessary to survive. From time to time, he would stay with friends, most of them drug addicts. Butch was good at surviving.

"I was a good actor, or better said, a good liar," says Butch. "I would tell some kind of story, get a place to stay, or get a job and do OK for a while. Then the lies would catch up with me. I'd get kicked out of rooms, lose jobs, and the game would start all over again. It's all part of the cycle of drug addiction."

While living in a room in the

Bronx, Butch met Diane. She was a companion as well as someone to do drugs with. In 1969, they had a daughter, Nichelle. Too busy with his drug habit Butch was not willing to

"I'd get kicked out of rooms, lose jobs, and the game would start all over again. It's all part of the cycle of drug addiction."

assume any responsibility for a child.

Through some connections, Butch managed to get a job in New York City's garment district, and he started

making some money. That's when he stopped doing heroin and began using the more fashionable drug—cocaine.

From 1978 to 1983, business went well. Butch was selling fabrics as well as drugs to his contacts in the garment industry. Drugs became a significant part of his business relationships and a source of more cash.

When it was convenient and served his purposes, Butch would take Nichelle along with him and show her off—especially when she was young and cute. Nichelle even came to live with Butch for a short time when she was 12. But after an experience when, high on drugs, Butch became abusive, she went back to live with her mother.

"By 1985, my world was beginning to fall apart," says Butch. "The only thing that really mattered to me was cocaine and getting high."

He was selling everything he had—a stereo, a VCR, jewelry—whatever, just to get drugs. He would tell a lie and borrow money from one person to buy drugs from someone else—he was good at telling lies.

His drug addiction became his greatest perversion.

A few days before the onset of winter of 1987, Butch's life took a turn.

Butch knew that he was not really living—existing was a better term. He was so strung out that he couldn't tell you what day of the week it was. Living in a constant state of paranoia, he believed persons were kicking down his doors, lurking outside his window, bugging his phone . . . trying to "get" him. Men became women and women became men, that's how bad the perversion of his addiction became.

But on that cool evening of December 7, 1987, Butch made a choice to move away from his addiction. He attended a meeting of a group called Cocaine Anonymous.

He was ready—he heard the stories of people he could identify with and found a place where he could be accepted and not have to be what someone else expected him to be. He had nothing to lose. He was willing to do whatever it took to get sober. He gave up defending his addiction.

After being sober for only 18 days, on December 25, Butch went home to take the first steps toward making amends with his adopted mother.

"She didn't praise me," Butch remembers. "She really did very little to encourage me. She only accepted that I was willing to admit I had a problem. She responded by saying that time would tell if I was serious about dealing with it."

It was February 1988 when Butch met Peter, a former alcoholic and cocaine addict. Over lunch, Peter shared the Four Spiritual Laws with Butch, who prayed to invite Christ to come into his heart. That prayer was the key that opened the door from a self-imposed 24-year-old "hell." This same Peter invited Butch to church at The Lamb's.

The greatest change in Butch's life is how he feels about himself, at least that is the observation of Richie, a close friend of Butch's who knew him "before" and "after." Richie saw Butch gaining self-respect, accepting responsibility for his actions, and,

most dramatically, dealing with his past rather than trying to run from it.

Richie's wife, Mary Ann, for all her skepticism in the beginning, now says, "Butch is truly a miracle. There are certain people who get touched by God, and I think Butch is one of them."

"My first year of recovery was spent laying a good foundation—concentrating on staying sober—making right the relationship with my mother—getting back into the fabric business—and building a solid, biblical base for my recovery," says Butch.

At the end of that first year Butch and Peter started a Friday night Cocaine Anonymous group at The Lamb's. Called "Miracle on the Square," it has earned the reputation as the "Christian" CA meeting in Manhattan.

Every Friday morning, you will find Butch serving breakfast at The Lamb's Center (one of the church's outreach ministries to the homeless of Times Square). He's ready to share his

"Recovery comes when you allow the Lord to heal you, and you can truly enjoy your life of sobriety."

story of recovery and to encourage attendance at the Friday night CA meetings.

"Victory over drug addiction is more than just giving up the drug," Butch cautions. "You can be a 'dry' drug addict and never fully be recovered. Recovery comes when you allow the Lord to heal you and you can truly enjoy your life of sobriety. That means you must look to reconcile some of the levels of wreckage you created as a drug addict."

The time had come to take the steps necessary toward reconciliation

with his daughter. Nichelle was 19 years old, and seven years had passed since her father had last seen or spoken to her. Having been forgiven by the Lord, Butch brought with him no guilt—the Lord had taken that away.

Contact was made—first by telephone and then, after several months, they met face-to-face. As every day passed by, Butch continued to prove through the consistency in his life that his recovery was for real. Gradually Nichelle came to forgive her father.

Until a year ago, Butch was functionally illiterate—reading on a third grade level. Every day he would read the Bible—with great struggle. But Butch put his ego aside and went back to school—not just to learn to read but to get a high school diploma and even to go on to college.

Today, he reads at college level, has a high school equivalency diploma, and has completed two semesters of college. He attends the College of New Rochelle, a Christian college associated with New York Theological Seminary.

On December 7, 1990, Butch will complete three full years of sobriety—ready to embark on his fourth year. His attention will go toward school—toward getting a college education. He is grateful to Jesus for the privilege of getting another chance at life—for the gift of living each new day sober. Just to get through college, he knows he will have to depend on the Lord "one day at a time."

Can Jesus really change a life? Butch says, "I was a leper, but now I have been healed of leprosy, and like the one who went back to thank the Lord, I am daily thankful to the Lord for healing me."

Jesus is willing and ready to touch any modern-day leper—whether our leprosy is drug addiction, alcoholism, or a life of despair. He is willing to make us clean.

Butch robbed himself of so many years of life—now he accepts each new day as a precious gift from the Lord. He can do the same for you. 卐

Donna Wright is a free-lance writer. She lives in New York City.

My Brother . . .

Continued from page 21

back bedroom hiding because I was ashamed, and I didn't want him to find me and see me. That was eight years ago. I knew I had a problem back then."

He tried to quit, partly because of Dad. But three weeks was the longest Chuck managed to stay off the alcohol.

When his marriage collapsed he sought help by returning to the Nazarene church of his childhood. All of our family still attended there, except me: I had moved out of state. Then one Sunday Chuck overheard two ushers talking in the hallway just outside the sanctuary.

"They were talking about me leaving such a good-looking woman and giving up my family and coming back to church, sitting in there thinking all that was hunky-dory with God-fearing church members." Chuck said. "They didn't know I was there at the time. When I came out they knew I heard them. And it didn't matter."

My brother has never returned to the church.

He next sought relief in more drugs. The relief became a vicious, devouring cycle.

"In the mornings I always ate a hit of speed and had some coffee to kick me in. A few hours later I'd take my work break: I'd go to the truck and roll myself a joint to help my hangover headache. Around lunchtime I'd go to the truck and do myself up a little line of cocaine to give me energy.

"After work I'd go back to the herb, and then I'd crack my fifth (whiskey). In the evenings I'd hit the bars and I'd be doing all of it except the speed."

These were expensive habits for a factory worker who mixed plastics for a living. Chuck said he got behind in every bill. To help pay for the drugs, he sold some to his friends and co-workers, acting as a go-between for the Jamaica-supplied dealer he bought from. For this, the dealer rewarded him with some free drugs. Even so, he still spent about \$1,500 a month on drugs, nearly \$1,000 of it going for cocaine.

I asked him where he got the speed. This is a prescription drug used to control weight. He said he got it from a diet doctor in the area.

"You're not fat," I replied.

"I know."
"You're skinny." He was about 6'1", 160 pounds.
"I know."
"How did you get them from him?"

"Daddy, let me smell your breath."



"I'd just go in there and tell him I needed to lose some weight."

"Did he know what was going on?"

"Sure he knew. (A friend of mine) was getting speed from him too. And she weighs 108 pounds."

Every other week Chuck would go to the doctor for "30 beans." The pills cost about \$1.00 each. And until Chuck became deeply addicted to them, he often sold some to others for \$5.00 each.

"It got to the place where I quit selling them. I just enjoyed doing them so much. Then I'd have to drink at night to be able to pass out. I'd wake up in the wee hours of the morning and go downstairs to make another drink so I could go back to sleep."

No one in the family knew Chuck was using drugs this heavily. Not even

his work buddies knew. Mom and I knew he drank and figured he used some "light" drugs on occasion. I was naive enough to think he took them like I took candy. I had no idea of the inner battle he waged with these powerful chemicals.

Solo Detox

After an eventful weekend in which some "significant others" tried to sell him marijuana in front of his children, Chuck vowed to give up all drugs. He scraped up all the drugs he could find and did away with them.

"I poured my whiskey down the john. I dumped out a gram and a half of coke (enough for six uses). I dumped my speed out, and I dumped all my herb. I flushed it. I stood there and watched it go down. And, like a fool, I thought that would be the end of it."

He said he felt good about what he did. And, though he couldn't get any sleep that night, he thought a hard day of work the next day would leave him exhausted enough to sleep then.

Instead, a day away from drugs left him with a desperate craving and in the first stages of withdrawal.

"I remember that Monday after work, I literally ran in my house. I cracked the door getting in. I was in such a hurry, I bee-lined it to the bathroom, hoping I had dropped something. I remember cussing myself out standing in front of the john, and crying because I flushed everything I had."

By Wednesday he knew he needed help.

At work he pulled aside the leader of his unit and told him he was going through withdrawal and that after his weekend with the kids he planned to admit himself to a hospital that treats alcoholics and drug abusers.

After work Chuck went to Mom's and Dad's to wash some laundry. His eyes were red from crying. His body trembled. It was obvious to Mom something was terribly wrong.

She asked.

"Nothing's wrong," Chuck replied. "I've just got some things on my mind." He turned and looked out the door.

She stepped up behind him, rested her hand on his shoulder, and asked again.

"I just started crying. I told her, 'Mom, I'm going to have to go away for a while. I'm having withdrawal really bad right now.'

"She cried a little bit, then said, 'You want Dad and me to take you to the hospital?' I told her no, I had to wait until after the weekend. I get the kids. She said, 'You're not going to be any good to them, not like this. We'll take care of them.'"

Thursday was payday, and Chuck said he suddenly realized if he didn't get help before then, he would use the money to buy drugs to stop the roaring beneath his skin.

For a ride to the hospital he called his friend, Ron, a former alcoholic and drug abuser who had gone through detox more than a year earlier and who had remained clean, with the help of Alcoholics Anonymous.

While Chuck made the call, Mom went in the living room to tell Dad. Dad, still weak from the effects of radiation treatment in a bout with cancer, sat quietly in the recliner while Mom broke the news.

"His face turned white," Mom said. "His look was like it was the end of the road. I said, 'Dad, don't feel like that. I've been praying for this for a long time.'"

Chuck sat in the kitchen, too ashamed to face his dad. Mom came out to her boy. "She said, 'Tell your dad you love him and that everything will be OK,'" Chuck said. "And I went in. Dad had a tear coming down his face. And I reached over and gave him a hug. I told him, 'Dad, I'm sorry. I will be OK. You pray for me. Next time you see me I'll be straight.'"

Weeks before, Chuck had started attending another church in the area—the church another brother of ours had started attending. Chuck told me he knew he needed help and he needed to be around good people. He told the pastor of his problem. And though the pastor was genuinely concerned and supportive, he was at a loss for words. He said he would pray for my brother.

As Chuck left for a month-long stay in the hospital, he asked Mom to have our brother pass along a message to the pastor. "Tell the preacher I haven't given up. I'll be back."

Mom said she stared out the door long after her boy and his friend had left. In those moments, a verse of the

Bible tumbled out of her memory. Psalm 138:8: "The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me."

"I felt like this was a holy place . . . and Jesus was there."



Detox in the Hospital

Chuck spent a sleepless night in his room with two other addicts.

For five days Chuck fought the pangs of withdrawal in detox. It would have taken longer except he had started his own detox several days before. During the remainder of his 28 days in the hospital, he kept busy with counseling, group discussion, education films on the effects of drugs, and meetings of support groups such as Alcoholics Anonymous and Narcotics Anonymous.

He said his most haunting memory during that time was on his first Sunday there. Sunday is family day. It's the only day friends and family can visit. He wasn't ready to see his chil-

dren, but he watched as the family of a fellow patient arrived.

"He had a little girl, about 11, and a little boy who couldn't have been 7. I remember the boy. He picked the boy up. And the boy was hugging and kissing him and asked his dad, 'Daddy, let me smell your breath.' The boy just wanted to see if his dad was clean.

"When it was time to go, I remember the little boy just clinging to his dad, and the boy started crying. They had to pry his fingers loose. Then the little girl said, 'Dad, we'll be here when you get out, and then we can start over.'"

That night Chuck went to the bathroom long after the lights were out. In there, crying, was the father. Chuck talked with the man. He said, "You got a chance to get your family back. All the pain you put them through, they're still there for you."

A Weekend with My Brother

My brother is out of the hospital now. He has been clean for several months. Instead of going to bars after work and on weekends, he goes to hour-long AA meetings scattered throughout Akron, where AA was born in 1935. He goes every day. He doesn't expect to need this much support forever. But he needs it now. Sometimes he goes to two meetings on weekends.

When I visited Chuck recently, he asked if I wanted to go to one of the meetings with him. I went to two. The most memorable was the one at Edwin Shaw Hospital, where my brother had been treated.

There were about 50 of us in the hospital cafeteria. All kinds of people. Huge, bearded biker types. Well-dressed executive types. There was a woman in her mid-20s with a little boy she kept hugging and kissing. At the table in front of us sat a frail young lady who became addicted to cough medicine.

A good-looking, well-dressed, nervous young woman was the speaker for the evening. "Hi. I'm Jill. I'm an alcoholic. For those of you who care to, help me by joining in the Serenity Prayer." Together we recited: "God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, courage to change the things I can, and wisdom to know the difference."

For 45 minutes she told the story of her plunge into alcohol. Afterward, the floor was open for comments.

A dark-haired woman in her 50s stood. She was Jill's sponsor—a fellow alcoholic assigned to encourage and help another. Among the few words she spoke were these, which continue to haunt me: "All of you in this room are my friends. You're the only friends I have."

I felt so ashamed. I've been in the church all my life. I believe God put the church here to help hurting people. Yet I had allowed ignorance to isolate me from the deep pain of alcoholics and drug abusers. My brother included.

The room was full of cigarette smoke. Nearly everyone smoked. I hate smoke. Nevertheless, I felt like this was a holy place because I was where I was supposed to be, and Jesus was there with me, walking around the room, healing people in pain.

The meeting was nearly over when, in the back corner of the room, a thin and trembling black woman rose. She wore the blue hospital blouse of a patient. She must have been about 30. Her curly, shoulder-length hair was greased and pulled back tight off her forehead and released in a fray behind her head. The hair looked like it had been styled by the wind during a motorcycle ride. I thought then the

woman looked like the stereotype of a junkie.

"I'm an alcoholic," she said. "I'm in withdrawal now."

The words broke her voice, and she began to talk between gentle sobs. "This is the first time I've admitted I'm an alcoholic. I'm hoping and praying God will help me. Please pray for me."

My outward composure only hinted of the bitter weeping that exploded inside me. I wept for her. And for my brother, who had stood in her place two months earlier. And for myself, because I didn't know how to help.

In the closing ritual common to most AA meetings, we all stood, joined hands, repeated the Lord's Prayer, then ended in unison, "Keep coming back."

My brother told me to wait a minute, and he walked toward the trembling woman. I followed behind.

He whispered words I could not hear. He told me later he had said he'd been through the same thing and that he had some bad days but that it gets better. Then he hugged this physically unattractive, total stranger.

Suddenly, there I stood before her. No longer isolated from hurting people by a sanctuary, religious rites, or the fence around my suburban yard. There was just me—the never-rebel-

lous, lifelong churchgoer—standing face-to-face before an alcoholic in the agony of withdrawal. I saw weariness in her face, a pleading in her eyes, and tears pumping down her cheeks.

She rested her hands on my back as I held her, and she lay her head on the nape of my neck.

"I'll be praying for you," I whispered.

"Thank you," she replied.

I patted her back, walked away, and carried with me on the left side of my face a sprinkling of her teardrops.

As my brother and I walked to his pickup, he smiled at me, happy I had come with him. I was happy too. For I felt I had been to a church Jesus attends.

Later that weekend, I asked Chuck how he felt about his future.

"My biggest goal is to be average. I want to be like everybody else. I want to be able to deal with my problems without drinkin' and druggin'. I want to be able to watch my kids grow up. I want to be there for my family."

I asked our mom how she feels about Chuck's future.

Her face took on a distant look, perhaps the very same one that day my brother pulled out of the driveway and left for the hospital. "The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me," she said. Then she smiled. H

A GUIDE TO COMMON DRUGS

ALCOHOL

How it works: Absorbed into the bloodstream from the stomach and small intestine. Acts as a depressant on the central nervous system.

How it feels: Initial high, followed by relaxation and loss of inhibitions.

How it hurts: Impairs judgment, slows reactions, can cause brain disorders, heart failure, cirrhosis of the liver, birth defects, impotence.

How to get help: National Council on Alcoholism, 1-800-622-2255.

MARIJUANA

How it works: Inhaled and absorbed into the bloodstream, where it is carried to the liver and broken down in a mood-altering chemical.

How it feels: Dreamlike euphoria after a few minutes of deep in-

halation of smoke, followed by drowsiness.

How it hurts: Can cause lung cancer, heart disease, brain damage, especially to memory and behavior centers, loss of energy, greater risk of respiratory infections.

How to get help: Potsmokers Anonymous, 1-212-254-1777.

AMPHETAMINES

How it works: Also called speed, it is taken orally, inhaled, or injected. It stimulates the central nervous system.

How it feels: Gives rush of energy, enthusiasm, and concentration. Suppresses appetite.

How it hurts: Causes sleeplessness, irritability. Can cause depression, headaches, irregular

heartbeats and heart disease, damage to the speech center of the brain.

How to get help: Drug Abuse Hotline, 1-800-662-4357.

COCAINE

How it works: Blocks movement of dopamine, a natural chemical stimulant, and corrals it beside pleasure nerves.

How it feels: Gives burst of energy, confidence, and talkativeness, followed by a low.

How it hurts: Increases heart rate, breathing rate, blood pressure, body temperature. Can cause aggressive behavior, stroke, heart attack, coma.

How to get help: Psychiatric Institutes of America, 1-800-COCAINE. H

Clues That You're Hooked

The following questions are adapted from the National Council on Alcoholism's self-test for drug addiction. "Yes" answers reveal you may need help.

—Do you avoid family or friends when you drink or use drugs?

—Do you occasionally go on binges?

—Have you tried to quit or cut down and failed?

—Do you feel guilty about your drinking or drug use?

—Do you often regret things you said or did when drunk or high?

—Has the drinking or drug use affected your eating habits?

—Have you missed appointments because of your drinking or drug use?

—Does it take more and more to get drunk or high? **HH**

12 STEPS TO RECOVERY

Adapted from Alcoholics Anonymous, here are 12 steps alcoholics, drug addicts, and others have used to break habits.

1. Admit you are powerless over your habit, and that your life has become unmanageable.

2. Believe that a Power greater than yourself can restore your sanity.

3. Turn your will and your life over to the care of God.

4. Take an honest inventory of your life, both the good and the bad.

5. Admit to God, yourself, and one other person your habit and the wrongs you've done.

6. Become ready to have God remove any defects in your character.

7. Ask God to remove your shortcomings.

8. Make a list of everyone you have hurt, and become willing to make amends to them.

9. Make amends wherever possible, unless this would hurt them or others.

10. Continue to take personal inventory. And when you are wrong, admit it.

11. Through prayer and reflection, seek God's will for your life and the power to carry out that will.

12. After you have experienced a spiritual awakening by following these steps, help others who struggle with the same habit. **HH**

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WHAT THE LORD IS TEACHING ME ABOUT PRIVATE PRAYER

BY JULIE GAYLORD

Nine-year-old Travis sat wide-eyed, clutching his Bible in front of him as his Sunday School classmates scurried about, finding just the right place to sit as class began.

When the dust settled, Travis raised his hand and pleaded, "Let me pray today. Oh, please let me pray."

It was an earnest request, simple to grant. But the enthusiasm of this child, his sincere desire to pray, jolted me from thoughts of my carefully planned lesson and followed me all the way home.

Am I always that eager to pray? Sometimes. Not always.

Many of the most meaningful moments of my life have come during private prayer. Spirit-filled, emotion-packed church services are great. But there's nothing like being alone with God. So how is it that I allow myself to push private prayer to the bottom of my schedule some days? Finishing that project for work, doing laundry, even preparing for the Sunday School lesson are important tasks, but they must not be permitted to elbow out private prayer.

When hectic schedules and crowded calendars threaten to suffocate our quiet time with the Lord, we have to remind ourselves that, as Christians, we can't survive without prayer. There are three very basic concepts that drive the point home.

1. I must spend time with my Lord if I hope to be like Him.

Most of us make whatever in-

vestment is necessary, using time and money, to develop close family ties.

For the Lord's power, peace, contentment, for His personality to be part of us, we must maintain close ties with Him. The Christian's vocation is not to achieve great things, build great careers, or amass great fortunes.

In the prayer life, requests take a backseat to relationship.

Rather, the Christian's vocation is described by Paul: "And we all, with unveiled face, beholding the glory of the Lord, are being changed into his likeness from one degree of glory to another" (2 Corinthians 3:18, RSV).

Phineas Bresee in his marvelous sermon, "The Transferred Image,"

speaks of the way the very image of Christ is gradually transferred more and more to the prayerful sanctified heart. This transferring of the image of Christ is, he declares, "ever more and more complete—and yet, seemingly, more and more incomplete, because of the added revelation of our possibilities and privileges in Christ."

Bresee goes on to describe the pursuit of the transferred image, saying:

There is no top to the divine heights . . . no bottom to the divine depths . . . no shore to the ocean of God's perfections. The soul bathes and drinks, and drinks and bathes, and says, "I know Him better and love Him more, and yet I stand awe inspired in the presence of the infinite glory, which, though I come nigh, is ever unapproachable; though I bathe my soul in it and am filled yet its measureless heights and depths and lengths and breadths overwhelm me."

I have discovered that you cannot have the experience that Paul and our beloved Dr. Bresee spoke of on a three-minutes-a-day prayer life. If His image is to be transferred more and more fully to our hearts, it will take time alone with Him. Praying at stoplights, during television commercials, or while waiting for the coffee water to heat will not permit the Spirit of Christ to give us as much of himself as He wants to give us. How can He ever teach us to be like Him if He always has to interrupt us to get our attention?



Continued on page 37

WHAT THE LORD IS TEACHING ME ABOUT GROUP PRAYER

BY RICHARD BOND

Prayer had always been a private matter for me. Of course, I prayed in church and I liked prayer meetings. But serious prayer, for me, was to be done in the private place of prayer.

The problem was that after 25 years as a Christian and 15 years as a pastor, my private prayer life was a shambles. The pattern of prayer in my life was spasmodic, routine, and occasionally superficial. To say the least, my private prayer life was unsatisfying. I sensed that my ministry was long on mere human endeavor and short on the work of the Spirit. The Lord created in my heart a holy dissatisfaction. I deeply wanted a change. Responding to the hunger that the Lord had created in my heart, I determined to live the rest of my life in a new and different way.

Of course, I had made "new leaf" resolutions about intensifying my prayer life before. What would make this effort any different?

Those people on the pages of many books in my library who gave prayer a high priority became my companions. My contemporaries who had already established good disciplines of prayer became models.

I started giving special focus and energy to both private and group prayer. The Lord seemed to be leading me to explore the resources of group prayer.

A group in our church began to meet daily for prayer from 6-7 A.M. I joined them. I also made commitments to some weekly and monthly prayer groups.

As I reflect upon the past five years,

I have this deep conviction, this strong sense, that I have been doing something that is very right. It seems to be right in God's eyes. And right . . . according to the new spiritual dynamics in my own heart, life, and ministry.

The Lord has been teaching me several things about prayer during the

"A high ideal of holiness must be supported by a high ideal of prayer."

last five years. I will share three things that I have learned about group prayer. (1) Group prayer both motivates us and teaches us to pray. (2) Group prayer accomplishes things that would not otherwise be accomplished. (3) And group prayer creates meaningful and rich friendships.



1. Group prayer creates motivation for and instruction in prayer.

My involvement in prayer groups has given me a level of consistency in prayer that I long desired but could never reach. I have a sense of satisfaction now when I reflect upon my disciplines in prayer. I sense God's approval. It means so much to me to sense that God is now more pleased with the time I give Him for intimate fellowship, praise, and intercession.

Other members of our daily prayer group have had the same "testimony." Don Davis shared that prior to his involvement in our early morning prayer group, his praying was very inconsistent and "it was easy to skip praying for days at a time, except the prayer of thanks before meals." Arloa Dowling said that she could never develop a consistent and satisfactory pattern of praying alone. But since there are regularly scheduled prayer groups in the church, both daily and weekly, she now has "a very satisfying and meaningful pattern of prayer" in her life.

Many people pray alone for an entire lifetime in a very structured, disciplined, fruitful manner. But many others have to admit that praying has not been one of their strong characteristics as a Christian. The accountability factor in group prayer life helps us establish proper prayer patterns.

Just as prayer groups get us into prayer and keep us there, so groups can also teach us how to pray. A prayer group can give us real live lessons about coming before God in *honesty, openness, and humility*. The

As the group prayed, Frank was instantly healed of dyslexia.

group experience lets us listen to, learn about, and share in prayers of praise, adoration, thanksgiving, confession, intercession, etc. Sometimes my heart may be cold and uncaring or tired and discouraged. If I pray alone during such times, my intercession is often weak. But being with other people who intercede in the Spirit with feeling and concern can lift me to a higher level of prayer and love.

Another important thing I've learned is that:

2. Group prayer brings remarkable results.

Things are accomplished through prayer that would not otherwise be accomplished. Frank Martin said to me recently, "I had a miracle two days ago!" He went on to tell me that while praying in a *group*, someone felt led by the Holy Spirit to pray specifically for him, and he was instantly healed of dyslexia. He had suffered with this disease *all his life!*

Jane Epple, while praying with a group of MidAmerica Nazarene College students, was instantly healed of very serious depression and chronic chest pains. People in the group were specifically led by the Spirit to pray for her healing.

Four years ago, my back (injured 20 years previously) was healed . . . as a *group* of people prayed for me at different times during a span of several days.

Physical wellness is important, but spiritual wellness is more important. Much is accomplished *spiritually* in group prayer. My own personal testimony to heart holiness has a consistently clearer ring now that my prayer life is more consistent. I cannot live a holy life for one moment without drawing upon God's holiness, which must continually influence my life.

Many have discovered that a high ideal of holiness must be supported by a high ideal of prayer. I see much more of God's sanctifying grace at work in my life as a result of my faithfulness to group praying. The issue is not legalism. It is simply a matter of abiding in Him faithfully and obeying Him more consistently as His Spirit continually gives power. The spiritual accomplishments achieved by group prayer are so vitally important!

A third important thing the Lord is teaching me is that:

3. Praying together creates meaningful and enriching friendships.

Someone said to me recently, "Since I have started to pray daily with a group, I always feel a need to be there . . . to be with the Lord and with other people."

In a prayer group the best friendship we establish is . . . with God. But the other friendships are important too! If the dynamics of the group are right, then we have wonderful fellowship with God and with the others in the group.

Many people are lonely and frustrated because they have very few true friends. A long-term prayer group will solve that problem!

Someone commented recently, "I share things with people who belong to our early morning prayer meetings that I would not share with anyone else." A special closeness develops, a very special relationship emerges when we pray together.

Pastor Larry Lott and I have been on the same district, in the same city, for 11 years . . . our churches being only 20 minutes apart. We have been in many meetings of all kinds during that time. We were friends, but in a sense, also strangers for 10 years. This

"Dear Jesus"

BY DANNY GODDARD
PASTOR
CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE
WILMINGTON, N.C.

I have learned a lesson in prayer—from a three-year-old!

Sandie and I had just moved to Wilmington, N.C., when Kenny, one of the teens of the church, was diagnosed with Hodgkin's disease. He spent some time at Duke University Hospital, and everyone in the church was concerned, including Ryan.

Ryan was about three years old at the time and understood little of Kenny's situation. He did know that his friend, Kenny, was seriously ill, and he had heard his name mentioned on the pulpit time and time again. Ryan knelt by his bedside one night as his mother led him through his nightly prayers. He wanted to pray for his sick friend.

"Dear Jesus . . ." he started, but the words would not come. He tried again, "Dear Jesus . . ." but again his three-year-old vocabulary failed him. He started again, "Dear Jesus—Kenny." What a simple, powerful prayer.

Little Ryan illustrated for us what Paul wrote about in Romans 8:26-27. "The Spirit helps us in our weakness. We do not know what

past year we have prayed together in a small prayer group on a weekly basis. In my opinion, our relationship has totally changed! He is now a close friend, a spiritual friend. I draw spiritual strength from his friendship because we pray together regularly.

Good things happen when people pray together. I should not be surprised. Jesus promised that great rewards would come our way when we do this. "If two of you on earth agree about anything you ask for, it will be done for you by my Father in heaven" (Matthew 18:19, NIV).

When a small group of pray-ers agree on something, it seems to make a greater impact upon the "Father in

Kenny”

we ought to pray, but the Spirit himself intercedes for us with groans that words cannot express. And he who searches our hearts knows the mind of the Spirit, because the Spirit intercedes for the saints in accordance with God’s will” (NIV).

We may not always know what to say. In such times all we can pray is, “Dear Jesus—Kenny.” The Holy Spirit will then take that heart’s cry to the Father. He will remind the Father that the person praying is His child, one who wants God’s will to be done in everything. He then will turn your prayer into a proper prayer containing all the right components. When it reaches the Father, your prayer will be one that’s been anointed by the Spirit and according to the will of God.

When little Ryan’s three-word prayer reached the Father, I’m sure it was as eloquent as any prayer needs to be, and theologically adequate.

Not too many weeks later, Kenny returned home, free from Hodgkin’s disease. He is now a student at one of our Nazarene colleges. There is power in simple prayers from our hearts. I’m practicing more three-worders, “Dear Jesus, Sandie . . . Tommy . . . Kenny.”

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heaven” than when there is only one voice.

The Church of the Nazarene has many strengths! It is my prayer that during 1990—the Sabbath Year of Prayer—we will make a giant leap forward in prayer. Our personal lives will be enriched. Earth will become more like heaven!

There will be some cost, forcing yourself to get out of bed, missing some TV programs, not being able to read the daily paper with as much leisure, etc. But the rewards will be more than worth it!

Richard Bond is pastor of Antioch Church of the Nazarene, Overland Park, Kans.

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Private Prayer . . .

Continued from page 34

“Let the principal part of my prayer be . . . holy silence and adoration of faith.”

In *The Power of Prayer*, R. A. Torrey tells us, “Prayer will promote our personal holiness as nothing else except the study of the Word of God.”

Making time for private prayer is a conscious decision. Satan will use any means available to keep Christians from praying, because he knows the benefits we receive from prayer. These benefits go far beyond tangible answers to prayer requests. In the prayer life, requests and answers take a backseat to the relationship that develops between God and His child. Being changed into His likeness is our devotional goal.

Luke tells us that Jesus often withdrew to lonely places and prayed (Luke 5:16, NIV). We must do the same.

2. Pray without ceasing is serious advice.

“Be joyful always, pray continually; give thanks in all circumstances, for this is God’s will for you in Christ Jesus” (1 Thessalonians 5:16-18, NIV).

For a long time, I didn’t understand how to pray without ceasing. But the Lord has helped me come to an understanding—a limited understanding—of what this command really means. I always understood that I could pray at any time, in any place—behind the desk at work, driving in traffic, in quiet solitude at home. But praying without ceasing goes beyond the physical setting.

Praying continually always involves an attitude of prayer. We can only maintain that attitude through the help of the Holy Spirit. When we are constantly in tune with the Holy Spirit, our attitude will conform to

the character of Christ. Our actions and reactions in life situations show whether or not we are praying without ceasing.

3. Listening in prayer is harder but more valuable than talking.

Most of us are very skilled in the art of delivering to the Lord in our prayers a wish list for Him to fill. We may even be fairly well acquainted with inserting praise into our prayers. But it takes a heart trained by the Holy Spirit to be still and listen.

In the same way that we get to know our neighbor better by listening to him speak, we get to know our Savior better by being quiet long enough for Him to say something to us. “Be still, and know that I am God” (Psalm 46:10, NIV).

“Let the principal part of my prayer be the holy silence and adoration of faith, in which I wait upon God, until He reveals himself to me and gives me, through His Spirit, the loving assurance that He looks down upon me as a Father, that I am well-pleasing to Him” (*Like Christ*, Andrew Murray).

When we get past what we want Him to do for us and focus on what He wants to do in us, we’ll be on our way to learning to listen.

Private prayer is the Christian’s lifeline to God—the umbilical cord that provides nourishment for our hearts and souls. Though I am a slow learner sometimes, the Lord is teaching me more and more about prayer.

Julie Gaylord is a member of the First Church of the Nazarene at Shreveport, La. She is a television reporter and news anchorwoman for Channel 6 in Shreveport.

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CLOSE TO HOME

News from districts
and local churches



Senior Pastor Robert Simmons and his wife, Monda, stand in front of the new educational/fellowship building at Bradenton, Fla., First Church of the Nazarene.

BRADENTON CHURCH DEDICATES NEW BUILDING

Bradenton, Fla., First Church of the Nazarene has completed, debt-free, an educational/fellowship building with more than 16,000 square feet of space. The total project, including the site, cost approximately \$850,000.

The facility was dedicated recently by Eugene L. Stowe, general superintendent, and Robert H. Spear, Southern Florida District superintendent. Robert Simmons is senior pastor of the church.



The 1990 West Texas District ordinand class (pictured l. to r.) included: Donald D. Owens, general superintendent; Rev. and Mrs. Dennis Hayes; Rev. and Mrs. Travis Hutchison, from the Wesleyan Church; Rev. Mrs. Karen Bird, and Bill Bird, first deacon on district; Rev. and Mrs. Jamey Rogers; and District Superintendent Charles E. Jones.



Former pastors return to Denver, Colo., Green Acres Church for the church's 50th anniversary celebration. Pictured (l. to r.): Leon Wyss, Park Burkhart, David Ralph, Mendal Collins, Ray Hawkins, and Howard Hays.

FORMER PASTORS RETURN FOR ANNIVERSARY

The Green Acres Church of the Nazarene celebrated its 50th anniversary in a special way. The Denver, Colo., church held special services from Wednesday through Sunday with former pastors doing the preaching. Leon Wyss, Colorado District superintendent, preached the anniversary mes-

sage Sunday afternoon.

Former pastors who joined in the celebration were: Ray Hawkins, 1955-61; Mendal Collins, 1961-70; Park Burkhart, 1970-76; and David Ralph, 1982-87. Howard Hays has served as senior pastor of the Green Acres church since 1987.

NEW CHRISTIAN LEARNS ABOUT CHOICES IN VBS

The Nashville, Tenn., McClurkan Church of the Nazarene experienced a different kind of Vacation Bible School, according to Gail Whited, director. A new Christian, Bill Trotter,

decided that his understanding of the Bible was close to that of the primary class, and since he had missed out on the opportunity to attend VBS as a child, he would attend this year.

Trotter attended class with the primaries each night, learning about making choices in life right along with them.

Bill Trotter (holding microphone), shares with the congregation during the VBS program at McClurkan Church.



VITAL STATISTICS

Deaths

JAMES ALTON BENTON, 82, Liberty, S.C., May 7. Survivors: wife, Gwendolyn M Benton.

FAYE M BICKELL, 60, Longmont, Colo., Apr. 19. Survivors: husband, Kyle; sons, David and Robert; one brother.

HENDRIK D (HANK) deBRUYN, Calgary, Alberta, Canada, May 18. Survivors: wife, Jean; sons, Jeremy, Mark, Joost, Roland; daughter, Mariette; eight grandchildren.

PAULYNE GREEN, Phoenix, Ariz., Feb. 19. Survivors: husband, W. Elton Green; daughters, Linda Arvizu and Sheryl Marchese; three grandsons; one great-granddaughter; one sister; two brothers.

ESTHER DURDIN HENNIGAN, 84, Apr. 23, and RUFUS PAUL HENNIGAN, 84, Apr. 10, both of Nacogdoches, Tex. Survivors: daughters, Pauline Steffens, JoAnn Poole, Elaine Stanaland; seven grandchildren; Mrs. Hennigan's three sisters; and Mr.

Hennigan's four sisters.

MARVIN W HURLBUT, 77, Tucson, Ariz., May 18. Survivors: wife, Gladys; daughter, Elizabeth; sons, Robert and David; one sister; six grandchildren; one great-grandchild.

GUY W OSBURN, 86, Oldfield, Mo., Mar. 26. Survivors: wife, Ola; daughters, Mary Cockroft, Esther Ormiston, Dawn Pettys; sons, Paul and Thomas; 12 grandchildren; 2 great-grandchildren.

BEN PEEVY, Paris, Tex., Jan. 21. Survivors: wife, Lissie; daughter, Martha Ann (Mrs. Lloyd) Brannum; two sisters.

REV. ALBERT RICH, 65, Lewiston, Maine, Feb. 24. Survivors: wife, Elizabeth; sons, David and Timothy; six grandchildren; four sisters.

ERIC A. ROUSE, 61, May 11. Survivors: wife, Jean; sons, David and Paul; daughter, Donna; five grandchildren.

WILLIAM A SKIPWORTH, 81, Fort Collins, Colo., Jan. 4. Survivors: wife, Irene; son, Wayne; three grandchildren; one great-grandchild.

REV. J. R. SMITH, 70, Colorado Springs, Colo., Feb. 6. Survivors: wife, Romona; sons, Randy, Robert, Tim, and Mark; daughter, Linda Sauer; two half-sisters; six grandchildren.

ROSETTA ROCHELLE (BROWN) WIEGMAN, 47, Bethany, Okla., May 2. Survivors: husband, Rev. Chalmer R. Wiegman; daughter, Donya Gibson; one granddaughter; parents, Morris and Velda Brown.

RUBY CHRISTINA WILLETT, 77, Adrian, Mich., July 28. Survivors: husband, Harold; daughters, Martha Endsley, Margaret (Mrs. Olin) Miller, Mary (Mrs. Gale) Kimerer; son, John; 10 grandchildren.

REV. THOMAS H. YOUNCE, 79, Kingston, N.Y., June 5. Survivors: daughter, Mrs. Paul Albright; two grandchildren; one sister; one brother.

Births

to FABIAN AND MELANIE (GARRETT) ABUNDIS, Little Rock, Ark., a girl, Jaclyn Brooke, Jan. 19.

to TOMMIE AND SHARON (JOHNSON) ALLMON, a boy, Ryan Michael, Apr. 15 to EVAN AND TAMARA (GAGE) BRIGHT, Olathe, Kans., a boy, Jared Evan, Dec. 14 to REV. BENJAMIN (BUDDY) AND KIM COOK, McPherson, Kans., a girl, Elizabeth Nicole, Mar. 15.

to REV. LARRY AND CONNIE (ENGL) EATON, Russelville, Ky., a boy, Michael Lawrence, Apr. 15.

to KEITH AND ANITA (WINKLE) FIELD, Nampa, Idaho, a boy, Stephen Douglas, May 12.

to REV. MATT AND KIM (CONNER) GOLDEN, Waukegan, Ill., a girl, Kayla Beth, May 7.

to JOHN AND DEBBIE (COLDIRON) GRAYBEAL, a girl, Carrie Melinda, May 4 to BRUCE AND SANDY (HUGEN) JOHNSON, a girl, Samantha Lauren, May 30 to PHIL AND DEBBIE KETCHAM, a boy, Michael Aaron, Apr. 28.

to MARK AND SUSI (JOHNSON) MANGELSDORF, Redmond, Wash., a girl, Emily Kristine, Mar. 28.

to JOE AND PAM (FISHER) STOREY, Nashville, Tenn., a boy, Joseph Dale, May 10.

to STEVEN AND WENDY (WITBECK) TATE, Nashville, Tenn., a boy, Andrew Steven, May 14.

Marriages

CYNTHIA JOAN BROOKS and DANIEL LEE CUMMINGS at Texarkana, Ark., May 27.

MELODIE BULLOCK and RICHARD ALTON at Nampa, Idaho, Mar. 24.

BELKIS ZOE MUSALEN and WILLIAM LUDWIG JONES, at St. Petersburg, Fla., May 27.

THERESA LEE PALMER and PAUL DAVID MACPHERSON at Upper Marlboro, Md., June 2.

TERESA SULLENGER and WILLIAM DWIGHT KOOPS, Apr. 28.

Anniversaries

WILLIAM (BUD) AND MARTHA (GUTIN) CORNELIUS, Fort Lauderdale, Fla., celebrated their 50th anniversary Apr. 27 with

an open house at Pompano Beach First Church of the Nazarene.

The Corneliuses have three children: Norma Purinton, Donna Organ, and Carol Rouse; and two grandsons.

REV. AND MRS. G. J. FERRIS celebrated their 50th anniversary June 15. Rev. Ferris graduated from Canadian Nazarene College in 1958 and served on the Alberta and British Columbia Districts prior to his retirement in 1970.

REV. AND MRS. RUSSELL D. (JACK) FETTY, Weirton, W.Va., celebrated their 50th anniversary May 5 with an open house at Weirton, W.Va., First Church of the Nazarene. Rev. Fetty is retired after 34 years of ministry in West Virginia. He is active in the visitation program of his church, and Mrs. Fetty serves as secretary to the District Missionary Council of the West Virginia North District.

FOR THE RECORD Moving Ministers

WILSON G. ALPLANALP to associate, Lubbock (Tex.) Monterey.

THOMAS BOCOX from Osceola, Ark., to Olton, Tex.

CHARLES D. BROOKS from Mattoon, Wis., to Jamestown, N.Y.

TIMOTHY L. BROWN to pastor, Granbury, Tex.

RICHARD M. BRUNNER from Plover Point, Wis., to New London (Wis.) Mission.

JOHN B. BRYAN, JR., from Spokane (Wash.) Woodland Hills to Racine (Wis.) Community.

THOMAS S. BURKETT from Greensboro (N.C.) Southeast to Elizabeth City, N.C.

BAILEY CANTRELL from Phillipsburg, Kans., to Mulvane, Kans.

KEITH A. CARNES from student, ONU, Ill., to pastor, Ottawa (Ill.) Southside.

W. RANDY CRISP from pastor, Cumberland, Ky., to associate, Ironton (Ohio) Elm Street.

MICHAEL F. DAVIS, student, SNU, Okla., to associate, Hot Springs (Ark.) First.

FRANK DEFISHER from Towanda, Kans., to Kirwin, Kans.

STEVEN DEWEBBER from associate, Idaho Falls, Idaho, to associate, Marion (Ohio) First.

W. RANDY DODD from associate, Denver (Colo.) First, to pastor, Vero Beach (Fla.) First.

E. CHUCK DYE from student, Colorado Springs, to pastor, Olivia, Minn.

MICHAEL T. EDWARDS from Newton (Kans.) First to Garden City, Kans.

OSCAR H. ELLER from Moore, Okla., to Del City, Okla.

MICHAEL P. ELLIOTT from associate, Brazil, Ind., to associate, Martinsville, Ind.

RANDY W. GARNER from Memphis (Tenn.) Grace to Hereford, Tex.

MARCUS L. GIESELMAN from Port St. Joe (Fla.) First to Eau Claire, Wis.

ROBERT LEE GILPIN from Denver City, Tex., to Clarendon, Tex.

A. C. GRONDSKI from West Bend, Wis., to Mattoon, Wis.

ROY L. GUESWEL from Carthage, S.Dak., to Fargo, N.Dak.

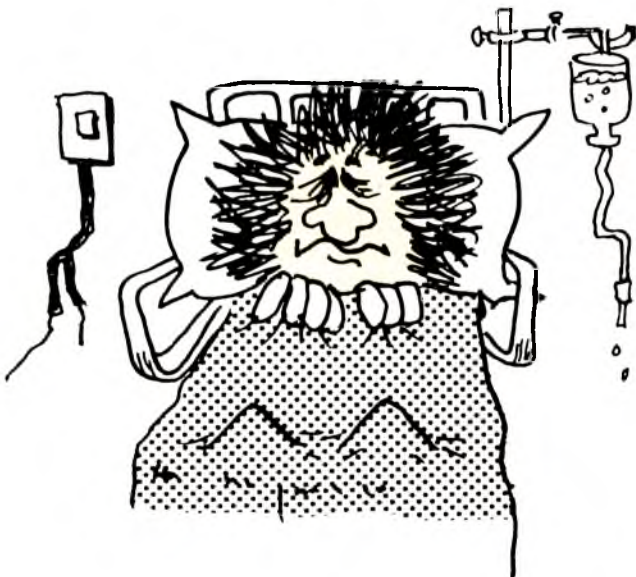
RILEY HALL to pastor, Norwood, Mo.

CREIG E. HANKINS from associate,

NAZARENE SNAPSHOT

When asked, "Is it ethical to refuse medical attention to a person?"

Nazarenes responded:



- 90.1% Under no circumstances.
- 7.3% Not sure.
- 0.4% If unable to pay all expense.
- 0.6% If unable to pay any expenses.
- 0.7% When medical personnel wish to refuse attention.

Based on surveys conducted by the Church Growth Research Center in cooperation with the Association of Nazarene Sociologists of Religion (ANSweR).

Carlsbad (Calif.) Las Flores, to associate. Dinuba, Calif

MICHAEL M. HANCOCK from Tulsa (Okla.) Regency Park to Nashville (Tenn.) Bethel

JERRY W. HARRIS to pastor, Blue Island, Ill

BILLY DON HODGES from Clarendon, Tex., to Borger (Tex.) First

WILLIAM O. HULL from Pleasant Grove, Ark. to Ashdown (Ark.) First

RILEY S. HUNTER from Anchor Point, Alaska, to Homer (Alaska) Christian Center

F. GARTH HYDE from Rosemeade, Calif. to Colorado Springs (Colo.) Indian Heights

TROY D. KNIGHT from associate, Wasilla, Alaska, to pastor, Two Rivers, Alaska

MICHAEL C. KONKLE from pastor, Parker City, Ind., to evangelism

RONALD LAMB to pastor, LaGrange, Ga.

LEO E. LEONARD from Kirwin, Kans., to Kinsley, Kans.

THOMAS R. LYTLE from Portland (Oreg.) First to Marion (Ohio) First

GEORGE M. MALONE from student to pastor, Port St. Joe (Fla.) First

E. DWAYNE MATLOCK from associate, Plainview (Tex.) First, to Lubbock (Tex.) Monterrey

WILLIAM S. MERCER from Crowley (La.) First to Pleasant Grove, Ark

ROGER E. MERRILL from student to evangelism

STEPHEN J. MORLEY from student, NTS, Kansas City, to associate, Monte Vista, Colo.

G. DOUGLAS MOWRY from student, NTS, Kansas City, to pastor, Gridley, Calif

MARVIN E. NANSEL to Phillipsburg, Kans.

JAMES H. NORCROSS from Jasper (Tex.) Wesley Chapel to Lamesa, Tex.

DAVID W. ORNER from pastor, Hinesville, Ga., to associate, Fairborn (Ohio) Wrightview

JAMES R. PEAK from student, TNC, Tenn., to pastor, Snyder, Tex

GARY D. RAPP to Christiansburg (Va.) Mission

DARYL L. REED from Dayton, Ky., to Uniontown, Pa.

RODNEY T. RIGGAN from associate, Canton (Ohio) First, to Roswell (N.Mex.) Central

M. BRYAN RUSSELL from Covington

(Ga.) First to Nashville (Tenn.) Bell Road

VICTOR S. SCHREFFLER from Canaan Hill, Mo., to San Antonio (Tex.) Community

M. DANIEL STROUD from Bolivar (Mo.) First to Cairo, Ga.

LAVAL G. SUITER from Marinette, Wis., to Columbus, Wis

J. DANIEL THOMAS from Sandersville, Ga., to Albany (Ga.) Grace

L. DEAN THOMPSON from pastor, Carl Junction, Mo., to evangelism

GLENN L. THYRION from Prague, Okla., to Abilene (Tex.) Southwest

DONALD G. TURNER from pastor, Dixon Ill., to associate, Rockford (Ill.) First

BRENT A. ULRICH from Braidwood, Ill., to Bloomfield, Ind.

SCOTT K. VANBIBBER from Tulsa (Okla.) First to Monroe (N.C.) First

GARY G. WHITE from Farmington, Ark., to Salina (Kans.) Belmont

CHARLES R. WYLIE from evangelism to pastor, Nocona, Tex.

Announcements

Amarillo, Tex., First Church of the Nazarene will celebrate its 75th anniversary Aug. 31-Sept. 2. All friends and former members are invited to attend or send greetings. Contact the Diamond Anniversary Committee, 1924 S. Polk, Amarillo, TX 79109 for information.

Dumas, Tex., Church of the Nazarene will celebrate its 50th anniversary September 9. Morning and afternoon services will be held featuring Rev. Clifford Mayo, who will begin a week of camp meeting revival. Special music will also be a part of the day's activities. All former members, pastors, and friends are invited. For more information, contact Pastor Glenn Nasser at (806) 935-9243 or you may write to the church address: 402 S. Porter, Dumas, TX 79029

Edmonton, Alberta, First Church of the Nazarene will celebrate its 75th anniversary Sept. 14-16 with festivities beginning Friday night. Reservations are required for the banquet to be held Saturday night. Contact the anniversary committee at 14320 - 94St. T5E 3W2 or phone (403) 477-2317, (403) 478-3148, or

(403) 476-6015 for more information

Geneva Ind., Church of the Nazarene will celebrate its 50th anniversary Aug. 4-5. There will be a carry-in dinner Saturday evening. District Superintendent Oval Stone will speak in the Sunday 10:00 a.m. service. There will be a carry-in dinner following the morning worship service with a 2:00 p.m. concert featuring the Kennedy Duet and Rev. Allen Sprunger. Contact the church, Box 147, Geneva, IN 46740, for more information

Moving Missionaries

REV. DONALD and PAULA BARD*, Zambia. Furlough address: 196 W. Montecito, Sierra Madre, CA 91204

REV. GARY and FERN BUNCH, Brazil. Furlough address: c/o Paul Chambers, 1611 S.W. Parkway, College Station, TX 77840

REV. GEOFFREY and JEANNE BURGESS, Australia. Field address: 16 Rainsford Avenue, Croydon Park, SA 5008, Australia

REV. LOWELL and MARILYN CLARK, Zambia. Field address: P.O. Box 31766, 10101 Lusaka, Zambia

MR. STANLEY and JO DOERR, Malawi. Field address: P.O. Box 5566, Limbe, Malawi

MR. CARL and JUDI DUEY, Malawi. Furlough address: 3021 Tropicana, Bethany, OK 73008

REV. BRONELL and PAULA GREER, India. Furlough address: c/o World Mission Division, 6401 The Paseo, Kansas City, MO 64131

MISS JANET HARMON*, Thailand. Furlough address: 419 Washington, Nampa, ID 83686

MR. ROBERT and DONNA HEBETS*, Papua New Guinea. Field address: P.O. Box 456, Mt. Hagen, WHP, Papua New Guinea

REV. ROY and GLORIA HENCK, Cape Verde. Field address: C.P. 134, Mindelo, Republic of Cape Verde. Via Portugal

MR. JEFF and MELISSA JAKOBITZ, Mexico & Central America Regional Office. Furlough Address: 14704 Summertree Lane, Olathe, KS 66062

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Putting Thought to Our Prayers—Part II

Last month we explored *adoration* and *confession* in the familiar ACTS method of prayer. This month, *thanksgiving* and *supplication* will be our focus.

Thanksgiving

After I have worshiped and adored the Lord as a beginning to my prayer time and have moved on to true confession, thanksgiving becomes a natural and orderly response. The Scriptures abound with references to thanks and thanksgiving. It is to become a way of life in the maturing Christian. One of the most powerful references is found in 1 Thessalonians 5:16-18: *Be joyful always; pray continually; give thanks in all circumstances, for this is God's will for you in Christ Jesus (NIV).*

Can we talk? Before going further, I want to comment on "give thanks in all circumstances." It says *in, not for*. I think there is a significant difference. I am not to try to thank God *for* everything that happens to me, but *in* every situation I can be thankful that God is acting on my behalf; I am not left alone. It is difficult for me to thank God for the evil that impacts my life, the tragedies, suffering, and evil brought on by others. But I can express thanks to the creator God who brings order out of chaos, who works for my good in the midst of the worst, and who demonstrated this love through the Cross and the Resurrection!

There are many things for which we can thank our Heavenly Father. We can thank Him for who He is and what He has done, for answers to prayer, for spiritual and material blessings, and for what He is doing in the lives of others.

Try making a list of items in your prayer journal for which you are thankful. Look at the list as you pray. Let the list build itself as you come back to it day after day, adding to it as the Lord brings new elements to mind.

Supplication

This category can include such items as petition and intercession. It is asking God for our needs. For so long I moved to petition way too early in my prayer time. How much more fulfilling it is now to spend time in adoration, confession, and thanksgiving and then move to supplication.

Lest we feel guilty about praying for our needs, consider the following:

Ask and it will be given to you; seek and you will find; knock and the door will be opened to you. For every one who asks receives; he who seeks finds; and to him who knocks, the door will be opened (Matthew 7:7-8, NIV).

Do not be anxious about anything, but in everything, by prayer and petition, with thanksgiving, present your requests to God (Philippians 4:6, NIV).

You do not have, because you do not ask God (James 4:2, NIV).

God wants us to ask Him to help us. It is a way of demonstrating our total dependence on Him. There is nothing too big for God to handle and nothing too small for Him to care about. Psalm 37:4 is a promise worth memorizing: *Delight yourself in the Lord and he will give you the desires of your heart (NIV).*

In thinking about asking God for what I need, a poem by Garth and Merv Rosell has been an inspiration to me:

I asked for strength that I might achieve;

He made me weak that I might obey;

I asked for health that I might do greater things;

I was given grace that I might do better things.

I asked for riches that I might be happy;

I was given poverty that I might be wise.

I asked for power that I might have the praise of men;

***Do not be anxious . . .
present your requests
to God.***

I was given weakness that I might feel the need of God.

I asked for all things that I might enjoy life;

I was given life that I might enjoy all things.

I received nothing that I asked for, all that I hoped for;

My prayer was answered.

(Quoted by Bobb Biehl and James W. Hagelanz in *Praying*, p. 69, used by permission.)

Ⓜ

The Teaching Spirit and

The words that I have spoken to you are spirit and life. . . . These things I have spoken to you while I am still with you. But the Counselor, the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, he will teach you all things, and bring to your remembrance all that I have said to you. . . . He will glorify me, for he will take what is mine and declare it to you (John 6:63; 14:25-26; 16:14, RSV).

Everyone knows that the teachings of Jesus are definitive and controlling for Christian life. It is my observation, however, that much contemporary teaching on the person and work of the Holy Spirit appears to have little or no vital connection with Christ and, therefore, has not led to any depth of concern to understand and live out His words. In fact, it seems that the stronger the emphasis is on the ministry of the Holy Spirit, the weaker the emphasis is on the teachings of Jesus. This is to our great detriment.

So I want to talk about the questions, "How have we come to such a destructive separation, and where do the words of Jesus fit into the Spirit-filled life?" Let me suggest a couple of things. One is the way our New Testament is put together. It begins with the life of Jesus in the Gospels, then comes the Book of Acts with its record of the Holy Spirit's outpouring on the Day of Pentecost, followed by intensive missionary outreach and growth and life in the young church. The rest of the New Testament Epistles reflect the way the church lived out the gospel in the power of the Spirit, facing the problems of the first-century world, living in hope of the consummation and final triumph of the Kingdom.

We meet Jesus in the Gospels, experience the Holy Spirit in Acts, and go on living in the Epistles. Well and good, but where does that leave the teaching of Jesus? Back behind us somewhere?

Then there is the way we think of God in relation to how our Bible is put together. We know about God the Father who is Creator and Lawgiver. His Bible is the Old Testament, often misunderstood to be a book of condemnation and judgment. We know about Jesus the Son who is our Savior and Friend. His Bible is Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, known to be filled with love and forgiveness.

Then there is the Holy Spirit who is our Sanctifier and Empowerer. His Bible is Acts and the Epistles, filled with gifts and miracles. From this faulty perspective we end up with three Gods, three Bibles, and three religious experiences. Condemned in the Old Testament, we are forgiven in the Gospels, filled with the Spirit in Acts, and go on living our Christian lives in the Epistles.

The problems involved in this misguided system are obvious and numerous, but I am not far, I fear, from an accurate accounting of the perspective of far too many of us. Every time we read our Bibles through, we pass beyond the teachings of Jesus to the experience of Pentecost and on to Spirit-filled living in the Epistles. Where do Jesus' "wonderful words of life" fit into the wonderful Spirit-filled life?

A pastor friend of mine was preaching a Sunday morning series on the Sermon on the Mount from Matthew's Gospel. After a month

or so, one of the church members confronted him because he was not "preaching holiness." Well, was he? Of course he was, but the listening brother couldn't hear it because, for him, the Holy Spirit came at Pentecost after the death and resurrection of Jesus, and brought a holiness and power that evidently had very little to do with the teachings of Jesus.

Let's go back to the question, "Where do the words of Jesus fit into the Spirit-filled life?" It is helpful to me to think about it this way. The life, death, and resurrection of Jesus produced a community of believers who, at Pentecost, were filled with His Spirit. Jesus, who was promised by the Spirit, conceived by the Spirit, who was

Why is it that the more the Holy Spirit is emphasized, the more Jesus Christ is minimized?

filled with the Spirit, and who did His works in the power of the Spirit, breathed on His disciples and said, "Receive the Holy Spirit" (John 20:22, RSV). The prophetic breathing was the bestowing of His own Spirit. At Pentecost, this prophetic word was fulfilled when the rush of Spirit-wind/Jesus-breath swept through the house and "they were all filled with the Holy Spirit" (Acts 2:4, RSV).

This community of disciples, empowered with Jesus' own Spirit, then confronted their world with



the Words of Jesus

the meaning of Christ. Everywhere these Spirit-filled believers went they remembered, talked about, memorized, and proclaimed the things Jesus said and did. The works and words of Jesus were the heart of their teaching, preaching, missionizing, and catechizing.

When the Holy Spirit inspired Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John to sit down and write, their desks were piled high with material—far more than they could ever cover (see John 21:25). Each was involved in the working life of a church where Spirit-filled believers were in the process of appropriating the meaning of Jesus and His words into their lives. They did not write their Gospels just to record for later Christians what Jesus said and did; they wrote primarily because these were useful, were, in fact, the living center of the church's life. Look at Mark's Gospel: it is an evangelistic tract, some think a shorthand version of the preaching of Peter, a call to radical discipleship in the face of inevitable suffering.

I think of Matthew's Gospel as a comprehensive handbook for a church across the street from the Jewish synagogue. We could think of it as a catechism for Christians getting ready for baptism. Just about everything a Christian needs to know is in it.

Luke's concern is to give certainty and perspective to Theophilus and Gentile believers he represented. The gospel is portrayed in the context of God's great drama of redemption, yet there is room for the intimate, personal, healing, saving, socializing ministry of Jesus.

John tells us clearly that he was inspired to write what Jesus said and did so that others might come to "believe that Jesus is the Christ,

the Son of God," and so "have life in his name" (20:31, RSV).

I wish it were possible to rearrange the books of the New Testament in such a way that we could experience, as first-century Christians did, the work and words of Jesus right in the middle of their lives as Spirit-filled believers. For them, the words of their Lord were not "back there" somewhere. The life of Jesus, the passion narrative, the Resurrection accounts, the sayings, the parables, the miracles—all these were being shared, taught, memorized, and lived out in the Christian community.

Victor Furnish says that "the early church did not just passively receive but actively appropriated the teaching of the one whom they had come to confess as Christ and as Lord" (*The Love Command in the New Testament*). The words of Jesus were not preserved as sacred treasures; they were the stuff of their life, the useful tools and resources for instruction and edification in the body of believers.

My conviction is that we who share in continuity with that early church and live in the power of the Holy Spirit must keep as close to the life and teachings of Jesus as that early church did. His words were definitive for their life in the Spirit, and they are definitive for our life in the Spirit-filled community of believers. The Sermon on the Mount is not back there behind us; it describes for us what life in the Kingdom is like. When Jesus says, "Judge not," the Holy Spirit brings that word to us and we say, "Yes, Lord."

Jesus speaks to us about anxiety

and lust and desire for the things of the world. His parables teach us about forgiveness and grace and remind us how ultimate are the issues and how radical is the call to repent and obey. And the Holy Spirit probes and cleanses and instructs us, saying, "This is where you need to grow. Here is where you need to change. Yield that to Me for My cleansing."

Not only are these words we read in the stories about Jesus, but they are the words the Holy Spirit uses to define our Spirit-filled living right now. As Jesus himself gives content to our understanding of the Holy Spirit, so the teachings of Jesus give content to our way of life in the Holy Spirit. This is what Jesus meant when He said that the

The Holy Spirit uses the very words of Jesus to shape our Christian life.

Holy Spirit would take the things He said and bring them to our remembrance, into our hearts, and out through our lives.

Where, then, do the words of Jesus belong in the lives of persons who care about the Holy Spirit and His ministry? *They belong right at the center*—right here and now, where the Holy Spirit wants to use them at the growing edge of sanctified living.

*Spirit of God, my Teacher be,
Showing the things of Christ to me.*

H



Letters from Home

BY JIM AND MARILEE WILSON

My sister, Jewel, writes that our second cousin, Joe Lester Hinson, has been stirring things up again in the church youth group.

Lester is twenty-something, but he still hangs around the teen group. He is skinny as a rail, and he always has his hair slicked back with an overdose of Brylcreme—he never paid attention to “a little dab’ll do ya.”

Lester doesn’t always brush his teeth, but he does always smile. His complexion is a riot. His face is always aswarm with pimples.

T-shirts with absurdities like “Wild Thing” or “Elvis Lives” dominate his wardrobe. And when he backslides (as he always manages to do between revivals), he wears a pack of Lucky Strikes in a rolled up T-shirt sleeve, a fashion statement Les learned at Uncle Ralph’s Restaurant and Truck Stop.

Lester has been dumped by just about every girl at church who came to dating age during the 80s. Rejecting the obnoxious wooings of Joe Lester has almost become a local rite of passage for young women in Wilson Flats. But for all this, Joe Lester is undaunted.

Jewel wrote that his most recent fiasco occurred at the first event in the church’s new fellowship hall. Everyone was there, even Brother Phelps who had prophesied that it wouldn’t be long until the “mustard jar was the hottest thing in the church.” The fact that his granddaughter, Louise, was one of the honored guests made it easier for him to come.

The event itself was a banquet in honor of the three young people in the church who were going away to college. Lester volunteered to be one of the servers. Jewel observed that he must have thought that when he strutted into the banquet hall carrying a platter of corn on the cob and wearing a black T-shirt with silver lettering that read “Mucho Macho” that the girls would “ooh” and “aah.”

His special target, however, was Norma Jean Howe, a shy 14-year-old girl who was a late bloomer and had not as yet had to deal with romantic attention from males. This shy flower, however, had not missed the eagle eye of Joe Lester. She, too, was one of the volunteer kitchen workers.

All evening long, Joe Lester pranced around her, dishing out whispered messages, witty remarks, and knowing

looks, while repeatedly standing closer to her than was necessary. Norma Jean was embarrassed by all this public attention from a guy who had an emetic effect on her even from a distance.

When Lester pranced by her with a coffee pot in each hand and crooned in her ear a bar of “Strangers in the Night,” Norma Jean cracked. She had just taken a batch of baked sweet potatoes from the oven. She was cutting them in two when Lester swooshed by with his song. Pushed beyond her limit, she grabbed the pointed end of a big sweet potato, which she had just halved. Whirling, she threw it with all her might into Lester’s grinning face.

The steaming tuber struck him right between the eyes and stuck on his forehead. Lester staggered and reeled, trying to keep his footing to keep from spilling the coffee from the two pots he was carrying. Jewel said later that he looked like a wounded unicorn.

Having both hands full, he could not remove the hot potato, and Lester began to yell, “I’m burning! I’m burning! Help me!”—strange language from a man wearing a “Mucho Macho” T-shirt.

Norma Jean suddenly felt remorse. She hadn’t really meant to hurt him, so she tried to help the boy with the burning forehead. She grabbed a pitcher of ice cold lemonade and sloshed it in Lester’s face. Drenched and dripping, Lester ran out into the night, still carrying the coffee pots and with the potato still stuck to his forehead.

Jewel said that two good things came out of this strange event. One was that Lester started attending the “greener pastures” down at the Pentecostal Tabernacle, the new church that had taken over the old skating rink on Highway 137. And that was just fine with all the girls at our church—and their parents for that matter, according to Jewel.

The other thing that came out of this was that it was now clear to all that Norma Jean had completed the rite of passage and was no longer to be regarded as a girl but as a woman. The next Sunday she sat in the back of the church with the senior high girls who now accepted her as one of them.

Jim and Marilee Wilson

OLDEST HERALD SUBSCRIBER? ... R. F. Schwab

began his second century with a special birthday celebration at the Winona, Minn., Church of the Nazarene. Schwab, 101, is a charter member of the church and still attends regularly, according to Pastor Daniel T. Ames.



As he testified before the congregation he noted that he had "no plans to take his membership elsewhere in the foreseeable future."

NAZARENE CHAPLAIN'S FAMILY HONORED ... Nazarene chaplain Capt. David Scharff

and his family were honored as the post family of the year at Fort Drum, N.Y. David, his wife, **Trudy**, and his son, **Chris**, received the honor in recognition of their outstanding family oriented contributions to Fort Drum and the 10th Mountain Division, according to the Public Affairs Office.

The Scharffs are very involved in activities at the

Post Chapel Center, as well as other activities in the community and on the base.

PROFESSORS HONORED FOR TEACHING EXCELLENCE

... Three Nazarene college professors were honored recently with the Sears-Roebuck Foundation "Teaching Excellence Award."

Paul Hendrickson, chairman of the Math and Science Division at MidAmerica Nazarene College, received the award based on his ability to communicate subject content and inspire students to apply classroom learning and develop problem-solving and decision-making skills, according to MANC President **Richard Spindle**.

Leon Powers, math professor at Northwest Nazarene College, was recognized as an exemplary teacher and excellent researcher.

Richard Ryding, professor of pastoral ministry at Trevecca Nazarene College, was recognized for his creativity and ability to relate well to students and faculty, according to **Homer J. Adams**, TNC president.



NAZARENE HONORED WITH SILVER SNOOPY AWARD ...

John H. Rumbarger (above, left), a member of Fairview Village, Pa., Church of the Nazarene, was awarded the "Silver Snoopy Award," by NASA for his work in enhancing the safety of space shuttle astronauts.

Rumbarger, who works as

an executive engineer with Arvin/Calspan Corporation's Franklin Research Center Division, received the award from Astronaut **Steve Oswald** (above, right). He was honored because of his exceptional contributions to the safety of the space shuttle program, according to NASA. (Photo by Terry Liebold)

LUNCH WITH THE FIRST LADY ...

Marlene Betonie, a member of the Farmington, N.Mex., Church of the Nazarene joined 64 other nurses at a recent luncheon with First Lady **Barbara Bush** in Washington, D.C. Betonie, who attended the luncheon with her husband, **Randy**, was the only nurse from New Mexico to receive an invitation.

She is an orthopedic registered nurse at San Juan Regional Medical Center and has been the president of the Four Corners Chapter of the National Association of Orthopedic Nurses.

Marlene and Randy Betonie with their sons, Mitch and Brian.



The Scharff family was chosen as Fort Drum "Family of the Year." (Photo by Jim Bolton, Fort Drum Sentinel.)

Send your items for ETCETERA ... to the Herald of Holiness, 6401 The Paseo, Kansas City, MO 64131.

Etcetera

BECAUSE YOU GAVE

BY FRANCES SIMPSON

After our daughter, Karen, was married, she and her husband, Art, moved to San Juan, Puerto Rico. A few months later, I went to visit. It was a new world for me. Beautiful, yes, but different, and I struggled with it a bit. I was not familiar with Karen's new world, her culture, the language and sounds that vibrated up and down her street. I wanted to run home and take her with me.

But I stayed. I looked. I listened. I toured Old San Juan. I met interesting people, ate dinner in magnificent hotels, and toured the lush rain forest. I surveyed miles of ocean and row upon row of palm trees. I rode through mountain ranges and viewed an endless landscape of hibiscus, bougainvillea, and other tropical plants. I ate their bananas and pineapple.

On Sunday, because you gave, I worshiped at Calvary Church of the Nazarene. There I felt at home—almost. I enjoyed a challenging Sunday School class, sang, prayed around

the family altar, and heard God's Word proclaimed. There I met new friends like Betty Lou, a missionary's daughter, who filled me in on the church's history.

In the early 1960s, a Sunday School class was started in the Spanish First Church of the Nazarene in Santurce

I wanted to run home and take her with me.

for a group of non-Spanish-speaking Nazarenes from the States. This class was made up mostly of servicemen and construction workers.

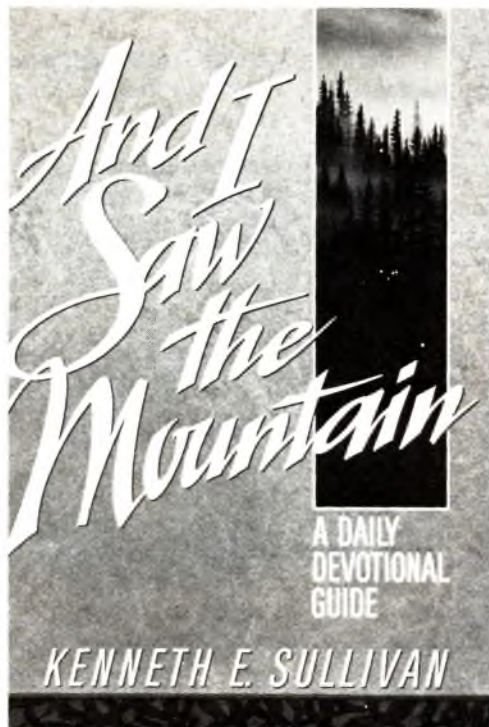
BECAUSE YOU GAVE . . . missionary William Porter was then serving as district superintendent in Puerto Rico. Under his supervision, this group of English-speaking families began holding services in the Naza-

rene Bible Institute building in San Juan. This building and the parsonage next door were built with Alabaster funds.

About 250,000 people from the United States now live in the San Juan area of Puerto Rico. The Calvary Church of the Nazarene has ministered to hundreds of them. Most of them come on short-term contracts and look for an English-speaking church. Some of the young men, like our son-in-law, have studied in the states, married, then returned to Puerto Rico to live. Their wives do not know the Spanish language and need an English-speaking church.

So . . . I shook hands with my new friends and went away feeling better . . . more open, more loving, and more in tune with God.

On my way back to Charlotte, N.C., I prayed, "Thank You, God, for being everywhere, especially at 177 Villa Icaacos. And, yes, Lord, thank You for the Church of the Nazarene that reaches around the world" . . . because you gave. H



And I Saw the Mountain

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Viewpoint

Continued from page 10

to get wherever I needed to be for the services. Sometimes I got a few dollars more than the rail fare but not always. In the summer of 1940, I accompanied Kenneth Ball as a singer in local church revivals. Dr. James B. Chapman signed my first district license and later, as general superintendent, my first evangelist commission certificate. Later, District Superintendent Finch would sponsor me and Lyman Wood in a summer of tent revivals.

There was agony for many when Bresee College folded. Institutions die hard. Close human and institutional ties are hard to cut. It seemed awfully unfair to many. Not all transferred to Bethany-Peniel College in the merger. When the moment came, most of us accepted the inevitable with dignity.

Robert Fuhlgrum may have learned in kindergarten everything you need to know to get along in life, but I learned a lot in that freshman year in college. In summary, some of these lessons were:

... Seek and find God's will and

then be happy (or content) whatever happens.

... Work hard to serve others and give them a good experience as they interact with you.

**Robert Fuhlgrum
learned all
he ever needed
to know in
kindergarten;
I learned
a lot my
freshman
year of
college.**

... Value personal relationships, but do not become emotional over changes as you follow God's will.

... Do not try to redo the past. This is a constant failure of leaders.

... Ask every day, "What is a contemporary reality?" Be forward looking.

... Always "press" onward to win the heavenly prize in Christ Jesus.

"Put the cause of Christ first, keeping a singleness of motive and purpose in life."

Paul admonished that all of us "who are mature" should take such a view of things (v. 15).

These are the principles I have tried to live by. I believe they are anchored in the Rock, Christ Jesus our Lord. And even though

*Often on the Rock I tremble,
Faint of heart and weak of knee.
Yet the steadfast Rock of Ages
Never trembles under me.*

(author unknown)

One of Napoleon's biographers explained the "little corporal's" mental collapse in exile by saying, "No firm principle stood with him." In contrast to that, I have found the principles mined from Philippians and from my spiritual mentors firm—even in the time of storm. H

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CHURCH MUSICIAN SLAIN

Marlene Friesen, pianist at Nampa First Church of the Nazarene, was murdered at her home Tuesday afternoon, June 5. She was 37 years old. According to Nampa First Church Pastor Jerry White,



Friesen was shot in the back of the head with a small caliber weapon sometime between 3:30 and 5:30 p.m. Police say they have no motive for the crime.

Benjamin Ivey, 26, has been charged in the murder of Ms. Friesen. Ivey was taken into custody July 5, according to a report in a Nampa newspaper.

Ms. Friesen's body was discovered by a friend Tuesday evening after she failed to show up for a dinner meeting. Pastor White spoke to her for the last time by phone Monday evening.

"Everybody I knew loved Marlene," said the First Church pastor.

Friesen lived alone in her home in a residential section of Nampa. She was the pianist for the adult choir at

First Church and had taught music at Nampa Christian School for the past 11 years. Friesen was a talented musician and vocalist and had performed as a soloist in the annual presentation of Handel's *Messiah* at NNC. The child of deaf parents, she was adept at using sign language and would sign for deaf parishioners at Nampa First Church after playing the piano for services.

A 1979 graduate of NNC and a native of Kirkland, Wash., she is survived by her parents, two brothers, and two sisters.

Funeral services were held June 9 at Nampa First Church of the Nazarene.

This was the first murder in Nampa in 1990.

MRS. GREATHOUSE UNDERGOES THERAPY

Doctors have determined that Ruth Greathouse suffered a mild stroke in June. The wife of General Superintendent Emeritus William M. Greathouse was hospitalized after the stroke, June 5. Her right arm and leg were impacted by the stroke.

Mrs. Greathouse is now

recovering at home, and her doctors say her prognosis for full recovery is good.

Messages of concern may be sent to the Greathouses at their home address: 12203 W. 99th Terrace, Lenexa, KS 66215.

ONU STUDENT SURVIVES ELEVATOR FALL

Ryan Standifer, 18, a student at Olivet Nazarene University, survived a 50-foot drop from inside a grain elevator to the concrete floor below, according to Keith Bottles, Chicago Central District superintendent. The young man covered his head, which was unharmed, with his arms. He did, however, break all the ribs on his right side, as well as his right arm in 33 places. His spleen and liver were torn, and his lung was bruised. His pelvis also was crushed.

The accident occurred June 21 at the grain elevator in Hoopeston where the youth had been working for about two weeks.

"He will require several surgeries," said Bottles. "Still, his doctors say it is a miracle that he is alive. When they operated on Ryan's spleen, his doctor said it was like there was 'a second set of hands' performing the operation with him.

"The boy says he's going to make it."

Bottles said Nazarenes across the Chicago Central District have been praying for the young man and his family. A special prayer room was set up to allow persons to pray for Ryan during the recent district assembly.

Ryan's father, R. B. Standifer, is pastor of Hoopeston Westside Church of the Nazarene.



Rosa Lee

LEE APPOINTED TO LEeward/VIRGIN ISLANDS DISTRICT

Rosa Lee was appointed recently by General Superintendent Donald D. Owens to serve as the Leeward/Virgin Islands District superintendent. According to Stan Ingersol, denominational archivist, she becomes the second woman to serve as district superintendent in the history of the Church of the Nazarene, and the first to be appointed outside the U.S.

Lee will continue to serve as pastor of the Beacon Light Church of the Nazarene in Antigua, Leeward Islands. She became pastor of the church in 1979 after the death of her husband. The church, which now has more than 140 members, had 70 members when she became pastor.

A native of the island of Monseratt, Lee's father was a policeman. She became a Christian as a child and was called to preach when she was a teenager.

Elsie M. Wallace was the only other woman to serve as a district superintendent in the Church of the Nazarene, according to Ingersol. Wallace was appointed to complete the unexpired term of C. Warren Jones as superintendent of the Northwest District in 1920. She served from March until June.

FLEMMING TO RESIGN AT ASSEMBLY



Floyd O. Flemming, Akron District superintendent for the past 21 years, has announced that he will resign at the district assembly August 3, according to General Secretary Jack Stone. He plans to be available for evangelistic and Faith Promise services in the U.S. and abroad.

Flemming was elected superintendent in 1969. Prior to this, he served as pastor of Akron, Ohio, First

Church of the Nazarene. He has also pastored in New York and New Hampshire.

A graduate of Eastern Nazarene College and Nazarene Theological Seminary, Flemming received the M.A. degree from Boston University and the honorary doctor of divinity from Mount Vernon Nazarene College. He was ordained in 1954 on the Kansas City District.

The Flemmings may be contacted at their home address: 1192 Roosevelt Dr., Sherrodsville, OH 44675.

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Martha

Martha Bolton

MARTHA BOLTON is a talent who has become a household name for her Lillenas drama fans. She's a columnist, church woman, and an Emmy nominee for work on the "Bob Hope Show." Husband Russ is a sergeant in the LAPD, and with sons, Rusty, Matt, and Tony, they make their home in Simi, Calif.

"If You Can't Stand the Smoke, Get Out of My Kitchen" is her first book of inspirational humor for Beacon Hill Press. And we are very proud of it! Here's a bit of verse from one of the 52 pieces.

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GRAYCE BONHAM CONFER authored the popular *Faith and Fried Potatoes*, the story of her growing-up years. This Redlands, Calif., lady knows life — its light-hearted moments and the crushing times, as with her husband Harold's bout with Alzheimer's disease. Grayce is a member of the National League of American Pen Women and writes for a myriad of periodicals, newspapers, and other media.

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Nancy

Nancy Hoag

NANCY HOAG and her husband, Scotty, live in Bozeman, Mont. She has been a teacher in both public and Christian schools but since 1983 has concentrated on writing. Her byline has appeared on many magazine articles, and this is her fourth book.

Good Morning! Isn't It a Fabulous Day! has three parts: Parables for Wives, Parables for Mothers, and Parables for Rainy Days. This brief truth appears in the mother section:

Wisdom

My daughter and I had driven just a half a block from church when I turned . . . and spotted a fellow worshiper with a cigarette hanging from his lip.

"Look at that!" I blurted. "Comes straight out of church and already lighting up." I grunted an audible, self-righteous "Humpf."

For several seconds Lisa was quiet. Then softly, she spoke. "Look at that. Comes straight out of church and already judging."

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