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Evangelical Friend

Northwest Yearly Meeting of Friends Church  
(Quakers)

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5-1986

## Evangelical Friend, May 1986 (Vol. 19, No. 9)

Evangelical Friends Alliance

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### Recommended Citation

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# *Evangelical Friend*

May 1986

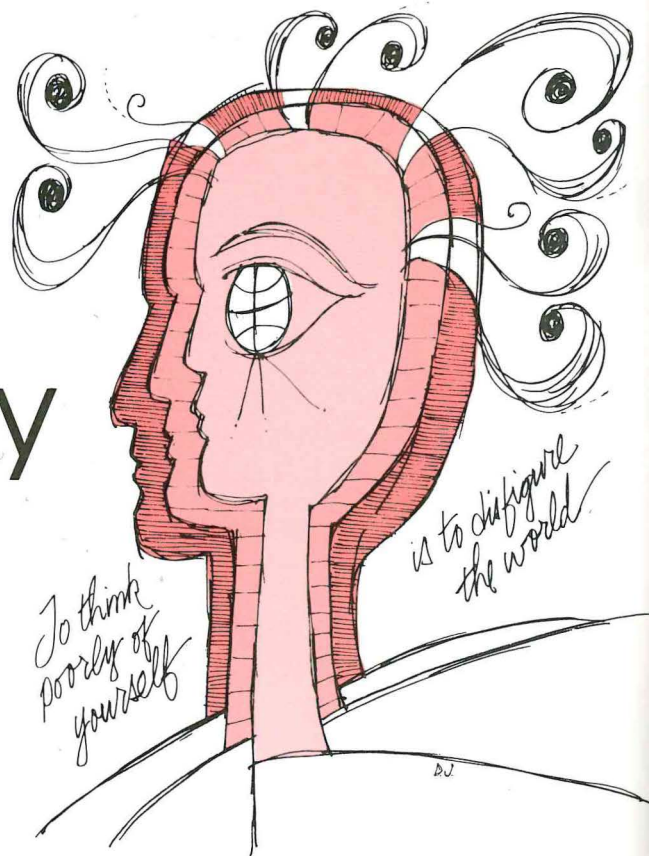
Vol. XIX, No. 9





# Autobiography of a Walking Miracle

BY DAVID JAQUITH



IT WASN'T MUCH of a studio, as artists' studios go. True, it was a genuine attic, right up there next to bare rafters, water-stained shingles, and mud daubers' nests. And it suited that twelve-year-old budding artist just fine. A couple of warped leaves from grandma's old dining room table laid across two orange crates made a perfect desk, and mother's extra breadboard, much scarred from years of faithful service, made a respectable drawing board.

Farm chores done—cow milked, chickens fed, woodbox filled—the youthful artist, slight of build, smelling somewhat of cowbarn, could be seen on many a winter evening huddled over drawing board, pen in hand, head stuffed full of imagination, as by kerosine lamplight funny people overflowed onto paper in inky profusion. *Quiet! Cartoonist at work.*

Cartoonist! The very word sent my young heart soaring. The speed ball pen points, art gum erasers, bristol board, thumbtacks, soft-lead pencils, and layout pad. And of course, ink. No, not just ink. *Higgin's Black Waterproof India Ink*, if you please. These accoutrements of the trade were food and drink to my soul, nourishment to my cherished dreams. *I will be rich and famous one day. A nationally syndicated comic strip artist, no doubt. Or perhaps an editorial cartoonist of world renown....*

I had identity! Prestige! Authenticity! At twelve, I knew what I wanted to be. My work was crude and clumsy,

*David Jaquith is an artist from Newberg, Oregon, where he and his wife, Mary, are an active part of the North Valley Friends Church.*

even corny. But the sky itself could not set limits to those exhilarating thoughts of "Someday Isle."

But dreams have a way of getting shelved. Sometimes for the good, sometimes not. I have drawn many cartoons since those orange-crates-in-the-attic days of long ago. I have yet to be rich, famous, or syndicated. But I do live a full and rewarding life that I will tell you about in a moment.

My first "real" art job after being kicked out of one of the best commercial art schools in the country (it's hard to teach a know-it-all) was that of staff artist and floor sweeper for a local magazine called *The Whittier (California) Pictorial*. I offered to work for nothing, so eager was I for hands-on experience. Later, having helped put out a dozen or so issues (with income upped to \$35 per week), I gathered a portfolio of my best work and hit the streets of Los Angeles to rock the advertising world back on its heels.

But a funny thing happened at my rendezvous with destiny. I came in touch with a friend from my hometown who shook me to the core. An encounter with God had so changed his life that I was stopped in my tracks. His change compelled me to take an honest look at my own relationship with God. I suddenly saw myself for what I was—an extremely self-centered young man of 24 who consistently placed his own interests well above those of others, often disregarding the pain his choices would cause others to undergo.

My friend encouraged me to try the experiment of listening to the still, small voice of God. I listened, nervously at first, then with more confidence: God was not out to ruin me! His great desire was to lead me into the greatest

adventure of all—that of being a close friend and life companion to the Creator of the universe.

It was an invitation I could not refuse. I was led to join with others of like mind and vision, and for the next several years I set my art career aside to work with an international Christian organization, traveling back and forth across the country, endeavoring to rekindle the fires of faith throughout America wherever faith may have grown cold.

This was my life for nearly ten years. My co-workers and I all worked full time, without salary (faith and prayer stuff!). It was exhilarating, sometimes exhausting, but never without reward. The list of mistakes made throughout history by overzealous “converts” was added to, I think, as my

enthusiasm would run in advance of good judgment. The tasks were many and varied: I was a deckhand on a supply barge on the Great Lakes, a stagehand and bit player in theaters in a dozen cities, an offset printing press operator in Los Angeles, a fork lift operator on a Michigan dock. Occasionally I would break out my box of water colors, pens, and brushes and create a birthday card for some unsuspecting victim. Art, yes, but no longer for its sake alone.

Lest anyone reading this brief history conclude that I had reached a pinnacle of altruism, let it be known: God has had much to show me about the shallowness of my commitment in the face of the fathomless dimensions of His purposes. I’m still a beginner. *(Continued on page 4)*

## Can Tragedies be a Blessing?

*Assistant Editor Nancy Thomas asks David Jaquith questions regarding his response to crippling disease.*

**Q:** What are some of the lessons you have learned through your experience with a crippling disease?

**A:** It is an old but durable truth: our battles are not with our circumstances but with our attitudes. Paul and Silas, having been severely beaten and in prison, sang songs of praise and ended up bringing the jailor and his entire family into a saving knowledge of the Lord. In one of my hospital stays, a nurse told me that before she met her husband he had been shot in the spine, severing his spinal cord, crippling him for life. In sympathy, I blurted, “What a tragedy!” Her emphatic reply shocked me: “Oh, no it wasn’t!” She went on to explain that her husband had at that time been living a life that was headed for serious trouble. The bullet stopped him and forced him to evaluate his attitude toward himself, his God, and the world around him. He made a drastic change in his lifestyle. He met his wife as a result of the accident and they are happily married. What I had wanted to call a “tragedy” was in their eyes a blessing in disguise. Stories like these teach me a lot about value judgments and priorities.

**Q:** In spite of your struggles and what you call your darkest moments, you manage to keep your sense of humor. How do you account for this?


**A:** There was always a lot of laughter in our home during my growing-up years. In many of the memories of my parents, I hear them chuckling and chortling over things that would strike their funny bone. It just now occurs to me that what we as adults laugh at and how we laugh teach our children a lot about moral and spiritual values, and definitely shape their outlook on life. A

healthy sense of humor is one of God’s beautiful gifts. It plays a vital part in helping to make the crooked path straight and the rough places smooth.

**Q:** What advice do you have for someone facing difficult times?

**A:** First, I would share my unshakable belief that for every crisis, God provides a way through it to inevitable victory. There is always the next step to take. He is a perfect guide and provider. There must be a willingness to set aside personal preferences and opinions and let the Spirit of Truth provide His counsel and comfort. Second, refuse to play those “Why Me”/“Poor Me” tapes. Self-pity blinds our vision and cuts off true inspiration. Step out of the “helpless victim” costume and accept the superior role of “More Than Conqueror.” Finally, move out of your weakness and into God’s strength. This means making a deliberate choice to allow God to lift you out of yourself and to begin to care deeply for the people around you. It’s the healing, wholesome thing to do.

**Q:** How has your family coped with your physical disability?

**A:** A debilitating illness happens not just to the individual, but to the entire family as well. All are affected. There is a lot of adjusting to do on everyone’s part. A difficult thing for me has been to ask for help when I’ve needed it. I have sometimes shrunk from the thought of anyone giving me a look of exasperation that says, “Now what!” At these times, I renew my commitment that I will not let foolish pride rob others of the opportunity to be generous. I am happy to say that my family has done a marvelous job of adjusting to the difficulties we’ve all had to undergo. Every crisis is a learning experience. 

It would seem from my story thus far that I've lived a fairly active life. How is it, then, that as I have hit the threescore mark on this earthly sojourn, I am writing this account from a wheelchair, unable to take a step unaided for at least a dozen years? Where did I get these legs like sticks and these arms and hands wizened and warped and scarcely able to hold a pen? I thought you might be wondering. I'd better explain.

Looking back to the early 1960s you'd find me, at 35, home from the traveling, picking up a neglected career. It seems that the advertising industry had (somehow) managed to do quite well during my absence. But I was ten years behind. It was tough sledding for awhile. I worked freelancing (doesn't that sound glamorous?) out of my home "studio." (No orange crates this time, plenty of plywood, though.) It was a case of chicken one month and feathers the next. Some of my clients believed in the prevailing myth that artists aren't happy unless they are hungry.

Later, I opened an office and hung my shingle. Dreamers seldom make good businessmen and, traditionally, artists don't do well peddling their own wares. Being no exception, I left the rigors of the open market and took a salaried job with an advertising agency. Things started looking up. On the surface I looked good. Cushy job, townhouse, pool, Phoenix sun. Shouldn't I be happy?

But something was not right in my heart.

Having left the camaraderie of a close-knit "fellowship of believers," with its thrust of high purpose, my passion for selfless service waned. As with business matters, my spiritual life does not do well when I'm "on my own." I am like the infamous glowing coal that falls away from the brightly burning log. I quietly grow dark and cold.

At 35, I married—a package deal, red ribbon and all: lovely wife, a mother-in-law, and "Buttons," her pet chihuahua—a dog (?) with a definite personality problem. A son was born, adding greatly to our family and our joy. There were happy times and some not so happy. Tragedy stalked, and finally struck, our marriage. What had begun as holy matrimony became something less than sanctified.

What went wrong? I for one had not been willing to put into the marriage the basic ingredients required to maintain a solid, loving, trustworthy partnership. After 14 years, the last remaining ties snapped under the strain. For my wife, life with me had become unbearable. She wanted out.

Sensing the depth of her distress, I didn't try to stop her.

Divorce. The big "D"—for Disgrace. (Di, cut, as in dissect; vorce, force.) It was unthinkable. I didn't believe in it, but there it was. Long before any legal documents were signed there had been a cutting of that force which wholesome, healthy marriages possess. It was time for some honest soul-searching. And for radical change. Would I ever be worth anything to God or anyone again? I hid from the world, trying to put my life back together.

Then in the darkness came a shaft of light. It was a letter from London, from one of my closest friends, with whom I had traveled during those faith-and-prayer days of "going all out together for God." I had

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*"There was no judgment,  
no condemnation . . . only  
acceptance. Someone  
believed I was worth  
rescuing."*

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not had contact with him for 15 years. Reading that letter, with its familiar handwriting, I wept.

In the flawless timing of the Holy Spirit, the practiced hand of an obedient healer reached across an ocean and a continent to lift my sagging spirit.

There was no judgment, no condemnation in that letter. Only acceptance. Someone believed I was worth rescuing. Warily, at first, but with increasing confidence, I began my spirit's convalescence (con, *with*; val, *strength*!). A prodigal son was heading home!

By that time a debilitating disease—doctors have called it rheumatoid arthritis—had done a number on my personal ecosystem. For several years I had been slowing down, and in 1973 the day came when one foot would not agree to place itself in front of the other. Fingers and toes headed for every point of the compass without consulting me. Rank insubordination was rampant. And, yes, there was pain.

I could tell you a bunch of dramatic (or boring) stuff about my mind-boggling heroism in the face of adversity. About numerous surgeries and therapies and assorted documented miseries. But I won't. Let it

be enough to say that having hit what looked suspiciously like the bottom, and seeing nowhere to go but up, I chose up.

It was my gentle, courageous parents who built into my two brothers and me an underlying faith in our heavenly Parent that has held us firmly in His love, even in our darkest moments.

"Thanks, Mom and Dad. Your steadfastness throughout your own many trials and triumphs taught your sons vital lessons in spiritual values, even when you were least aware of doing so. And you never stopped loving me even when I hurt you with the sharp edge of my criticism or the blunt instrument of my neglect. You brought me into this world and you cared for me through thick and thin. Perhaps today from your high vantage point in those glorious planes of light you know and are overjoyed that your errant Number 2 son has found his way back to Jesus—that beautiful Person you would tell us stories about when we were children, playing with pots and pans on the kitchen floor."

"Lo, I am with you always!" The loving Savior I had tried to run away from was with me all the time, only obscured by the heavy build-up of waywardness called, simply, sin. Truly, moral compromise corrodes faith; loyal obedience builds towers of strength in many lands.

If you are still with me in this narrative, I'd like to tell you this one further thing. It's about the exquisite wisdom and lovingkindness of my heavenly Father. About how His ways are unsearchable and far above mine. How else but for His amazing grace could it be that I am happily remarried, to a sweetly sensitive and remarkably resourceful woman who cheerfully and competently manages our household, and attends to my particular creature needs while constantly holding me to my highest resolves?

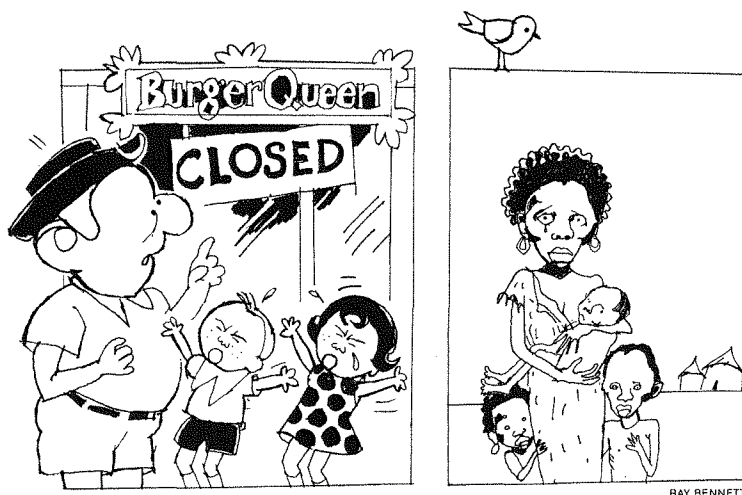
Her name is Mary. Christ's love brought us together. We have committed our lives independently and together to love Christ and obey Him. Our past has been washed clean in His pure blood. We have been led into a wonderful church fellowship; we are active in community service, and maintain links with friends around the world who practice the vital Christian art of reconciliation under the fatherhood of God.

Though physically my legs do not allow me to move about freely, you can rejoice with me that, thanks to the many healers who have touched my life with inspiration, my resuscitated spirit is once again most happily walking in the glorious light of the Savior of all mankind.

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RAY BENNETT

### COVER

David Jaquith is well-qualified to remind us that "our battles are not with our circumstances but with our attitudes." Although David's legs are victimized by rheumatoid arthritis, he victoriously walks in the light of his Savior. (Photo by Stan Putman)

### ANTECEDENTS

The traffic is completely stopped at the intersection as a group of kindergartners cross the street diagonally on their way from the classroom to the gym. Everyone is across except the little girl with the leg that does not bend and the classmate holding her hand. She obviously hurries her polio-crippled leg, feeling pressured by the waiting cars. The drivers gladly wait and impatience is most likely replaced with sincere compassion.

Sometimes we see tragedy and hardship when looking out of the window. At other times it is close enough that we need to reach out and hold the person's hand.

We might be required to wait at an intersection or we might need to take the opportunity to look the person in a wheelchair in the eye and speak to him rather than ignoring him due to our own awkwardness. Our response to a hurting person may be as simple as a note of appreciation or as demanding as being available around the clock to be a listening ear. A shared meal, an encouraging word, and normal communication are such simple but significant ways to reach out to a grieving person.

I remember my first day back to school after my mother's death. My junior high classmates had no more idea of what to say or of what appropriate conduct would be than I did. I did need the sympathy they offered, but I also needed the same kind of interaction as we had always experienced. I did not like the feeling of being different and somewhat isolated.

Writers this month share their personal experiences related to arthritis, death, sexual abuse, depression, and Alzheimer's disease. Despite the pain, each writer expresses victory.

Victory does not demand that we deny pain or grief. We do not need to fear an honest look at our deep hurt knowing that Christ is there to comfort and heal. We dare not remain distant from those who hurt, knowing that Christ is counting on us to help deliver His comfort and healing.

—D.L.M.

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# A GRIEF SO DEEP

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*Four Quaker poets, present and past, respond to suffering*

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## COMA

There is a grief so deep  
it seems the earth itself  
throbs with the pain  
and wants to weep;  
time falters, finally  
to stand still,  
and space shuts down  
to one small circle  
of despair, until  
life forces into view  
the ordinary things  
that one must do.

And yet the sadness lingers.  
Nothing brings surcease.  
O Lord, hear me when I pray:  
restore him or release  
the life he offered  
to the world. Some day  
beyond all human sleep,  
we trust, we know,  
life has a rendezvous  
which it must keep,  
whether here or there.

Whether now or then,  
in splendor of new worlds  
or this for us reborn,  
is where we meet again;  
so be it. But today, O Christ,  
who cried upon the tree  
in anguished pain,  
bear my deep grief,  
weep, Lord, with me.

—Arthur O. Roberts  
(for Don Green;  
from *Sunrise and Shadow*)

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## DISMISSAL

At first I was stunned  
That I should be  
Summarily dismissed.

Then I remembered  
I had promised to stand by  
As long as there was need.  
The crisis passed, I realized  
This was not dismissal  
But release.

It had been a privilege  
And not the least begrudged,  
Though it was long and costly  
In time and energy.

Now, the need had passed.

As a child glories  
In dawning independence,  
The convalescent would escape  
As strength returns,  
The dominance of another  
Lest prolonged dependence  
End in bondage of the spirit.

This was the goal  
Of all her suffering.  
Now, health returning,  
Release was welcomed  
Both by the leaner  
And the leaned upon.

—Bess Bulgin  
(from *Wise and Otherwise*)

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## A SUDDEN GUST OF WIND

A tree fell in the forest one spring,  
toppled by a sudden gust of wind.  
A watered, deep-rooted tree it was,  
magnificent in symmetry and leaf.  
And we wondered why it fell,  
instead of others more weathered.  
Lord, how could, or should, this be?  
And we grieved at the brokenness  
in the forest after its fall . . .  
The rains came, then, winter and spring,  
winter and spring, early and late.  
We returned one day to remember  
the place where the tree had fallen:  
and behold, young trees flourished,  
all green of leaf and growing,  
in the sun-blessed forest soil.

—Arthur O. Roberts  
(*Memorial to Cyril Carr;  
from Sunrise and Shadow*)

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## DAVID 1957

I am struck dumb  
without a word to say.  
This crushing blow, O God,  
just fell today.  
I will not ask Thee why  
it was allowed,  
But, oh, that as I sit  
a moment with this pain, I  
Might find some strength to rise  
and follow Thee again.

—Catherine D. Cattell  
(*on the death of her son*)

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## IN TIME OF SERIOUS ILLNESS

Aye, tie me to the earth, for it is good.  
Open the window, let me hear the bird song;  
Let the fresh odor of new spaded earth  
Blow through the window here that I may smell it;  
Let me look out and see the tossing branches;  
Offer me tempting food, and hold my hand —  
Tie me with all my senses to the earth.  
Tell me the gossip of the neighborhood;  
Ask me a question that will make me think;  
Say that you love me, that you want me well;  
Tell me my work awaits me, and that I  
Shall love the struggle when I'm well again;  
What other worlds may be I cannot tell;  
But tie me to this earth, for it is good.

—Levi T. Pennington  
(*from All Kinds of Weather*)

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# GROWING THROUGH GRIEF

BY KATHY ZUICHES

**C**HANGES are something we all experience in life. From growing up to moving away from home, from marriage to singleness through death or divorce—we all must deal with loss of one kind or another. Even with a positive change, such as a well-deserved promotion, we experience the process of adjustment to the new and letting go of the old. This process is known as grief, and it comes to all of us in different ways.

Over the last year I have been working through grieving over the death of our baby, William Matthew. Our first child, Bethany, was born in 1980 after many years of prayerful waiting and skilled reconstructive surgery. Our hope for a second pregnancy was the result of a promise received in prayer two years later.

With that hope in our hearts, you can imagine our joy when I became pregnant in the fall of 1984! Bethany was delighted and began making plans for how she would help with the baby.

However, in my second month, our initial joy and fortitude began to be overshadowed by a growing sense of dread. I began bleeding each month, which left me feeling frightened and helpless. The baby was always well after each episode and by the fifth month my condition had stabilized. It was then, during this time of peace, that our baby was born.

Only 24 weeks into the pregnancy my water broke, and within two days infection had set in resulting in premature delivery. Those first hours in the hospital were agonizing. I felt out of control, like I was falling with nothing to grasp. Never have I appreciated more the prayers of others, as I felt so unable to pray myself. At first, all my husband Bill and I could pray for was that God would spare us from any life-or-death decisions. Although the fear and pain we felt did not go away during those two days, we felt covered with a deep peace and assurance of God's presence.

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*Kathy Zuiches is a member of Clackamas Park Friends Church, Portland, Oregon.*

The night before Matthew's birth, realizing he might not live, I began my grief work—my letting go. The initial shock had passed and I began to have other feelings associated with grief—such as guilt, anger, and depression. In a sense my baby was terminally ill. Prayers had been offered for healing; I even tried to read a bit about premature babies and their care. I was experiencing the denial and bargaining Dr. Elisabeth Kubler-Ross described as part of the emotional stages of those who are faced with their own or a loved one's imminent death. But when infection set in, I knew our baby would be born—and that he would probably die.

For a while I didn't even want to give him the special name we had chosen—*Matthew*—"Given of God, a reward and a blessing." How could this child who was about to die be a blessing to anyone? I wanted to keep this child within me safe and alive. But the womb was no longer a safe place, so again I was helpless. I felt violated to have to give birth, knowing that short of a miracle, my child would die.

As I looked into my Bible, God's Spirit spoke comfort to me through familiar passages of Scripture...my mind being too weak to search for new hope. The feelings of relief and acceptance came for us as the doctors talked with us about the care and respect with which they treat these tiny babies. They encouraged us to name our child and to make him our own as best we could, following his birth. The prayers of my doctor and our pastor gave us inner strength and helped us fully release our child. In our weakness, God's strength was shown to the nurses and others who shared in this difficult situation.


Our joy and victory came, then, in Matthew's birth. A live, healthy baby boy, but not strong enough to live. For the hour he was with us there was delight and celebration in his life. Pictures were taken, which provided Bethany a way of "knowing" her brother and a way of easing the disappointment and loss she felt. We were thankful for such a positive birth experience. It drew me deeper into the loving and knowing God who does accomplish His purpose, keep His promises, and bring victory out of defeat.

But as my life went on without my baby, anger poured into my heart. I felt outraged! "How could God have let this happen!" In my limited understanding, I struggled with the unfairness of Matthew's death. I experienced what I later learned was a common manifestation of grief—the physical sensation of a broken heart. Yet in those times of deepest sorrow and heartache, I was comforted to know that my son was with his Creator. I knew Matthew was content and at peace in God's presence.

The sensitivity of our friends at Clackamas Park Friends Church helped me through the many hard times and adjustments we had to make during the year to come. Sometimes my greatest need was to have someone listen to me express my feelings or hold my hand as I cried. Renewing my involvement in the lives of other people's children had a healing effect. I also kept a journal, which helped me express myself freely and allowed me to see how I was growing with God through my grief.

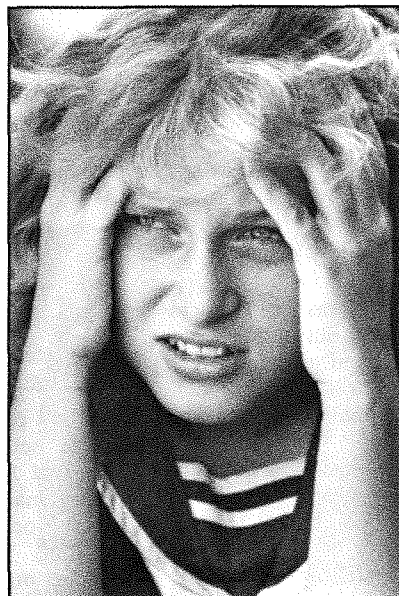
The most victorious day of the year came on February 14, 1986, a year to the day after Matthew's death. Bill and I both expected Valentine's Day to be a time of sad memories; but two days before, a sudden change took place. It came through the thoughtful words of a friend asking if I had considered Bill's and Bethany's needs for that day. I was ashamed to admit I had only thought of how sad I'd be. The Lord then began completing my healing as He made me keenly aware of the blessing I had in my family and the joy I could give them by entering into the fun things they wanted to do. There was no longer any need to dwell on the sadness of the past. I felt like I had graduated. I had worked through my grief and was ready to get on with my life. In her book, *Mourning Song*, Joyce Landorf phrases it this way:

People who are willing to take up the enormous task of communicating their fears or feelings, who discuss—even reluctantly—their wishes about death and dying, and those who make the effort to allow God to work *through* their grief with them, seem to be best equipped to live life to its fullest.

What, then, could be more of a tribute to Matthew's life than for his family here to celebrate our love for each other on his birth/death day. The truth of 1 Corinthians 1:4 came home to me then. We are comforted, not to be comfortable, but to extend that comfort to others. Through our deepest hurts and trials, we can grow in sensitivity, and in turn, are called to share in the ministry of Christ to others who hurt. 

# LOUISE'S STORY

*Anonymous. With editing and an introduction by Karen Bates-Smith, psychologist at Salem Hospital, Salem, Oregon.*



## Introduction

This is a true story of an overcomer, of a young woman who overcame guilt and a crippled self-image that resulted from years of sexual abuse during early childhood. Louise's story is not unusual. She was blamed for the incidents, and those who might have helped her did not. She grew to hate herself and to believe that she would "always be a tramp."

Over the course of several years Louise experienced an inner healing of the old hurts and labels. She struggled with eternal questions of why God allows bad things to

happen to good people. As she replaced the old labels with a new self-image, Louise changed the way she thought about God. She also struggled with here-and-now issues of working out this transformed self-image in her daily life. Defying the label "stupid" and the expectation that "education is not for girls," Louise recently completed her G.E.D. and is making plans to go on to college. She is still writing the end of the story.

To protect her privacy, her name and certain details have been changed, and she maintains membership in a denomination other than Friends.

names. This continued twice a week for a long time, declining in frequency after I turned six and ceasing altogether by the time I reached ten.

How did I cope with the abuse? I tried telling Mother, but her only response to "Ed's games" was simply, "I don't doubt it." I interpreted her inaction as consent for what Ed had done. I remember separating myself from the abuse by concentrating on a focal point in the room, and by telling myself that "I'm not going to let it hurt me!" As a teen, I spent a lot of time in escapist activities with my girlfriends, even to the point of breaking into houses just for the thrill of it. Having been told repeatedly that girls don't need an education, I quit school after the eighth grade. And I nearly gave up totally on myself, as I contemplated suicide often. The only thing in which I found real joy and a sense of challenge was riding horses.

Beginning at age 18, I tried a series of things to bring me out of my discontent and self-hatred. I married Tom, fully expecting him to make me happy. I became pregnant, again expecting my child to bring me hope and inner peace. Each attempt at an outer change brought only temporary hope at best. This period of late adolescence and early marriage were my "insane years," when nothing seemed to work. I thought, surely God was far off and did not care about us at all. He put us here to fend for ourselves, but really did not care for us.

Then I met some Christians who had what I wanted. They knew that God loved them and was involved in their lives. Because He accepted them, they accepted themselves. I became a Christian, too, and found some lasting hope. But I still hated myself.

Why this self-hatred? I searched for reasons, no longer because I expected others to make me happy, but because I wanted to change what I did not like about myself.

## Louise's Story

I WAS BORN in Boise, Idaho. When I was about six months old, my parents separated. Mother moved with all eight children to Portland to live with her parents. Because Mom and Dad never reconciled, I have few memories of my father, except a phone call from him on my fourth birthday. He told me that I would never see him again, and that the birthday money he sent was all I would ever see from him. He was right. Because money was tight, Mother started working two jobs. Grandmother took care of us while Mother worked.

My older brother Ed came closest to being a father-substitute. However, when he was 15 years old and I only 4½, he started sexually abusing me. I do not remember the first incident, but it continued until I started school. For a long time I did not consider what we were doing as terrible. Although it was not pleasant, I thought it was a way of showing love, or a way of making him love me. Between incidents, he paid special attention to me and gave me gifts.

I remember the first time Grandmother almost caught us. Ed heard her coming downstairs and made me hide under the table. I vaguely remember his threatening me—either physically or with the idea that Grandmother surely would punish me if she found out. Only then—after threatening me and forcing me to hide—did I first feel fear about what Ed was doing. I also began to think that what I was doing was wrong. Shortly afterward, my Grandmother did discover the abuse. She found me under the table, yelled at me, and physically punished me. Instead of punishing Ed, she placed all the blame on me. I remember the sick feelings I had when told that it was all my fault, that the incidents occurred because of the things I said, the way I talked, and because I was bad and dirty.

One evening, Grandmother made me come into her room and asked me if I had been "doing it again." I said no, but she did not believe me. She took off my clothes and made me lie down on her bed. She then examined my body with a magnifying glass, saying, "I see finger prints—you've been doing it again, you tramp!" Then she labeled me emphatically with more abusive

Number one on my list was my physical appearance. Despite some outward changes in wardrobe, hair style, and makeup, I still hated my body as a whole. Bathing and other forms of personal hygiene were dreaded chores.

One day while bathing, I desperately asked God, "Why do I hate myself so much?" And as clearly as if it happened yesterday, I remembered the abuse. I was crushed. I hated Ed and Grandmother for making me what I was. I trusted them. How could they hurt me so? I wanted to hurt them back, to make them pay for what they had done.

In my anger I began to have doubts about God. How could He have allowed this to happen? If God *had* allowed it, He would be responsible, too. That meant that I would have to be equally angry at God. But God did not need me! He could throw me in hell or throw me away if I stepped out of line. So I could *not* be angry at God. On the other hand, maybe God was not responsible because I was not a Christian at the time, or perhaps He was not aware of the abuse. If He did know about it, perhaps I was so far away from Him that, to Him, it was like reading about the abuse in the newspaper. No, although I was not completely happy, I had found something to cling to. My faith gave me at least some sanity in life. I could not give that up by allowing myself to be angry at God. What was I to do now?

Pastor Jones told me that I must forgive Ed and Grandmother. Forgive them? Impossible! How could I love and be angry at the same time? How could I forgive myself? If God had allowed the abuse, I would have to throw out all my newly formed beliefs about Him. How could He be just, yet have allowed the abuse to occur?

For about four years I gave up trying to find answers, figuring instead that it was about time I grew up and stopped crying. Nothing would ever change the fact that I had been hurt, so being angry would not accomplish anything. I put the anger away for a while, and continued making many changes in my life, replacing bad habits and getting rid of a lot of things that kept me from liking myself.

Still, I punished myself miserably for virtually any mistake. Not only that, but I tried to get others to punish me also. I simply could not accept that I was human. Somehow, punishing myself made me more acceptable to God. I saw salvation like this: Jesus died for me because I could not pay for my humanness. When I blew it, I paid



for what I could and Jesus paid the rest. I thought self-punishment equaled repentance, and Jesus paid the rest of the bill. When I made a mistake, no matter how small, I expected people to reject me or stop loving me. This was my punishment. For example, one time I lost some Sunday school material at the beginning of the quarter. This meant I either had to request more material or think up lessons on my own. It was difficult for me to tell the youth pastor I had lost it. More difficult yet was

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when he just accepted my explanation. Part of me wanted him to yell at me or "fire me" so that I would not have to punish myself. When he said simply that it was OK, that the material could be replaced, I felt empty and confused. The punishment I expected was a way of filling the emptiness inside. I wanted him to either love me or hate me, but I could not handle just being OK.

The punishing part of me was the inner Louise. Each time I blew it, the inner Louise hurled at me the old names and labels that Grandmother used against me. I felt oppressed by this ammunition. Many times I felt as if I was inside a barrel with the top being pressed down on me. I had no strength to fight back. During those times of oppression I thought, "Why should I stay on the face of the earth? I'll never change; I'll always be bad, stupid, irresponsible." And, "Why did God make me? I'm so evil and wicked, even when I try to do right." The inner Louise controlled my thoughts. She wrote each name, each label on the sign in my mind's eye. Those labels dictated how I felt about myself in every area of my life.

Sometimes my faith enabled me to gain enough strength to suppress the inner

Louise and make some attempts at loving myself. One step I took was to seek professional counseling. As the weeks went by I began to trust my counselor, and I became secure enough to "try on" new experiences. This was very important to the new image Jesus was forming in me. My first experience was with my husband, Tom. At that time (and even now) I had a strong need for nonsexual touching. I began asking for what I needed: To be held without it leading anywhere. At first it was hard on both of us, but we soon began getting used to each other again. We are still learning, growing, and allowing for that need to be met. I trust him more now, and I feel less and less resentment toward lovemaking.

Another experience was to alter how Tom handled my mistakes. I told him that I didn't think I deserved rejection or punishment anymore. At that point he, too, realized that he needed some help in dealing with his anger and sought help in learning better ways of handling his frustrations.

The next important experience I allowed myself was finding a new father image. The three people I had looked to as father images were all negative: My real father abandoned me; my older brother had molested me; and my grandfather all but ignored me until his dying days.

I needed the love of a father, a love that had nothing to do with sexual demands. I needed someone to love me as a daughter, to be proud of me when I do something great, to encourage me when I am trying really hard, to spend time with me and enjoy my growth. What kept me from having this relationship was a fear that no one could love me apart from having me meet their needs. I was afraid I would prove true Grandmother's epithet that I would "always be a tramp." My counselor helped me think things through so I could make my own judgment about this matter. Soon, I was able to ask a man, whom I loved as a father, if he would consider me his daughter. This relationship has been very important to me because I know now that I can love and be loved by men without it being sexual. I no longer have to be afraid of becoming a tramp.

My next experience was important because I was able to learn that I can touch and be touched by men without having sexual feelings aroused and without becoming suspicious of their motives. I visited my sister in Illinois some time ago. My brother-in-law, a very "touchy" person, hugs people quite often. At first I felt very uncomfortable because I didn't have the security of




talking things over in counseling. I was on my own! I had not had an experience like this before—a man touching me in a loving yet nonsexual way. How long I had needed these hugs! I realized there wasn't anything to be afraid of. No sexual feelings were aroused, and I did not have to be afraid that I would turn into a loose woman. Now that I can freely show love to my friends by hugging them, I find many who have problems with that kind of closeness.

As I began to experience secure love and nonsexual touching, I began to realize that I was OK. I wasn't crazy or bad.

As I progressed in trying on new experiences I began to form a new image of myself and of how God loves me. My counselor told me how she thought God saw me. My mind went home to a figurine my sister had made for me. Shortly after I received it, my son pulled it off the stereo and broke it. I cried, thinking I would have to throw it away. Some friends mended it for me, and I put it in a safe place where I could still see it. Up to that point, I thought of myself as garbage to God—as something broken or marred that He was willing to keep around as long as I toed the line. He was just waiting for me to step out of line so He could throw me away. But I realized that I was like that figurine to God. He wasn't waiting to throw me away; He wanted to fix me. He loved me.

The next image I received was at a retreat as some women prayed for my healing. In my mind they took me back to a time of abuse from my grandmother. I pictured Jesus there, and they asked me what I wanted Him to do. In my mind Jesus made my grandmother leave the room. He then put a blanket around me, held me with both arms, and rocked me for a while. Then Jesus took out a box wrapped in ribbon and I opened it. Inside was a poncho, representing peace. I put it on. All the words that my grandmother had said to me—tramp, bad, evil, stupid, wicked, dirty—were spelled out in block letters on the bed. Jesus and I picked them up and put them in the box. He took me to the ocean and threw the box into the sea. I watched as the box of words sank out of sight. After it was done I felt peace.

There is no more struggle to prove that I am good. I'm OK because I am loved just the way I am. In a way I was afraid to get here. I was afraid that if I was loved now, I would not try to grow. But this love somehow makes me want to grow more. I like who I am, so why not be the best Louise that I can be? 



## MY IDEAL OF CHRISTIAN WORSHIP

BY J. BRENT BILL

What is worship? As one who has been responsible, at least in part, for the corporate worship of various congregations, rural and urban, large and small, over the last 12 years, I often ponder that question. Usually I focus on what will meet the needs of the people in the pews—what will challenge and inspire them. How can I lift their thoughts to things other than pot roasts in ovens, the upcoming football fetes, or last night's dates? Rarely do I bother to think about what it is I need. When I do I usually find my needs are the same as those of the rest of the congregation.

Certainly worship is meant to be an experience in which needs are met. As people come to worship, some have deep personal hurts, others are wrestling with spiritual concerns, and still others are physically suffering. Hopefully each one comes expecting personal needs to be met by the personal God whom we all worship. Jesus tells us that whenever two or three are gathered in His name He will be there among us. As we meet for worship, we do so assured that our Lord is with us and real communion with Him is possible. And just as He met the needs, both temporal and eternal, of His fellow Palestinian people, so He comes to meet our needs today. Surely those of us who call ourselves Christians should come to worship, expecting to meet Christ and have Him work miracles in our lives.

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*J. Brent Bill of Plainfield, Indiana, is director of Christian education for Western Yearly Meeting.*

Many times I've been in worship services in which someone felt moved to speak of God meeting personal needs. Worship was a place to share this bit of modern-day gospel. But worship isn't just a place to share these events verbally. It should be a place in which they are shared spiritually, an integral part of the church as living reality. That is, the body of Christ meeting together should also be having its needs met while participating in the act of worship. We need not wait until we're alone. The power of the ever-present and living Christ should assure us that our needs will be met if we will only acknowledge His presence among us.

If worship is a place and time in which needs are met, then it is also a time and place to get excited. If a person whose needs had been taken care of isn't excited at least about that fact we wonder about them. Look at the two blind men in Matthew 9:27-31. The first thing they did after encountering Jesus was to "spread the story throughout the whole district." (Phillips) Obviously they were excited. It would have been strange if they hadn't been. Yet time after time we come away from worship feeling the blahs. Our excitement should stem from realizing that the living Lord was among us as we worshiped and that He left the building with us and in us through the power of His Spirit.

If someone famous were to appear at church one Sunday, try to imagine the excited buzz. Suppose President Reagan were to appear. Secret Service men would check the security. A flying wedge of police officers would speed him into the room. The rest of the worshipers, the regulars, would try to sit in place, not turn and stare, but wouldn't be able to resist. Though there certainly would be folks present who did not care for him and his policies, there still would be respect for the office he holds. When the service was over and the dust settled on the road behind the motorcade, not much time would be lost spreading the word about who was at worship that morning.

There's nothing wrong with that. It's perfectly human. It is just that there is someone present who is infinitely more important than Ronald Reagan. He is there every week, but often goes unrecognized. Since He is invisible, we humans with our self-limited earthly sight fail to notice His presence. Many times we've gone home feeling that worship fell flat. Nothing exciting had happened.

Perhaps Christ does the same. He goes home and tells His father that another Sunday passed with nothing much happening—

some songs were sung, a sermon preached, and hardly anyone welcomed Him to service—let alone was excited He was there. Of course, the unseen One is the Christ, who is in our very midst. The Son of the Creator has come to worship with us, but we get so busy playing spiritual games we fail to acknowledge His presence. It's hardly any wonder we don't get excited when we fail to even recognize Him by whose name we are known.

In those rare times when people find themselves excited, you often hear, "You certainly could feel God's presence here today." Rather than an exception, this should be the rule of worship. It should be a time when a living reality is present in our lives in a personal way. What could be more exciting than the fact that the living Lord of the universe is meeting us at worship?

As much as a time of excitement, worship should also be a time of challenge. A time to stop and think through our commitment to our Lord, to reconsider how, or if, we are

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*"We modern Christians are  
in danger of being too  
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fulfilling our responsibilities as Kingdom people. Far too often our comfortable American Christian lives avoid the word *commitment*. Yet where there is no commitment there is no challenge. Jesus saves, but does He save just so that we can sit for an hour on Sunday morning and express half-hearted thank you's? Or does He save for action? Jesus sets free—but free to serve, not to sit.

Part of the challenge comes in realizing that God has jobs in store for us, responsibilities to fulfill. Too often we get busy doing what we call God's work. Worship should be a place where we stop long enough to find out what God's work really is. We may think we are doing it. We may be wrong.

Finally, worship is to be a time of adoration and holy fear. If we stopped and considered into whose presence we were entering, we would want to take off our shoes and prostrate ourselves as did the godly people of old. The Lord God of Hosts, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the Creator of all that surrounds us is waiting for us to be ushered in. We are about to become part of a royal audience.

We modern Christians are in danger of being too familiar with God. We like the safe images we have in our hearts and minds. To some of us, God is a sort of celestial Santa Claus—all we have to do is ask for what we want and we don't need a chimney for him to climb down. Just ask for the goodies and down they'll come. Others of us see God as a heavenly grandmother who sees us making mistakes and says, "Oh, that's okay, honey, just don't do it again." Even seeing God as Father has its danger, if that is all we see.

Certainly, God is our Father and loves us as His children. He also is the giver of all good gifts. He has a forgiving nature. But all those things are not the sum total of who God is. They are hardly even a fraction. God is also a lawmaker and judge. He is all-powerful, infinite, all-knowing, and all-seeing. The list could go on. God is more than our minds can comprehend. Here we are, tiny specks in the cosmos, allowed to, no, asked to, come close to the Almighty One.

While worshipping, we should ponder these things deep in our souls and not brush them hurriedly aside. God has come to meet with us. We often prepare for the meeting by filling the final seconds before worship talking to our friends, avoiding a holy silence until the last possible minute. If there has to be chatter prior to worship it seems that it should be the nervous chatter of loyal subjects as they wait, wondering what it is that the King would have them do.

All these above—having my needs met, excitement, challenge, holy adoration—enter into my ideal of Christian worship. There are others that to you may be just as important. But at this time in my life the thing that I want, or rather need, from worship, is to have my ideal become real. If I expect it to, though, I have to begin with myself. It is only as I humble and prepare myself that it becomes real. If it doesn't, it is my fault. It's my fault because I have been willing to settle for a second-rate experience—a mere shadow of what worship should be. I've gone through the motions of the order of service that has come to be called "worship" in the building I know as the "church." Just as the church is more than the brick, mortar, and plaster that make up the building, so too is worship more than a bulletin with liturgy or the lack of it.

Real worship is only attained if I prepare for the experience, if I open myself for what God has in store for me.



# Out of the Silence

BY JACK WILLCUTS

*Jack L. Willcuts, immediate past editor of the EVANGELICAL FRIEND and superintendent of Northwest Yearly Meeting, begins his new role as a regular columnist as he shares concerns "out of the silence."*

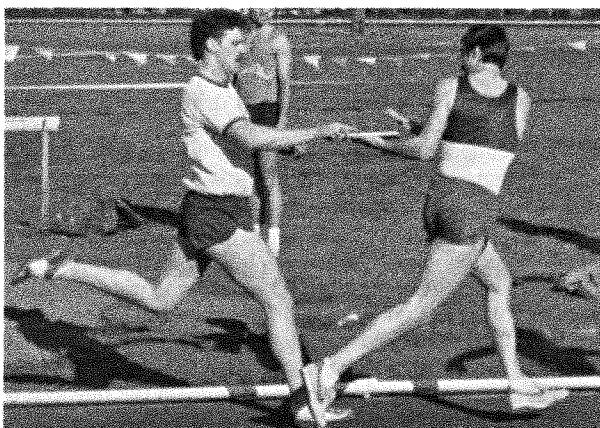
The new editors of EVANGELICAL FRIEND have graciously suggested my writing a column "sometimes or regularly" for the magazine under whatever title might seem appropriate. "Out of the Silence" is a Quaker way of speaking out in meeting with a concern, used more frequently in unprogrammed meetings than it is among "fast" Quakers, but we should know about it (and do it when led). So, this will be the title for the new "sometimes" column. (Another possible title was mentioned, "Off the Top of my Head," but was considered too thin to be useful.)

My generation is in the process of passing the torch to the next generation. Torch-passing, after 40 years of running, represents some distinct, discernible transitions. This is a good time to remember the inheritance 40 years ago from those who passed the torch to us, and some of the things we give to those ready to serve the Lord during the next 40 years.

We inherited then a religious scene among Friends with very few seminary

graduates or Ph.D.'s, many laymen had become pastors with very few seminars making them specialists, and mostly camp-meeting-type evangelists were our models. They talked a lot about prophecy. We bequeath a generation of scholars more adept at relational theology; determined church growth, bigger, nicer buildings; well-staffed church offices.

We inherited Christian Endeavor, signed YCTU cards (Youth Christian Temperance Union) saying we would never, never drink booze, went to young people's meetings on Sunday evening and then to church with the adults. Church bulletins were used only in very big meetings (a trifle suspect for being so big). Since then, Youth for Christ, Young Life, Inter-Varsity, Campus Crusade, etc., have sophisticated youth programs, and Friends summer conferences are no longer family events; youth camps and happenings are age-level designed. We bequeath a generation of "youth pastors" who regard skiing, skating, even movies(!) as useful "youth ministries" tools.



The only religious program I remember 40 years ago was the *Old-Fashioned Revival Hour* with Charles E. Fuller breathing hard into the microphone, interviewing his adoring wife, who read letters sending money. We leave to this generation innumerable radio and TV programs, even networks and an electronic church taking in \$500 million a year—about what the national budget was then.

We inherited the integrity of marriage and the family; we bequeath a new permissiveness toward divorce. Abortion was a word I never heard of, and it would not have entered discreet conversation if I had. We turn over to this generation a country making a reported 19 million baby corpses each year.

We inherited mission fields and programs barely underway, a very long way from home with a few super saints serving out there among the "heathen." We bequeath a greater, overwhelmingly larger opportunity and challenge with more missionaries and national leaders on more fields than Friends ever thought of before, with people at home popping back and forth to see it all, to do short terms, to get involved. Air travel 40 years ago was a novelty for most of us, unrelated to church or mission for practical use. It is now routine, as commonplace as a two-car family.

The next generation? Be careful about trying to program the Holy Spirit. When we do, we usually plan too small. The popularity of the church, including (perhaps especially) Friends, may not last much longer. Taxes may overtake our religious work, too, causing radical adjustments and sacrifices for schools, church planting, and taken-for-granted ways of meeting our budgets. My grandchildren may face persecution right here as Christians.

One thing is terribly important—to guard the idealism of what our church is and will become. The promises of God are the same yesterday and tomorrow. Remember, too, that the greatest strides in Christianity's earliest history—including the first century Quakers—were taken when the church was unencumbered by money and property, or too much organization.

I am more optimistic about the next generation than I was about my own as I compare them in my memory and look around. They are more like us than we are. It is nice to be connected in this transition time.\*

\* (Some of the ideas that started me thinking on this were suggested by Joseph Bayly in a recent *Eternity* magazine article.)



# A Nonmissionary's View of the Needs of Missionaries



BY CORLISS MICK

**S**EAT BELTS were unfastened, carry-ons of various and sundry weights and descriptions were hefted up, luggage collected, and down the aisle we hurried. At the end of the tunnel were smiling faces, some with tears, some not, but all jubilant, including ours, as we were now home after a year of living halfway around the world. Our family, all six of us, had spent the last year ministering and living in Japan. It was a memorable year. Probably one of the best we shall ever experience. The pace was fast. We worked hard and played equally as enthusiastically. In fact the experiences were so great in terms of quality and quantity that it is taking months to go back over them and digest them completely. Some times were so fabulous that they need resavoring, others were so character-stretching that they require more time and energy for contemplating.

Our call was to minister to missionaries, and the Lord didn't miss an opportunity to allow us to understand missionary life and to experience it so that we can relate to it, and perhaps share insights regarding missionaries with the laity. It's difficult for

missionaries to do that themselves at times, because it involves communicating very real, personal issues to groups, and most of us would have trouble doing that.

Japan is one of the most modern and literate countries in the world. There were no snakes under the beds, tigers lurking in the paths, or even the threat of terrorism, which is prevalent in so many places in the world, but there was the great reality of life in a pagan environment and its subtle influences and impact on individuals and families.

Missionary kids who are raised on a foreign field become third-culture kids. The homeland (the United States) really isn't home for them. It's the place that they have visited for a year of furlough perhaps three or four times prior to becoming college age. The land they are raised in is home, but they often look much different from the rest of the populace and they don't fit completely there. They take on characteristics of both cultures. They're blended into a third entity. Because of that, establishing an ongoing identity and level of comfort is somewhat difficult for most MK's.

Missions usually focus on men. Women, historically, have been present in a supportive-submissive role. Within that role, the home has been the focal point for most married missionary women. However, moving is a common occurrence on many mission fields. (We moved three times in

the single year we were on the field.) The instability of the home environment and the disturbing of the nest cause a great deal of strain on mission wives. Today more mission wives hold professional degrees of some sort, degrees usually comparable to those that their husbands hold. Yet on the field the opportunities to use that education are limited. The coupling of the stresses involved in the disturbance of the nest and the lack of individual or professional fulfillment for mission wives creates real challenges for mission families. Almost categorically, the first term is the most stressful with successive terms being more comfortable and productive. The third term is usually viewed as the time of greatest productivity.

Single missionaries face additional challenges. They not only are alone; they're alone a long way from home. In working with single missionaries on the field, I was interested to note two realities. In dealing with the loneliness this portion of the Body deals with, I would ask single missionaries whom they loved and who loved them. I would also ask them when the last time was that anyone had hugged them. It was saddening to hear many of them respond that the last time they had been hugged was when they got off the plane at furlough time and a relative or friend hugged them. That's too long a period of time between hugs. The other issue that was interesting was self-gratification. It made me acutely aware of the need for addressing this issue in mission training prior to young single missionaries leaving for the field.

When we as the laity are hungry for spiritual feeding we have any number of alternatives available to us, from sermons presented in the church to thousands of volumes of books available at the Christian bookstore, to turning on the local Christian radio station. Those alternatives are not generally available to missionaries on the field. When they go to church they are the ones presenting the message, giving instead of drinking in, and usually the message is a very simple, elementary presentation for new converts. The books available are usually the ones they brought back from furlough, and there usually isn't a local Christian radio station to edify, teach, and build them up.

Missionaries are not necessarily spiritual giants. They're redeemed sinners like you and me, with a particular call and task in this life. It's important for us as the laity to give them the freedom to be the real people that they are.

*Corliss Mick is a clinical psychologist from Manchester, Michigan. She and her husband Rod along with their four children spent the past year in Tokyo where they ministered and served at a Christian academy. The Micks are members of the Tecumseh Friends Church.*



BY LON FENDALL

## The Beauty of Broken Walls

The four-wheel drive vehicle bounced along the bone-jarring road in southern Haiti, taking us on our way to a most extraordinary and unforgettable worship experience. It was far more than a worship experience, though. It was a time of special insight into a personal burden and frustration I carried along on that trip, extra baggage that the customs agents failed to notice.

The burden was the divisions and disagreements that had been disrupting fellowship among those with whom I worship and fellowship. The insight came during what I normally would consider to be an interminable service, fully three hours of nonstop singing, in all sorts of combinations—solos, duets, ensembles, and the entire congregation of Haitian believers. Our four-wheel drive Pajero took us over roads that appeared to us to be impassable, depositing us at the bottom of a hill, on which stood a tiny chapel, which could seat 75 comfortably but held twice that many before the evening ended. People were crowded into every square foot of space in the sanctuary and on the platform and were literally hanging through the windows, drawn by the uproariously joyous festival of praise to the Lord.

The gathering was a little like quarterly meeting, a regular fixture during my early years in the Friends Church. People from a dozen churches had come from every direction in an area called Fond-des-Blancs (which, ironically, means a place where white people live). I'm afraid my memories of quarterly meeting are not as positive as those I'll treasure from the Sunday evening service in Fond-des-Blancs. In fact, quarterly meeting seemed downright boring when I was ten. This service was definitely not boring.

The seven visiting Americans had struggled heroically for weeks to learn Creole before going to Haiti, but of course were only able to pick up occasional words during the song service. There was no mistaking the depth of spirituality reflected in the singing, though. People who would be classified as illiterate and poor expressed with great clarity and power the joy they experienced in serving Jesus.

When called on, our group struggled through a song in Creole, then retreated to English for our second. Our host and dear brother in Christ, Jean Thomas, interpreted for us as we expressed a few words of greeting. We read a

passage of Scripture, which exploded with special meaning in being welcomed in as strangers and foreigners, then being drawn together with those believers as sisters and brothers in Christ.

The passage we read was Ephesians 2:13-16 (RSV):

"But now in Christ Jesus you who once were far off have been brought near in the blood of Christ. For he is our peace, who has made us both one, and has broken down the dividing wall of hostility, by abolishing in his flesh the law of commandments and ordinances, that he might create in himself one new man in place of the two, so making peace, and might reconcile us both to God in one body through the cross, thereby bringing the hostility to an end."

The enormous cultural and economic differences between our group of Americans and the worshiping Haitians became inconsequential. We miraculously became one with them that night. As we walked down the steep, rocky path from the church, it seemed that we had known these people all our lives. Just as Christ's reconciliation had broken down the dividing wall of hostility between us and God, so His miracle of reconciliation had removed the barriers between us and them.

What about the burden I brought along, the sadness over people misunderstanding and attacking one another, building the walls between them, rather than breaking them down? The concern remains. The solution is clear, though. Whereas Satan wants us to build up the walls and become alienated, Christ is the wall-breaker, the reconciler. His work in us is to make us one with each other.

We have a special heritage as Quakers. Our commitment to peace is probably the best known of our convictions. It's what people know about us when they know scarcely anything else. But a second look at our history and our present condition would reveal a great many divisions, walls that separate us.

Ephesians 2 does not make a case for theological mushiness for the sake of avoiding offense. Rather, it provides the answer for our human tendency to argue and quarrel, becoming enemies, thus denying the very love of Christ that makes us Christians.

Can we not allow Christ to break down the walls, to give us the grace to humbly submit to one another, to listen carefully for the valid convictions not always adequately conveyed by our words? Can we not allow Christ to make us one, making peace among us, so that we will be peacemakers in more than a historical and theoretical sense? What a tribute it would be to Friends today to be known as people who are breaking down walls! ☐



### Treasured Resource

Recently I took time to browse through copies of EVANGELICAL FRIEND, looking for source material for a presentation on the importance of the Christian family. What a treasured collection of articles, testimonies, and news items I found!

I'm proud of our magazine and I want you to know it is read—and kept for future reference.

LUCY ANDERSON  
Canton, Ohio

### Shocked and Concerned

Heartbroken, shocked, grieved—these are just the beginning of the feelings that shook me as I read Kent L. Thornburg's article, "Sensitivity and Honesty Needed." I suspect that any brewer or distiller in the country would happily co-sign the article. Brewers and distillers are opposed to alcoholism. They strongly believe in social drinking.

Surely Kent knows that all of the fruit of the vine was called wine during Bible times. Fermented wine was forbidden. Proverbs 23:31, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright."

## A Call for Quaker Songs

Have you written a song for First Day or Sunday School that tells about a well-known Quaker or uses a familiar Quaker quotation in the lyrics? Do you have a song for the classroom or informal group singing about silent worship or Friends testimonies on outward sacraments? simplicity?

If so, please submit a lead sheet and lyrics to Barbara Mays, Friends United Meeting, 101 Quaker Hill Drive, Richmond IN 47374.

God help us if this is the direction in which the EVANGELICAL FRIEND is headed.

This article has spurred me to work for the restoration of every fifth Sunday being devoted to lessons on the evil of Demon Alcohol.

JIM RAHINKAMP  
Muscatine, Iowa

I would like to voice a protest of the picture on the front of the March issue of the EVANGELICAL FRIEND. I am a 60-year-old grandmother of 10 grandchildren, 3 of whom are teenagers, and I would rather be remembered for wearing a dress and enjoying things of my generation than trying to dress like a teenager and relate to their likes of music. I know that as a teenager I certainly did not expect my Christian grandmothers to enjoy the cowboy songs that I enjoyed and did not expect them to dress as I dressed. I highly respected them for setting a Christian example for me by staying in their age category and letting me relate to mine.

Also, I don't know why drinking, social or otherwise, has to even be an issue to evangelicals. Is nothing completely right or wrong any more? I was taught that drinking of any kind was a sin and I believe that today. Why would we toy with sin? We no longer hear it preached from our pulpits. What happened to temperance Sunday? Are we as Christians letting this generation down?

Let's let the Bible settle shady issues and get back to the Bible basics.

JANET OSWALT  
Damascus, Ohio

### Cover and Content Praised

I love the contrast on the March cover: polyester slacks with a permanent crease and a "box" both on an apparent grandmother. The laugh of the teen is beautiful.

Brent Bill's article on rock music is probably the first one for our magazine that does not attack it as a demonic, communist conspiracy for the destruction of our youth. One statement Brent made that I object to is that "Adolescence is the disease." Adolescence is not the disease; the lack of bonding in the early years of childhood between parents and children is the disease. The lines of communication have to be opened before the child is able to make the call. Adolescence is simply

the living out of the patterns of interaction that were formed in the early years. These structures are not formed in concrete, but adults find it easier to blame the problems on adolescent rebellion than to take an active part in forming new patterns. Brent's tips for listening are excellent.

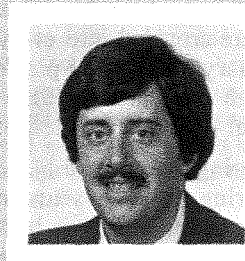
"Rolled Away" was a fresh breeze. With so much written and said about Jesus and the meaning of His death and resurrection, Roger's article provided a short, direct recapitulation of the important events.

I will watch your editorials with interest. The two for March fulfilled their purpose and they were well-written.

I would like to meet Kent Thornburg. Seldom do I experience reading a letter to the editor that really hooks me into saying, "Yes, I agree with that!" Kent did some research or at least had access to

(Continued on page 19)

## SPEND TIME WITH A FRIEND!



### A Part of My Heart Left Here . . .

Renewal messages by Don Green  
Edited by Mary Green

Don Green died at age 33 following a tragic accident, but his messages of renewal continue in this recently published work. A brilliant student, debater, preacher, counselor, writer, shares his heart. Foreword by D. Elton Trueblood.

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# First Day News

## QUICK QUAKER COMMENTARY

**David Brock** has been named as superintendent of Indiana Yearly Meeting. David is currently pastor at Bakersfield, California, Friends and will begin his new position in July.

**Robert Hess**, superintendent of Evangelical Friends Church—Eastern Region, will be speaking at two yearly meetings this summer. He will be at Quaker Ridge Camp, Woodland Park, Colorado, June 8-12, for Rocky Mountain Yearly Meeting. He will also be speaking at Northwest Yearly Meeting July 26-August 1 on the George Fox College campus, Newberg, Oregon.

**Samuel Kamaleson**, vice-president for evangelism and leadership for World Vision, from Arcadia, California, will be the main speaker for the yearly meeting sessions of Evangelical Friends Church—Eastern Region. Sessions will be held August 9-14 on the Malone College campus, Canton, Ohio.

**Walter Albritton**, a Methodist minister and evangelist, will be the speaker August 6-10 for Mid-America Yearly Meeting, Wichita, Kansas.

**Ron Woodward**, pastor of Newberg, Oregon, Friends Church, will be the speaker for California Yearly Meeting July 9-13 at Rose Drive Friends Church, Yorba Linda, California.

**John Williams, Jr.**, pastor of First Friends Church, Canton, Ohio, will be the featured speaker at North Carolina Yearly Meeting August 6-10, in Greensboro, North Carolina.

## FRIENDS FOCUS

### 'Bikin' Bill' Visits Friends

Bill Strachan began a bicycle tour December 26 that will conclude at the Friends General Conference's Gathering of Friends in Northfield, Minnesota, June 28-July 5. His route is not very direct. He left New York City traveling south to Florida, across the southern states to the West Coast, up the West Coast and into Canada, and then east to Minnesota. He hopes his trip will generate a greater understanding and interest in Friends General Conference, promote the FGC Gathering, and strengthen dialogue among Friends.

### Die Vollständigkeit des Gottesbildes

*Der Quaker*, a monthly German Quaker periodical, has translated and reprinted an article from the October 1985 *Evangelical Friend*. "The Completeness of God" by Irv Brendlinger appeared in the March issue of the German paper, which had a principal theme dealing with women in the Society of Friends and in society as a whole in their struggle for equality.

### Friends Bible Association Continues 156-year-old Ministry

The 156-year-old Bible Association of Friends in America, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, was formed especially to meet the need of Friends moving to the newly opened West. In their annual report, they state that "while the outward situation is different than in the earlier days, the inner needs are the same, and the Bible, with its priceless record of God's enduring concern for mankind, is uniquely fitted to meet them. And its account of the coming of Jesus, His brief ministry and sacrificial life and death, and their eternal significance, is as fresh and meaningful today as when His Spirit first descended upon those gathered in the upper room or when George Fox heard His voice inwardly and had the vision of Pendle Hill. It is a satisfaction to the Bible Association to have a part in placing it before as many as possible that they may, hopefully, 'profit withal' (1 Corinthians 12:7) according to their own gifts and understandings. In this way, we feel we are following out the original stated purpose of the Bible Association 'to encourage a wider distribution as well as a more frequent



perusal of the Holy Scriptures and to promote a more accurate knowledge of their invaluable contents,' and have a part in carrying Jesus' gospel of love to all the nations."

### **Peacemaking Study Trip to Northern Ireland**

Quaker efforts in peacemaking in Northern Ireland will be among the special interests of a study trip to that country October 4-19. Quaker Peace and Service, a joint program of London Yearly Meeting and Ireland Yearly Meeting, has assisted in arranging the schedule. The trip is being sponsored by the Center for Peace Learning of George Fox College and will be led by the Center's director, Lon Fendall. In addition to Quaker efforts, participants in the visit will become familiar with numerous other peacemaking efforts. Friends interested in participating may write to the Center for Peace Learning, George Fox College, Newberg, Oregon 97132 or call 503/538-8383, ext. 380.

### **How Many Quakers Does It Take to Build a Barn?**

Seventy Friends gathered at Bill Murphy's farm, Deerfield, Ohio, on April 19 for an old-fashioned, dawn-to-dusk barn raising. Participants came from as far away as Ypsilanti, Michigan. The project was organized by Dean Johnson of Friends Disaster Service. The barn replaces one that burned down a year ago. Insufficient insurance left Bill and Esther Murphy unable to replace their loss. Dean Johnson learned about the situation when he was traveling with Bill to assist flood victims in West Virginia. People involved in Friends Disaster Service decided that they should also help take care of each other. Along with the physical labor, Friends churches responded with donations totaling about \$9,000.



### **Scholarships Still Needed for Youthquake '86**

Due to the overwhelming response of international young Friends who desire to attend Youthquake '86 in Mexico, scholarship funds are still needed. So far the planning committee has raised \$11,200 from yearly meetings, United Society of Friends Women International, Quaker Men International, and registration subsidies from United States and Canadian attenders.

More than 35 international attenders have registered. A total of \$17,748 is needed for international scholarships. If you know of funds that could be used for this important task, please contact David Tebbs, International Attenders Coordinator, North Carolina Yearly Meeting, 903 New Garden Road, Greensboro, North Carolina 27410.

### **New Zealand Friends Concerned about Central America**

"We are saddened and frightened by recent news reports from Central America, in particular by U.S. claims of an invasion of Honduras by Nicaragua. Since the official U.S. version of this has been denied by members of the Honduras Government, it appears that the U.S. administration is seeking an incentive to win Congressional support for military aid to the Contras. Already the conflict has involved Honduras and Costa Rica, and the peace-making efforts of the Contadora group of countries show their anxiety at the possibility of regional disaster.

"Living far away, and dependent on news reports, we find it hard to establish what is really happening. But we are grieved that the U.S. administration appears to be following a policy of unjust and oppressive military intervention. We would be happy to hear from you of how Friends in the Americas are responding to this crisis, and we offer our prayers and support to you and all others with a concern for genuine peace." (from Philip Macdiarmid, clerk of New Zealand Yearly Meeting, Kauaeranga Valley, RD 2, Thames, New Zealand)



(Continued from page 16)

information that the first writers overlooked. He stated, with better support than I have readily available, some of the objections that I had to the original articles.

The article by Jay Kesler was somewhat dated; most leading sociologists are stating that the narcissistic "me" generation has passed. The emphasis on ministry to youth under the guidance of the Holy Spirit within the present world is always on target.

BILL LOCKWOOD  
Newport News, Virginia

### Clarifying Some Points

I am sorry that I must clarify some things that did not come through correctly in the article that appeared in the December-January 1986 number of the EVANGELICAL FRIEND. Since the article was taken from a text that was intended to be a talk, I was able to correct these portions as I spoke. My original text was undoubtedly unclear, and thus is not entirely the fault of the editors.

In the second column of page 3, I referred to Deuteronomy 20, which lists things that "few people know about"—I meant *today*. Of course the people to whom Jeremiah wrote his letter knew exactly what he was referring to when he quoted the tradition of the Military Exemptions in Deuteronomy 20. I meant to point out that few "Christian" pundits of the "militarism" of the Old Testament preach sermons on Deuteronomy 20 *today*. It would be interesting, for example, to know if Jerry Falwell would support a conscription policy in the U.S.A. that adhered to Deuteronomy 20.

In the first column of page 3, I paraphrased Scripture, and it was cited as a direct quote. "Beware the prophet that prophesies well-being" is not a direct quote, but a summarization of Jeremiah's attitude in Jeremiah 28:8-9.

I appreciate the interest shown in my talk that led to a version in the EVANGELICAL FRIEND, and regret that my text was not clear on these points.

DANIEL L. SMITH  
Haifa, Israel

## MY MONTH WITH BROTHER LAWRENCE

BY NANCY THOMAS

I just spent a month with a Catholic monk. He proved to be excellent company: provocative, funny, and very helpful. I especially appreciated the way he cheerfully attacked the stacks of dirty dishes.

Actually, my monk friend, Brother Lawrence, lived over 300 years ago, and the month I spent with him, I spent with his little book, *The Practice of the Presence of God*. But his words so stirred me that I responded as to a living presence.

Brother Lawrence lived in France in the 1600s and served as a soldier in the Thirty Years War, where he received a leg wound that troubled him for the rest of his life. He entered a Carmelite monastery, probably about 1651, when he was 40 years old. In spite of being what he himself describes as "a great awkward fellow, who broke everything," he was assigned the job of cook and dishwasher. There in the clatter and bustle of the monastery kitchen, he gave himself the task of consciously conversing with God and living in the continual sense of His presence. For over 40 years, this became Brother Lawrence's rule of life. His testimony of joyous simplicity ministered to his religious superiors and continues to draw people from all branches of the Christian faith.

I find that I can't just pick up *The Practice of the Presence*, read a little bit, then lay it back down until the next opportunity. Something about the authenticity of this man's experience compels me to try to live out what I read.

Brother Lawrence encourages me, first of all, to do everything for the love of God. His book testifies that "he was always finding pleasure in every condition by doing little things for the love of God." I frequently find my motivations mixed and my emotions tangled. I'm attracted to the simplicity of letting love for God be the conscious motivation behind every action. I'm trying it. I'm consciously offering up the meals I cook, the dishes I wash, the articles I write, and the errands I run, whispering, "For You." I feel a

sense of rightness and freedom when I do this. I can face potential irritations with more grace and humor than is naturally my lot.

After a day of getting caught up on the laundry and finally being ready to shut the machine off and put all the clean clothes away, my teenage son fishes some smelly gym clothes from his book bag and says, "Mom, I need these clean tomorrow." If I can instantly offer that demand up to God and say, "Yes, Lord, because I love You," I can do what needs to be done and even chuckle about it. Putting it all in the perspective of love for God somehow makes it easier.

Brother Lawrence encourages me to be more aware of God's presence by frequently offering up to Him little acts of worship. No matter what I'm doing or where I am, I can lift my heart and whisper, "Thank You," or "I love You," or sometimes simply, "You." I read that Brother Lawrence "was more united to God in his ordinary occupations than when he left them for devotion in retirement, from which he knew himself to issue with much dryness of spirit." That gives me hope because I, too, have experienced going through all the right devotional motions yet missing the very life I sought. Not that I'm now going to give up disciplined Bible study and prayer! But I find joy in remembering that He is as much with me as I shop for groceries, proofread a manuscript, or visit a friend as He is in the appointed times of prayer.

Finally, Brother Lawrence encourages me with his balanced view of failure. That's good, because I can't possibly, at this point, be like him. Whereas Brother Lawrence's continual sense of God's presence was occasionally punctured by the

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mundane affairs of life, in my case, the pressures and duties of my life are usually uppermost in my mind. God frequently breaks through my consciousness barrier (and the frequency seems to be increasing), but the practice of His presence is not yet habitual. I fail. I forget about Him for long periods of time. I do things (even Christian things) for motives other than love of God. In irritation, I tell David to wash his own gym clothes. Brother Lawrence takes a lighthearted attitude toward such failures, coupled with a gentle persistence to keep trying.

When approaching a task he would pray, "Lord, I cannot do this unless Thou enablest me." If he failed in a task or lost the conscious sense of God, he would pray, "I shall never do otherwise if Thou leavest me to myself; it is Thou who must hinder my falling, and mend what is amiss." And then, according to the testimony in his book, "he gave himself no further uneasiness about it." I see in this a lightness and joy, a refusal to take himself too seriously. I also see such a simple faith in God's love and forgiveness that laboring under guilt becomes unnecessary.

A friend of mine expressed the opinion that all this was fine for Brother Lawrence. After all what could be easier than the sheltered life of a monastery? I disagree. Brother Lawrence writes about having to go out of the monastery to buy supplies. He also writes of the noise and confusion in the monastery kitchen. It sounds a bit like my kitchen. I have a feeling that "real life" with all its tensions and conflicts invades our worlds wherever we are. Brother Lawrence demonstrates that another Life, deeper and more real, can also invade us.

In case you're wondering, I really haven't spent all this time with Brother Lawrence. I've spent it with God. 

### Consultation Pushes for Evangelism in World Class Cities

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS—Speaking at the Tri-nary Consultation on Evangelizing World Class Cities, Raymond Bakke, professor at Northern Baptist Theological Seminary, said, "World urbanization constitutes a fundamental challenge to conventional mission theory and practice." Bakke and others painted an elaborate demographic picture illustrating worldwide urbanization. Today there are 287 world class cities—although a complete definition did not emerge, world class cities have one million or more people. Bakke added that by the year 2000, more than half the world population will live in cities.

—*Missionary News Service*

### Mission Execs Hear Pros and Cons About Students

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI—Mission agencies should prepare themselves for the next generation of missionaries who are students today, warned Gordon MacDonald, president of Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship. MacDonald spoke at a luncheon sponsored by the Evangelical Foreign Missions Association (EFMA) during the National Association of Evangelicals convention. He described today's students with both "good news and bad news."

"They are information rich and wisdom poor," he said. "Rich in connections and networking, but poor in real relationships."

MacDonald attributes many of the problems with today's students to poor family relationships. He mentioned problems such as low self-esteem, antiauthoritarian attitudes, and inability to make sound decisions. Fifty percent of the student world in the next five years will emerge from single parent families, he stated.

"If you are responsible for recruiting and training new missionary personnel, there's going to be a need for a lot of homework in relational brokenness," MacDonald continued. "We're seeing thousands of confident-appearing students who are desperately hurting within."

The good news, according to MacDonald, is students' concern for compassion and justice, their interest in servant leadership, and their awareness of structures. "If they can ever be captured, if their hurts can be healed and their goals

turned toward the kingdom, I'm very excited about what can happen in the 1990s," he concluded. If not, he admitted, he would be very worried about a dearth of quality leaders in the next few years.

—*M.N.S.*

### Survey Identifies What Makes A Successful Tentmaker

WHEATON, ILLINOIS—A survey completed by Don Hamilton of TMQ Research identifies characteristics held in common by those who have been most effective in tentmaking ministries. Tentmakers are defined by Hamilton as committed Christians with marketable occupational skills who are working overseas while actively sharing their faith in Jesus Christ. These people can get into most countries that will not grant conventional missionary visas. Hamilton's study revealed that highly rated tentmakers shared the following characteristics:

They had led an evangelistic Bible study before going overseas.

Their main reason for going was to share the Gospel of Christ.

They had experience in actively sharing their faith at home.

They had strong relationships with their home local church. Most were commissioned by, and felt accountable to, their home church.

They recruited others to be tentmakers.

—*M.N.S.*

### Delegation Finds Persecution In Nepal

WHEATON, ILLINOIS—A delegation of British and U.S. officials said it found ample evidence of outright persecution and torture of Christians during its recent six-day investigation inside Nepal.

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The team—which included two members of British Parliament and two representatives of U.S. congressional staff—interviewed individuals who have suffered religious rights abuses, attended worship services, and discussed the situation with Nepalese Christian leaders.

Missionaries contacted by MNS said the report confirmed what they already knew. According to one source, human rights become less important outside the Kathmandu Valley and away from the sizeable foreign population. Apparently most of the abuses are aimed at tribal groups. If complaints are filed, a person leading others to the Lord can receive a six-year sentence—equivalent to the punishment given for manslaughter. People who are baptized can be jailed for one year.

Sponsored by Christian Response International (CRI), the delegation would like to see Nepalese law conform to the U. N. Declaration on Human Rights. Specifically, they are pressing for tolerance and fairness toward Christians. —M.N.S.

### **Evangelist Luis Palau Tells NRBC Evangelism and Politics Don't Mix**

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Evangelism and politics don't mix, according to evangelist Luis Palau. Speaking at the National Religious Broadcasters convention in February, Palau criticized other evangelists for "taking sides" politically.

"I believe that an evangelist should be known as an ambassador for Jesus Christ," Palau said. "Biblically speaking, an evangelist has been given life by God and a message that is very clear—to proclaim the Gospel of eternal life in Jesus Christ.

"The moment an evangelist steps into political pronouncements, he will alienate some group to whom he was sent to proclaim the Gospel.

"I have stayed away from politics because my task is to preach the Gospel. I want both Democrats and Republicans to enter the Kingdom of God."

Palau, who has spoken in person before more than six million people in 40 nations—plus 300 million more worldwide by radio and television—explained that he is not opposed to Christian involvement in politics.

"I am encouraged when Christians enter the political arena, but not if they try to persuade me to vote for them just because they are Christian," Palau concluded. "As an intelligent voter, I want to know a can-

didate's political positions. Once a Christian steps into the political arena, he stops being primarily a Christian preacher or evangelist and becomes a politician who happens to be a Christian. At that point, he must stand on his political position, not on his Christian beliefs."

—*Evangelical Press News Service*

### **Christian Leaders for Responsible Television Meet with Executives From Television Networks**

TUPELO, MISSISSIPPI—Executives from ABC, CBS, and NBC met with representatives of Christian Leaders for Responsible Television (CLRTV) April 1 and 2 in New York City. The purpose of the meetings, according to Dr. Billy Melvin, executive director of the National Association of Evangelicals and chairman of CLRTV, was to establish a dialogue with the networks and to hear their response to the Statement of Concern drafted by CLRTV earlier this year.

CLRTV is a diverse group of more than 1,600 Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Orthodox leaders working together to decrease the amounts of sex, violence, and profanity in network programming. The Statement of Concern calls on the networks to reduce the levels of sex, violence, and profanity by 35 percent in the 1986 fall season. It also calls for an "immediate end to the anti-Christian stereotyping presented in network programming."

The networks agreed to respond to the group's concerns in writing, according to Melvin. "The next effort of the group will be to meet with corporate sponsors," said Melvin, who promised that contacts would begin immediately. —*E.P. News Service*

### **3,000 Chinese Churches Still Await Recognition**

HONG KONG—An estimated 3,000 churches in China are still waiting for formal registration from the offices of the Religious Affairs Bureau, according to a report by the Chinese Church Research Center.

Many of these churches already have a building and are meeting openly. These churches have applied for registration but have not met necessary conditions. To be recognized, a church must have at least 300 people attending it, and must have a certain number of approved pastors. One church of more than 800 adult members had not been registered because it is led entirely by lay pastors.

The number of registered open churches in China is estimated at 4,000.

According to a Chinese church elder, unregistered meetings attract an estimated 25 to 30 million Chinese Christians, and the elder reported that an estimate of 30 to 35 million Christians in China would be reasonable. —*E.P. News Service*

### **Smith Has No More Time For Miller**

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA—Former football star Bubba Smith won't be pitching Miller Lite beer on television any longer. Smith said he turned down a "humongous offer" from Miller because of his Christian convictions and because of concerns about drunk driving. "I don't want to promote something that's going to hurt somebody," explained Smith.

—*E.P. News Service*

*The EVANGELICAL FRIEND neither endorses nor necessarily approves subject matter used in The Face of the World, but simply tries to publish material of general interest to Friends.—The Editors*



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### Common Ground

J. Anthony Lukas  
Knopf, 651 pages, hardback.

This is not a religious book, but religious people ought to read it. Lukas, an excellent investigative reporter, spent seven years getting together the material for it and then writing it. He is describing the struggle in Boston in the 1970s over school desegregation. His device is to trace that struggle through the histories of three families: The Yankee Divers, who are at first heartily in favor of desegregation; the black Twymons, hoping for some escape from the ghetto; the McGoffs, the blue-collar Irish who just want to be left alone. He also gives special chapters to several public personages involved in the events. Louise Day Hicks, bitter opponent of desegregation, who at the end regrets her actions; Judge Arthur Garrity, the inflexible enforcer of the law (likely too inflexible) Cardinal Medeiros, the churchman caught between his younger activist priests and the institutional needs to keep ties with the powers of the community (Protestant clergy seem not to have much to do with the turmoil, at least not to have had much influence); the editor of the *Globe*, Tom Winship, who in attempting to offend nobody managed to offend everybody; Mayor Kevin White, tending to be liberal but also with an eye on higher political office. This is a very *human* book; Lukas lived for periods with these families. His knowledge is encyclopedic. Consequently he produced a gripping book.

But what stays in my mind is the sad picture of humanity set out here. How little real concern and love is shown, how little willingness to consider others, what deep-rooted and fierce racial and ethnic ties, how immovable the feelings and prejudices, how little influence Christian teaching had in the pinch! Apparently nearly everybody saw the situation as a zero-sum trap, in which any gain by anybody must necessarily hurt others. This book is a sobering picture of the difficulties and complexities in the social problems we face. All those who have concern for such matters as poverty, crime, drug abuse, and the family should read and ponder this book. If you can't afford it, ask your library to get it for its shelves—and readers.

—Lauren King

### Healing the Wounded

(The Costly Love of Church Discipline)  
John White and Ken Blue  
InterVarsity Press, 230 pages, \$11.95.

Church discipline has been largely neglected, mainly because it is costly. When properly engaged in, it is right, and necessary. It can also be redemptive. Readers of this book, if open-minded, will be convinced of this.

—Philip E. Taylor

### Christian Excellence

(Alternative to Success)

John Johnston  
Baker Book House, 213 pages, \$6.95 in paperback (also available in hardbound)

I found this to be—you'll pardon the term—an excellent discussion of excellence and success and how they relate to the Christian life. As the author of a previous book, *Will Evangelicalism Survive Its Own Popularity?*, Johnston is accustomed to shooting at sacred cows. This book also will, if taken seriously, make some evangelicals uncomfortable. Perhaps its message could best be summed up in the words of Anthony Campolo, from the introduction: "Holiness is excellence, so there is no excuse for mediocrity. Success is worldly, so there is no excuse for Christians pursuing it." This book presents some strong teaching that the Church needs to hear.

—John Pierce

### Twelve Keys to an Effective Church

Kennon L. Callahan  
Harper and Row, 1983.

This is a *must* book for every meeting. In this book, Kennon Callahan identifies 12 characteristics that contribute to a church's being effective and successful. These characteristics fall into two categories—relational and functional—and he has found that successful churches have 9 of these 12 characteristics and that the majority of them are relational.

The book's focus is on long-range planning and gives many helpful guides, evaluation forms, and materials. Yet its compelling strength is in its understanding of God working in the midst of His people. The author writes, "Power for the future is found in claiming our strengths . . . these strengths are gifts from God, and as gifts, they belong to the whole congregation . . . To claim them is to claim the compelling power of God's power."

He also reminds us that God's hope is the basis for effective long-range planning. This God-given hope is "responsible and realistic, courageous and compassionate, and prayerful and powerful." Long-range planning relies finally on God, not on data projections. One watershed question for each church could be: "Do you believe your best years are behind you, or before you?" Now answer the question, "What is God calling us to do as His people?"

—Patricia Edwards-DeLancey

### A Man Who Made a Difference

Charles E. Fager  
Langley Hill Friends Meeting, McLean, Virginia, 213 pages, paperback, \$12.95.

This biography of David H. Scull, Quaker activist, details his wide array of achievements. These included his association with consumer cooperatives; his work for civil rights in Virginia; his years as a federal employee in the U.S. Department of State; and what was probably his most important contribution—the creation of Partnership for Productivity. This was a new concept in Third World development that combined capital in the form of small loans with training in managerial skills. This unique plan, with some modification, ultimately expanded into a five-million-dollar operation involving a staff of more than three hundred, with projects in 15 countries.

Beyond all of this, David Scull operated a thriving printing business in partnership with family members; was successful as husband and father of four; and participated actively in Friends affairs, all the way from Langley Hill Monthly Meeting, which he helped to found, to Friends committees and organizations on the national and international levels.

—Grace N. Pearson

### The Authentic Jesus

John R. W. Stott  
InterVarsity, 92 pages, paperback, \$2.95.

In this little book John Stott, noted British evangelical, defends by careful study of the Scriptures the historic faith in Jesus against some unbelieving attacks upon that faith. He treats the credibility of the Gospel writers, Jesus as truly God and truly man, the Resurrection, the Virgin Birth, and the uniqueness of Jesus. An excellent brief treatment of the subject.

—Lauren King



## REACHING OUT THROUGH MUSIC

By NANCY THOMAS

What do a missionary in Kenya, a baby dying of brain cancer in Oregon, a national evangelist in India, and a hospital chaplain in Idaho have in common? All are finding comfort and courage through the music of Quincy and Eilene Fodge. This Quaker couple, currently living in Newberg, Oregon, operates a unique tape ministry that is bearing fruit in many parts of the world.

Let's start at the beginning. Eilene Tamplin grew up in a home filled with music; both her parents were accomplished pianists. In fact, her mother played the piano to her unborn child in the nine months before Eilene made her appearance, hoping that a love for music

would "catch." It caught. Piano lessons and practice sessions early on became a part of the average day in the Tamplin household.

While a student at George Fox College, Eilene married Quincy Fodge. Music continued to play a major part in their lives, as they pastored, taught, and raised five children. In addition to playing at worship services, weddings, and funerals, Eilene joined her husband in a radio program in the 1950s.

A crisis occurred in 1975 that changed the direction of their lives. A series of operations altered Eilene's hormonal balance, resulting in several years of physical weakness and, often, deep depression. During this time, Eilene's music "left her." Not only could she not play the piano, but the very sounds of music became irritations. At times she believed she would never be able to play again.

One day a friend shared a portion of Scripture with Eilene, wanting to encourage her with the hope of healing. She read Psalm 71:20:

Though you have made me see troubles, many and bitter, you will restore my life again; from the depths of the earth you will again bring me up.

This comforted Eilene, and she then continued to read, coming to verse 22: I will praise you with the harp for your faithfulness, O my God; I will sing praise to you with the lyre, O Holy One of Israel.

Clutching this as a promise that not only would God heal her physically, He would also restore her music, Eilene took courage to sit down at the piano and begin to play again. As the weeks passed and she experienced the reality of God's renewal deep within her, Eilene became aware of a growing desire to use her music to help other hurting people.

In response to this desire, Quincy and Eilene Fodge began in 1981 a musical tape ministry, today known as Vesper Melodies, a nonprofit corporation operating out of the Fodge home in Newberg. The first tapes produced were instrumental, traditional hymns played by Eilene on piano, organ, and vibraharp. The Fodges have since expanded to include vocal music; both Quincy and Eilene sing, and Quincy recites Scripture and poetry. The current repertoire includes eight different tapes, each an hour long.

The Fodges do most of their recording right in their living room, and Eilene




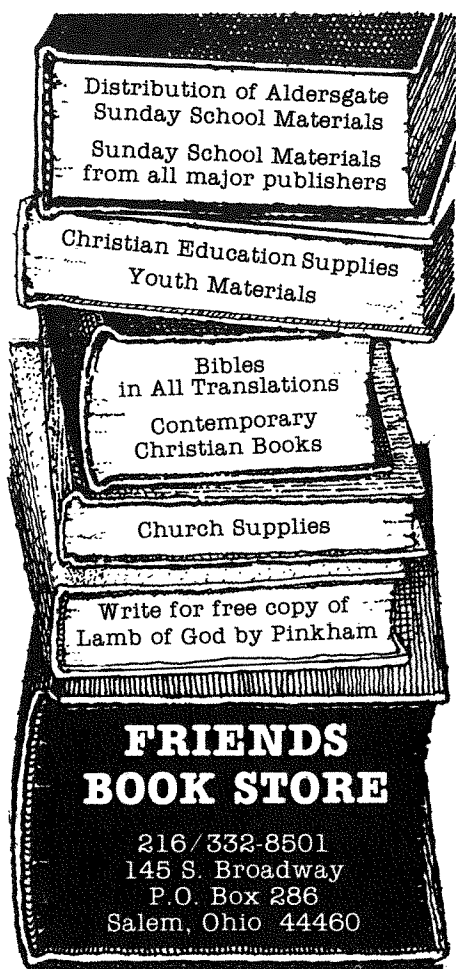
*Quincy and Eilene Fodge*

spends a good deal of her spare time boxing and mailing tapes, filing, and answering the many letters they receive. Initially, the project required a substantial investment of the Fodges' own savings, but now the corporation runs on the basis of contributions.

Since 1981, the Fodges have sent over 12,000 tapes to 47 states and 45 countries. Motivated by a desire to help hurting people, they supply tapes, without charge, to hospitals, nursing homes, correctional institutions, crisis centers, and missionaries. Letters from hospitals and nursing homes especially testify to the healing and relaxing effects the music has on patients. Many use it to help them sleep. A woman from southern Oregon wrote that the music had more than a relaxing effect on her. It gave her courage one day to get out of her wheelchair and walk across the room with her cane, something she hadn't been able to do for nine months.

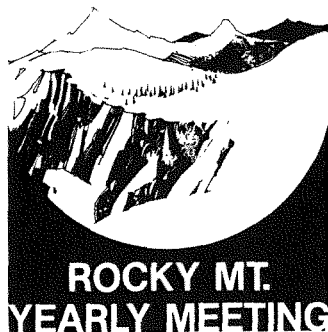
Missionaries from many countries write, expressing gratitude for the peace and comfort the music brings to their sometimes hectic days. The tapes are finding cross-cultural outlets as well. Eilene's clear organ notes fill the early morning air waves of an Aymara radio program in La Paz, Bolivia. A national evangelist in India wrote asking for more tapes that he could share as he visited in hospitals, nursing homes, and with shut-ins in that country.

I'm reminded of Jesus' hard saying, "Unless a kernel of wheat falls to the ground and dies, it remains only a single seed. But if it dies, it produces many seeds." (John 12:24 paraphrased) Eilene's music died, only to be reborn and revoiced. It now proclaims God's love and light in many dark places. 





# FRIENDS CONCERNS



## ROCKY MT. YEARLY MEETING

### RYM Briefs

**DENVER, COLORADO**—The 31st annual pie social at First Denver Friends raised \$1,100 through the auction of pies selected as winners in various categories. The high school youth groups from First Denver and Northwest held the pie social jointly and shared the monies raised from the auction.

**COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO**—The first Friends Meeting approved calling pastor Arden Kinser for another three years.

**PUEBLO, COLORADO**—The youth in the Pueblo Meeting are hosting a monthly breakfast for church attenders. Donations received for the meal are used to help pay for Quaker Ridge camps this summer.

**WOODLAND PARK, COLORADO**—Robert Hess, superintendent of the Eastern Region, will be the main speaker at the Rocky Mountain Yearly Meeting sessions June 7-12 at Quaker Ridge.

### RYM Prayer Opportunities

"Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name...."

1. "... your kingdom come, your will be done ...." Ask God to quickly bring His kingdom to earth. Consider different current events and plead with God to bring about His will through them.

2. "Give us today our daily bread." Take some real need to God and ask Him to provide for it. Perhaps it is material (food, shelter, financial) or maybe it involves a relationship. Whatever your need, take it to our Lord.

3. "Forgive us our debts, as we also have forgiven our debtors." Confess your known sins and then forgive those who have done evil to you.

4. "And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one." Ask God to give us strength against sin and to help us overcome Satan.

5. Finally, take time to acknowledge who God really is and His worthiness for praise and adoration.

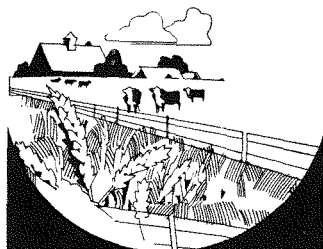
### Facility Improvements Underway at Quaker Ridge

Work is underway to make improvements in the facility at Quaker Ridge Camp near Woodland Park, Colorado.

One project involves remodeling the bathrooms at Turner Hall. The existing facilities were recently removed, and remaking the bathrooms on top of the existing foundation is now started.

The Quaker Ridge Board also hopes to make the entrances into three buildings accessible to the handicapped. There are also plans to build a horse corral and an archery/rifle range.

The board hopes to finance most of the work through contributions, avoiding the need to borrow funds. Individuals wanting to give toward the work may send gifts to Rocky Mountain Yearly Meeting, P.O. Box 9629, Colorado Springs, CO 80932. Please indicate the contribution is for Quaker Ridge.



## MID-AMERICA YEARLY MEETING

### Mid-America Notes

Pastors' Retreat this year featured Verl and Lois Lindley, pastors at Granada Heights Friends in La Mirada, California. It was held May 5-8 near Branson, Missouri, at the Stonecroft Conference Center.

SUMMER CAMP SCHEDULES are as follows:

Sr. High Camp—June 9-13

Theme—American Revolution '86  
Director—MAYM Youth Ex Council.

Jr. High Camp—June 13-17

Theme—Discover a Treasure  
Directors are Cary and Susan Youmans.

Junior Camp—June 17-21

Theme—The Greatest Show on Earth  
Director—Paul Snyder

JIM JENKINS, pastor of the Hutchinson Friends Church, will be entering into evangelistic ministry and is available for scheduling beginning in October. Jim and Nancy and family will be moving to Sterling, Kansas, to be centrally located in MAYM.

### Friends University News

THE SINGING QUAKERS presented *A Symphony of Spring* April 24, 25, and 26. For the first time in the history of the Spring tradition, it was held off campus at the Century II Concert Hall. The Union National Bank of Wichita underwrote the

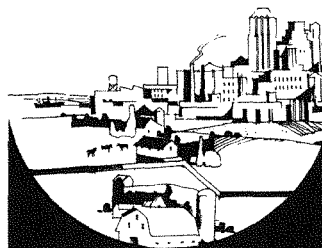
production, which was held in the larger hall to allow for an increased audience with fewer performances.

ENGAGED ENCOUNTER, a 24-hour time for couples to discuss honestly and intently their prospective lives together, was held in the Media Center on campus April 4-5.

ALUMNI DIRECTOR Elaine Meadow announced their goal of \$250,000 was met during the annual alumni telethon. An alumni weekend was held April 25-26. Friday featured special events for reunion classes and Saturday included a dedication ceremony at Friends Village, an alumni banquet, and the *Symphony of Spring* concert. Distinguished alumni awards were given to former school president Dr. Lowell E. Roberts, a 1936 graduate of Friends, Franklin Dillon, M.D. (G'36), Florence Clark Richardson (G'26), and Sheldon Louthan (G'56) and David Leach posthumously.

THE 52-UNIT "Friends Village" was completed in December and is nearing full occupancy. Sylvan and Helen Mardock, recently retired after 28 years in Friends ministry, have assumed jobs as assistant manager and activities directors. Eloise Brown is manager of the complex.

THE SUM OF \$788,000 has been raised toward a \$2,000,000 challenge grant. A recent major commitment of \$250,000 endowment was given for the establishment of a Center for Christian Writers. The gift from a Wichita couple was to particularly honor the impact of professors Cecil Riney, Howard Macy, and Richard Foster on their lives.



## E.F.C.—EASTERN REGION

### EFC-ER Happenings

A TORNADO swept through southeast Indiana on the evening of March 10 and almost destroyed Peaceful Valley Friends Church, a rural meeting belonging to Indiana Yearly Meeting. Immediately the call went out for help, and Quakers volunteered from Indiana, Kansas, Ohio, and Michigan to help rebuild

the church and assist local residents who suffered loss. Dean Johnson coordinated the effort among EFC—ER volunteers. He reports that 30 went with him a week after the disaster and that Bill Williamson of Alliance took another group on Palm Sunday weekend specifically to rebuild the roof. Pastored by D. J. Crouch, the church is located on Route 27, fifteen miles north of Richmond.

"I got a real blessing," said Dean, "out of observing a beautiful, cooperative spirit as students worked together—from Friends Bible College, Earlham College, and Olney Friends Boarding School in Barnesville. Workers from Indiana Yearly Meeting are now enthusiastic about forming a disaster service."

ROBERT Hess was given another three-year term as general superintendent, as the result of the delegates' poll circulated in March by Ron Johnson, presiding clerk.

SAM KAMALESON will be guest speaker at Yearly Meeting sessions August 9-14. Dr. Kamaleson is vice president for evangelism and leadership for World Vision and lives in Arcadia, California.

DEDICATION for the new building that Charity Friends have erected in Kennesaw, Georgia, is set for Sunday, May 11, 10:45 a.m. with Supt. Robert Hess bringing the dedicatory message. Pastor John Ryser reports wonderful progress with the project, and the people are excited about having a permanent place of worship. This is the first Evangelical Friends Church in Georgia, and Charity is one of six current extension churches in EFC—ER. It is located at 3071 Rutledge Road in Kennesaw, a suburb of Atlanta.

THE FRIENDS MEN'S RETREAT featured Jerry Long of Wycliffe Bible Translators as guest speaker, John Williams, Jr., of Canton as banquet speaker, and special seminars by Rod Mick, Mike Grogan, and Roger Wood. Kent Mosher, president of Friends Men in Missions, cared for planning the May 2-4 weekend at Cedar Lakes in West Virginia.

TRINITY FRIENDS in Van Wert, Ohio, set a new record on Palm Sunday with attendance at the two morning services numbering 1,050. According to Pastor Duane Rice, the congregation observed "Friend Day" by really working to invite friends and relatives all over the area. It was truly a celebration day!

Joyce Lamb will conduct a Christian education workshop on May 16-17, with an invitation to all interested Friends to attend.

SPECIAL REVIVALS were held during April in many Eastern Region

churches. Stan Scott was at Trinity Van Wert, Duane Comfort at Byhalia and Marysville, David Smith at Southeast Salem, and Oscar Brown at Gilead, Richmond-Hanover, Bellefontaine, and Poland-Bethel (in April and May).

**POLAND-BETHEL** has extended a call to Mike Brown, a senior at Malone, to join the staff as Youth Pastor. In accepting, Mike will commute weekends until he completes his studies.

**DAVID AND CINDY AUFRANCE** were special speakers at Eden Immanuel's Missionary Conference April 16-20. The Aufrances are hoping to complete their graduate classes at Trinity Seminary in June in order to return to Hong Kong in July.

**BETTY ROBINSON** spent several weeks in India recently, where she attended the Maramon Convention in Kerala, South India, and presented a gift of \$5,000 to enable a guest center to be built as a memorial to her husband, the late Clifton Robinson.

**STAN ANDERSON** returned to his home in Canton on March 10 after spending three months of internship at the TEAM Hospital in Deldhura, Nepal. In looking back at

the experience, he said: "I hope I was able to contribute to some people who are very deserving and yet who live in great poverty. I appreciate very much the prayers of friends and the support they gave me." After his graduation in June from the University of Cincinnati Medical School, he will begin a three-year residency in family practice at Grant Hospital in Columbus, Ohio.

**ROGER AND LOIS WOOD** returned to their home in Muncie, Indiana, in April after spending five months assisting in both the Philippine Friends Mission and the India work. In Manila, while Lois assisted Dick and Helen Cadd with their TV program, Roger taught classes in the Bible Institute that Jaime Tabingo heads. During January, February, and March, they lived in Pune, India, where Roger taught at Union Biblical Seminary, and Lois helped Anil Solanki in the Dean's office.

### Focus on Malone

A congressional husband-and-wife team, Ralph and Mary Regula, were speakers for Malone College's commencement weekend, at First Christian Church. Mary Regula spoke at the Baccalaureate service on Friday, May 2. The next morning, Congressman Regula gave the commencement address to the largest graduating class Malone College has ever honored.



## NORTHWEST YEARLY MEETING

### Around Northwest Yearly Meeting

**VOLUNTEERS ON WHEELS** will hold their next rendezvous May 22-25 at Madras, Oregon. This group has several assistance projects scheduled for this spring and summer as they offer a variety of skills to local churches and Friends agencies.

**MISSIONARIES ON THE MOVE** this summer include three families who have been in the States and will be returning to Bolivia and Peru, and one family who will be moving to the States for furlough. Ben and Gen Fitch will be living in Newberg during furlough after serving in Juli, Peru. In June, Hal and Nancy Thomas and James and Gail

Roberts will return to La Paz, Bolivia. Wayne and Bev Chapman will be going to Ilaive, Peru.

Steve and Janelle Baron have been at Ilaive and will move to Juli. The other missionaries on the field are Denny and Sue Anderson, Arequipa, Peru; Ed and Marie Cammack, Juli, Peru; and Dwaine and Becky Williams, Santa Cruz, Bolivia.

**A SEARCH COMMITTEE** for Yearly Meeting Superintendent has been selected and will be chaired by Yearly Meeting Presiding Clerk Richard Beebe. Superintendent Jack L. Willcuts told the Executive Council in February that he felt he should not accept another term as superintendent after completing his present term June 30, 1987. Members of the Search Committee include Gertrude Ankeny, Harold Antrim, Dorothy Barratt, Gayle Beebe, Roy Clark, Pat Evans, Phil Fendall, Rick Hunt, Celia Mueller, David Myton, Roger Sargent, Roy Skeeter, and Norman Winters. Concerns and suggestions regarding this matter can be sent to Richard Beebe, 2070 Coventry Way, Eugene, Oregon 97405.

**THE NEW FRIENDS CHURCH** in Roseburg, Oregon, launched their new work on Sunday, April 6, with 130 in attendance. About 80 were local people and the rest were out-of-town visitors.

# FRIENDS GATHER

(Editor's note: With first mention of a church, the name of its pastor is noted in parentheses.)

## Youth and Christian Education

**GREENLEAF**, Idaho, Friends Church, (Paul Goins) youth raised over \$280 to send one of its members to Youthquake by putting on a "Dinner Theater." The youth served a meal of spaghetti, French bread, and drink, and then put on a delightful, entertaining program consisting of monologue, jokes, and skits. Over 70 people enjoyed the evening and gave on a donation basis. The combined youth groups of **GREENLEAF** and **HOMEDALE**, Idaho, (Kenneth Pitts) enjoyed a "Plunge Party" at Givens Hot Springs with missionaries James Roberts and Wayne Chapman. A picnic was scheduled to follow the swim, but the weather wasn't conducive, so all returned to the Greenleaf church Fireside Room for an indoor picnic, where James spoke to the group of about 40 youth. When Charles Mylander, superintendent of California Yearly Meeting of Friends, held a week of special meetings recently, Saturday

night was designated as Youth Night, with the youth enjoying a four-course "progressive" dinner. About 30 youth participated, with Chuck bringing a pertinent devotional thought at the first stop and the youth playing games and mixers at each successive stop.

Special congratulations to the young people of **EAST GOSHEN**, Beloit, Ohio, (Charles Bancroft), who raised \$2,951 in 1985 for Endeavors for Christ. The youth received the Friends Youth Board traveling trophy and a first-place plaque for raising the most money among the youth of EFC-ER.

The **McKINLEY HILL**, Tacoma, Washington, (John Retherford) Sunday school children were "super" in presenting their Easter program. Refreshments were served in the Social Hall at the close of the worship service.

Boy Scout Troup #45 of **BOISE**, Idaho, (Harold Antrim) church purchased a school bus and donated it to the church for use by church groups. Final tally of the Youthquake couponing was \$4,181.27. Other fund-raising events included the sale of candy and a dinner before church April 2.

Wee Friends Pre-School opened March 17 at **MIAMI**, Oklahoma (Merl Kinser). The director is the pastor's wife, Eunice Kinser. She is also involved in the "Little Friends Day Care Center," which meets in the mornings.

A Mopsy and Derby Family Crusade was held at **PROVIDENCE**, Virginia Beach, Virginia, (James Kilpatrick) Friends from April 20 to 24.

**TRINITY**, Van Wert, Ohio, (Duane Rice) was the host of the fourth annual Sponsors of Youth retreat promoted by the Youth Board of EFC-ER. Eighty persons from Ohio, Michigan, Virginia, and Canada attended. Guest speakers included Kent Fishel of Fort Wayne; David Bunker of Word Music, Chicago; and David Stone, via video tape.

**INDEPENDENCE**, Kansas, (Ernest Foster) Education Committee and Sunday school teachers made new plans for April: (1) Join EFA Sunday school month and plan a special closing time program for Sunday school. (2) Encourage teachers to remember birthdays and other events in the students' lives. (3) Implement a point system for awards each quarter.

**NEW HOPE** Friends, Hay Springs, Nebraska, (Norman MacGregor) had a Sunday school teachers' workshop March 15. Six inches of snow marked the day, but those in attendance received teaching tips as well

as having the opportunity to see useful books and materials.

February was named Sunday School Promotion Month at **YPSILANTI** Friends, Michigan (C. Wesley Sheldon). During the Sunday school opening there was a special feature each week that included a puppet show, a clown act, and a skit by the youth demonstrating the meaning of "fishers of men." During the worship service throughout the month, all of the Sunday school teachers gave a brief summary of their class and showed the material being used.

The Sunday school children of **WESTSIDE**, Kansas City, Kansas, (Dan Frost) presented a Valentine program during the worship service. The songs and Bible verses centered on the theme of "Love."

**BOOKER**, Texas, (Francis Ross) Friends have introduced a Wednesday night kids program called "Bible Mountaineer Club Program." Delbert and Ruth Howard are the leaders.

## Spiritual Life and Growth

**NORTHBRIDGE**, Wichita, Kansas, pastors, Duane and Pattie Hansen, attended the Congress on Biblical Exposition (COBE) held at Anaheim, California, February 27-March 7. Richard Foster was worship leader while they were gone.

**DEERFIELD**, Ohio, (Wayne Evans) has been working on a plan they call Vision '86. Implementation of this

calls for a policy committee, Monday morning prayer chain, altar counseling training, a renewed library, new high school classroom, volunteer secretarial staff and part-time secretary, new secretaries' office, and nursery update. A Campaign for Christ was held in March and a Prayer Life Seminar in April. An early morning Sunday service was begun in May.

Wayne Ickes, pastor of **EAST RICHLAND** Friends, St. Clairsville, Ohio, held pre-Easter services March 16-19 at **DAMASCUS** Friends, Ohio, (Joe Kirby) which included morning sessions under the topic of "Your Emotional and Spiritual Health." Easter Sunday at Damascus included Sunrise services with the Community Choir singing the cantata *Then Came Sunday* under the direction of Dennis Shreve, and Family Night led by the Friendship Sunday School Class.

**GOSHEN** Friends, Zanefield, Ohio, (Bruce Bell) held a revival February 16-20. Speaker was Earl Bailey of Alliance, Ohio. Special music was provided by Bruce Bell.

Pastor James Kilpatrick and Rich Van Natter of **PROVIDENCE** Friends attended the church growth seminar of John Wimber in Anaheim, California. The third Tidewater for Jesus was held in the Norfolk, Virginia, Scope Arena on April 20. Churches in the entire Tidewater area met in a joint Sunday evening worship and praise service. A district ladies' retreat was held at Camp Wakefield, April 18-20.

Seventeen people received certificates at **EAST GOSHEN** for reading the Bible through in 1985.

### Spiritual Life

Many of the churches in MAYM held Holy Week services. Roy Clark, former FBC teacher, was the guest speaker at **HAVILAND**, Kansas (Paul Romero). Howard Harmon, assistant superintendent of MAYM, was at **CHEROKEE**, Oklahoma, (Robert Hutson) March 30-April 2. Gary Wright held evangelistic services at **LONE STAR**, Hugoton, Kansas, (Gary Routon) April 13-16.

**GOSHEN** Friends have begun a Wednesday morning Midweek Bible Study for those unable to attend Wednesday evenings.

**HAVILAND**, along with the Haviland Area, commissioned Jack and Rowena Holliday to work at Great Bend.

**TRINITY** Friends, Van Wert, was commissioned 29 "Stephens Ministers" after 50 hours of training—Bruce and Barbara Baker, Diana Bolenbaugh, Jan Cripe, Margaret Dixon, Tom Emerine, Gladys Fauble, Becky Fields, Darlene Fisher, Janet Fraters, Linda Gamble, Marlene Otis, Becky Markward, David and Lori Miller, Flora Miller, Mary Miller, Harold Murphy, John and Jean Murphy, Carol Rice, Tom Robeson, Carolyn Stevens, Jean Taylor, David and Janice Thatcher, Marie Tow, and William and Ruth Wheeler.

### Missions

The Norma Freer Missionary Society of **SMITHFIELD**, Ohio, (William Waltz) Friends held a family night to acquaint attenders with Bolivia and those who serve there. A film and discussion were followed by a pizza party.

Gerry Custer, former missionary nurse to Burundi, Africa, was guest speaker for the Central Oklahoma Area Rally and Mission Conference on March 8 at **ENID**, Oklahoma (C. M. Wilson).

Bill and Lois Miller, OMS International missionaries to Spain and long-time friends of many at **NORTH OLMSTED**, Ohio, (Neil Orchard) Friends, ministered there on March 2, sharing their testimony in word, song, and film.

**GREENLEAF** Friends annual mission conference was held during March. The program consisted of a film, *The New Frontier*; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Andrews, Wycliffe missionaries, speaking and showing a film; an international dinner with missionaries Terry and Jan Hibbs, Missionary Aviation Fellowship; Shirley Mewhinney, Campus Crusade for Christ; the Andrews and the Wayne Chapman and James Roberts families were guests; a youth extravaganza with Wayne Chapman and James Roberts as guests; and the Sunday morning service with the Chapmans and the evening services featured the Robertses. The theme of the conference was "The Harvest Is Ready." The Sunday school children released helium-filled balloons during the Sunday school hour to which their names and addresses were attached. Terry Hibbs left for Haiti April 13, where he will spend six weeks setting up a program for MAF. He was accompanied by his brother Carol.

**OKLAHOMA CITY**, Oklahoma, (Sheldon Cox) held a Missions Conference March 14-16. They were challenged through the ministry of Bob and Cheri Hampton from the Navajo Friends Mission and Doris Ferguson, newly appointed missionary to Rwanda, Africa.

The evening of February 21, **MCKINLEY HILL** Friends enjoyed a time of fellowship with family and friends at a Valentine dinner, after which they watched the spiritually uplifting film *A New Frontier* from La Paz.

**NORTHRIDGE** Friends have established an International Sunday School led by Hector Martinez and Sergio Tristan. Through this the church hopes to provide outreach opportunities in the Hispanic communities. They desire that a Friends church be planted in the Hispanic community in Wichita.

**BOISE** women invited their husbands to their missionary meeting March 25. Wayne and Bev Chapman showed beautiful slides of their work and gave better insight to the various needs there. A pie social followed. Men's Retreat was held at

Quaker Hill, McCall, Idaho, March 21-23. The men were inspired and challenged by messages from Don Coble.

### Building Improvements

Marmon Valley Farms has donated an acre and a half of ground that annexes the **GOSHEN** Friends property to better facilitate construction of the proposed multipurpose addition.

### Community Outreach and Service

**PUEBLO**, Colorado, (Merle Clowe) is fielding a softball team in the city Evangelical Church League.

The ladies group of **PROVIDENCE** Friends has completed their first cookbook. Profits go to the church van fund. The Virginia Beach General Hospital Gift Shop has also agreed to help with the sales. Rich Van Natter is serving as chairman of the school board for Agape Christian School, an outreach of Providence Friends. Other board members are Russ Nutt, church administrator; Janice Liner and Larry Garcia, along with certain parent members.

**WESTGATE**, Columbus, Ohio, (Randy Neiswanger) Friends Nursery School will be celebrating its 20th anniversary in 1986. Administrator Tina Gologram is interested in contacting anyone with any past connections to the school. Please call Tina at (614) 272-6898 or write her at Westgate Friends Nursery School, 3750 Sullivant Avenue, Columbus, OH 43228. The Sojourners Class, taught by David and Judy Westman, is in the process of attempting an outside ministry with families of pupils in the nursery school. The Cambodian Evangelical Church continues to use Westgate facilities for worship services. The Singles' Fellowship has raised money for Sammy, a wheelchair-bound youngster. A related story of Sammy has been printed in the *Malone Messenger*.

Pastor Dan Frost of **WESTSIDE** participated in West Wyandotte Ministers Fellowship Pulpit Exchange. He was guest at the First Wesleyan Church while the pastor from the London Heights Baptist church filled the pulpit at Westside.

**NORTH OLMSTED** Quaker Ladies, the Women's Missionary Fellowship group, sponsored a trip to the Angeline Home in Cleveland on March 13. Some men accompanied the ladies to this women's shelter operated by the City Mission. A tour was conducted, followed by a time of fellowship with residents.

**NORTHRIDGE** has reached out into a new area of service. A group of people who have an interest in gardening have formed an organization called the "Growth" project. They desire to turn an unused part of church property into fruit and vegetable gardens. This produce will be given to help feed the poor of

the Wichita community. The ground-breaking ceremony was held after the morning service on Palm Sunday.

Members of **DEERFIELD** Friends had a special offering to kick off the Friends Disaster Service barn raising for Bill and Esther Murphy, whose barn was destroyed last year in a fire.

**ALLIANCE**, Ohio, (Rick Sams) has voted to endorse letters against Planned Parenthood. The church is also endorsing letters to the local newspaper against pornography.

### Other Special Events

A new Men's Fellowship group has been organized at **PLAIN**, Kansas, (Sheldon Tucker). Dewayne Bryan, athletic director and soccer coach at Friends Bible College, was guest speaker at the first meeting. In March they traveled to Hutchinson, Kansas, for the National Junior College Basketball Tournament.

The Valentine dinner at **ALUM CREEK**, Marengo, Ohio, (A. Dane Ruff) was prepared by Sharon Lloyd and the hospitality committee and served by the church youth. Sally Ruff coordinated the service following which featured puppet presentations by the children, a talk by the pastor, and two solos "The Love of God" sung by Helen Higgins and "Jesus Is My True Valentine" by Erin Deel.

In lieu of a Sunday school service Easter Sunday morning, the entire **GREENLEAF** congregation met during that time for a breakfast, after which the children's choir, the Sunshine Express, sang some numbers and a short pageant was presented. The regular worship service was held afterward. April is children's month at Greenleaf with a different department being featured each Sunday morning during the worship service. The Spiritual Life Board is planning a family camp for the entire church family to be held at Quaker Hill in July. Various fund-raising projects are being held to aid in the expenses of the children so that families will be able to participate in this event.

At the annual Valentine party at **BOOKER**, senior citizens received boutonnières and corsages. The evening was highlighted with a concert by the MAYM group "Celebrate."

**ARKANSAS CITY**, Kansas, (Cary Youmans) Friends held their Easter Sunrise Service at Camp Quaker Haven. Breakfast was served immediately following the service.

**FORT COLLINS**, Colorado, (Lowell Weinacht) Friends viewed the film *The Prosecutor* during Sunday school Easter. The movie debates the evidence for and against the Resurrection in a modern trial setting.

*No Greater Love*, an Easter musical drama, was presented March 28, 30, and 31 at **BOISE**. Diet, Discipline, and Devotion are the three D's being practiced by many ladies on Wednesdays at the church.



**McKINLEY HILL** had an evening of enjoyment March 16 when the Alpha Singers from Highline Community College brought a sacred concert.

Forty adults from **GLEN ELDER**, Kansas, (Ken Roe) enjoyed a candlelight buffet in February. The entertainment was a musical comedy act by Roberta Clark and a selection of Christian love songs by Bruce and Sandra Davis, neighboring Nazarene ministers.

"Christ in the Passover" was presented by Avi Snyder of Jews for

Jesus at **ALLIANCE**. In this presentation an explanation was given of the various Christian meanings in the Passover. Lynn Shatzer, who lived in Israel for two years, showed slides of that nation.

The "Sermon on the Mount in Song" was presented in vocal concert by Linda McGinness at **NORTH-RIDGE**. Linda, who lives near Kingman, Kansas, with her husband and three children, is a recording artist and has recently released her first album entitled *Turn the World Right Side Up, Jesus*.

**MYERS**—To Craig and Shirley Myers, a son, Adam Ross, February 8, 1986, Salem, Ohio.

**PHILLIPS**—To Joe and Betty Phillips, a daughter, Beth Marie, January 7, 1986, Hughesville, Pennsylvania.

**SARCOXIE**—To Bryant and Nancy Sarcoxie, a daughter, Halley Bary, March 1, 1986, Ramona, Oklahoma.

**SMITH**—To Dave and Kathy Smith, a son, Amos Donald, January 8, 1986, Hughesville, Pennsylvania.

**WELDON**—To Lee and Jill Weldon, a son, Christopher Phillip, March 10, 1986, Biloxi, Mississippi.

**WHITE**—To Jim and Shirl White, a son, Brian Michael, January 28, 1986, Westgate Friends, Columbus, Ohio.

**WHITEMAN**—To Bud and Lori Whiteman, a daughter, Jennifer Lauren, March 17, 1986, Northridge Friends, Wichita, Kansas.

## MARRIAGES

**ANKENY-HAMPTON**. Paula Ankeny and Larry Hampton, March 23, 1986, Newberg Friends, Oregon.

**ARBOGAST-McCRACKEN**. Cindy Arbogast and Dan McCracken, March 29, 1986, Newberg Friends, Oregon.

**HOLT-TOMAS**. Teresa Holt and Marino Tomas, March 1, 1986, Boise, Idaho.

**JEFFERY-PIHL**. Rebecca Jeffery and Kevin Pihl, March 15, 1986, Northbranch Friends, Burr Oak, Kansas.

**ROBINSON-FINNER**. Linda Robinson and Ron Finner, February 14, 1986, Boise, Idaho.

**ROSS-COMFORT**. Deanne Ross and Michael Comfort, March 22, 1986, Newberg Friends, Oregon.

**STANLEY-BENDER**. Judith Stanley and Lee Bender, March 1, 1986, Damascus, Ohio.

**VAN DE VENTER-FOSTER**. Elie Van DeVenter and Jim Foster, February 14, 1986, Boise, Idaho.

## DEATHS

**ALLEN**—John Allen, February 24, 1986, Ramona, Oklahoma.

**ATCHISON**—William A. Atchison, 66, April 7, 1986, Greensboro, North Carolina.

**BLACK**—Laverne Black, February 17, 1986, Ramona, Oklahoma.

**KILGUS**—Ivia Kilgus, October 19, 1985, Hughesville, Pennsylvania.

**MICHENER**—John Michener, February 26, 1986, University Friends, Wichita, Kansas.

**NUFFER**—Oscar J. Nuffer, February 10, 1986, Emporia, Kansas.

**OSWALT**—Ralph Oswalt, 68, February 26, 1986, Alliance Friends, North Canton, Ohio.

**RINEHART**—Ethel Rinehart, 85, December 16, 1985, Westgate Friends, Columbus, Ohio.

**TREVITT**—Gerald Trevitt, February 21, 1986, Cherokee, Oklahoma.

**WHITE**—Frederick Lee White, 29, March 12, 1986, Damascus, Ohio.

**ZIMMERMAN**—Clarence Zimmerman, January 29, 1986, Springdale Friends, Leavenworth, Kansas.

# FRIENDS RECORD

## BIRTHS

**ADAM**—To Mr. and Mrs. Larry Adam, a daughter, Sarah Elisha, February 1986, Van Wert, Ohio.

**ANDERSON**—To Doug and Mary Anderson, a daughter, Jamie Marie, February 19, 1986, Alliance, Ohio.

**BEATTY**—To Doug and Eileen Beatty, a daughter, Brooke Lynn, February 17, 1986, Boise, Idaho.

**BOSLEY**—To Don and Cindy Bosley, a son, Justin Wayne, March 6, 1986, Northridge Friends, Wichita, Kansas.

**COAST**—To Mike and Sheryl Coast, a daughter, Megan Rae, January 31, 1986, Ramona, Oklahoma.

**CORDER**—To Joe and Carole Corder, a son, Wade Allen, February 26, 1986, Ramona, Oklahoma.

**GFELLER**—To Jeff and Dawn Gfeller, a daughter, Jenalee Ann, March 2, 1986, Beloit, Ohio.

**HARRIS**—To Chris and Kim Harris, a daughter, Courtney Louise, February 27, 1986, Martinsville, Virginia.

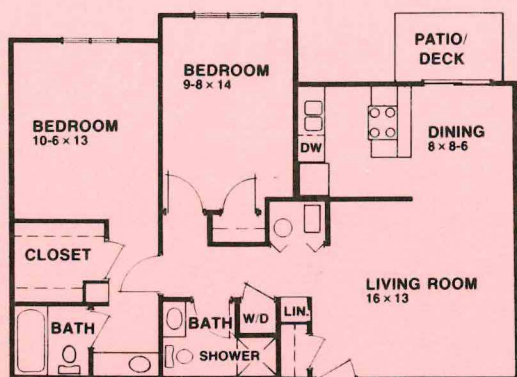
**HOLZER**—To Chuck and Robbi Holzer, a son by adoption, Curtis Charles, March 6, 1986, Alliance, Ohio.

**JACKSON**—To Jim and Pam Jackson, a daughter, Katherine Lynn, March 29, 1986, Newberg Friends, Oregon.

**KLIENKE**—To Bill and Bonnie Klienke, a daughter, Elise Marie, February 24, 1986, Navoto, California.

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# Dear Pastor Paul,

*As part of the program for the sweetheart dessert at Medford Friends Church in 1985, Pastor Paul Meier asked couples to stand, face each other holding both hands, and look into their spouse's eyes. He then led the couples through marriage vows. It was a beautiful and moving experience, especially for Medford dentist Claude Lewis, who stopped by his office on the way home and wrote the following letter. Claude is highly respected for his Christian character and for his loving care for his wife, Joyce Perisho Lewis, who was diagnosed as having Alzheimer's Disease in 1976 at the age of 52. She is now functionally blind and completely dependent in every way, physically and mentally.*

**W**E HAVE just come from the Sweetheart Dessert, profoundly conscious of the word "love."

It was fun reminiscing with our friends, and I'm sure each couple went home with a renewed feeling of closeness. There was more, too: a feeling of love for each other and for the Church. Afterwards, some people even said, "We love you!" Others said it a little obliquely, like, "Joyce sure looks nice tonight!" And Jack just **made** me bring home two pieces of pie.

Repeating marriage vows aloud is a sobering experience, even with the humor you introduced into the ladies' vows. I needed that, because I hadn't been laughing much until then. Joyce wasn't repeating her vows with the other women, inasmuch as God in His infinite wisdom has somehow allowed her mind to become a complete blank. Thirty-seven years ago we said our vows to each other from memory, which has made it easier to remember what I said to her:

"In the presence of God and these witnesses, I take thee, Joyce, to be my wife; promising with divine assistance to be unto thee a loving and faithful husband as long as we both shall live."

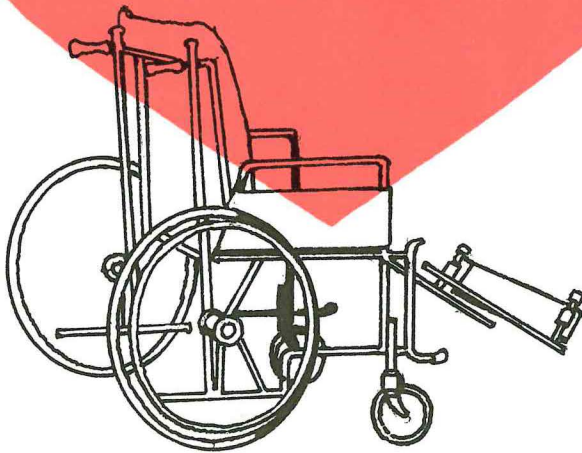
A couple of years ago, a newspaper reporter wrote an article about Alzheimer's Disease, after interviewing a lady whose husband was one of its victims. He quoted her as saying, "When communication goes, it's like watching the glue that holds a relationship together melt and go down the drain." This is a feeling with which I can relate, but it leaves me feeling uncomfortable. I would like to suggest there is a better "glue" than communication; it's called LOVE.

Joyce was a singer, and we had lots of music in our home. One of the albums we often enjoyed was Gilbert and Sullivan's *H.M.S. Pinafore*. Often she would "sing along" with familiar arias, one of which contains the words, "Heavy the sorrow that bows the head, when love is alive, and hope is dead; when love is alive and hope is dead."

Love **IS** alive, and will remain so through whatever changes God wills or allows for us; but that most beautiful of life's emotions, which was once demonstrated through beautiful symbols such as chocolates and red roses, must now be demonstrated through the seemingly endless use of the dish rag, the mop rag, and the wash rag. With God's help, it will be, as long as we both shall live.

Thank you for helping me to remember this commitment.

CP



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