

Zion's Advocate

"And blessed are they who shall seek to bring forth my Zion at that day, for they shall have the gift and power of the Holy Ghost."—I Nephi 3:187.

Vol. 42

Independence, Missouri, October, 1965

No. 10

"If We"

By

Harry Slocum Tordoff

If we—go our merry—merry way
And leave our Lord behind;
If we accept each given day
With a closed and obscene mind;
If we stretch forth a greedy hand
To snatch the gifts of God;
Then we do not deserve this land
Whereon—through Him—we trod.

If we think only selfish thoughts
As through this life—we go;
Caring not—what God has taught
And proved to us is so;
If we have no compassion
For another's heartfelt woe;
Then—just what satisfaction
Can we poor mortals know?

CONTENTS

	Page		Page
Grapes of Thorns? (Editorial).....	162	A Biology Teacher Looks at Evolution.....	168
Four Corners of Earth Correct.....	163	Twelve Ways to Rear Delinquent Children.....	169
Impressions in Vietnam	163	"Hither-to the Lord Has Led Us".....	170
Which of These Churches Should I Join.....	164	Letters to the Editor	174
How to Become a King	165	Fledglings	175
Referendum Vote	165	Local News	175
"Traveler, It Is Later Than You Think".....	166		

ZION'S ADVOCATE

Official Publication of the Church of Christ

Headquarters on the Temple Lot, Independence, Missouri.
Phone: TEmple 3-3995

EDITOR: Richard A. Wheaton, 704 South Elizabeth Road
Independence, Missouri 64050

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

Velma J. Wheaton, 704 South Elizabeth Road
Independence, Missouri 64050

James A. Hedrick, 103 North 22nd, Blue Springs, Missouri 64015

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE CHURCH OF CHRIST (Temple Lot), Box 472, Independence, Missouri. 64051.

Second class postage paid at Independence, Missouri.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One Year, \$1.50. In bundles of twelve or more, for missionary purposes, \$1.00. Canadian and all foreign rates, \$1.75.

Send all donations for the Temple Fund, the Storehouse, Consecrations, Tithes, Offerings, and subscriptions for the Advocate to: The Church of Christ, (Temple Lot), Box 472, Independence, Missouri. 64051

EDITORIAL

Grapes of Thorns

As we pause at the approach of fall and the harvest season, our thoughts are drawn to Paul's statement ". . . for whatsoever a man soweth, that also shall he reap." (Gal. 6:7).

When we drive along our roads and highways and observe the fields of golden wheat rolling in the breeze, the tall corn fields reaching to the sun, the cattle growing fat on lush green pastures, we never stop to ask ourselves or the farmer what kind of grain was planted or what kind of animals he bought in order to harvest wheat and corn and cattle. We know instinctively he planted wheat in the wheat field, corn in the corn field and turned cattle into the pasture, not thistle down, sunflower seeds and goats.

By instinct almost we should know that here is the answer to the Master's question, ". . . Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" (Matt. 7:16).

These truths are well known to all mankind, even to the most primitive man who ever walked the earth. Primitive man did not fish in the dust, pick currents from a willow tree nor harvest acorns from a bind weed. He did learn what plants supplied good food and which were poisonous.

There is no difficulty in understanding this cycle in plant and animal life; but in human relations and spiritual matters our understanding becomes dimmed and vague.

In world affairs since time began man has attempted to build security for himself by taking away the liberties and rights of others. But instead of security he reaps the enmity of more people. The history of mankind is mainly written by spear, blade and rifle;

and he leaves a legacy of ashes and spilled blood. Even into the pages of our own country's history has been written too many wrongs unrighted. We began with broken treaties with a trusting, simple people who had taught us to survive in what was then a ruthless, unrelenting wilderness, big enough for all to live in piece and plenty. But greedy men soon acquired an unsatisfiable taste and lust for more. The sacrifice of one's word and bond would be a small price to pay for such wealth and possessions. From this planting he expected to harvest peace, comfort and old age, in spite of the ever present question of the Master, ". . . Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?"

The chaos in the world today is the harvest of the planting of the generations of the earth. But like King Belshazer, they do not comprehend the hand-writing on the wall, which Daniel interpreted for him as ". . . Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." (Dan. 5:27). But who shall interpret the moving of the finger of God across the earth today for her inhabitants? Shall He send envoys of peace and good will toward men from vines of strife, envyings, distrust, contention and bitterness? If by some miracle the world should pause in its madness today, and look at this moving finger of God, where is the Daniel who stands close enough to be used in this day and time to be heard by a lost, frightened and bewildered world?

While it is not likely that the world will pause to ponder its state, individuals in it will halt in their flight and look about for that true refuge, a place of safety; not altogether away from war and its associates; but a place for the soul's safety and refuge, association with those of like **hope, faith and works.**

No one will give heed to our call and our claim to having the answer to their problems unless we can show what manner of vine we are, by our fruits. The world today is full of cheap imitations of all good things, even the Gospel of Jesus Christ is being imitated and sold for a price. But the true Gospel and salvation can not be bought with money or promises. There is but one price to all mankind, both rich and poor; red, black, yellow and white; and that is a planting of all the teachings of Christ in our lives and then cultivating it until it brings forth fruits of its own kind.

This is the only hope we have of surviving the legacy of the world. The "Bomb" holds out no lasting hope to the world. It is for a brief moment what was known in the early history of the "Southwest" as a "Mexican Stand-Off", and at best can not last too many more years with Red China and France building their own "stock piles". Yes, like the Great Wall of China, the great Roman Wall of Europe and the French Maginot Line; it too will not last, for it is also the fruit of its own kind.

What should we do? Where can we turn? Is there any Hope?

The answers in their reverse order are: Yes, there is still **hope** for those who want it bad enough, by turning to God and **doing** the things He has asked of us. And this is our **only hope**; there is no other way. There is

not enough combined physical wealth on earth to **buy** one single soul's salvation. But neither is there enough combined force on earth to **prevent** one single soul from gaining **eternal life**, if of itself it subjects itself to the wishes of its Eternal Father.

Our only hope is in accepting Christ's invitation, "If any man will come unto me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it. For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works." (Matt. 16:24-27).

R. A. W.

Four Corners of Earth Correct

By Science Service

Silver Springs, Md.—The earth has four corners, measurements made of earth-circling satellites have shown.

The high points each cover several thousand square miles of the earth's surface. They are 220 feet higher than they would be if the earth were exactly spherical.

The low areas between the high points are about 253 feet below what would be expected if the world were precisely round. The pyramid-like design was found by calculating the changes in the orbits of globe-girdling satellites.

The new findings give the earth four known super-imposed shapes:

- It bulges at the equator, as has been known for a long time.
- It is slightly pear-shaped, with the narrow end in the Arctic and the broad base in the Antarctic.
- The earth's equator is egg-shaped, not circular.
- It has four high points, roughly of pyramid shape.

One of earth's high points center over Ireland and sprawls northward toward the pole. Another extends across the equator from New Guinea northward toward Japan. A third corner is south of Africa, centered about half-way to Antarctic, and the fourth corner is west of South America, with the high point off Peru.

The new figure for earth was found by scientists at John Hopkins applied physics laboratory here, working under a contract for the Navy.

Ever since Magellan proved that the earth was round, scientists have been trying to prove that he was wrong. Although they have been successful, the variance they discovered is minor considering the earth's vast size.

—The Kansas City Star

A dictator who wishes to rule over slaves rather than men is exactly like a farmer who prefers a harvest of thistles and coltsfoot to wheat and barley.

—Plutarch

Impressions In Vietnam

A CHILD WILL REMEMBER THE VIETCONG

By Richard A. Busse

A child is crying. Its bandaged limbs hurt. The stretcher on which medics have placed it is not its own bed. It asks for its mother and father, but they are dead, in the charred skeleton of a village sacked and burned by Vietcong guerrillas trained by agents of communist Ho Chi-minh.

No one can yet determine whether the shock of the terror the child saw will leave it as scarred within for the rest of its life as it is without. But the chances are it will.

At this moment a magic contrast to the violence it experienced adds to the child's confusion. Gentle hands from far away bring it food, comfort, mercy. They heal, and the strangers' soft voices, speaking a language it cannot comprehend, sound understanding.

The child's people were not warlike. On the contrary, they were traditionally worshippers of "the peaceful" and "the tranquil." They were unskilled in methods of self-defense. But peaceful men of such intensity who toil all day long to plant and harvest rice on the land of their fathers, grandfathers, and ancestors, do not have time to build walls against countrymen they do not know are their enemies.

They tried to defend themselves when the truth broke upon them, using desperation against an enemy more skilled in guerrilla warfare than the best armies in the world.

There was no reason to the slaughter the child saw, just cunning insanity. To end it, the survivors would have to learn how to go out and destroy it, or forever live at the point of its sword. But someone would have to teach them how, because peaceful natures cannot be changed overnight.

Until then there would be more lonely aftermaths like this one, and more futile emotion; the anguish of more children left without their parents, and bewildered dogs rummaging through garbage.

While Gary, [Indiana] works, plays, and sleeps the sound of mortar and artillery never ceases to come from west of Saigon. Every night it grumbles dully, sometimes shaking the ground, compelling many of the new men just in from the States, Korea, Okinawa, and other bases throughout the Pacific, to lie awake, staring into the darkness of their tents, asking themselves . . . "what about tomorrow . . . what will tomorrow be?"

(Continued on page 172)

Richard Busse is a Private First Class, an information specialist in Vietnam. In his last of a 3-year enlistment, he wrote this—his first impression of the war in Vietnam—for the Gary, (Ind.) Post Tribune, his hometown newspaper. (Reprint from Life Lines).

ORIGINAL ARTICLES

NOTE: We solicit articles for this department written in an affirmative

manner. An affirmative article is one in which a belief, or an opinion, is expressed, and evidences presented to support that belief. CONTRIBUTIONS ARE THE OPINION OF THE AUTHOR AND DO NOT NECESSARILY REFLECT THE TEACHINGS OF THE CHURCH OR THE OPINIONS OF THE EDITORIAL STAFF.

Which of These Churches Should I Join?

Apostle William F. Anderson

One hundred and forty-five years ago, a small boy went to a secluded spot in a wooded lot on his father's farm in order that he could be alone to ask of God as to the advice given by James the Apostle of Christ, wherein he said, "If any lack wisdom, let him ask of God." That lad was seeking the answer to a question he was unable to answer for himself. As he knelt, he tells us he was overtaken by a power that he thought would destroy him. He struggled to continue in his effort to pray, and was rewarded by seeing a light just above him, and the power that sought his destruction was lifted, and he was free.

He had come to ask God which of the churches then in existence he should join. He claimed that he had a vision of God and Christ, and they spoke to him, the one saying, "This is my beloved son, hear him," pointing to the other. He asked his question, "Which of these churches shall I join?" He was told to join none of them as their creeds (teachings) were wrong. History shows that the then Christian world was in a divided condition, and each claiming to be the one acceptable church.

The boy was told that there was to be a return of the ancient gospel as delivered by Christ when He was with the Jews, and were he faithful he would be the instrument that God would use to bring about that return.

There is no need that we should follow the story of events which followed. Suffice it to say, that in the days which followed, there was a renewal of teachings that Christ in person gave to the world, and a church was brought into existence, set up in the manner in which Christ did it in His day. We find that Christ chose men He wanted to be His representatives. Twelve of those men He named apostles, and sent them out to tell the world that the promised Messiah had come. Then we find where He selected seventy other men and sent them on the same kind of a mission. No place do we find where Christ ever made selection of three special men to be over the others. Paul tells us that "God set in the church, first apostles, secondly prophets," and we notice that prophets were plural not singular, and were second in their station not first.

There were a number of prophets spoken of in those days, each having his place. I will refer to where you

might find who those prophets were: Acts 15:32; Acts 21:8-10; I Cor. 12:28. God set prophets (plural) in the church. No place do we find where a prophet was set over or above the apostles, they being the first set.

We find that during the first fourteen years of the Restoration, there was but one church in which there were apostles, but for some reason there crept into that organization the idea of a prophet and two councilors who were to become the first, and over and above the apostles. We might refer you to a revelation that was given through Joseph Smith in June 1829, in which Oliver Cowdery and David Whitmer were called to be apostles, and those two men were selected by the Lord as a committee to search out unto twelve, and were told the kind of men they should be. Those men were not permitted to make a choice of the remaining members of the apostles. Someone made a mistake, and I have a notion that it was not God. As you read that revelation you may gather something of the order of setting up the church, and that it was to be according to that which was written, not what was to come after. If the various divisions of the Restoration will just be willing to admit that mistakes were made, and because of mistakes there is a divided people! Then if each will pause and ask the question, "Do we occupy any different, or better position than the three churches did at the time the boy went to the grove to ask?"

Let us suppose it to be among the possibilities, that the churches of the Restoration were willing to come together and hold a revival or gathering similar to the one held during the days when this boy became concerned, and they were told to hold a couple of weeks meetings, and folks convinced that there had been a restoration. When those meetings were over where would the average person be? Which of these churches claiming to be the one, really is the one? and I ask, "Which of these would be the accepted one?" If the advice of James were to be taken, I am wondering about that other power, would not interfere?

One thing is very true, and that is that all ten or more who claim to be the accepted one cannot be right, but on the other hand each one could be wrong, and the sooner all are willing to concede that (the power that sought to destroy the boy has been and is constantly on the job in an endeavor to keep the divisions alive) and make an effort to learn the truth, and just where we were led astray, the better it will be for all, and I am sure Christ would approve and be very pleased with us. He said, "If ye are not one ye are not mine" (B. of C. 40:22), and again we find His asking His Father as He prayed, "Neither pray I for these

alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all might be one; and thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee". No place do we find Christ ever approving of a divided people, the appeal has always been for a united people that the world might see in us that Christ was real.

The Christian world today is discrediting God and Christ, and saying they are but myths.

Is it not true that the Restoration, divided as it is, is missing the mark and failing in the objective intended by and of the Restoration? There was a time when the Lord said, "Come now, and let us reason together." Do we need to set aside the ideas of man and men, and return unto the Lord, and reason with Him?

World events are telling us of the soon coming of Christ to the earth again, and the question stands out, "To whom will He come?" Or is it possible He might pass up all of the present groups, and from each gather out those of whom He approves and gather them together to bring about the accomplishment of His work? Christ said before He came again He would send angels, and they would gather out all things that offend (Matt. 13:41), to me that means both persons and teachings.

Satan has caused the mists of misunderstanding to cloud and blind our minds, and cause us to see only one side, and believe all others not acceptable to the Lord.

WISHBONES

By Patience Strong

A backbone, not a wishbone, is the thing that you require.
If you want to make your mark, and gain your heart's desire.
Idle wishes get you nowhere. Any fool can dream.
But if you want the sweets of life, the sugar and the cream,
You can't expect it placed before you on a silver dish—
You've got to do much more than sit at home and merely wish.
Wishes! Wishes! Do not sit and wish your time away,
Look around and see what can be got from life today.
If you want the moon, then hitch your wagon to a star,
If you don't—then learn to be content with what you are.
Better not to wish at all, contented with your lot,
Than spend your life in wishing for things you haven't got.

Keep your fears to yourself; share your courage with others.

How to Become a King

A monarch of long ago had twin sons. There was some confusion about which one was born first. As they grew to manhood, the king sought a fair way to designate one of them as crown prince. All who knew the young men thought them equal in intelligence, wit, personal charm, health, and physical strength. Being a keenly observant king, he thought he detected a trait in one that was not shared by the other.

Calling them to his council chambers one day, he said, "My sons, the day will come when one of you must succeed me as king. The burdens of sovereignty are very heavy. To find out which of you is better able to bear them cheerfully, I am sending you together to a far corner of the kingdom. One of my advisors there will place equal burdens on your shoulders. My crown will one day go to the one who first returns bearing his burden like a king should."

In a spirit of friendly competition, the brothers set out together. Soon they overtook a woman struggling under a burden that seemed far too heavy for her frail body. One of the boys suggested that they stop to help her. The other protested: "We have a burden of our own to worry about. Let us be on our way."

The objector hurried on while the other stayed behind to give aid to the aged woman. Along the road, from day to day, he found others who also needed help. A blind man took him miles out of his way, and a lame man slowed him to a cripple's walk.

Eventually he did reach his father's advisor, where he secured his own burden and started home with it safely on his shoulders. When he arrived at the palace, his brother met him at the gate, and greeted him with dismay. He said, "I don't understand. I told our father the burden was too heavy to carry. How- ever did you do it?"

The future king replied thoughtfully, "I suppose when I helped others carry their burdens, I found the strength to carry my own."

--Sunshine Magazine

REFERENDUM VOTE

The results of the Referendum action on the 1965 Referendum Bills are as follows:

Bill No. 1	121 in favor
	170 opposed
Bill No. 2	178 in favor
	109 opposed

Inasmuch as these bills attempted to change former Referendum action, each would require a two-thirds majority to carry which neither did.

The Referendum Committee

"Traveler, It Is Later Than You Think"

(From a sermon by Oren A. Caviness)

Reading: St. Luke 12:13-22.

An inscription on a sundial in Europe reads: "Traveler it is later than you think!" We are all travelers on life's highway and the grave is not our final destination. The grave is but the depot from which we leave to reach our ultimate goal. Some of us are traveling according to a plan. But if our plan is wrong as was the rich man's plan in this reading, then we must beware. Not that it is wrong to plan for provisions for the days allotted to us, but it is wrong to plan our days solely with the thought of things we possess and not with the things we may take with us when we leave that common depot.

Christ said, "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." Those of us who have a right plan, have no need to worry, but those of us who travel without a plan had better stop and think. Nor should we be so smug as to think our plan is perfect and needs no perfecting. Many travel this highway without thinking of the far-reaching effect of their actions in this life on their final destination. They may vaguely hope that they will end up at the right place. But as we leave the church here this morning and wish to return to our homes we must take the right course in order to get there, and if we have an appointment to keep we must leave in time to reach our destination in time.

Yes, it is later than we think. This thought is not meant to be a dismal chant and hold out gloom and foreboding, but rather as a plea of urgency. Have you chosen to be a Christian? If so then it becomes necessary to do something about it. The only way to be a Christian is to follow Christ's plan. We can't follow Mohammed or Buddha and be a Christian. Neither can loud proclamations make us Christians. **It is use and practice that determine divinity.** It is what we do with our days, our speech, our thoughts and our actions that determine whether we are Christians or just loud-mouthed hypocrites. Christ gave us verbal instructions, "Take up his (your) cross daily and, follow me," and then He proceeded to demonstrate that His instructions were practical by living them Himself.

Dr. H. L. Hershenson says: "A person will become sick if he insists he can change something in life which he must accept and cannot possibly change, such as the loss of a loved one or loss of a leg. He can also become ill if he refuses to do anything about a condition he can change. A man may blame financial difficulties on everyone but himself, while playing a costly game of poker." No, it's not me—it's just the conditions that surround me, we may say. It is so easy to pull down the shutters of the mind and just be content to rest and exert no energies to think. It takes self-discipline to be alert and on our toes, so to speak. No

wonder Solomon tells us that he who conquereth himself is greater than he who taketh a city.

Many people make the mistake of thinking they can have peace of mind continuously and forever. Oh, yes, the Gospel of Christ does bring peace of mind, but there is never a point in anyone's life when they don't have their ups and downs and when there comes a time when they lose the peace of mind they so desire. When they find they cannot have this peace of mind continuously they think they are failures and gulp tranquilizers, martinis and the like, to dull their minds and ease their feeling of failure. Actually peace of mind depends on constant effort—this we must remember. Man is progressing at fantastic speed in conquering outer space, yet he is a standstill in conquering himself.

There has been such beautiful harmony created by man in music, in color, in sound and sight, that all men should be concerned in creating more of it. If this were the concern of men all over the world, most of the world's sorrows and distresses would vanish overnight, and the world would become the kind of a place God created it to be, a place where man can live in brotherly love, where harmony and accord is the chief goal of every individual whether he be dealing with his wife, his children, his neighbors across the street or the nation across the waters. It is just that man refuses to put all his time, talent, ingenuity, and that priceless imagination that God has given him, into creating things of beauty and harmony. We think and act too much like children who, when they want a toy that another child has, reaches out and takes it. The natural selfishness of children is carried on into the adult life. It can breed nothing but discord and trouble. Paul says we should **grow up** in Christian love to the stature of the fullness of Christ.

Do we need religion? Waldo S. Richards says: "Religion is a social necessity. Simple honesty, ideals of purity, and youthful enthusiasm may have caused smiles at times, but they have contributed to our national vigor and steady growth. In this post-war era, many are asking if a change has come and if we are turning away from these virtues which made us strong. The steady breakdown of family life and the increase of juvenile delinquency alone would suggest such a trend. We know that civilizations are more frequently destroyed by inner moral weakness than by outside force. Our national life is especially dependent on strong character and unselfish devotion to the group. It is universally recognized that strong character, good morals, a creative philosophy of life and a real sense of purpose depend upon a vigorous religious life. Because of this, church people, psychologists, educators, social workers, and philosophers tell us that we need a revitalized religious life in this country. But in saying this, many people overlook the fact that religion is not just the result of simple teaching; it develops as the result of many complicated processes working together." And he lists seven of these processes, which I will not read but comment on briefly.

Direct teaching—Does that mean anything to the mothers and fathers of this congregation? Religion has its direct teaching, its aims, its sense of values. We believe that the forming of the character of the individual child depends on the transforming power of Christ. Mr. Richards says it is strange that in an age which has learned so much about unconscious influences we should forget the indirect and mystic side of religion, the unconscious influence that is brought to the youngster as he is brought to church in an environment of Christian influence. Paul says, "But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image."

Willingness to sacrifice: Most people want to be noble and fine, but are not willing to pay the price—it costs something in time and effort. We must be willing to sacrifice pleasure and physical comfort to become Christians. Our religion suffers because we scatter our energy on trivial interests and do not budget our time. "Many parents", Mr. Richards says, "blame children for putting off their home-work, but frequently these same parents put off their own 'home-work' and Sunday finds them 'unable' to attend church because work in the house or yard is still undone."

Religion is a social experience. Our ideals and deeper insights come from a close association with each other. We need an active church life. A repetition of ideas and ideals make them closer to us, and we never do our best unless we are encouraged by others. No man is an island.

The final point he listed was, Opportunities to serve—and that takes us back to the question, "Are you a Christian?" If you are and it becomes necessary for you to do something—serve others and put your ideals into practice. Here again we find our church a medium through which we can extend these services to our fellow man.

The late Apostle James E. Yates often said: "It takes careful, prayerful selective effort to achieve a high goal." I treasure those words as a sermon in one sentence. To analyze that statement in its completeness is to see how far-reaching the implications are in our life. Not haphazard or by chance, not a vague hoping, but a careful, prayerful selective effort! We can't stand with folded hands—we must DO something. Procrastination is the thief of time and we know that time has swift wings of its own. We don't need to have someone steal it from us, it flies from us so fast that each time we put off doing the right thing, the chances of it ever being done are diminished. Each time we decide to wait until tomorrow, it is natural to suppose that we can postpone it again and still again, and we are the losers! We rob ourselves of riches. Now is the time. There is no other time for you and me. Do we have enough time left to become the Christians we would like to be? Do you know how much time you have left? Did the rich man in the Scripture reading know that God was going to say to him: "This night thy soul shall be required of thee"?

Are we waiting for the right time? Are we waiting for the right mood? The mood will come with action. How many times have we been told by doctors that forcing ourselves to smile causes us to actually feel better. The mood within changes to accommodate the muscular action of the face. Our mood will drop with the corners of our mouth. If you want to be happy and recover from a fit of the blues—be active—do something for someone else.

We complain we are not in the mood—"I complained because I had no shoes, until I saw a man who had no feet." The mood will come with action!

Traveler, it is later than you think.

RECONCILIATION

Elbert A. Smith

Tune "What a Gathering That Will Be"

When we learn to walk in kindness,
wear the smile, forget the frown;
When we gladly shall forgive men,
full and free;
Every small and bitter envy,
every malice trample down—
What a strong and happy people
we shall be!

Chorus

What a happy—happy—
What a strong and happy people
we shall be!

When the servants of the Master
each and all shall cast aside,
Every grievance, every hatred,
and be free

To forget the petty quarrel and
the grudges that divide—
What a strong and happy people
we shall be!

When the ministers of Jesus,
be they small or be they great,
From the prophets to the deacons,
bow the knee;
Bishops, teachers, and apostles,
have more love and less debate—
What a strong and happy people
we shall be!

When no two of all our number,
Lord, shall longer be at strife,
When we walk in love and mercy
close to thee,
We shall know a joyful service,
we shall find abundant life—
What a strong and happy people
we shall be!

A Biology Teacher Looks at Evolution

By Glenn Gill

A man named Lyell may have gotten it all started over a hundred years ago. He advised his close friend, Charles Darwin, to publish his ideas on the origin of new species from existing species of plants and animals. However, before Darwin got that done, Alfred Wallace sent a paper to him from the Dutch East Indies entitled "On the Tendency of Varieties to Depart Indefinitely from the Original Type." That did it. The same idea from both men led to a joint publication of their similar theories on how new species of animals may be formed in nature in the *Journal of the Proceedings of the Linnean Society* (a society of biologists and naturalists) in 1859.

The theory these two men proposed has led to a frantic 100 years of band-wagoning by all types of "scientific," sociological, and political theorists each anxious to be first (apparently) to base his particular area of study on the new theory of evolution.

Today is a day of second looks at evolution. Many mainstays of continuous evolution are in question, have toppled or are too hazy to build upon without possible embarrassment. An example is the piltdown man recently proven to be a concocted hoax. Some things that evolutionists hoped would be the answer to the puzzles have not proven to be.

One area under research today is the chemical material of the living cell. The discovery of the nature of viruses and the chemical nature of the nuclear material of the cell have led to the idea that life began with the chance meeting of certain elements in sea water. The first living organisms would have been reproducing chemicals like the viruses we know today. The free-living virus theory says that since parasites always are descendants of a free-living ancestor there must once have been a free-living virus ancestor from which all living things have come in a continuous line of evolution leading to man at the top.

The Bible says that God created living things and planned it so that each would produce "after its own kind". But "learned" men have a long history of trying to find a way to explain the beginning of life in some other way. In this discussion of evolution we will try to show that the Holy Bible has not fallen before the theorists.

In order to assume continuous evolution from life's beginning up the ladder of life to man, evolutionists must first assume a beginning in the smallest and simplest living organisms. The viruses are selected as a modern representation of this original article.

The most logical explanation of the beginning of viruses (and so the origin of life) is the chemical theory advanced principally by Oparin. The idea was especially suggested when W. M. Stanley discovered that

a virus could be crystallized in an apparently pure chemical state and then return to its apparent living state when returned to its parasitic condition inside living cells.

It is supposed that the newly-formed earth cooled, after being separated from the sun, and hot seas of water had condensed onto its surface, much random (chance) formation and reformation of chemical compounds took place in the water. Organic chemists know that most of the compounds in living organisms could be accidentally formed under those conditions. For example certain alcohols and ammonia could react to form amino acids.

Amino acids are the chemical "building blocks" of the bodies of living things. Chemical associations called autocatalytic systems can actually duplicate themselves in a sort of chain reaction. Therefore, since all of the needed chemical compounds could have been present together it is supposed that an accidental series of events led to the formation of a free-living virus that could reproduce itself. And the first living thing would have been formed.

By now you may be asking yourself, "Where was God while all this was going on?" The answer would have to be "He wasn't" because if this could happen by accident so could the formation of the whole universe. The theory of chemical origin of life, if accepted, automatically rules God out as a quaint old superstition.

You will recall that the Bible says God created the earth and the universe as well as all living things and also that He gave the "breath of life." In these things the Bible proves a better scientist than the evolutionist because it recognizes the one major ingredient that wasn't accounted for in the theory of Oparin. No matter how cleverly we assemble the compounds of living material we cannot make them alive; neither could it happen by accident because only God can give (and take away) life.

The chemical theory of the origin of life staggers and falls under the weight of two scientific truths even if we do not appeal to the Bible. First, there are no viruses yet found that are alive unless they are in the living body of a plant or animal as a parasite. This is how they cause diseases. Where were the plants and animals for that supposed first virus to inhabit? Second, growth and reproduction are only two of the many activities of living things. Growth is not life and reproduction is not life. Life is the one element that no scientist can account for chemically in living things. Every true scientist must admit that the facts substantiate the truth that God created and that only God gave and can give life.

Evolution is true. It is constantly going on around us. It will continue as long as there are mortal living things on earth. Evolution is change. Animals and plants do change. Corn now yields over 100 bushels per acre in some places. Several decades ago this was impossible. Milk cows keep shattering the old production records. Dogs come in all sizes, shapes and

many more varieties than a century ago. New shades of mink fur are constantly being developed. Man has actually become an agent of evolution by deliberately causing these changes.

Man himself is evolving. In recent decades Americans are growing taller. They are also growing less disease resistant and more subject to mental illness. This is evolution. If we continue to grow taller we may someday be as tall as the ancient Cromagnon man who averaged nearly seven feet and had a brain size considerably larger than ours.

You can see that evolution is a fact when you consider the evolution that actually is taking place. However, since Tamark, Darwin, Wallace and others suggested evolution of one species into another, a **theory** has been formulated to which the term evolution was applied. This theory states that all present species of all plants and animals have "evolved" from some simple virus-like organism formed in sea water by a chance combining of chemicals. This chemical combination is apparently supposed to have been automatically alive when formed. The theory presents some unfathomable problems. It requires changes of existing species into new species and changes of existing classes and phyla into new classes and phyla while at the same time some of the original remain as they were (or nearly so).

Fossilization of plants and animals from ages past (such as giant ferns and dinosaurs) has shown us what many now extinct types looked like. Modern species are also represented in fossils. Those who accept the Darwin-based theory as fact consider this "fossil record" a panorama of evolutionary history. The fact is it clearly shows the different types of plants and animals God created as being separate types reproducing "after their kind" (as the Bible says) from ages past to the present or until some disaster or change in their environment made them extinct. The fossil record shows none of those many thousands of gradually changed transitory (inbetween) types between fish and amphibious (for example), amphibious and reptiles, reptiles and birds, and reptiles and mammals that there would have to be if these groups had evolved from one another through these steps as some say they did.

Is the flying reptile (pterodactyl) a link between reptiles and birds? It can't be because it never appears as anything but a pterodactyl. There is no evidence of a sequence of species from lizard to pterodactyl and from pterodactyl to modern bird. An apparent sequence that gets much attention (being such a rare case) is the so-called evolution of the horse. Even here the lack of transitory fossils should show them to be different varieties of horses rather than an evolutionary sequence. The sequence idea is further damaged by the appearance of all these different "horses" in the same geologic time.

Different varieties of plants and animals do evolve. Darwin identified this in insects and other invertebrate

animals. We deliberately and successfully make them in our domestic plants and animals. These changes within the "kinds" are the only "evolution" scientific **facts** can establish.

Twelve Ways to Rear Delinquent Children

Several years ago, the Houston, Texas, Police Department apparently became fed up with unconscientious parents whose delinquent children were filling up the juvenile bureau and the courts. Something had to be done to wake up parents about their responsibilities as the first line of resistance to juvenile delinquency.

So someone in the Department made up 12 Rules for Raising Delinquent Children — a different tact that smacks of Adult Psychology, and one that clearly drives home what is wrong at home.

1. Begin with infancy to give the child everything he wants. In this way he will grow up to believe the world owes him a living.
2. When he picks up bad words, laugh at him. This will make him think he's cute. It will also encourage him to pick up "cuter" phrases that blow off the top of your head later.
3. Never give him any spiritual training. Wait until he is 21 and let him decide for himself.
4. Avoid use of the word "wrong." It may develop a guilt complex. This will condition him to believe later, when he is arrested for stealing a car, that society is against him and he is being persecuted.
5. Pick up everything he leaves lying around, books, shoes, and clothes. Do everything for him so that he will be experienced in throwing all responsibility on others.
6. Let him read any printed matter he can get his hands on. Be careful that the silverware and drinking glasses are sterilized, but let his mind feast on garbage.
7. Quarrel frequently in the presence of your children. In this way they will not be too shocked when the home is broken up later.
8. Give a child all the spending money he wants. Never let him earn his own. Why should he have things as tough as you had them?
9. Satisfy his every craving for food, drink, and comfort. See that every sensual desire is gratified. Denial may lead to a harmful frustration.
10. Take part against his neighbors, teachers, policemen. They are all prejudiced against your child.
11. When he gets into real trouble, apologize for yourself by saying, "I never could do anything for him."
12. Prepare for a life of grief. You will be likely to have it.

"Hither-To The Lord Has Led Us"

By Nellie and Milfred Walberg

It was on a beautiful summer day in 1946 that God, by His Holy Spirit, entered into our hearts with divine assurance of the truth of the Book of Mormon and the divinity of the Restoration. My husband and I had been searching the Scriptures, trying to find the way, the truth and the life. We wanted to raise our children to believe in God and to establish them in a Christian home while they were young.

On this day, we were sitting in the yard reading in the Book of Mormon of the account of Jesus' Ministry to His disciples, and how the "little ones" were encircled about by divine fire and how Jesus had looked upon them with love and concern saying, "Behold, your little ones". Tears began to come to my eyes and a divine knowledge that the Book of Mormon was true flooded our souls until we could hardly contain the testimony which was borne to us by the Holy Spirit. It seemed to me that never did the trees appear more beautiful, nor the birds sing more sweetly than they did that day. A great compassion and love for all God's creation came into our hearts and indeed we felt to sing the "song of redeeming love" as mentioned by Alma.

We continued our search of the Scriptures and together we knelt many times with our children, praising our Lord and seeking His direction; and so it was that on February 20, 1947, we were baptized into the Reorganized Church from whose ministry we had learned of the Restored Gospel. Later years brought the ordination of my husband and son, and many spiritual blessings were ours as we testified of the Gospel and the Love of Christ. We never dreamed that with all our conviction, that some day God would yet lead us into further light and truth concerning the latter day gospel which had been restored in 1830.

Jesus said, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." The Asking must be in deep earnestness of prayer and meditation; the Seeking must utilize the best powers of our intellect in study, research, and observation; the Knocking must be persistent, with an abiding faith that the One who presides over the Household hears, and that the door will be opened.

It was in 1955, when we were actively engaged in the work of the Reorganization and had subscribed to the Independence Examiner in order to keep track of the General Conference, that we noticed a small news item concerning the Church of Christ (Temple Lot). Being curious to know about the "Hedrickites", as we had heard them called, we sent for information. Later, we requested a visit and Bro. and Sr. T. J. Jordan came to our home; then we first learned the difference between

the two churches, and began a most earnest study of scriptural and historical sources. Still later Apostles Arthur Smith and T. J. Jordan came and held meetings in another home to which we were invited. We felt deeply the pull of the Spirit and we knew in our souls that we, indeed, had found a church which was nearer the truth. Apostle Smith spoke to us under inspiration, saying, "Never again will you be satisfied where you are, for the light of truth has dawned upon thee." Never-the-less, as others were accepted for baptism, something greater than we were caused us to delay, until God in His wisdom would draw us completely into His fold. Later developments proved the wisdom of this delay and the reason why we stood apart from that which we knew to be true, while serving in the Church of which we were members.

God's ways of preparing his people are many and varied, and the ten years which followed have indeed been a preparation, we feel, that has caused us to realize the great need of love and ministry in the lives of others.

Indeed, Jesus' ministry was to "preach the gospel to the poor . . . to heal the broken-hearted, and to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised". Luke 4:18. Every child of God, who has experienced the saving powers and love of the Lord Jesus Christ in their own soul, is likewise under obligation to bring this love to the lives of those whose hearts are bruised. They are all around us awaiting our outreach, and our hearts should be broken by the same things which break the heart of God until we reach out to others from the overflow of our compassion for their souls.

During the last few years many evidences of God's providence intervened in our lives helping to bring us financial stability and a greater thankfulness to God for all His blessings, even amidst heartache and trial. As we kneeled in prayer to God in the evenings, we continued to ask His direction and grace, feeling a compelling urgency in our soul to try to live closer to Him in our daily walk. With all this, there kept recurring with increased frequency the memory of the Church of Christ which we had learned about ten years before, and which we had tried to keep hidden in our hearts. This unrest became more persistent as time went on, until we finally sent a letter to Apostle Smith asking more questions, and he answered in remembrance of our previous acquaintance, stating he would like to come and see us. Bro. Smith passed away shortly after this and the letter of inquiry from us was given to Apostle Archie Bell to follow up. In the meantime we launched a renewed search for truth in several groups of the Restoration, willing this time that when we were fully satisfied we had found the true remnant church, we would arise to obedience and follow all the way. Much wrestling in the spirit and prayerful pleadings, along with many temptations, were ours as we went through a trial of Faith that only God knows.

Apostle Bell at this point sent a letter to us from the Colorado Reunion asking for an opportunity to visit us. In his letter he stated that he had one stop in Oregon and it was in Salem, at the home of a member, Elsie Rousseau, who worked at the State Deaf School. Coincidence or providence, whatever you want to call it, but that one member had worked beside me for a year—for I, too, worked at the Deaf School! Immediately we made contact with the Rousseau family with the result that when Bro. and Sr. Bell arrived they visited in both our homes for two weeks of meetings and fellowship together. Again came that strong tug in our hearts we had felt ten years ago and we knew that this was the time to covenant with Christ in the waters of baptism; so leaving six generations of Reorganized Church background, our three children and many church friends, we entered into our new life in the Church of Christ, Temple Lot.

Since we had followed the joys and sorrows of the Church through the pages of the Advocate for so long, we came into the Church knowing many of its strengths and weaknesses. Yet we want to stand with all of you and help bear your burdens and do what we can to share our testimony with you of God's love and concern for every soul. Christ loved the Church and gave Himself for it; cannot we all do the same? He pleads with us to "lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith". May God help us to become meek and submissive and lowly in heart, depending upon the merits of Christ; thus, be led into greater personal righteousness. The great need of this world today is for a body of people to arise to such a state of personal obedience that all worldly gain and personal ambitions would be laid aside in the interests of His Kingdom.

After our baptism and confirmation, we drove on our vacation to Grand Junction, Colorado, where we spend three days with Bro. and Sr. Ted Ely. While there we partook of our first Communion in the Church of Christ and it was indeed, to us, an outstanding event as we worshipped, prayed, and sang with the assembled congregation. The spirit filled our souls, and as Bro. Marvin Ely presided and the emblems were passed, we felt the sweet assurance and benediction of Christ's presence. Previous to this, there had been some troubling thoughts in our minds concerning our children, yet in the other church; but at this communion service, it seemed as though the words were borne into our hearts: "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid . . . ye believe in God, believe also in me". We learned, too, that this group had prayed for us previous to our baptism and here we were now, one in faith with them, their prayers having interceded in our behalf. They never dreamed that later we would be meeting with them at this communion.

We returned home in time to drive to Toppenish, Washington, where Bro. and Sr. Bell were still visiting.

There we joined them in fellowship and song and met new friends. We were especially glad to meet Sr. Minnie Smith and share with her Bro. Smith's testimony to us ten years previous. We only regret that we must await a new day of renewing our acquaintance with him and hope that we may walk worthy of that resurrection.

We are thankful to God for preserving a remnant of believers in the gospel as it was first restored and for the renewed hope and faith which this Church of Christ has given us. We feel a closeness with the members we have met that has warmed our hearts. We have found forgiveness, understanding and charity as we have confessed our weaknesses, and related the various episodes of our spiritual quest with our apostle in charge. May God help us to so live in our home that the spirit of God may dwell and abide there. Also, we asked to be remembered in your prayers.

It is our desire to encourage others to believe in God, and His son, Jesus Christ, and to help promote faith in His precious promises contained in the Scriptures.

"Ask, and you shall receive; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

May we, with you, continue our quest for truth and righteousness, until we find fulfillment in the words:

"Hither-to the Lord has led us—
Darkness now has turned to Day;
Our feet now stand in Zion,
And they cannot go astray.

Safely anchored with our loved ones
Earthly care all swept away;
Looking back we praise our Savior
Who has led us all the way."

N. W.

THE WORDS OF LIFE

With turmoil and confusion rife,
Days such as this earth never knew,
Thank God for the dear words of life
His servant has brought us anew.

Man shall not live by bread alone,
By by each word of God shall stand.
To do His will is meat indeed,
And Zion fair shall be their land.

Then let us heed the words of life
And thereby keep our faith and hope;
Our love shall thus endure the trials,
No more in darkness need we grope.

Then robed in garments white as snow
The King in beauty we shall see,
Earth's sorrows then will all be o'er,
Forever with our Lord we'll be.

VIETCONG

(Continued from page 163)

They live in a reception station, a tent city growing every day to hold more troops.

Many here await transportation to duty stations all over Vietnam: outposts like Da Nang, Pleibu, and Vung Tau; Soc Trang, Dalat, and Bien Hoa; Duc Hoa, Duc My, and Phu Lam; Vinh Long, Song Be, Dong Xoai, Binh Gia, and many many more.

Listen for these names. Try to remember them. As time goes by they will become as familiar to the American in the fields and towns of Indiana who inform themselves as they are now to the Americans who man the outposts in the fields of South Vietnam.

These names sound strange today, as strange as the names of battlegrounds during World War II and Korea did to the generations who made them immortal.

Whether he is in a tent-city reception station, an outpost at night under attack by insurgent guerrillas, or in a rear area fighting a lonely battle against time or concern over personal problems at home, the GI does not take it entirely for granted that every American agrees with his being here.

Neither does the marine on patrol in the jungles around Da Nang, or the sailor in hostile waters far off shore in the South China Sea, or the airman whose plane is hit and in trouble somewhere over North Vietnam.

It's a "helluva" way to have to go through a day over here, knowing that. But he figures the dissenting opinions in situations like this always point up the difference between being near something and far away from it; between judging something from a distance and being involved in it up to your neck.

Some men receive their hometown papers. Some have access to popular stateside magazines on current events. Some can tune in on honest appraisals of the news from Washington over the Armed Forces Radio Service. Democracy provides Freedom of information and he makes use of it.

He reads about mothers back home asking, "Why must mothers mourn?"

No, he feels, it's not a crime for mothers to ask if their son's participation in the war in Vietnam is a necessary thing. They should ask if only because it is a way of life with us to hold the value of the individual human soul above all else, especially when that soul is a son's.

But he feels it is a woman's question in a man's world. He feels that fathers who have fought on foreign soil understand his situation only too well. There is a certain common chemistry about sons who wear their country's uniform. There is only one age among them * * * the age of duty.

Harassing fire continues in the night. Enemies probe for each other. Single bursts booms across the horizon, then whole volleys. Sometimes flares drift down

on parachutes, lighting the sky and the earth below when friendly forces want to see what the Vietcong are up to. At night the Vietcong is in his element. The flares burn with a dazzling golden light and leave erratic trails of white-looking smoke.

Tent city is judged a relatively safe place by the men who live there, because it hasn't been hit by the Vietcong yet.

Some men sit alone in the darkened tents, writing letters home by flashlight. Others worry about why none have been coming from home. GI's bless the balmy sea breeze embracing the land at night, tolerate the monsoon rains which come at all hours, and curse the torrid heat of the day.

They have done their details. They have filled sandbags for bunker construction, painted latrines, dug a few ditches, and policed the compound. And they have sweated. Some now walk guard. Most of the guards are privates, and most of the privates are kids on their first time away from home and families. But they're doing all right.

Some men lie on their bunks, staring into the darkness, listening to the sound of war rumbling distantly. Perhaps the outpost he will be going to lies in that direction. Yet he knows directions make no difference because the war is all around. There are no lines, no fronts, no thoroughly safe rear areas anywhere. The guerilla can hit anywhere, sometimes singly, by planting a bomb or throwing a grenade, or he may come in small groups, or in platoon, company or battalion strength. Worrying about it is useless. But nobody loses sight of the fact that it could happen. It's really all a matter of chance.

It is a different kind of war, the kind he read about in the magazines before he got here; the unorthodox new tactics, the new weapons and new usages for old weapons, the sneak hit-and-run attacks, the ambush, the terrorist raids, and the Vietcong—Vietnamese Communist—"VC" in GI jargon.

But the American soldier is resilient. No matter where he is he brings a part of America with him. It is alive in his laughter, his wit and his love of life and freedom.

They ask questions amongst themselves, trying to put a picture together of their new situation, as they smoke outside their tents. They discuss all the rumors they've heard since arriving. They speculate on what the duty will be like where they are going. Some men's orders have been changed since arriving. They're going to a place they haven't looked up on a map yet.

"Hey, where's Phu Bai?"

"Anybody know where Ban Me Thout is?"

Nobody ever gets the pronunciations right, but after a while everybody gets to understand.

Names, places, stories, and scuttlebut; each man tries to find his own niche in this struggle for which his generation now bears the burden of such great responsibility.

In a blacked-out tent a GI talks to his buddy in the next bunk. He gripes about his discomforts, the lousy luck that brought him here, the good job he had to give up back home, the sweet car he was paying on, his girl, the gang he ran around with on the block and the good life a million miles away.

This is a GI's heritage, a script he doesn't realize he knows already, handed down through this century from generations of Americans who spent nights in tents like this on battlefields all over the world.

His buddy doesn't answer, and he wonders how a guy can sleep so hard so fast.

The American soldier in tent city is impatient to get going. He is perpetually tired of standing in lines and waiting for things. Nothing will satisfy him more, aside from going home, then to get to his new unit, where he can begin his countdown of days until his 12-month tour is over and he can go home, to his folks, his car, and his girl and the good life again.

Other men, the college age men, look forward to home and school, many of them.

Other men, lifers in the service, look forward to getting back to the wives and children they had to leave behind.

Nothing in the Army will be good enough for the GI until then. But that's good. It gives a man something to fight for.

The GI can be cynical, gross, and irreverent, and proud; comic, outspoken, and patriotic. He would probably never be able to adjust in another army where men are disciplined more for speaking out, because he is an American and these personal liberties are also a way of life. He has always been so.

He will put down the cocky youngster who thinks the world owes him an apology for throwing him a curve into his life—like Vietnam. Yet he and the same kid will carry each other home the next night after a few beers. He will go out of his way to communicate with the local ladies, and he'll play with the throngs of children who gather around the compound to chase bugs in the glare of the floodlights, to say "hello" (every one of them), to ask "shine shoes?" and generally to gawk at the "big eyes" from far away.

He likes children. He can't turn his back on one; the spunky, rugged little Vietnamese boys who want to punch, wrestle around, and try out their karate, and the delicate, very feminine, and very lovely little Vietnamese girls with the beautiful long black hair who stand aside shyly; the little pee-wee who comes toddling up without his pants to be with bigger boys, or the hungry little kid who comes up and asks of a nickel.

He works magic with these children. It's called a smile, a stick of gum, a small candy bar, and a big heart.

There is an undercurrent around which tells him almost instinctively that this land is witnessing a showdown between an ideology like his, which cherishes

the value of the individual human soul, like the souls of these children, and the dogma which places far greater value on the individual's back, a value like the Vietcong's brand of communism.

He still has a lot to learn about personal diplomacy with people whose ways of life are different from his own, and that, when walking down a sidewalk in another man's land, it is often a sign of great humility to allow that man the center of the sidewalk. But he is learning * * * every day.

He cannot be certain of the future, but he is determined to have one. And many GI's, more than some Americans not here can ever know first hand, are determined that these Vietnamese kids and their families will have a future, too.

He is apprehensive of that moment when the burden of battle may be dropped on his shoulders for the first time; when the qualities of mercy and charity, ingrained in him since childhood might have to be shoved aside if it becomes necessary to kill a man. Others will have no compunctions about pulling the trigger on a Vietcong.

He senses that the character of war and the rumble of distant conflict remain constant in their honesty. They are what they appear to be and nothing more or less. They seek not to impress because they are not living things of flesh and blood, like men. But they do impress, the first time, and lastingly, for neither souls nor consciences have been built into them, or the power to deceive. What they are they make no excuses for. Neither do they repent. They know no better, and there is no hope of their ever being taught or learning differently.

This is why no man can forget them who has ever associated himself with them or experienced the havoc they wreak.

Nobody ever guaranteed that living or dying in this century would be easy. It's natural that a heavy burden should tire a man's shoulders, even a great nation's shoulders. But it is how well a man or nation carries its burdens that bespeaks its character. And here in the embattled republic, humanity calls.

To the American soldier who will have served here, it will have sounded eternally profane for the secure at home to have said, "you men were wrong and your ordeal in vain."

Let the man guard his words who has not been here, who has not seen, and felt, and known this war.

Let us ever guard his right to dissent. But one Sunday in the church of his choice may he instead ask God to grant the Americans here and to those to come, the South Vietnamese soldier in battle for his Republic, and the Allies here to help him, one fair request.

"The serenity to accept the things they cannot change here;

"The courage to change the things they can;
"And the wisdom to know the difference." * * *

Letters to the Editor

To My Brothers and Sisters in the Family of Christ:

There is something I feel strongly led to say to each of you because I love you. Put away your differences from among you—the small (or so they seem to me) things of doctrine that seem so big to some. "But", you say "they are important." Not as important as a seeking of self-perfection before God to a degree that we will have no strife and contention. "How", you say "can that be? We are human." Yes, I am most human of all and last winter after a visit from Apostles Wm. Sheldon and Don Housknecht, I had an experience that showed me how far away I had drifted through neglect of prayer and daily reading of God's word.

I had prayed many years to be pleasing to God, but in years of separation from those of like faith, had become weak, discouraged and someone even I failed to recognize. When God showed me, I was astounded, terrified, and brought to my knees so completely and so abruptly, I was nearly emptied of physical and mental strength. It seemed all was lost. It seemed the evil power would take me over.

We went to Collins, Mo., and I was administered to. At the time, I received no relief, but I had burning desire to seek God, and on my knees in tears many hours, I begged Him to show me how to come near to Him, to be filled with His Spirit. I begged that whatever was between us to clutter the path, He would show me regardless of how distasteful it would be to me. I am so grateful that my life has been spared and I have been given a chance through Christ, our advocate, to clean up and order my life toward the perfecting that God wants. Make no mistake—I am so full of imperfections that it frightens me. The wasted years can not be made up—But—with God's help day by day—beginning each day with a prayer of thanksgiving and a plea for strength and grace, I intend to put my greatest effort to ordering my life so that God's love can fill me and work through me.

I feel my unworthiness so keenly, but I feel burdened to share this with each of you: How important it is that we individually clean out our imperfections (or sins—to be rightly honest) day by day! To do this, we must come before God in fear and trembling—in faith—unreservedly asking Him in all humbleness of spirit and honesty of heart—regardless of the consequences to show us our weaknesses and help us to overcome. Be prepared for a shock—and be prepared for a fight with the adversary—for when he sees your earnest desires, he will make every conceivable effort—in ways you have never imagined or dreamed—to overpower you. Ask in faith and then get up and begin with God's help to overcome.

We have just come from the Missouri Reunion where I felt my heart would break to say farewell to the dearest on earth, but for the wonderful fellowship and spiritual blessings, beautiful music and words of encouragement, we are so thankful to our Heavenly Father and we want to express our appreciation to the dear saints there for all the physical comforts bestowed upon us. May God bless each one "until your cup runneth over" is my earnest prayer.

Pray for us as we are apart from you, that we may hold fast always to faith in our Lord Jesus and look forward with joy to the day we can all live together in Zion. What a world of promises we can look for if we are faithful to the end.

Sincerely,

Betty Martin

Why I Want to Teach

Anne Hamilton

A little boy grows up wrong, and hurts the world. The world can't afford to be hurt any more. This is why I want to teach.

The world cries for wisdom and knowledge. Her sore heart yearns for an antidote, the conquering truth. This is why I want to teach.

A little boy ponders in the humble classroom. A little boy absorbs knowledge there, and grows fond of it. And then he understands what and why, and he loves liberty and understanding.

And suddenly he is a little boy no longer. He is a man, and he emerges from the classroom as the moth from the pupa, full and ripe and beautiful. He offers himself to the world, behind a shield of truth.

She plucks the fruits from out his mind and soul. The cause of liberty is fed; the cause of life, of man, of prosperity are nourished by his fruits. The world knows he lived, and kisses his grave. The fruits were seeds that grew in the classroom. This is why I want to teach.

To be a part of the planting, the growing, the harvest! To be myself the gardener! To hold in my own heart the love of life and liberty and knowledge and truth! And then to have the love of teaching them.

To see the glow of the harvest, and to work, that the world might kiss the grave of my own body for the harvest wrought!

This is why I want to teach.

Sunshine Magazine.

(This composition was written by Miss Anne Hamilton, Blackfoot, Idaho, in a teacher's scholarship competition. She won. Miss Hamilton, 18, was valedictorian of her graduating class in the Blackfoot High School.)

Surely there is something in the unruffled calm of nature that over-awes our little anxieties and doubts: the sight of the deep-blue sky, and the clustering stars above, seem to impart a quiet to the mind.—Jonathan Edwards.

FLEDGLINGS

We solicit contributions to this column from the youth of our church.

A LETTER

Dear Saints:

This is my first time to write and I am very pleased to write to you.

I live at Puryear, Tennessee, and as you know we have just had our Reunion. We all had a nice time and the weather was just fine and we were glad to have those down that came from far away. We had eleven people from out of town and 26 people plus myself from here where we live attending.

I was baptized and confirmed a year ago at the Reunion by Bros. Wm. A. Sheldon and A. M. Smith. We were sorry to hear of Bro. A. M. Smith's death.

Well, I must close and again I thank all the people for coming to our Reunion and pray that we may have another Reunion next year and hope more of you can come.

Rose Camper

(Ed. Note: Sister Rose Camper is one of the first young people of our Church to respond to our request for material from the youth of our Church for printing in the Advocate. She is not only young in years but young in the Church also, and we are so very happy to hear from her.)

Responsibilities of Young Americans

By Terry York

Responsibility is a big word meaning reliability.

One responsibility is religion. Every young American has the responsibility to go to church. I believe that Americans should take part in church affairs. He should show that he is a Christian by his actions. Every Christian is responsible for his own soul. No other person can live it for you. Every Christian has a responsibility to show he is a Christian. He should always be honest and straight forward in everything. The young American should put his religion first and live his life accordingly.

Another responsibility is education. I think the educated man should be open minded. He should never laugh at a new idea. Before making a decision he should weight the evidence. The educated man should be a lover of beauty for a love of the beautiful enriches his life and gives it deeper meaning. Education is more than learning, it is a way of life. The educated person is better equipped to take his place in community life. He will advance further in his chosen work. He should be more at ease with all races of people. He is likely to earn more.

Another responsibility is voting. Every American that is old enough to vote, should vote. A citizen who is too lazy or indifferent to vote is throwing away one of his most precious rights. He is deliberately disregarding his right to have a voice in our government. Many voters become so indifferent that they do not bother to vote. This indifference may lead to the con-

trol of the government by a dishonest machine. Voting goes on throughout the United States all year long. Local judges and officials come up for election at various times. Once every four years the people of the United States vote for a President, and once every two years they vote for members of the Congress.

This is only a small part of our responsibilities as young Americans. We are growing up and must learn to cope with the world we live in.—Hand of Fellowship.

(Terry York is a grandson of Bro. A. L. Voorhies, is 12 years of age and lives in Bloomfield, Iowa.)

LOCAL NEWS**PHOENIX, ARIZONA LOCAL NEWS**

Hello from Phoenix to All Our Readers:

We wish first to say that all of us here remember all of you in our prayers. Our hopes are that all of our beloved brothers and sisters, no matter where you may be, are enjoying good health and the wonderful peace of mind that comes to each of us from our Lord.

On invitation from our Sister Ruth Willard and family of Sedona, Arizona, on Sunday, May 9, all who could went up to their home in beautiful Oak Creek Canyon and held services with them, followed by a picnic dinner on the shady, spacious lawn. Not much need saying that it was enjoyed very much by all. Once more, let us say to the Willards and the Mosers: Thank you for your wonderful love and your hospitality.

The one we have been watching and praying for these last months, Wanda Yates, who had suffered some ill effects from the automobile accident she was in months ago, finally come through with flying colors. She and her husband, Jimmy Yates, were blessed once more from God, with a baby boy who weighed in at 10 pounds, 8 ounces. (Will he become another Goliath?) Mother, baby, and dad are all doing fine.

On May 22, all who could go were invited out to the home of Hubert Yates, Sr., and his wife Patsy for a cook-out supper and fun-fest. There was horse back riding for those who wanted it. The rest of us enjoyed the desert scenery and the visiting. After we arrived we learned that we were helping them celebrate their 40th wedding anniversary. (Hubert and Patsy, that is). Also it was the 17th anniversary of their son, Jimmy and Wanda. Some went early and made a day of it; others came only for the evening and the pot-luck supper. There were about 50 of us in all. I think I can safely speak for them all, as well as for myself, and we wish both couples many more anniversaries.

Our recent visitors from out of town include Ruth and Don Willard of Sedona who have been with us twice, Charlotte Hinkle of Grand Junction, Colorado, and the Andrew Yateses from Las Vegas, Nevada. Mrs. Rosalee Hill and baby daughter who live close to our church here on Harvard street have been attending Sunday School and Church services with us for a

number of weeks. Also five little brothers and sisters by the name of Goforth have been coming to Sunday School. We welcome all these and are always so happy to have them.

Deanna Hinkle left for Jackson Hole, Wyoming, where she will work again this summer for the airlines. We will miss her. Her mother, Charlotte Hinkle who had been visiting here, and her sister, Betty McIndoo, accompanied her as far as her home in Grand Junction.

Our spring graduates here include Jonna Mae Jones from 8th grade. Sharon Kelley with a B.A. degree from A.S.U., and Evalena Sills, with an A.A. from Phoenix College. She was the oldest graduate of her class of 602 grads—quite an honor and we are very proud of her.

Several of our number attended the Colorado Reunion and reported a good time. More about this later.

Velma Voorhies, Reporter

TEMPLE LOT LOCAL DIARY

"We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves. Let every one of us please his neighbor for his good to edification. For even Christ pleased not himself; but, as it is written, The reproaches of them that reproached thee feel on me." (Romans 15:1-3).

We extend our sorrow and deep sympathy to Mrs. Fred Burkey, commonly known as Grandma Burkey, who recently lost her beloved husband in death. She is Sr. Alvina Bell's mother.

It is always sorrowful to learn of those who are ill, but we know through prayer and faith they can be

healed. Sr. May Namar was recently in church after a long absence. Mr. John E. Morris is convalescing at the home of his daughter, Sr. Lois Harris, after some time in the hospital. For these we are thankful, but also are mindful of others that stand in need. Mr. D. F. Mason is in the hospital, and Sr. Zelma Green has also been ill. Let us remember all these and others unknown to us that God's healing hand might be present.

Our best wishes go to Bro. and Sr. Jon D. Sprague and family in their move to Montana. We were sorry to lose them from our midst.

We were most joyful to be able to extend the hand of fellowship to Bro. Warren Johnson and his step-daughter, Judy Seevers, upon their recent baptisms, August 29, into the body of Christ.

At our recent annual business meeting, officers were elected for the coming year. They are: Pastor, Bro. Leslie Case; Secretary, Bro. Warren Johnson, Treasurer, Bro. Virgil Rudd; Reporter, Sr. Margret Gill; Chorister, Bro. Glenn Gill; Organist, Sr. Grace Rudd; Assistant Organist, Sr. Becky Maley. As officers, we'll give our best of our abilities and hope our efforts will prove worthwhile.

Recent visitors have included Bro. LaVerne Lussenden from Hopkins, Michigan, and Bro. and Sr. Harvey Bell and daughter, Lois June, from Grand Junction, Colorado.

School has started again for another year, where our children will learn courses of study of value to their everyday living. Let us pray that in each of our church locals, our children will learn those things necessary to bring them to Christ, for their spiritual well being.

Sr. Margret Gill, Reporter,

CHURCH OF CHRIST PUBLICATIONS

Send all orders to: Church of Christ (Temple Lot), Box 472, Independence, Missouri 64051.

	Price Each		Price Each
Book of Commandments—Paper Cover	\$1.00	Book of Mormon—Cloth Binding	\$2.50
Book of Commandments—Leatherette	\$1.25	Book of Commandments Controversy Reviewed....	\$1.00
Outline Church History	\$2.00	There are a few Books of Mormon available in Morocco leather binding. Please write for price.	
Book of Mormon—Missionary Edition.....	\$1.00		
Also Available Postpaid	5 for \$5.00		

SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPPLIES

INSTRUCTIONS IN ORDERING

Our quarterlies are not dated, but numbered, because they contain a regular course of study, and if the schools desire to make this study, they should order the quarterlies according to number so as to avail themselves of the entire course, so far as the study has been extended up to the present time. None of the courses are as yet, complete.

In compliance with the action taken at the 1960 General Sunday School Association General Assembly, all publications printed by the Association will be sent free of charge. Send ALL orders to: General Sunday School Association Treasurer, Church of Christ (Temple Lot); Box 472, Independence, Missouri. 64051

	Price Each
Primary, Vol. 1, No. 1, Childhood of Jesus.....	N/C
Primary, Vol. 1, No. 2, Jesus' Ministry.....	N/C
Primary, Vol. 1, No. 3, Jesus' Ministry con't.....	N/C
Primary, Vol. 1, No. 4, Life of Jesus.....	N/C
Sunday School Record Book	N/C
Records of the Bible.....	N/C
Records of the Book of Mormon.....	N/C
History and Religion—Chart	1.50