


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 the power of the Holy Ghost." I Nephi 3:187

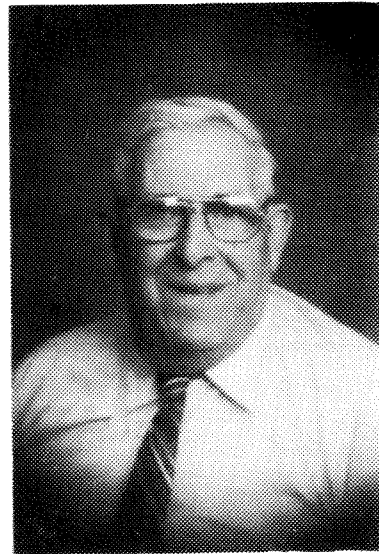
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Independence, Missouri  June, 1984

No. 6

A Man May Go to Heaven

Without Health
Without Wealth
Without Fame
Without a Great Name
Without Learning
Without Big Earning
Without Culture
Without Beauty
Without Friends



Elder George I. Brantner

Without Ten Thousand Other Things

BUT HE CAN NEVER GO TO HEAVEN WITHOUT CHRIST!

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CONTENTS

Relativity and the Devil	p. 82	My IOU's to a Special Person.	p. 87
Do We Hurt Those We Love?	p. 83	Eulogy: Wilbur (Bill) Morris.	p. 88
Path Lights	p. 85	Directory of Officers/ Committees	p. 93

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EDITORIAL

RELATIVITY AND THE DEVIL

Merriam-Webster's Ninth Collegiate Dictionary defines the term "relativity" thus: "The state of being dependent for existence on or determined in nature, value, or quality by relation to something else." For example, the expression "few in number," is relative and dependent on something else to give it meaning. "Few in number" in relation to all the world's population can be a very large quantity, while "few in number" in relation to members of the Church of Christ could be only a handful. Yet some basis of comparison is needed to give the expression meaning.

The existence of the Devil is not relative and it does not require "something else" to compare him to in order to make him real. But the Devil depends heavily on relativity to deceive the world's inhabitants. How does he do it?

I can't begin to name all his ways, but one in particular that recently has hit many of us very close to home is the method employed by the Devil to draw thousands of good, sincere people of the Restoration more fully into his world church. What is it that allows so many sincere people to be so totally blinded to the truth? Look beyond one of the more obvious reasons, that of being led by a lone individual usurping Christ's authority, instead of by a body of 12 men of equal authority directed by Christ as the lone head of His Church. Look, instead, to the one scriptural foundation wherein the strength of the Holy written word and the

canon of continual revelation lay: That God is the same yesterday, today and forever; forever unchangeable. The deceiving Devil has caused to be asked, "the 'same' as what?" Yes, "same" is a relative term. Some reason that God has not changed, but rather, that these new doctrines are what God wanted all along, "it's just that He has waited 'til now to bring it out." Another view has it that God has always been in favor of equality, joy and happiness for all people; therefore, in order for Him to remain the "same," He must adapt His laws to a changing society and a growing church.

God is not relative either, yet His "state of being" continues to be "determined in nature, value, or quality by relation to something else." Unfortunately, rather than using His already written word and His Holy Spirit as that "something else" to relate God to, the Devil causes many to make God relative to temporal things such as humanistic logic and hedonistic philosophy, both of which lead to the singular advancement and elevation of man as God. So, the Devil takes man's God-given ability to reason and twists it to his advantage by making an absolute God into a god, shaped by relativity, that better conforms to man's (and the Devil's) "natural" self; which natural self is an enemy to God. This, in part, is what allows sincere people to justify what might have in the past been unacceptable. This causes the same people to

thoroughly hunt the word of God and twist its meanings to conform to new doctrine.

Are we of the Church of Christ subject to the same possible deception? As often as we are reminded or warned, such as in a recent lecture about the deception of the "New Age Movement," we surely could not fall victim to such subterfuge. Or could we? The Devil would have us believe not.

G. H.

DO WE HURT THOSE WE LOVE?

There is a song that was popular several years back entitled, "You Always Hurt The One You Love." The words of the song continue on, "the one you really shouldn't hurt at all." Why do we hurt the ones we love -- our wives, husbands, sons, daughters, mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, our brothers and sisters in the gospel? Sometimes it seems like we really want to inflict pain and suffering on those we love.

Children hurt their brothers and sisters by hitting them. Why? They hurt each other by what they say. "Sticks and stones will break by bones, but names will never hurt me." Is that true? But names do hurt deep down. James wrote: "Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity: so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell. For every kind of beasts... is tamed of mankind: But the tongue can no man tame: it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison." James 3:5-8. And children are not the only ones who use the tongue to hurt.

Husbands and wives, do you hurt each other? Is it because you do not love each other that you do this? We are commanded in the scriptures to love each other. Col. 3:19 tells husbands to love their wives. The second chapter of Titus tells wives to love thier husbands.

Jacob admonishes his people, the Nephites, about how they were treating their wives: "Behold, ye have done greater iniquity than the Lamanites, our brethren. Ye have broken the hearts of your tender wives, and lost the confidence of your children, because of your bad examples before them; and the sobbings of their hearts ascend up to God against you. And because of the strictness of the word of God, which cometh down against you, many hearts died, pierced with deep wounds. And the Lamanites which are not filthy like unto you... shall scourge you even unto destruction. Behold, the Lamanites, your brethren, whom ye hate, because of their filthiness and the cursing which hath come upon their skins, are more righteous than you; For they have not forgotten the commandments of the Lord, which were given unto our fathers, that they

should have, save it were one wife: and concubines they should have none: and there should not be whoredoms committed among them. And this commandment they observe to keep; wherefore because of this observance in keeping this commandment, the Lord God will not destroy them, but will be merciful unto them: and one day they shall become a blessed people. Behold, their husbands love their wives, and their wives love their husbands, and their husbands and their wives love their children; And their unbelief and their hatred towards you, is because of the iniquity of their fathers; wherefore, how much better are you than they, in the sight of your great Creator?" Jacob 2:45-47, 52, 54-58.

Do we really want to hurt each other? Then why do it? Do we ever hurt our brothers and sisters in the gospel? We talk about others behind their backs. We say and do things that show them that we love them less than we should. We offend each other, usually unintentionally -- but then some of us may take offense too easily also.

Parents, do we hurt our children? Do we yell at them? Do we neglect them when they need our love and direction? Are we cruel to them at times? These are sins and do hurt our children, but there is something we do that hurts them even more in the long run. That is, we do not make our children mind and show respect. We let them have their own way and give into them when we shouldn't. All they have to do is fuss and raise a clamor, and to keep them quiet we give into them. This we ought not to allow for their own benefit. Other times we simply ignore them while they are doing something they shouldn't. Children do not have the wisdom to always do what they should. Young children are oft-times destructive of other's property and we allow them to be. This is not good for them. They don't learn respect. They don't learn obedience.

To see the importance of obedience I want to refer to the account of Eli and his sons in the second chapter of I Samuel. Eli was the priest of God and had two grown, married sons. The point I wish to make here does not involve the errors of these sons nor the nature of their sins, but rather that Eli was aware of the conduct of his sons. Though he reasoned with them and expressed his fear of consequences he did not command them nor restrain them from their sins. Eli was honoring his sons' wishes above God. The punishment was that there would not be an old man in his house forever (all his offspring would die young). Additionally, because he failed to restrain his sons, the iniquity of his household could never again be purged either by sacrifice or offering forever.

This shows how strongly God looks upon the failure on the part of the father in commanding their children to do right.

We allow our children to be mean to each other. Older children should be an example for good to their

brothers and sisters and to other younger children instead of striking terror in their hearts and providing a poor example for them. We are oft-times blind to our children's discipline problems. Others can see them but we don't seem to.

Allowing children to misbehave and be disrespectful will be a great detriment to them in the future. They will turn out to be a source of sorrow to us if we don't discipline -- and love them as we ought to. Everyone should read a book entitled, *Dare to Discipline* by a man named Dobson.

We are affected by the way we are raised. "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Prov. 22:6. Do we raise our children "in the way they should go?" God gave us certain laws to use in raising our children because He knew what would happen to families without them. Parents pay for their mistakes and the children suffer. "... I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generations of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments." Mosiah 7:114. They can grow up and be like their parents. "Like father, like son," and "a chip off the old block" are oft-times true. We are like our parents in many ways -- the good and the bad. It should not be an excuse to us to continue to act in those bad ways just because our parents made us that way. We need to strive to improve ourselves. But we need to be forgiving of these things in others. "Put on therefore as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, longsuffering; Forbearing one another. If any man have a quarrel against any: even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye. And above all these things put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness." Col 3:12-14. We need to be able to accept forgiveness also. Read also Matt. 6:12, Luke 11:4, Rom. 14:13 and II Cor. 2:1-11.

The song is right. We do "Always hurt the one we love." Let's work toward eliminating the hurting of others and replace it with love.

We even hurt God and Jesus Christ. Think of what Christ went through for us. "He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

"Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray: we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not

his mouth." Isa. 53:3-7.

He suffered every form of suffering -- for us, so that we could be saved from our sins. Why? Because He loves, and we should love Him. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment." Matt. 22:37-38. What do we do in return for Him for this love He has for us?

Have you ever had someone you love, like a son or a daughter, or a brother or sister, or someone else you love, go out and do wrong; like getting mixed up with the wrong crowd, with drugs, commit robbery, etc.? How did you feel? How would you feel if it were to happen to you? The sorrow we would feel in those cases does not even come close to the sorrow Christ feels when we sin. We renew afresh the crucifixion of Christ (See Heb. 6:6) when we sin. His love for us is so great that His suffering is more than we could ever feel. Our love is finite. His love is infinite.

We read from the words of Christ in Matthew where He says, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Matt. 25:41. Jesus continues on saying he was an hungered, and they gave him no drink, and so on. Then they answered him "... when saw we thee an hungered, or athirst... and did not minister unto thee?" This was Jesus' answer: "Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me." Matt. 25:45. This can be extended to include hurting each other. When we do so we hurt our Lord and Master. This hurting of each other and hurting God and Christ ought not to be. Let's stop doing it then. And let's stop hurting our children by not disciplining them in the way they should go." Let's start showing our love for each other. It's time to get our lives in order -- to get back on track, to get onto that straight and narrow path that leads to life eternal, and to put those things out of our lives that cause hurt to others and to God. It's time to not just be hearers of the word, but doers also, to live our lives as true Christians, and to be a peculiar people. It's time we have faith, hope, and charity.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

MY PRAYER

Oh! my Heavenly Father,
I come with humble prayer.
Not to beg for miracles--
Just strength to not despair.

If I fail to see Your wisdom--
Give me Faith to never doubt it.
Help me bear the cross You send
And not complain about it.

Agnes Scopp

PATH LIGHTS

"Path Lights" are experiences, or testimonies that help to brighten a day by showing God's will or God's love in our lives. Those of us who are fortunate enough to live near a large local get to hear these uplifting stories quite often, but many of our scattered members do not. If you have a testimony of God's goodness in your life please send it to me.

The Zion's Advocate
c/o Melissa McGhee
2533 Glen Lane
Independence, MO 64052

Think of these testimonies as a gift of light. Each one serves to brighten our way on the pathway of Heaven.

"O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name; make known his deeds among the people. Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him; talk ye of all his wondrous works." Psalm 105:1-2.

Monday, April 23, my husband Pat and I had a great need to call on the Lord. We were at the new home we are buying, which just happens to be next door to my parents, Gladys and Bill Nast. Our two sons, Ryan age 5 and Bradley age 2 were in my folk's backyard playing. Pat and I were painting the livingroom and not paying much attention to the boys. All of a sudden we heard a commotion outside. I didn't know what it was, but I got a horrible sensation something was wrong. Pat, being the closest to the door, went to see what was going on. It was then that I heard my mother screaming! I ran outside and took the situation in at a glance. Pat was holding Bradley, Ryan was right there, and my mother was crying. Immediately I thought something must be wrong with my Dad who has a heart condition. What I didn't realize for the next few minutes was that my mother had just backed the car over Bradley! As quick as we could move, Pat and I jumped in the car and took off for the hospital, which was about ten minutes away. That drive was one of the longest rides of my life. Instead of Bradley screaming as I would have imagined, he grew very still and acted as if he were falling asleep. We figured he was going into shock. Trying hard to fight the panic that was rising in me, I could only think to pray, Dear God, help Bradley.

When we got to the hospital, we couldn't even tell them what part of his body had been run over. My

mother had been so hysterical she hadn't been able to tell us. It wasn't until much later that we learned the whole story. As she was backing out of the driveway, she heard a scream. She stopped the car, jumped out and saw Bradley pinned under her front tire. She had to get back in the car and pull it off him. Knowing this was impossible for her to do without the Lord's help, she immediately began calling on Him to help her, and to save this child.

At the hospital they began cutting his clothes off to find out where he was hurt. I remember by that time, I began a prayer of thanks because I already felt the assurance that the Lord was with us. We could see his right leg was badly injured. It was swollen and bleeding pretty heavily. Pat said later he thought the bone had broken and punctured the skin. He was rushed to x-ray to find out how extensive his injuries were.

Little did we know at that time, but a chain of prayer had already begun. Before we had even arrived at the hospital many prayers in our behalf were going up before the Lord.

When we came out of x-ray, we were greeted by Brother and Sister Bill and Doris Sheldon, Sister Darl Temple, and a few minutes later, Sister Martha Bruner, her daughter Cynthia, and my sister Belinda Smith. We were able to rejoice together as the doctor told us he was going to be fine. Not only were there no broken bones, but there was no need for any surgery or even stitches. His leg was severely bruised and we were told he probably wouldn't be able to walk for four or five days.

The Lord surely blessed us more than we ever imagined. The very next day with a bandaged leg, Bradley was running and playing in the back yard. We have since returned several times to the doctor's office for checkups and each time the doctor marvels that his leg wasn't broken. The nurses call him their miracle baby.

I don't know how word spread so quickly and the prayers were offered and answered so fast, but we are truly thankful for our Brothers and Sisters in the Church and most of all, we're thankful that we have a Heavenly Father who heard our cry in a time of great need. We praise Him and thank Him for sparing our son and blessing us so tremendously.

Yours in Christ,
Michele Fisher

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

God is looking for ordinary people to do extraordinary work.

A TRIBUTE

Most tributes are paid to someone after they have died. This one is written about a person who is very much alive.

My mother-in-law, Lovita Seibel, is a most remarkable, wonderful woman who has spent her life for others. She exemplifies exactly what Christ wants us to be like. She is kind, loving, very gentle (meek), quiet, helpful and full of charity. She has always put others before herself.

First of all, Mom Seibel (and Dad Seibel) raised five children who grew into five fine adults. She and Dad took care of her father (Apostle Gould) in his last months and this entailed intensive care. A short time after Grandpa Gould's death, Mom and Dad took on the responsibility of bringing Winfield Gould (Mom's brother) and several of his children, to the farm to live with them. This was not an easy situation as there was no running water and no indoor plumbing. The nearest laundromat was 15 miles away at Willow Springs, Missouri. Mom never complained. She always accepted without question what God had for her to do.

Mom (Lovita) Seibel worked outside the home as well as taking care of the family. The money she and Dad Seibel earned went not only towards raising their family, but also to help anyone that needed help. There was never new furniture or fancy clothes. These things were not important to Mom and Dad. They did not lust after material things as most of us do. They knew that tithing and helping others was what was important... we are here to further God's work and to love and care for one another.

After the Gould family left the farm, Mom and Dad went to Cherokee, North Carolina, to do missionary work among the Cherokee Indians. They lived for several years in a 27 foot long trailer and they built a church, with God's direction, as they had never built anything before.

After Dad (Harvey M.) Seibel's death, Mom was again doing for others as other family members needed for help.

With everything she has had to do over the years, Mom Seibel has spent much of her life studying God's word and writing study and Sunday School materials. Not many people know, though, that Mom wrote many beautiful poems.

The following poem is my favorite. It is simple and beautiful and no matter how many times I read it, I always get overcome with emotion. It gives me hope, as it applies to me and to each of you reading this tribute.

May you enjoy "The Lord is My Shepherd" as much as I do and may you find the peace and joy it offers.

Suzanne M. Seibel
(Wife of David Seibel)

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

by Lovita Seibel

The Lord is my Shepherd, I am His lost sheep.
I have strayed from His fold to the hills wild and steep.
At first I but wandered a bit from His side,
Near the sound of His voice I had thought to abide.

But the bushes grew thicker, the grasses more tall.
I nibbled at some, then partook of them all.
There are many enticements to lead me astray
From the path of my Shepherd, where He leads the way.

But in turning again my dear Shepherd to find,
I have tarried too long and have fallen behind.
I dash about wildly, feeling anger and fears
That my Shepherd should leave me. I burst into tears.

Along came old Blackthorn, a buck shrewd and wise.
"He'll lead to my Shepherd," was my foolish surmise.
"I will follow him now, for he'll lead the way
And my Shepherd I'll find by the end of the day."

But deep in the thickets lay the course that he went.
I follow him blindly, till his strength is all spent.
I watch his last struggles, he could not arise:
So worn and so weary he gives up and dies.

The day is far spent, the night comes apace.
First one way, then others, I seek madly to trace
The path of my Shepherd. As the night air grows cold
My own strength is ebbing, my fears are fourfold.

Up the steep hills I rush, till I slip, slide and fall.
Now nothing can save me! Oh! nothing at all!
In anguish of spirit I cry out His name,
"My Shepherd! I need thee!" I feel my deep shame.

I crash in a thicket: it catches my wool.
I hang o'er the precipice, my fear has grown full.
The night air with sounds of wild beasts is rent,
My plight I consider, and I sadly repent.

I lift up my voice and breathe a deep prayer,
"Forgive me, dear Shepherd, for leaving thy care."
I sob out my anguish, and recount my woes,
And long for my Shepherd, my need for Him grows.

I dare not to move lest the thorns loose their hold,
And I crash far below to destruction untold.
I shut tight my eyes with a feeling of dread,
And wonder if morning will find me there dead.

Hark! Hark! At first faintly a loved voice I hear,
The sound of my name now reaches my ear.
My Shepherd is coming. His lost sheep to find!
No one is more loving! No one is more kind!

There's a sound of His footfall. Oh joy! He is here!
Light and warmth from His presence I feel when He's near.

His strong arms reach out, and I strive to reach too.
He has come to my rescue as I've hoped He would do.

Oh! How wondrous the feel of His hands holding me!
From thorns of the thicket I am lifted quite free;
Held close to His bosom in arms strong and warm,
I feel Him caress me, I am safe from all harm.

My grief disappears, I'm forgetting my woes;
My heart runneth over, my love for Him grows.
Safe folded I rest, with the sheep of His fold,
My joy in returning can scarcely be told.

You who have wandered from the dear Shepherd's side,
Oh! Call on His name, He will seek far and wide;
For the Lord is your Shepherd, His fold is secure,
His sheep know His voice, His love shall endure.

MY I.O.U.'s TO A VERY SPECIAL PERSON

You know most people look through their wallet or pocketbook and way down at the bottom past the credit cards, baby pictures, and green stamps you usually find a little old dog-eared piece of poetry. I was cleaning out my purse the other day and ran across a whole bunch of IOU's. Some of them 40 years over due. Funny thing is that all these IOU's are owed to one person, and I feel right now might be a pretty good time for an accounting. MOM, ARE YOU LISTENING?

Mom, I owe you for so many things. A lot of services like night watchman, for instance. For lying awake nights listening for coughs, cries, creaking floor boards and me coming in too late.

You had the eye of an eagle and were gentle as a lamb and had a heart as big as a house.

I owe you for services as a short order cook, chef, baker, for making sirloin out of hamburger and a meal fit for a king, and five big kids out of leftovers.

I owe you for cleaning services, for the daily scrubbing of face and ears, all work done by hand, and the frequent dusting of a small girl's pants to try to make sure that she led a spotless life.

I owe you for services as a seamstress, for washing and ironing no laundry could ever do. For drying the tears of childhood and ironing out problems of growing up. I owe you for services as a bodyguard, for protecting me from the terrors of thunderstorms and nightmares and too many green apples.

The Lord surely knows I owe you for medical attention: for nursing me through dislocated hips, measles, a swallowed safety pin, tonsillitis, bronchitis, bruises, bumps, splinters and spring-fever. Let's not forget medical advice either. Oh no, important things like, don't scratch it or it won't get well; if you cross your eyes they're going to stick like that; and most important, brush your teeth and wash behind your ears!!!!!!

I owe you for veterinary services, for feeding every lost cat and dog I dragged home, and for healing the pains of puppy love.

I owe you for entertainment that kept the household going during some pretty tough times. Sometimes you were the object of our teasing laughter. For the wonderful productions at Christmas time, 4th of July and birthdays. For making make-believe come true on a very limited budget.

I owe you for construction work; for building confidences, hopes and dreams and somehow you made them all touch the sky. For cementing a family together so it could stand the worst kind of shocks and blows and for laying down a good strong foundation to build a life on.

I owe you for carrying charges. For carrying me on your books for the necessities of life that a growing girl just has to have. Things like a new pair of shoes for a special occasion, then a dress to go with them.

One thing, Mom, I will never forget -- when there were only two pieces of apple pie left and three hungry people, I noticed that you were the one who suddenly decided that you really didn't like apple pie in the first place.

These are just a very few of the things for which payment is long overdue. The person I owe them to worked very cheap. She managed by simply doing without a whole lot of things that she needed herself.

My IOU's add up to much more than I could ever hope to repay but you know the nicest thing about it all is that I know that she'll mark the entire bill 'PAID IN FULL' for just one kiss and four little words -- MOM, I LOVE YOU. And Mom, I DO LOVE YOU!!!!!!

From your number 1 daughter,
DONNA (Housknecht) Gill

EULOGY

WILBUR L. MORRIS

As Written and Delivered by

John C. Morris

It is the Lord, Who Gives Man Life
and the Lord, Who Gave Life to this man.

It is also the Lord, who takes him home.
Blessed, is the name of the Lord.

While in the hospital, sitting up with Dad, my Aunt Mildred remarked how each of us will remember Bill from our own perspective. To attempt to cover everyone's view in this short time would, of course, be impossible so I will share with you, my father, Bill Morris, through the eyes of his second eldest son.

My dad didn't care much for funerals actually and once remarked to me that he wouldn't have especially cared to attend this one. Dad didn't like to be fussed over.

Of course, I know him best as a family man. My most vivid memories of him will always center around the family dinner table where discussions could range from religion, to national affairs, to who fed the dogs last. Dad loved to draw his children in on the "heavy" topic and quite often after dinner was long over, I or some of the other children would still be seated there around him at the dinner table, sipping coffee and hashing out a topic that began about four helpings of mashed potatoes ago. The dinner table was the focus of our family, particularly at the end of the day, and it was here that anything could be discussed, and what's more, anything could happen. I remember one incident in particular:

Dad at every meal invariably complained that somehow, certain items on the table were not being passed his way. With a certain degree of indignation he would ask for the bread or the sugar or whatever item he lacked, and would punctuate the request with a look or remark that somehow he was being deliberately ignored. One evening when this occurred (I don't firmly recall who started it, but I believe it was either Mike or myself), we all began to pick up every item on the table and pass it down to his end. Nothing that wasn't nailed down was spared. Sugar, bread, jello, plates, forks, knives, spoons, salt and pepper shakers... it ALL was passed down to his end of the table. Except for a few giggles as this procedure continued, not much was said until the operation was accomplished. Finally, when this heap before my father was completed, someone said, "Need anything else, Dad?" It was then, Dad and the rest of us burst into fits of laughter.

The dinner table, as it is for most American families, was our focus at the end of the day. It was a time when

the heads were counted and my father could see "his family" all present before him. To Bill, his family was his life. It was thus fitting I think that Dad, the evening before he entered surgery, requested that his family be gathered around his bedside in the hospital for supper.

My father was a strong man, intimidatingly so sometimes. Bill possessed a constant, quiet strength that drew people to him... total strangers sometimes. At the oddest times, Dad could be drawn aside by someone he'd never met before, and be asked for advice or strength.

However the world perceived him, one thing I'll always know, Wilbur Leon Morris loved his children. He bragged on Michael, the firstborn of the five kids, the doctor in Baltimore. In a sermon Dad delivered once, Bill remarked of Mike, that Michael could have gone the easy route when he joined the service. But when Mike asked the Marine Corps Recruiter what the Marines had to offer, the recruiter responded, "a pretty hard time, son." Michael joined. Dad loved to brag on me, the radio announcer, an occupation he loved and pursued for over a decade. He bragged on Kathy, his only daughter, the nurse, devoted wife and mother of three children. He talked up his second youngest son, David, the organ builder. And the youngest, William Richard, a gifted actor, musician, and photographer, who at present, could do just about anything in this world that he'd care to do.

Daddy, like most fathers, was very protective of his children. My father was not a man given to physical violence, but when someone threatened harm to his children...!

I recall once swimming at a pool in a trailer park near Belton, Missouri where we lived at the time. Two young men were swimming in the pool also. (Young MEN... around 20 years of age.) One of them held me under the water longer than a human being should be held underwater and I ran home, crying and choking. This, by the way, had happened once before to my sister. My father drove all his children down to the poolside, and lined us up. He approached the young man who I'd said had held me under, pointed towards us and shouted, You see these kids?! Well these are my kids! And if you ever lay a finger on them again, I will be back to personally take you apart!! (I didn't have the heart later to tell Dad that he'd chewed out the wrong guy.)

I've heard it said, the best way a father can love his children is to love their mother. My father loved my

mother. He demonstrated his love for Mom in many ways. Dad was not ashamed to touch Mother in front of us. That's not to say that there wasn't problems or periods of strain. I remember a discussion in a car one night in Omaha when I was nine or ten years old. All us kids were lined up in the back seat and Dad and Mom put the question to us, "How would you feel about Mommy and Daddy separating for a little while?" The answer, of course, was a unanimous "No way, Hoh-Hoh-zay!" Well, whatever trial the marriage was suffering at the time, Dad and Mom stayed together. Whatever problems they faced thru the remaining years, Bill remained the head of our household, and together, he and Mom provided us with a close, firm and stable family.

My father was a voracious reader. He had the capacity to absorb knowledge and retain it, indefinitely it seemed.

My dad was a pilot. How he loved to fly. But it was more than the exhilaration and the feeling of flight that turned my father on about it. (If you're a pilot, you'd know what I mean.) An airplane is an unforgiving machine and the forces or nature involved that allow for flight are uncompromising. You don't just say to a thunderhead as you approach it, "Storm, please don't tear my airplane up just this once, OK?" and then fly thru it. Flying is a sport where errors are quite often fatal. That is a good deal of what my dad loved about it. When Dad was flying, his life was totally in his hands and altogether at his command. The cares and responsibilities of the world were turned small and irrelevant, at 8,000 feet below him. When I flew with him, every time after he'd made another successful landing, he would turn to me and smile, "Well, Chris, we cheated death again."

My Dad's major was in speech. My father was an eloquent public speaker and a talented extemporaneous speaker. This talent proved a great asset thru his career as a broadcaster, a journalist, a salesman (Dad was a natural salesman), and in his service to God, as an elder, in the Church of Christ.

Dad as an elder delivered many sermons, although he never cared to call them that (Sermons). He preferred to call them chats or talks. I guess he considered the word "Sermon" too lofty. I asked Dad once if he wanted to be an Elder (I suppose I was challenging his calling). Dad answered me this way: "When the drill sergeant asked for a volunteer to step forward, the whole line took one step back, and left me standing there." I know he struggled with his role as an Elder. Bill took his call to God's service very seriously at home, in his business affairs, and with his family. He used to tell me that it was a struggle because serving the Lord in this world will divide you. If it isn't a struggle, then you're either not working at it very hard, or you were never called in the first place. If that's so, then Bill Morris served his role to God faithfully, My dad loved

and believed in God, and His Son Jesus Christ. He leaves his family and friends a testimony of deep faith. My own faith to my surprise has been strengthened by his death, as well as his life.

Those of us who know him well may have heard my father's testimony of an extraordinary experience he'd had during surgery. The specifics of this experience remain unclear, but the gist of it was this:

My father returned, for a purpose. Dad seemed to have a grander vision of that purpose at first, but thru his decline it was made known to me that Dad was sent back for us, his family, to prepare us for his departure, to give us strength, and to set the household and business affairs in order. With his presence and help over the last year, all this was accomplished.

As for me... I don't view my father's death as a tragedy (The Illness? YES. A Crying Shame. But his death...?).

Bill was a Christian, and for him as a child of God, and a believer, the victory for him is won. I remember once, Dad, after regaining consciousness following surgery, pulling me close, he asked me, "Chris? What if I'd died?" I answered, "Dad. If it comes your time to graduate, I won't stand in your way. Go on home... and I'll see ya later." He smiled, lowered his head, and went back to sleep.

In remembrance of my father's faith, my memory returns again to the family dinner table where Dad's favorite closing line for the blessing was always... "And In the End... Save Us." A peculiar way it may seem, to conclude a table blessing with a plea for mercy, but I have preferred, knowing my father, to think he meant it as a reaffirmation of a promise:

"Endure to the end... and thou shalt be saved."

I know that I speak on behalf of all his children to say...

I am proud to have called this man
Father!

OBITUARIES

WILBUR LEON MORRIS

Wilbur Leon Morris was born to John Elmer Morris and Elizabeth Millicent Durfy Morris on July 19, 1926, at Union, Nebraska, the second youngest of seven children. He graduated from Weeping Water (Nebraska) High School in 1944. Drafted into the Army in 1945, he served on Okinawa and with the Army of Occupation in Korea. After discharge, he majored in radio production at Arlington State University in Texas. Bill loved broadcasting!

On July 6, 1947, Bill married his high school sweetheart - Martha Jane Wallick. To this union were born five children: Michael Steven, John Christopher, Mary Kathryn, David Hunt, and William Richard.

In 1950 Bill received a Bachelor of Science degree in Education from the University of Nebraska. He majored

in Speech, was on the varsity debate team, and was a member of the national debate fraternity, Delta Sigma Rho.

Bill started teaching at Broken Bow, Nebraska, in the Fall of 1950, but his love for broadcasting led him back to that profession. Even when he taught days, he worked evenings and weekends at Broken Bow's radio station, KCNI. He wrote a local weekly program for the Future Farmers of America, who made him an honorary lifetime member because of his work with and interest in the FFA youth.

In 1951 Bill and Martha Jane moved to Kearney, Nebraska, where Bill began a broadcasting career with radio station KGFW and continued that career with a move to Lincoln, Nebraska, where he first worked with KOLN radio, growing with KOLN into television, contributing as Continuity Director, working as both a writer and photographer in the News Department, and serving as Farm Director for several years.

In April 1964 Governor Frank Morrison commissioned Bill an Admiral in the fictitious "Great Navy of the State of Nebraska," because of the promotional work he did for the Lancaster Association for Retarded Children.

When the Morrises first moved to Missouri in 1967, Bill was an instructor for the Kansas City Business College, organizing and teaching their Computer Science course. Later in 1967 he joined the Kansas Regional Medical Program as Coordinator of Special Services. By 1970 he started his own computer business for small companies, while at the same time working in data processing in the Bulk Mailing Center for the U.S. Post Office.

While reaching his goal of starting his own business, he also realized a life-long dream... to fly. Flying to Bill was the ultimate experience. Bill's favorite quote from John Gillespie McGhee expressed flying as "the high, untrodden sanctity of space, where you can put out your hand and touch the face of God."

In 1981 Bill bought into a paramedical company, Medical Information Services, Inc. He remained a partner in this company until his death on April 13, 1984.

Bill loved God and all men. He was a member of the Church of Christ and was ordained an Elder on January 2nd, 1977, serving the Church until his death.

Preceding Bill in death was his son, David, in 1977. Surviving are his wife, Martha Jane; four children; four grandchildren; three brothers: H.E. Morris, Platteville, Colo.; Cecil Morris, Roca, Nebr.; and John C.F. Morris, Salem, MO.; three sisters: Mrs. Lois Harris and Mrs. Mildred Hooker, Cowgill, Mo; and Mrs. Enid Bell, Grand Junction, Colo.

ELDER GEORGE I. BRANTNER

Mr. George I. Brantner was born in Rockford, Michigan on April 12, 1909, the son of Charles and Effie (Wilson) Brantner. He and Sarah Elizabeth Hoskins were married on January 4, 1929, in Rockford. Mr. Brantner was a member of the Church of Christ, Temple Lot, and had served as minister since 1950. Mr. Brantner was also a member of the Johnson County Senior Opportunity Services, serving as president for 8 years. He was a retired truck driver and farmer and had been a Warrensburg resident for the past 15 years. He is survived by his wife Sarah of the home; three sons, Charles of Leeton, Gale of Cedar Springs, Michigan, and Richard of Eagle, Michigan; two daughters, Mrs. Jeanette Cunningham of Warrensburg, Jeanee Stephens of Warrensburg; 19 grandchildren and 25 great-children. A son, George Daniel, preceeded him in death. Mr. Brantner passed away Thursday, March 29, 1984, at his home at the age of 74 years.

After Brother George's love for his Heavenly Father and the Lord Jesus, his life was filled with love for his dear wife Sarah, for his children, grandchildren, great grandchildren, and for all with whom he had contact. He truly loved people and set an example for all to follow, one of honesty, decency, and integrity beyond reproach.

As he traveled in his ministry, he was always greeted by those in his Church with the warmest of love and affection.

His knowledge of the Scriptures and the teaching of the Church was vast, and he stood firm in the divine principles which he knew to be true. His greatest joy in life was to bring to people an understanding knowledge of the Gospel commandments, and a hope in the glorious Resurrection and reward of Eternal Life in the Heavenly Realm which follows this earthly life.

This world was truly made a much better place in which to live because of his life, and shall continue to be so, because of those sacred truths which he both taught and lived.

We feel that our loss is Heaven's gain. Each of us must try to live our lives so that we shall be counted worthy to follow him in our time and inherit the Kingdom of Heaven.

Services were held at the Holdren Funeral Home, Warrensburg, MO, Monday, April 2, 1984, at 2:00 p.m. Interment was in the Sunset Hill Cemetery, with Apostle Robert Jensen officiating and Elder Isaac Brockman assisting.

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God is as great in minuteness as He is in magnitude.

IN MEMORY OF UNCLE T.

Today our hearts feel great pain,
 First the thunder, then the rain,
 For T. W. Paschall has passed away
 After serving God throughout his days.
 Now he and Sweet Jesus can walk side by side.
 Knowing he was my uncle fills my heart with pride.
 He is in Heaven now, but his memories are here,
 I can still hear his words and they are crystal clear.

Written by Randal Tyler

40th ANNIVERSARY

Isaac and Ruth Brockman, 1208 Baker Drive, Independence, Missouri, will celebrate their 40th anniversary on July 8, 1984. Their children and grandchildren, Isaac, Jr., Diane, Michelle and Aimee Brockman and Dave, Cheryl, David and Cherish Taylor will host a reception on July 7, 1984, from 2:30 to 4:30 at the Roger T. Sermon Community Center in Independence. All friends and relatives are cordially invited to come and join them in this celebration.

ATTENTION LOCALS AND ISOLATED MEMBERS, TOO!

The General Sunday School Association now has available 4 quarterlies written by Sister Alice Larsen called "JESUS' LIFE AND TEACHINGS." These quarterlies are for the ages of 8 to 10 year olds (but children a year or two older or younger could also find them profitable).

These quarterlies all together contain 52 lessons. Each lesson covers a specific topic on Christ's life or his teaching, along with a memory verse, quotes from the scripture (or scripture references), an explanation of the topic, and questions to see if the children have comprehended the lesson.

These lessons are a thorough study of Jesus' life and teachings. The lessons begin with "Our Creator" and end with "Jesus Taught the Nephites." We encourage you to take advantage of this quarterly written by one of our own members. If you are interested in ordering some, please write:

Becky Sheldon
 (General Sunday School Secretary)
 Rt. 1, Box 315
 Grain Valley, MO 64029

THANK YOU

Thank you, my brothers, sisters and friends of the gospel of Christ. Your kindness has helped my family and I in our time of so great loss and grief.

The flowers, food, money, cards, songs, messages and the attendances, and the love shown is so greatly appreciated. I know the feeling of protecting arms around me are the prayers of those of like precious faith.

Sister Sarah Brantner

GREETING FROM GRAND JUNCTION

Spring is busting out all over. We have quite a snowfall in the mountains, just waiting to melt and rush down the hills, where it will crowd the banks of the streams and rivers. You might remember the flooding which occurred last year and kept our members in low-lying areas in your prayers. Today, as I began writing this, the rain was coming down steadily, preventing us from doing the laundry-hanging and gardening needed, but giving me the opportunity to work on this report.

March began with the Sacrament service. We again enjoyed the presence of Dick and Velma Wheaton, who had braved the long drive that morning from their home in Vernal, Utah. Their testimonies assure us that God watched over those scattered and isolated church members, tending to their needs with a watchful eye. Our prayer list was long that day, and we hope that our prayers were much availing.

A few thoughts from sermons: We should be touched as deeply by the needs of friends and others as we are by the needs of loved ones and blood kin. Strength, knowledge, health, comfort, anything that is good can come through prayer - to quote Brother Bob Ely.

On the evening of March 20, our pastor and brother Marvin Carroll was little expecting to meet with trouble as he climbed the ladder onto the roof of his new home. Somehow, the ladder slipped and he was sent flying, taking a rough landing which injured his back. Sister Bernieces's flowers to him had a card enclosed, which read that angels don't have wings to fly! Marvin testified that as Brother Harvey Bell administered to him that evening, he felt something move in his back. The hand of the Lord was working to heal him of a serious injury. The next day, he was taken to the hospital by ambulance, where it was determined that he had suffered a broken vertebrae. The attendants handled him roughly in taking the necessary x-rays, eliciting a remark from Marvin that he'd be glad to come back some day and teach them a little first-aid! We are so thankful to see the rapid progress made in his recovery, and know that it is indeed the power of God which has made this possible.

Another testimony of God's protection came to the Bell family, after a sleepless night and worried day, wondering where Russ was and if he was still counted among the living. His truck had mired down on a back road, and after spending the night trying unsuccessfully to get it out, he and his friends faced a fifteen-mile walk out to civilization, which still left them miles from home. It was with relief and thankfulness that a tired dirty young man was greeted by his parents that evening. I guess the moral of the story is, never drive farther than you want to get towed back. Or, possibly, never enter the "forbidden paths," as you may get mired down and have to face a rougher pathway out. Johnny preached that same evening of the return of the prodigal son, and part of his sermon dealt with mercy and justice, of which he had just experienced an exercising. He also read the scripture that says, "Let your soul delight in fatness," which I have taken to heart!

Our April sacrament service was well attended. Marvin Carroll was there as visual witness of his blessing. Visiting from Missouri was Raymond Roberts, Hellen's son, who had driven their new car here from the plant where he works. The following week, we received news that Ron Church was in the hospital in Independence, MO. We are glad to see him back with us again.

Brother Harvey Bell was our speaker one morning and recited a few innocent comments made by children. One little boy asked his friend, "How come every time I come to your house, your Grandma is reading the Bible?" The friend replied, "She must be cramming for her finals." Are we doing our best to prepare for the great and final test? Is Sunday just another day to us? Are our activities on the Sabbath of a proper nature? After we are forgiven, do we go and sin no more? A little girl asked her daddy at storytime, "Is that true, or are you just preaching?"

Sister Hellen Carroll offered her home for the April meeting of the United Workers. We continued our study in Philippians, where in the fourth chapter, Paul asked the men of the church to help the women who had laboured with him in the gospel. It does not mention that these women were ordained, but we feel that their example was a shining one, and that they worked to further the gospel and its way of life among their fellowmen. "Fellowman" is a word used to encompass those bond and free, black and white, male and female, the brotherhood of men who stand in need of salvation. We would do well to heed Paul's statement there, "... for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." We also held the election of officers that evening, with the following results:

Chairman - Shirley Ely
 Asst. Chair. - Enid Bell
 Sect./Treas. - Violet Church
 Teacher - Becky Downs (with the Lord's help)

Several worthy subjects brought to us in sermons: the importance of early training and belief in the gospel; the confidentiality of paying and receiving tithing and offerings; of help to the needy done privately. If we aren't searching for the old paths as they are written in the scriptures, we aren't really looking, and consequently won't find them.

We met together on the evening of April 22, to hear a conference report from Brother Marvin Ely. He has been very good to us in bringing news of conference activities and his own personal impressions. This helps us to understand the issues and questions before the church, and in speaking with others and reading the conference minutes, we get a much better-rounded picture. The prayers of the Solemn Assembly are directed toward five specific purposes, which are:

1. To seek the will of the Lord.
2. That the Lord will spare his people from deception and discouragement.
3. That we may reach the honest in heart, with the Lord's help.
4. That the Lord will make the church a place of peace and refuge.
5. That the conference procedure will be done under God's guidance, in humility, with discernment and patience.

Marvin discussed the referendum bills with us, that we might be better prepared to make a decision. I hope I have fairly represented his report, and if not, my apologies to Brother Marvin. I feel that he has been very generous with his time in keeping us informed locally.

In a sermon, Brother John Bell stated, "We seek eternal life, and that is why we are here today. Eternal Life is not hid in a maze of indistinct doctrines and laws. But there is a price of dedication and repentance." If the righteous scarcely be saved, where do the ungodly and sinners appear? They think the Lord will not cast them off, consigned to an endless torment for their wrong-doing. People need to see us live a Godly life, and hear us voice our hope and faith. Honesty, morality, humility — know what to do and do them. Modern popular evangelists don't tell people enough "right" to get them to eternal life. They philosophize their victims into a corner and leave them there. The truth makes us free to hope for better things.

A few random notes from sermons: The prophets never foretold a correction of the scriptures. They never foretold a changeable God, either, so be very cautious of people who believe so. If we ask in real intent for the truth of any matter, we will gain that knowledge through the power of the Holy Ghost. The children of Israel were afraid to approach the Lord, so they sent Moses up on the mountain to hear Him, then asked Moses what to believe. We need no mediator between

us and the Lord, for he sees and hears us in our secret closets.

In view of certain developments in other churches around us, we have had opportunity to study and reflect upon these matters in our various study groups. Most of us concluded that, although Christ never called or ordained women to the priesthood, never gave them that authority to preach, baptize, lay on hands, or bless the sacrament. He gave women a great charge to raise our children in the gospel, to support our husbands and ordained ministry in their work for the Lord, and to be an example with good works, "which becometh women professing Godliness." Timothy must have had such a mother, for Paul charged him thus: "But continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them; and that from a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." That's found in II Timothy 3:14-15.

We hope for better things for us all. Grace, mercy and peace from God the Father and Christ Jesus our Lord, which is our hope.

In gospel bonds,
Becky Downs, reporter

NORTHERN MICHIGAN CAMPOUT

The 1984 Northern Michigan Campout will be held the third weekend of July (July 21-22) at the home of Jay and Evelyn Lee, near Marion, Michigan. So pack up your campers, trailers, tents, or whatever, and head for the North and a weekend of fun and spiritual enrichment.

Refer any questions about the campout to:

Jay Lee
Rt. No. 1
Marion, Michigan 49665
Phone: 616/743-6617

MISSOURI REUNION

- Date: Friday, Saturday & Sunday, August 10-11-12, 1984. First meeting to begin at 9:00 a.m., August 10.
- Place: Warrensburg, Missouri at East Hudson Conference Ctr.
- Location: East Anderson St., east off Hwy. 13 in Warrensburg.
- Lodging: Rooms are \$14.00 for a single room & \$20.00 for a double room per night. Pay as you enter, linens are furnished.

Food: Meals will be furnished, desserts included. Donations will be accepted from those who dine with us. We would like to know approximately how many plan on attending so the menu can be prepared. Please notify Jeanette Cunningham, Rt. 5, Warrensburg, MO 64093.

There is plenty of room for all. Arrangements can be made for disabled if we know ahead of time.

Let us all try to attend and worship and associate together to make this the best Missouri Reunion ever.

THE TRI-STATE REUNION FOR 1984

The Minneapolis Minnesota Church of Christ has obtained the use of the Group Camp at Whitewater State Park, about ten miles north of St. Charles, Minnesota for the 1984 Tri-State Reunion. It is reached readily on State highway 74 which runs through the center of the park.

The dates for the reunion will be August 31 through September 2. Entry into the camp for our use will be from 2:30 p.m. on August 31, and we expect to decamp on the morning of September 3.

We find the camp ideal, with clean sleeping facilities, a new sanitary facility this year with hot and cold showers, and, we think, very satisfactory facilities to meet together and be fed spiritually and physically. Ample space and facility for spare time recreation is everywhere at hand.

Some warm blankets, clean, plain clothes and yourself, are all you need to bring. A nominal park-use stamp must be procured at the park office for each car entering the camp. Inquire for day rates.

We welcome the news if you plan to meet with us. Your card or letter may be addressed to Merlin Eddy, 12115 - Rich Valley Blvd., Rosemount, Minnesota 55068.

We would like to see (and hear) you there.

The Minneapolis Minnesota, Church of Christ.

DIRECTORY OF OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES

APOSTLE E. Leon Yates appointed in joint charge with Apostle Roland L. Sarratt of Missouri; in joint charge with Apostle Don E. McIndoo of Mexico. Rt. #1, Box 101B, Mack's Creek, Missouri 65786.

APOSTLE Don W. Housknecht appointed in charge of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio; the provinces of Manitoba, Ontario and Quebec, Canada, east of the St. Lawrence

River and the Maritime Provinces. 1909 East Grover's Avenue, Space #15, Phoenix, Arizona 85022.

APOSTLE Robert H. Jensen appointed in charge of Montana, North Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Nebraska and Iowa. 2230 Clay, Bellevue, Nebraska 68005.

APOSTLE Marvin E. Ely appointed in charge of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, Kansas, Oklahoma, Alaska, and Western Canada, west of a line between Saskatchewan and Manitoba. 236 32 Rd., Grand Junction, Colorado 81503.

APOSTLE William A. Sheldon appointed in charge of Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, North Carolina, South Carolina, and the European Field. 1011 South Cottage, Independence, Missouri 65050.

APOSTLE Don E. McIndoo appointed in charge of California, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas and Louisiana; in joint charge with Apostle E. Leon Yates of Mexico. 18830 N. 30th Street, Phoenix, Arizona 85024.

APOSTLE Roland L. Sarratt appointed in joint charge with Apostle E. Leon Yates of Missouri. 15910 E. 36th Terr., Independence, Missouri 64055.

OTHER MISSIONARY APPOINTMENTS:

EVANGELIST James M. Case appointed full time under the direction of the Council of Apostles, to be available upon request in any field, and to serve as the General Church Representative in the office. 1106 E. Gudgell, Independence, Missouri 64055.

EVANGELIST VICENTE POOT appointed to labor fulltime under the supervision of Apostles E. Leon Yates and Don E. McIndoo in the Republic of Mexico. Quintana Roo, Mexico.

EVANGELIST Placido Koyoc Yam appointed to labor fulltime under the supervision of Apostles E. Leon Yates and Don E. McIndoo in the Republic of Mexico. Yucatan, Mexico.

ELDER John J. Schut appointed to labor fulltime in the European Field under the supervision of Apostle William A. Sheldon. 7500DD, Enchede, The Netherlands, Europe.

BISHOPRIC

Leslie P. Case: Secretary, 8312 Lee's Summit Road, Kansas City, Missouri 64139

Oren A. Caviness: Rt. #1, Box 67, Preston, MO 65732

Nicholas F. Denham: Assistant to the General Church Business Manager, 4116 S. Cottage, Independence, Missouri 64055

Frank Fann: 1404 S. 5th, Midlothian, Texas 76065

Alvin Harris: General Church Business Manager. 3405 S. Leslie, Independence, Missouri 64055

Edward H. Podhola: 3201 Chandler, Lincoln Park, Michigan 43146

C. LeRoy Wheaton, Jr.: 412 S. Hocker, Independence, Missouri 64050

OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES:

Numbers in parentheses () indicates the number of years to serve from the 1984 conference.

GENERAL CHURCH REPRESENTATIVE: Elder James M. Case, 1106 E. Gudgell, Independence, Missouri 64055

GENERAL CHURCH SECRETARY: Robert W. Oldham, 5709 Logan Rd., Kansas City, Missouri 64136

GENERAL CHURCH RECORDER: Isaac Brockman, Sr., 1208 Baker Drive, Independence, Missouri 64050

GENERAL CHURCH CHORISTER: Martha Bruner, 1705 S. Hands, Independence, Missouri 64055

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ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Gary Housknecht, 2901 S. Norwood, Independence, Missouri 64052

Diana Brockman, 201 S. Chrysler, Independence, Missouri 64050

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Belinda Smith (2), 5701 Logan Rd., Kansas City, Missouri 64136

Amy Schrader (1), 5625 Logan Rd., Kansas City, Missouri 64136

AUDITING COMMITTEE: Ron Temple (3), 5621 Logan Rd., Kansas City, Missouri 64136

Smith N. Brickhouse (2), 5713 Logan Rd., Kansas City, Missouri 64136

Larry Beem (1), 209 Telstar Street, Norman, OK 73069

REFERENDUM COMMITTEE: Steve McGhee (3), 2533 Glen Lane, Independence, Missouri 64052

Isaac Brockman, Jr., (2), 201 Chrysler, Independence, Missouri 64050

Ray Hunholz (1), 12919 E. 50th Terr., Independence, Missouri 64055

RELATIONS COMMITTEE: Marvin E. Ely (3), 236 32 Rd., Grand Junction, Colorado 81503

Robert H. Jensen (2), 2230 Clay, Bellevue, Nebraska 68005

Don E. McIndoo (1), 18830 N. 30th Street, Phoenix, Arizona 85024

GENERAL CHURCH HISTORIAN: Robert H. Jensen (3), 2230 Clay, Bellevue, Nebraska 68005

ASSOCIATE HISTORIANS: James M. Case (3), 1106 E. Gudgel, Independence, Missouri 64055

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The 1985 Ministers' Conference (general membership) for the Church of Christ (Temple Lot) will commence Sunday, March 31, 1985. The business sessions will start at 9:00 A.M. Monday, April 1. A Solemn Assembly will be held prior to the conference, March 29 and 30, 1985.

The 1984 Ministers' Conference (priesthood membership) of the Church of Christ (Temple Lot) will be held Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 15th, 16th and 17th at Independence, Missouri.

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