

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;" 1 Nephi 3:187*

Vol. 63

Independence, Missouri • October, 1986

No. 10

You Are A Lighthouse

What are you doing upon life's journey?
How do you walk along the way?
Do you reflect the Christ of Glory
In what you do, in what you say?
You are a lighthouse in the darkness,
You are a finger-post to show
Which is the narrow Path to Heaven,
And light the pathway as you go.
What kind of rays shine from your beacon?
Do they show clear the danger zone?
Or is the glass so fogged and clouded
That men are lured to rocks unknown?
What is the wording on thy sign-post?
Does it declare that Christ is God
With letters clear that judgment is real,
Then point the Path where He has trod?
We said today in dangerous waters,
Rocks of false doctrine strewn around;
We ne'er could steer through shifting sandbanks
Were not our Compass true and sound.
That no false beams from it depart,
Thy Compass search to find direction,
Then steer thy course by "the Written Chart."
From Jewish Hope

CONTENTS

Stop and Take Stock	p. 146	Our Gift To God	p. 151
God's Love Manifest In The Peace Corps	p. 147	Darwin, "The Believer"	p. 152
Missionary Trip To The British Isles	p. 151	Listen To The Agony of God	p. 153

Editor's Note: This issue has been cut back from 16 pages to 12 pages due to a second consecutive month of insufficient material.

Zion's Advocate

ZION'S ADVOCATE (USPS 6993-0000)
 Official publication of The Church of Christ
 Headquarters on the Temple Lot, 200 S. River Blvd.
 Independence, Missouri 64051-0472
 Phone: (816) 833-3995 - 833-3914

EDITOR

Elder Gary Housknecht, 2901 S. Norwood, Indep., Missouri 64052
 Phone 816/252-8702

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Diane Brockman, 201 S. Crysler, Indep., MO 64050 — 252-0320
 Michael McGhee, 18907 E. 6th Street, Indep., MO 64056 — 796-6255

BUSINESS MANAGER OF THE ADVOCATE

Alvin L. Harris, 3405 South Leslie, Independence, MO 64055

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE CHURCH OF CHRIST
 (Temple Lot) 200 South River Boulevard, P.O. Box 472, Independence,
 Missouri 64051-0472

Second Class Postage Paid at Independence, Missouri

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Zion's Advocate
 (USPS 6993-0000), P.O. Box 472, Independence, MO 64051-0472.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Subscription rates to members paid from
 general funds. In bundles of twelve or more for missionary purposes,
 \$2.00. Non-member rates: one year-\$4.00; Canadian and all foreign
 rates-\$4.50.

Send all donations for the Temple Fund, the Storehouse, Consecrations, Tithes, Offerings and Subscriptions for The Advocate to:

Church of Christ (Temple Lot)
 Attn.: Alvin L. Harris, Business Manager
 200 S. River Blvd.
 P.O. Box 472
 Independence, Missouri 64051-0472

Secretary, Council of Apostles: William A. Sheldon, 1011 S.
 Cottage, Independence, Missouri 64050.

Secretary, Council of Bishops: Leslie P. Case, 8312 Lee's
 Summit Rd., Kansas City, Missouri 64139.

General Church Representative in the Office: James M. Case,
 1106 E. Gudgell, Independence, Missouri 64055.

General Church Secretary: Robert W. Oldham, 5709 Logan
 Road, Kansas City, Missouri 64136.

WRITTEN MATERIAL FOR ZION'S ADVOCATE REQUESTED

Articles, sermons, poems, news items, letters, notices, etc., which are appropriate to be printed in this paper are requested by the editorial staff. If possible, they should be typewritten on one side of a sheet only, double spaced and grammatically corrected. Send all material to the Editor (see address listed above). The deadline for each month is the 5th of the previous month.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES

All individual articles published in this paper are opinions of the author and do not necessarily reflect the teachings of the Church or the opinions of the Editorial Staff. All authorized declarations and notices coming from the General Conference, the Council of Apostles or the General Bishopric reflect the practices and beliefs of the General Church.

Editorial from the Past . . .

Stop and Take Stock

The close of another conference year is near at hand. As we take an inventory of the year's activities, we should try to evaluate our contributions to the success of the Lord's work. Have we, as individuals, given that which has built a stronger work? Have we, as a people, made forward strides in our mission to carry the message of salvation and hope, the fulness of the gospel, to those who sit in darkness?

While looking through the May, 1939, issue of the Advocate, which gives a full account of the Ministers' Conference of that year and which set up many of our present regulations, we find a number of testimonies of the presence of the Spirit of God and of the bright outlook that those present felt.

One testimony recorded in that issue reads, "In conclusion, we would mention the fact that we were not left to ourselves, but that in the prayer meetings, the preaching services and all such devotional services the Spirit of God was present in power, and His voice was heard in our assemblies in the outward

gifts of the gospel, tongues, prophecies, etc. And for the first time in our connection with the Church of Christ, we closed the conference with a prayer and sacramental service, which, in itself, was a veritable Pentecost, and melted to tears and dissolved personal differences, and made us ONE in our coming to you as the servants of God."

The secretary of the conference closed the minutes of that conference with these words: "After two hours and a half of 'sitting together in heavenly places,' it was moved to adjourn according to previous resolution. Carried.

"Thus ended one of the most important and constructive conferences ever held by the Church of Christ."

During that closing assembly, Apostle Arthur M. Smith delivered the following message:

"Thus saith the Spirit, at this time, unto you my ministry, as you go from this place fed by the hidden manna, filled with the Spirit that I have poured out upon you, go unto those who have been denied this

privilege, that they, too, may partake of the spiritual manna that you have enjoyed.

"Yea, and inasmuch as this shall be accomplished, and you bear the message that has been brought to you here in this place, the message of love and mercy and peace, carrying with it the message of the gospel of the Son of God restored in these last days, there shall come to the people of this church that uplift that shall cause them to rejoice in the service of God, and go forward without hesitation unto the consumation of his purpose. Thus saith the Spirit."

Not long after that conference came the war which curtailed the church's activities, as many of us will remember.

Following the war, the church pushed out to carry on her missionary activities which included the renewing of her activities abroad as well as opening the new field in Yucatan. The readers of the Advocate have been cheered by the testimonies of hope and comfort, resulting from these activities, born by members both at home and abroad.

May we stop and carefully take stock to see if we are making the progress that we should? Are we using our time and our talents to do the work which the Lord has called us, the carrying of the fullness of the gospel to those who have been denied these things?

In III Nephi 10:1-4 we read, "But if they (the gentiles N.F.D.) will repent, and hearken unto my words, and harden not their hearts, I will establish

my church among them, and they shall come in unto the covenant, and be numbered among this the remnant of Jacob, unto whom I have given this land for their inheritance, and they shall assist my people, the remnant of Jacob; and also as many of the house of Israel as shall come, that they may build a city, which shall be called the New Jerusalem; and then shall they assist my people that they may be gathered in, who are Jerusalem. And then shall the power of heaven come down among them; and I also will be in the midst, and then shall the work of the father commence, at that day even when this gospel shall be preached among the remnant of this people."

Our task is to carry the fullness of the gospel as contained in the Bible and the Book of Mormon to this remnant of Jacob as well as to other people in order that the city may begin to be built as Christ said it would be.

The headlines in the newspapers are ablaze with warnings of the impending disaster that is coming upon this nation and we, though we have long known of its coming, waste our time and talents in quibbling over points of doctrine.

We are reminded of the song which reads, "Awake to union and be one, or, saith the Lord, ye are not mine." Let us lay aside these side-issues and get to the task of building upon that solid foundation while there is time left, because the time is running out.

Nicholas F. Denham
March 1957

God's Love Manifest In The Peace Corps

by SHARRON EDDY
Clinton, Missouri

Shortly after being accepted in the Peace Corps, and before reporting to training, I dreamed I was riding a bicycle down a paved lane on a long journey. Three times along the way I spotted gold coins reposing in the soft tar of the pavement, and I stopped to pick them up before going on my way, spirits heightened and joyous at the enrichment. Then I returned home to the place I had left, and walked in to find that someone had died, but that places that had been dark were now lighted with an intense, silent, singing light; and I saw a figure cradling a baby. . . .

Peace Corps is a U.S. government program introduced by President Kennedy in 1961. It's an organization that trains and transports qualified individuals to third world countries that have a

demand for their particular skills, and that have developed programs that can be implemented during a two-year span. The volunteer's role is to bring together the resources at hand in village, host country government, and U.S. government to achieve development projects that have been recognized as valuable by the people of the village in which he or she is stationed. My assigned program was forestry, or rather, in the case of Senegal, reforestation.

Senegal is a small West African country, approximately the size of South Dakota, with a population of about 5 million. It was a French colony until gaining independence in the early 1960's. Situated on the west coast, below the magnificent Sahara, in the same drought belt as Ethiopia, Sudan, Chad, etc., its climate is hot and dry; and its economy is

restricted accordingly.

I came to Senegal in August 1983, along with 12 other volunteers, after completing 6 weeks of technical training in Arizona. In Senegal, we spent 10 more weeks in language and cross-cultural training as we acclimatized to the strange surroundings, experienced our first bouts with parasites and viral fevers, and came to depend upon one another for the comfort and support we used to receive from the proximity of family and friends. One of the benefits of training was that after 10 weeks of it, we were so weary of cramming French grammar and vocabulary into our heads that we were all but eager to be set down alone in a strange place where all we could say was "how are you?" At last we were sent in thirteen different directions to begin our two years amongst the Senegalese. My village assignment was Ndiobene.

Ndiobene (in jo ben) is a small village of about 250 people. It is of the Serere ethnic group, the traditional farmers of Senegal. Like most rural villages theirs is an agricultural economy, the cash crop being the French-introduced peanut; and the main food crop being millet. When I was first installed in the village, the Sereres welcomed me with the understanding that I had come to plant trees, and to live with them and learn their language and their customs.

The first three months in the village were the hard ones. I experienced culture shock — that shaky circumstance of being in so strange an environment that one has no frames of reference with which to measure and understand what goes on around you. Besides trees, the villagers didn't know what to expect from me. Beyond daily meals and my grass hut, I didn't know what to expect from them. And the first three months were ones of straining with delicate, intuitive feelers, to discover just where each other's boundaries would fall. The language barrier created a certain kind of isolation. I was never alone physically, but mentally I was very much alone; and I remember the daily struggle of intense concentration, straining to glean any small trace of meaning from the barrage of friendly faces, gestures and verbal gibberish that surrounded me. There were nights I would lie awake on my bed, door closed, alone at last, thinking over the day. I would realize that we had communicated, but I would not be able to remember how it was we had managed to do it. There is something to be said for telepathy or discovering spirits. I know that our first communications had little to do with the spoken work; and that, since Peace Corps, I am much more likely to draw meaning from a person's spiritual bearing — a lesson I have come to value.

The food, too, was strange at first. Meals were either millet or rice with very occasionally, a vegeta-

ble on top, covered over with a thin leaf sauce. They were eaten around a common bowl, with the right hand; each person taking food from the area directly in front of him. If present, any kind of garnish was doled out by the women, who made sure that each family member got a biteful of carrot or a few bites of fish. I realized from the start that I was getting the best of all they had; and their sacrifice made a big impact on me. Women would bring me eggs from their chickens because they knew I liked them; and I would accept, knowing their own children did not get enough protein, but unable to decline the only gift they felt they could give me that I would truly enjoy. In an effort to return their kindness I would bring fruit and biscuits (kin to animal crackers) home for the children when I came back from town. There soon developed what I called my "biscuit crowd" — an assortment of little ones who would run through the village paths calling to one another that I was coming when they saw me approach on my bike. By the time I entered my family's compound there would be 10 or 20 of them around my door, waiting to see what I'd brought them.

Finally those first three months dwindled, and it was time to start our nursery. I had prepared a list of work vocabulary words, just to insure that I would be able to get the main points across; but I was still nervous that things wouldn't work out — that they wouldn't understand me; that they wouldn't want to do the work, that I wouldn't be able to find what we needed, etc. But as I met their serious, expectant, patient, kind faces, I knew I needn't have feared. Men and boys, both, turned out, all working to understand what it was I *meant* when I spoke; and eager to work. I'm not a public speaker — village meetings never came and went without a great effort on my part — but as I grew closer to the villagers, the meetings became progressively more eloquent and satisfying.

As the first project progressed, my capacity for the language improved and I began to relax and allow the villagers to fill in the gap of loneliness that had been created when I left home. My personality, that had been traumatized, began to uncurl, resurface, and let itself be seen. The villagers grew accustomed to me, too. Though I would always have to return more greetings, make more conversation, and explain more trips into town than anyone else in the village, they were accustomed to seeing me in the fields, or at the well for bath water, or writing at my desk, or visiting neighbors. I was no longer such a fresh novelty, and we all could relax.

We worked hard on the tree project. We planted a hectare (2.5 acres) with trees and protected them with a windbreak. Half of the plot was in fruit trees; and the women carried heavy pans of water on their heads the quarter mile to the orchard to water the

tiny struggling things. At the meeting that was held to discuss watering (the rainy season was in grim quiescence that year), the men posed the question that had been wandering my mind; "Can we dig a well?" I was relieved to discover they had been thinking and caring about the trees; and our second project fell naturally into place.

We dug our well. It took us eleven months, through 29 meters of hard clay and laterite. I had begun to fret about where we would find money to finish it should the original U.S. AID funding run out, when the digger's pick axe loosed a chunk that uncovered a cold sweet vein of life, and the water surged up to a depth of five meters. It also loosed a mighty rejoicing in the village. It would mean water for gardens and fruit trees, which would mean fruit and vegetables for their families.

The longer we lived together, the deeper ran our mutual respect and trust. After the well, came a system of water basins, connected underground with PCV tubing, from which garden plots and fruit trees could be watered. Then a system by which water could be drawn in a barrel (with the use of a set of pulleys and ropes sent over by my father). In the village, we made stoves of mud and sand that regulated the air flow to the cook fires and cut fuel consumption by 30% to 40%. Then the women came to me with money they had saved from the sale of their wild tea and vegetables. They wished to do a project, only they were torn between whether this would be a millet grinding machine or a women's center, as I didn't have enough time remaining to find funding for both. The grinder would save them 2 to 3 hours of the daily labor of pounding millet into flour with large wooden mortars and pestles; and it would give them a source of income from the small fees charged for grinding. The center would give them a chance to learn sewing and tie-dyeing and to have access to a government-trained teacher who could instruct them in important matters such as health, child-care, and gardening. They decided on the grinder; and I wrote the reports and started them through the process of obtaining government approval before coming home to visit at the end of the first year.

At home a surprise awaited me. I expected to slip quietly back into home life for a few weeks, visit my ailing grandmother, and relish in the familiarity of being back with family, friends and culture. I did do these things, but it was not the quiet affair I imagined it would be. Ethiopia had been in the news and people were much concerned with the plight of Africa. I was as heavily bombarded by Americans' interest in the Africans as I had been by the Africans' interest in me. This interest culminated in my grateful acceptance of their desire to help. I returned to Senegal and told the women I was sure we could get

funds quickly from the people of America; and we proceeded with the women's center project — which was later funded by the people of the Warrensburg local Church of Christ and Donnie Case's Rotary Club, through Peace Corps Partnership.



But enough of work. What of the people? They were accepting of me and generous to the point of sacrifice. They never tired of viewing my pictures from home; and they felt they could never repay me for the sacrifice I had made in leaving my family and the richness of my country. And they worried over my health whenever I got fevers or other ailments. On such occasions they would declare that I was down from too much work and that I should take it easy or my parents would think that Senegal was bad for me. They would always press me to thank my parents for allowing me to come to them. There was an unspoken understanding that though I was richer than they, it did not matter to me whether I lived richly or poorly, and that made our economic differences of no consequence to us. We worked side by side. They knew about raw materials and labor and I knew about governments and funders. We pitched our fortunes together to make the village a wider place to live. But they were ever conscious that someday I'd be going home; and as our trust and love for one another grew, that day was talked about with increasing sadness.

I knew early on that it was going to be a wrench to leave them. Besides the regard of the villagers in general, I had gained the love of two very close friends. As the time approached we talked of it less and less, and it weighed on our consciousness more and more. Even through the rush of completing projects and close of service reports, there was an ach-

ing heaviness in my heart, dark with unspoken sadness. They gave a large party, with tam-tams and dancing and gifts to me, but even this normal outlet for high emotion didn't disperse the core of silent sadness; and we cried when I left — a rare sight in Senegal. Theirs is not a culture for embracing — our good-byes were merely a hand extended and held for perhaps the last time. Leaving them was one of the hardest things I've ever done.

Since returning home I've received many letters from the few villagers who know French. They are

still full of praise for me, and thanks for what I've "done." How could I ever convince them that I left with so much more than I had arrived with? I had talked to them about how inconsequential riches are to happiness. But I had no words to describe how rich I was made through my life with them. But maybe words were not needed. After all, they were not much help at first, who could expect them to suffice at the last? And in the end we parted in the wordless silence of God's language — may He bring us together again, in love.

God Will Never Fail You

God will never fail you,
This my friend is true.
He stands by through thick and thin,
He'll guide you again and again.
Only trust Him and you'll see,
He's always there, He'll never flee.
When you feel you're falling,

On His name start calling.
Yes, just call on His name,
It's always the same.
Sweet Jesus — Oh, my friend!
All your pains and cares He'll mend.
And He'll be with you my friend,
Until the very end.

Janeen Addie

Wedding of Judith Sedlak and Stephen Gould

In a spectacularly beautiful setting provided by nature, with majestic Minnehaha Falls in Minneapolis as backdrop, Judith Sedlak and Stephen Gould repeated their vows of love and fidelity with witness of their families and friends. Elder Sam Gould, brother of the Groom, performed the ceremony on Sunday afternoon, July 13, 1986, where the wide stone bridge below and beyond the Falls became a chapel. Judith is the daughter of Frank and Josephine Sedlak of Blue River, Wisconsin. Stephen is the son of Elizabeth Fox of Bemidji, Minnesota and the late Winfield Gould.

Judy's bridesmaid was her sister, Patty Sedlak. Mike Sedlak, brother of the Bride, was Best Man. Nephew of the Groom, Joseph Eddy, was Ring Bearer; and Laura Gill, niece of the Groom, was Flower Girl. Young friends from Branson, Missouri; Neta Snider, Don Burnet, Diana Diamond, and Sarah Ferguson sang an informal prelude of hymns with the music of the Falls and taped music accompaniment.

The tall, slender Bride in white satin gown with brief train, carried a single, long stemmed, red rose, and walked the long pathway down the stairway and across the broad canyon toward her Bridegroom, who had entered the sanctuary by stairway on side of the canyon and awaited her with the attendants. The sun, heretofore mostly hidden, suddenly dodged around a cloud to get a better view of the lovely bride. Its brilliant

glow of white radiance complemented the Bride and her white satin gown and created a strikingly dramatic effect, one impossible to be duplicated ever. The beautifully timed burst of sunlight seemed a special favor to the sweet young couple to pledge their vows before God in His great chapel. "Blessed is the Bride the sun shines on!"

Following the ceremony and picture taking, all returned to the church for reception, lunch and the beautiful wedding cake and punch served by the Bride's Mother and Sisters.

A previous special day for Judy was May 12, 1985 when she was baptized at the Collins, Missouri Branch of the Church of Christ. It was at a sacrament meeting following her baptism that she was given a "sure witness to the truth of the Book of Mormon" in long awaited answer to prayer. Her testimony of this appears on page 183 in "Path Lights" column of the December, 1985 Zion's Advocate. You might like to read Judy's testimony again now that you are better acquainted. Judy is also a Spring, 1986 Graduate of the School of The Ozarks. Stephen will continue his studies at the University of Minnesota. Both have employment in this area. We ask for them our Father's blessings of a long and happy wedded life. We welcome them with love and joy to the Minneapolis Local Church of Christ.

Reported by Irene Maley

Missionary Trip To The British Isles

I left home on the 11th of July, 1986, by train to the Netherlands national airport, "Schiphol", where I took flight KLM 155 to Manchester, England. I was met at the airport by Brother and Sister Martin and Kate Rosen with their son, Timothy, and their friend, Sister Ann Dawson. We each had a Zion's Advocate with which to identify the other but that was not necessary for us to recognize each other. We felt like we knew each other already.

We took the bus into Manchester, walked across the town for awhile and became better acquainted. We had a small snack, then went on the bus again to a place named Nelson (after the famous British Admiral Lord Nelson) in the county of Lancashire. It is a beautiful town surrounded with hills, in my country we would call them mountains, but here they were called hills.

Then we went up to their house where we talked about the Gospel and the Church of Christ. On Saturday they took me to Nelson and Burnley. Saturday evening we had a nice time and we prepared for Sunday.

Sunday we had a lovely spirit with us when Martin's dad drove us to Brierfield where the baptisms were to take place in a water called Quaker Bridge. The water was cold but after a while we went down into it. The first to be baptized was Sister Kate followed by her husband, Martin. It was recorded in photos by our Sister Ann Dawson. After we got home we changed clothing and continued the service. A bit later they were confirmed members of the Church of Christ Temple Lot. And due to the testimonies of myself and of Brothers W.A. Sheldon and J.M. Case, this fine young man was called and ordained to the office of Priest in the Church of

Christ. The spirit was felt by those who attended it and Ann Dawson said she believed this Church of Christ to be the true Church established through divine revelation in 1830. Although she is not yet ready to be baptized, she said she wanted to join in her own time and it would not be long before she would take that step. We had a lovely service and we were very happy as it was the work of Christ which we were doing.

Later that evening when some friends of the Rosens came over, we talked about the Gospel with these people as well. They attended the blessing of Kate and Martin's son. Timothy was blessed and we were so glad as it was the work of the Lord which we were doing. The next day we spent time in the home of Kate and Martin and had the Sacrament together in the evening before I had to depart for home again.

Martin, Kate, Ann and Timothy took me to Manchester airport and although I was glad to be going home, I felt a bit sad as I left behind some fine friends but most of all I left behind relatives. But when we rejoice in the Gospel and live up to it and keep the commandments, we have the assurance that we will all see each other again.

I arrived home Tuesday evening and was glad to see my own family again. It had been a privilege to work in that part of the vineyard of the Lord and I hope and pray that the work will go forward, the Lord willing.

Yours in Gospel Bonds,
Elder John J. Schut
P.O. Box 3162
7500 DD Enschede
The Netherlands

OUR GIFT TO GOD

by Priest Martin J. Rosen
British Isles

Our life, our health, our breath, our very being comes from God our Heavenly Father. Without Him, we would not be, nor would the world which He framed and hung in the heavens.

God has given us so much, brothers and sisters, and are we not indeed indebted to Him for all that we have?

But, perhaps most precious of all, is the way He has prepared for mankind to inherit eternal life. Most precious of all — we have the Gospel of Christ. Is there any among us who is not grateful for the way that the Lord has opened our eyes, prepared our

hearts and illuminated our minds with the saving words and commands of our Saviour? We are, indeed, a favoured people, a blessed people.

Along with the privilege of knowing the Gospel of Christ comes the responsibility to share this knowledge with others.

The Saviour taught "Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid.

"Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they

may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Matthew 5:14-16.

We have a duty to God to give this Gospel of Christ to others; we have a duty to the people of the world, to show them the way. Christ told us "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." John 14:6.

In the Book of Mormon, we have the account of the sons of Mosiah, who rejected their right to rule over the people to go and preach the Gospel to the Lamanites. Why did they do this? Why did they give up all the pleasures and comforts of the world? We have the answer in the Book of Alma, chapter 12, verse 26: "Therefore this was the cause for which the sons of Mosiah had undertaken the work, that perhaps they might bring them unto repentance; that perhaps they might bring them to know the plan of redemption."

Brothers and sisters, would we, today, do that? Would we suffer all manner of persecutions and sufferings in order to take the word of God to the nations? Each one of us has our own calling and work that the Lord asks us to do. We are not all called to leave our families and friends and go wherever the Lord will send us, but *all* of us have the call to share what we have with others.

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God" Christ says. It's so easy to say "I believe." It's so easy to sit in church on Sunday. It's so easy to write a cheque. But God can't cash cheques in Heaven! He needs you!

There isn't much time left that we have to spread the Good News of Christ. God has given us so much. Can't we give to others that which we possess?

Don't we owe Him that nailed to the tree that much? Should this not be our gift to God?

Please read the words of this inspired hymn (Zion's Hymnal, p. 407):

Hark! The Voice Of Jesus Calling

Hark! The voice of Jesus calling, "Who will go and work today?
Fields are white and harvests waiting. Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Earnestly the Master calleth, Rich rewards He offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."

If you cannot cross the ocean, and far mission lands explore,
You can find the needy nearer, you can help them at your door;
If you cannot give your thousands, You can serve with willing might;
And whate'er you do for Jesus, Will be precious in his sight.

Let none hear you idly saying, "There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying, And the Master calls for you.
Take the task he gives you, gladly; let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."

Darwin, "The Believer"

by Oswald J. Smith

It may surprise students of Evolution who do not know, to learn that in the closing days of his life, Darwin returned to his faith in the Bible. Many a man, as he approaches the end and consequently enters the presence of God and Eternity, has regretted both his views and his conduct. Such a man was Darwin.

The story is told by Lady Hope, of Northfield, England, a wonderful Christian woman who was often at his bedside before he died. She herself write it, and not only is it interesting, it is more enlightening. Here it is in her own words:

"It was one of those glorious autumn afternoons that we sometimes enjoy in England, when I was asked to go in and sit with the well known professor, Charles Darwin. He was almost bedridden for some time before he died. I used to feel when I saw him that his fine presence would have made a grand

picture for our Royal Academy; but never did I think so more strongly than on this one particular occasion.

"He was sitting up in bed, wearing a soft embroidered gown of rather a rich purple shade, Propped up by pillows, he was gazing out on a far-fetching scene of woods and cornfields, which glowed in the light of a marvelous sunset. His noble forehead and fine features seemed to be lit with pleasure as I entered the room.

"He waved his hand toward the window as he pointed out the scene beyond, while in the other hand he held an open Bible, which he was always studying.

"What are you reading now?" I asked as I was seated by his bedside. 'Hebrews!' he answered. 'Still Hebrews, the Royal Book, I call it.' Then placing his finger on certain passages, he commented on them.

"I made some allusions to the strong opinions expressed by many persons on this history of the Creation, its grandeur, and then their treatment of the earliest chapters of the Book of Genesis.

"He seemed greatly distressed, his fingers twitched nervously, and a look of agony came over his face as he said, 'I was a young man with unformed ideas. I threw out queries, suggestions, wondering all the time over everything; to my astonishment the ideas took like wildfire. People made a religion of them.'

"Then he paused, and after a few more sentences on the holiness of God, and the grandeur of this Book; looking at the Bible which he was holding tenderly all the time, he suddenly said, 'I have a summerhouse in the garden which holds about thirty people. It is over there,' pointing through the open window. 'I want you very much to speak there. I know you read the Bible in villages. Tomorrow afternoon I would like the servants on the place, and a few of the neighbors to gather there. Will you speak to them?'

"What shall I speak about?" I asked, 'Jesus Christ!' he replied; and His salvation. Is not that the best theme? And then I want you to sing some

hymns with them.'

"The wonderful look of brightness and animation on his face as he said this, I shall never forget, for he added, 'If you take this meeting at three o'clock, this window will be open, and you will know that I am joining in with the singing.'

"How I wished that I could have made a picture of the fine old man and his beautiful surroundings on that memorable day!"

Was there ever a more dramatic scene? The very soul of tragedy is here exposed to us! Darwin, enthusiast for the Bible, speaking with glowing enthusiasm about the "grandeur of the Book"; reminded of the modern evolution movement in theology which linked with sceptical criticism, has become a blight in all the churches and has destroyed Biblical faith in multitudes. Darwin, with a look of agony, deploring all and declaring: "I was a young man with unformed ideas."

This remarkable picture of Darwin is a challenge to every modernist. What an overwhelming criticism; the "unformed ideas" of a young man are the basis of modern evolution theology.

From Jewish Hope
October 1983

Listen To The Agony Of God

"Wherefore I will that all men shall repent, for all are under sin, except them which I have reserved unto myself, holy men that ye know not of:" Book of Commandments 52:9

Plainly all of the saints in the world are not of our counting. Occasionally we read of someone whose life so closely approximates the life of Jesus that we are caused to wonder if they are of the ones mentioned above.

Kagawa, a scion of one of Japan's most wealthy families, educated in the United States, returned to Japan and went to the slums to serve his country's poorest and neediest peoples. In order to do so, he lived as circumstances forced them to live, in poverty and wretchedness. He once said, "In prayer I listen to the agony of God; and then surrender myself to Jesus." He wrote—

Day ends—
Breasting the north wind
My shoulders shiver
As onward I go.
And yet—
I utterly forget
The cruel cold
Nor feel the dark,
Because my heart
Aches with the peoples woe.

Oh, let me trust
That through my tears
God's kingdom has
One little inch drawn near!
Then what is it to me
That my weak body be
Beaten to dust?

by Amy Schrader

Midnight:
I crawl from out my bed
Into the cold,
And gaze up at the stars again,
Finding God there
To help me bear
My daily load
Of grief and care,
Sorrow and pain.
Deep in the night
Our spirits meet
And prayer is sweet.

He became victim to some of Japan's sorest illnesses, eventually losing his eyesight; and still people flocked to him to learn of his teachings of Jesus. Learning the biography of this self-sacrificing man, Georgia Harkness wrote the following in tribute.

THE AGONY OF GOD

I listen to the agony of God—

I who am fed,
We never yet went hungry for a day.
I see the dead—
The children starved for lack of bread,
I see, and try to pray.

I listen to the agony of God—

I who am warm,
Who never yet have lacked a sheltering home.
In dull alarm
The dispossessed of hut and farm
Aimless and transient, roam.

I listen to the agony of God—

I who am strong,
With health, and love, and laughter in my soul.
I see a throng
Of stunted children reared in wrong,
And wish to make them whole.

I listen to the agony of God—

But know full well
That not until I share their bitter cry,
Earth's pain and hell,
Can God within my spirit dwell
To bring His kingdom nigh.

Georgia Harkness

1986 Northern Michigan Campout

Attendance-wise, at least, the 1986 Northern Michigan Campout, held July 19-20, must have been quite a disappointment to Jay and Evelyn Lee, who spent so much time preparing for it, with only 18 attending Saturday and only 32 attending Sunday. Those of us who did attend, however, were rewarded, as always, by just getting together and communing with others of like faith.

The entire week end was hot and humid, with temperatures hovering near the 100-degree mark. It was too hot to indulge in the usual games of volleyball, croquette, etc., and we had to settle for some visiting and a dip in the old "swimming hole." Saturday evening we were treated to a slide presentation on the Holy Land by Randy Lee. The only thing that spoiled an otherwise enjoyable day was the illness that ended up in the hospitalization of Sr. Mabel Bergey late Saturday night. While in the Clare Hospital being treated for an infection and electrolyte imbalance, she fell and broke her shoulder which required surgery for the purpose of inserting a pin. As this goes to press, she is at home recuperating. She is really in need of your prayers, and we ask that you remember her.

Sunday morning, we opened the service with the singing of "Great and Marvelous," followed by prayer by Brother Conley Addington. For our second song, we sang "Some Day He'll Make It Plain."

Elder Addington, who gave the morning message, commented on the second song, indicating that someday God will make a lot of things plain—why we have to go through what we do and why certain things are as they are. Someday all these mysteries will be cleared up.

Brother Addington used for his text, the 9th Chapter of Alma, verses 15-50, which deals with the mysteries surrounding death and the resurrection.

We are assured that someday the mysteries will be made plain. Alma tells us that,

"15. . . . It is given unto many to know the mysteries of God;

16. Nevertheless they are laid under a strict command, that they shall not impart only according to the portion of his word, which he doth grant unto the children of men; according to the heed and diligence which they give unto him;

17. And therefore he that will harden his heart, the same receiveth the lesser portion of the word;

18. And he that will not harden his heart, to him is given the greater portion of the word, until it is given unto him to know the mysteries of God, until they know them in full;

19. And they will harden their hearts, to them is given the lesser portion of the word, until they know nothing concerning his mysteries;

20. And then they are taken captive by the devil, and led by his will down to destruction."

In further reference to understanding the mysteries of God, Brother Addington reminded us that we should be reading and studying more. And "if we have hardened our hearts against the word inasmuch that it has not been found in us, then will our state be awful, for then we shall be condemned." We are told that our words will condemn us, our works will condemn us, and our thoughts will condemn us, and in this awful state we must come forth and stand before Him in his glory to be judged. We are also told

in this scripture that He is just in all His works, and that He is merciful unto the children of men, and that he has all power to save every man that believeth on His name and bringeth forth fruit meet for repentance. Brother Addington pointed out that we have to be doing something, we can't just believe on His name and sit down and say we believe He is the son of God. That's not all there is to it. The scriptures say that he doeth this and *endureth to the end*, the same shall be saved. We have to bring forth fruit, we have to show forth works.

Alma goes on to explain what is meant by the chains of hell, also concerning man rising from the dead to be changed from mortality to a state of immortality. Reference is made to Adam's fall by the partaking of the forbidden fruit. It is pointed out that Adam, because he disobeyed God, was not allowed to partake of the tree of life and thus live forever. Therefore, by his fall, all mankind became a lost and fallen people and this life became a probationary state, a time to prepare to meet God in the resurrection of the dead as a result of the plan of redemption laid down from the foundation of the world. God set forth that plan; it has been written down, and it's there for you and me to read, it's there for us to follow. It's what we would call a road map to Him. Our road map to get where we are going can be found through the two books — the Bible and the Book of Mormon. Each one of us has within ourselves the power to change our lives. We are the ones that have to make the decision as to where we are going and what we are going to be when we get there.

In closing, Brother Addington pointed out that if we keep our minds upon thoughts of God we can feel his presence, and when we feel his presence and get down and start doing the things that God has asked us to do, we feel better. It makes the soul come alive, and when the soul comes alive and is rejoicing, the body feels better. When our soul is in misery, the body is in misery. We have to be up and rejoicing to feel good.

After the sermon, we knelt in a season of prayer for Sr. Mabel Bergey.

We closed the service with the singing of "God Will Take Care of You," followed by prayer by Brother Addington.

Following the service, we enjoyed another delicious potluck lunch before reluctantly packing up our belongings, bidding our fond goodbyes, and going our separate ways. In spite of the small attendance, we had a wonderful time and wish to express our sincere thanks to the Lees for the great amount of work they put into making this a successful camping experience. We want them to know that we really appreciate it.

Reported by Sr. June Haines

BRITISH ISLES NEWS

Reporter Kate Rosen

22 Rushton Close
Nelson, Lancashire
England BB9 8JS
tel. (0282) 601342

Hello from the British Isles!

After reading all the news reports in previous 'Advocates' and being strengthened and edified by them; we thought it was time we let our brothers and sisters know just what is happening among the Church in the British Isles.

We are holding meetings in our home on Sunday afternoon (school) and evening (main service) and also Tuesday evening (Scripture study). There may not be many of us; but the Spirit of the Lord is present with us whether there be many or few. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name; there I am in the midst." How much we can say that we know that scripture to be true. The Lord blesses our efforts, however humble they may be and will, we know, continue to guide us in the way He would have us go.

We are so grateful to have the Priesthood within our midst and realise our responsibility to share this saving Gospel with those who know it not.

We usually can be found in the main shopping centres of Nelson, Burnley and Colne, distributing copies of the leaflet "Are You Satisfied?" and witnessing to the people of the truth and happiness we have found. Door to door work is also high on our activity list, and we find this to be more effective in making contact with people on an informal basis and, through this, people have attended our meetings.

At times, though, we find it hard and could easily get discouraged if we would take our eyes off the goal that is set before us. He is stronger than any — why should we worry?

May God bless your efforts, wherever you may be. Our love and prayers are sent to you all.

Teaching Teachers

The difference between a "knowledgeable" teacher and a "wise" teacher is that while the wise teacher imparts no more knowledge than the former, he "allows" *the class* to be the ones to bring that knowledge to the surface — perhaps with an occasional prod — rather than trying to force the knowledge upon them with an impressive verbal barrage of facts. The individual class members learn more because they are not only more involved, they also feel a kinship to any knowledge collectively born due to their part in helping create it.

An American Educator

CHURCH OF CHRIST CONFERENCES

The 1987 Ministers' Conference (general membership) for the Church of Christ will commence Sunday, April 5. The business sessions will start at 9:00 A.M. Monday, April 6. A Solemn Assembly will be held prior to the conference, April 3 and 4.

The 1987 Ministers' Conference (priesthood membership) of the Church of Christ (Temple Lot) will be held Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 19 through 21 at Independence, Missouri.

CHURCH OF CHRIST PUBLICATIONS

Send all orders to: Church of Christ (Temple Lot)
P.O. Box 472, Independence, Missouri 64051-0472

	Price Each
Zion's Advocate Subscription Rate: Non-Members	\$4.00
Foreign	4.50
Book of Mormon (Missionary Edition)	6.00
Outline History of Church of Christ	4.00
Book of Commandments (Paper Bound)	2.80
Book of Commandments Controversy Reviewed	2.90
The Marvelous Work and a Wonder	2.30
What the Restoration Teaches Concerning God	2.50
Historical Facts Concerning the Temple Lot	1.30
Temple Lot Deed30
Changing of the Revelations50
Comprehensive Comparison of	
Changes to the Revelations	1.30
A Brief History of the Church of Christ	N/C
The Principles of the Gospel, Faith and Repentance	N/C
The Principles of the Gospel, The Laying on of Hands	N/C
The Principles of the Gospel, Baptism	N/C
The Latter Day Restoration	N/C
Apostasy or Succession, Which?	N/C
The Book of Mormon (Tract)	N/C
Articles of Faith and Practice of the Church of Christ	N/C
Articles of Faith and Practice (Spanish)	N/C
Article No. 9 (Bible and Book of Mormon)	N/C
Article No. 20 (Marriage)	N/C
Sermonettes on the Teachings of Jesus	N/C
What the Church teaches in Respect to Matrimony	
(Spanish)	N/C
Mighty Acts of the Ages (Spanish)	N/C
Priesthood, Divine Authority	N/C
"Why"	N/C
A Synopsis of the Church of Christ's Beliefs and Practices	N/C
First Presidency or First Apostles	N/C
Marriage For Time and Eternity?	N/C
Baptism For The Dead?	N/C
Zion and the Temple of the Lord	N/C

NOTE: Donations accepted to cover postage and printing costs. Lot prices of tracts exclusive of postage are in packs of 6-50¢, 100-\$5.85.

SUNDAY SCHOOL MATERIALS

Send all orders to the General Sunday School Association c/o Becky Sheldon, Rt. 1, Box 315, Grain Valley, MO 64029. All materials are free of charge to members of the Church of Christ, except as indicated. Write for more information, or see Synopsis in June, 1985, Zion's Advocate.

CHURCH HISTORY for JUNIORS—34 page booklet includes a teachers guide.

THE BOOK IN THE STONE BOX—7 page booklet

BIBLE STORIES TO GROW BY — 52 lessons in 12 themes about God and Jesus (ages 5-7). (Free to local Sunday Schools)

JESUS' LIFE and TEACHINGS—Series of 4 quarterlies (ages 8-10)

WE SING and WE TALK ABOUT JESUS—14 primary lessons with pictures and songs on cassette (On loan only)

WHO AM I?—A Bible game (cards) with multiple uses (Free to any local Sunday School, but \$1.30 for individuals)

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

Speed delivery of your "ADVOCATE" by sending us your new address immediately. Mail to:

ZION'S ADVOCATE
(USPS 6993-0000)

P.O. Box 472

Independence, MO 64051-0472

Each undeliverable "Advocate" is now costing the church 25¢. We would rather spend this on delivering your paper than its return to us.

<p>ZION'S ADVOCATE (USPS 6993-0000) P.O. Box 472 Independence, MO 64051-0472</p>	<p>Second Class Postage Paid Independence, MO 64051</p>
---	---

AUDIO VISUAL MATERIALS

The following materials are available on loan to members of the Church of Christ from the Audio, Video, Visual-Aid and Archeology Committee. Send all requests (except for sermons) to Elder Gary Housknecht, 2901 S. Norwood, Independence, MO 64052.

Slide Programs with Taped Narration

Specify program(s) wanted, anticipated dates of use, and the make of your projector. Slide projectors and tape players are not provided except in the Independence area.

Allow adequate advance time for handling and shipping, and for your own preview of the programs. For more information on these slide/tape programs, see the March 1984 issue of the Zion's Advocate, page 47.

"Mexico, Land of Contrast" (39 minutes) — Illustrates how modern archeological finds in North and Central America lend credence to the Book of Mormon and the story it tells of the continent's former inhabitants.

"Out of the Dust" (45 minutes) — Tells the story found within the Book of Mormon. Also available is a 35 minute version directed toward Indian viewers and entitled "A Lamp Unto My Feet."

"Light at Evening" (27 minutes) — Story of the bringing forth of the Book of Mormon and the restoration of the Church of Christ in the 1820's and 1830.

"The Return" (12 minutes) — Reveals the significance of the return to the "land of Zion" in 1867 by the members of the Church of Christ especially as holders of Title to the dedicated Temple Lot.

Holy Scriptures on Cassette Tapes

Complete sets narrating the King James Version of the Bible New Testament and the entire Book of Mormon.

Sermons on Cassette Tape

Write to Joel Yates, AVVAA Committee, 18819 N. 29th Place, Phoenix, Arizona 85024.